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THE

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

*Crebillon's Electre.*

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA:  
MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & CO.

1855.





# INDEX.

## THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

### VOLUME XXI.

#### ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

<p><b>A.</b></p> <p>Across the Desert, . . . . . 685*</p> <p>Alchemist's Recipe, the . . . . . 689</p> <p>Along. By E. R. C. . . . . 601</p> <p>Amolita. To . . . . . 303</p> <p>Angel Sister, the . . . . . 551</p> <p>Angels of Epic Poetry, the . . . . . 39</p> <p><b>B.</b></p> <p>Bailey's Grammar, . . . . . 281</p> <p>Ballad, . . . . . 521</p> <p>Bell Ringer of Chanzeaux, the . . . . . 271, 380</p> <p>Black Race in North America, the . . . . . 641</p> <p>Blue Dragons, the . . . . . 234</p> <p>Brass Guns in the Armory at Richmond, the . . . . . 694</p> <p>Barrows, Rev. J. Lansing—Address delivered before the Mt. Vernon Association 4th July, 1855, . . . . . 514</p> <p><b>C.</b></p> <p>Character of Washington, . . . . . 560</p> <p>Charge at Balaklava, the. By J. Barron Hope, . . . . . 444</p> <p>Claims of the English Language, . . . . . 145</p> <p>Close up the Book, . . . . . 124</p> <p>Cuba. Reminiscences of. By Tenella, . . . . . 566, 593, 700, 745</p> <p><b>D.</b></p> <p>Dated the 14th of February, . . . . . 318</p> <p>Daughters of Washington, To the . . . . . 318</p> <p>Days that are No More, . . . . . 538</p> <p>Dead Witness, the. A Tale. By H. H. Clements, . . . . . 71</p> <p>Der Besuch. From the German of Schiller, . . . . . 389</p> <p>Devil Turned Priest, the . . . . . 591</p> <p>Dickson, Dr. S. H. Address . . . . . 184</p> <p><b>E.</b></p> <p>Editor's Table:—New Year's Salutatory, . . . . . 95</p> <p>Dr. S. H. Dickson's Address—The Family Christian Album—Letter from Mr. Barbee—A Baby Poem—Literary On Dits, . . . . . 190</p> <p>To our Readers—Lady Blessington—<i>Tableaux Vivans</i>—Rev. M. D. Hoge's Address—Philological Suggestion—A gem of Oratory, . . . . . 252, 255</p> <p>Editor's Notes of Travel—Mount Vernon Association—Death of "Currier Bell"—Sale of Ingraham's Library—A Gem from the Richmond Dis-</p>	<p>patch—A Poem from across the Water—Lunatic Verses, . . . . . 235, 325</p> <p>Death of D. J. McCord of South Carolina—Typographical Errors—The <i>Southern Times</i>—"The Post and the Bird"—The Old Bachelor—New Novels in Press—Report of the Central Committee of the Mt. Vernon Association, . . . . . 369, 391</p> <p>Emigrant's Lament, the. By J. E. Leigh, . . . . . 430</p> <p>Emotion, . . . . . 211</p> <p>Epithalamium, . . . . . 443</p> <p>European Travel, Notes of. By the Editor, . . . . . 303, 338, 449, 546, 630</p> <p>Evening Thoughts. By Cecilia, . . . . . 142</p> <p>Eve, Twilight and Night, . . . . . 66</p> <p>Exultemus Igitur, . . . . . 471</p> <p><b>F.</b></p> <p>Failure of Free Societies. A Review of Mr. Fitzhugh's Sociology for the South, . . . . . 129</p> <p>Fame, a Fragment, . . . . . 17</p> <p>Father of Marshal Ney, the. By Lewis J. Cist, . . . . . 144</p> <p>Fields of June, the . . . . . 501</p> <p>First of the Yellow Leaves, the . . . . . 471</p> <p>Flower Minstrelsy, . . . . . 144</p> <p>Flower's Message, the. By Matilda, . . . . . 419</p> <p>Fountain in the Dell, the. By Marion Harland, . . . . . 262</p> <p>Fragments from the Memoirs of a Spanish Nobleman, . . . . . 114</p> <p><b>G.</b></p> <p>George Goodman, . . . . . 178</p> <p>Gone with the Dead. By A. J. C. . . . . 150</p> <p>Gonsalvo of Cordova; or the Conquest of Granada. Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan nada Penalve. By A. Roane, . . . . . 212, 283, 364, 420, 472, 538, 602, 681, 729</p> <p>Good Eating among the Greeks and Romans, . . . . . 713</p> <p>Gothic Legend, A. By M. Ll. W. H. . . . . 689</p> <p>Group of Sonnets. By Paul H. Hayne, . . . . . 121</p> <p><b>H.</b></p> <p>Hayne's Poems, a Review, . . . . . 193</p> <p>Hermia, to . . . . . 262</p> <p>History of the Working Classes, the . . . . . 193</p> <p><b>I.</b></p> <p>In the Castle of Luftwich, . . . . . 838</p>
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In Forma Pauperis. - - - -	142	Oh Wear for Me no Sable Hue. By A. C. R.	514
Imagination, the - - - -	221	P.	
Ireland. By M. L. W. H. - - -	161	Parson Wimbles. A Sketch. By Rev. F. W. Shelton. - - - -	42
Irrevocable Past, the. From the Papers of the late Henry Ellen, - - - -	694	Party Leaders. A Review, - - - -	65
J.		Politics in the Pulpit. - - - -	56
Jambe d'Argent and Monsieur Jacques, - - -	504, 552	Preacher and the King, the - - - -	94
Juliet. By Mrs. E. J. Eames, - - - -	126	Preadamite World, the - - - -	522
K.		R.	
Kingdom Mortgaged, A - - - -	311, 353, 404, 479, 553	Rambles about Monelova, - - - -	345, 430, 498
L.		Rambles over the Realms of Poetry, - - -	577
Ladye Annabel, the. By George E. Senseney, -	538	Rejected Addresses, - - - -	246
Ladies of the Revolution, the - - - -	629	Religion and Science, - - - -	708
Last Days of Gaston Phœbus, the - - - -	30	Representative Cities. B Sketch, - - -	220
Latin Hymns, "Dies Iræ" and "Stabat Mater," the - - - -	409	Resignation of Hope. From the Papers of the late Henry Ellen, - - - -	745
Leoni di Minota. A Legend of Verona. From the papers of the late Henry Ellen, - - -	181, 203, 266	Rise of Despotism in Europe, the - - -	610
Lines, - - - -	177	S.	
Lines to an Absent Friend. By Tenella, - - -	545	Shade and Sunshine. By Augusta Greenwood, -	48, 105
Lines to the Memory of a Lady. By Rev. Wm. Love, - - - -	220	Shoon of Eighty Years, the - - - -	296
Lines written on a Delicious Day in April. By Paul H. Hayne, - - - -	500	Sire of Terrides, the - - - -	206
Little History, A. From the Papers of the late Henry Ellen, - - - -	592	Sketch, a - - - -	504
Little Maggie. A Story. By M. L. W. H. - - -	83	Smithson's Bequest. Its Objects and Issues, -	457
Lockhart, the late John, - - - -	173	Some Odd Advertisements, - - - -	635
M.		Song of the Naiads, - - - -	618
Macaulay and Kirke White, - - - -	454	Sonnets. By N. A. T. - - - -	353
Madrigal, A. By Paul H. Hayne, - - - -	252	Sonnets. By Paul H. Hayne, - - - -	380
March, - - - -	224	Sonnet. Great Poets and Small. By Paul H. Hayne, - - - -	518
Mariner of the Loire, the - - - -	751	Sonnet. Pre-Existence. By Paul H. Hayne, -	478
Matthew Prior vs. Macaulay, &c., - - - -	559	Sonnet. The Shadow, - - - -	290
McClung, Alexander Keith, Biographical Sketch of, -	1	Spring Days in Washington. By Cecilia, - -	335
Meeta, To. By A. J. C. - - - -	685*	Starry Waves, - - - -	711
Memoirs of My Youth. From the French of Arago, - - - -	97, 162	Stranger, the. By George E. Senseney, - -	310
Memoirs of Rostopchin, - - - -	343	Summer Sunset Lines. By Lewis J. Cist, - -	638
Mental Philosophy. By W. J. Grayson, - - -	77, 229, 296	Sydney Smith. From the London Times, - -	619
Meredith's (Owen) Poems. A Review, - - -	329	T.	
Mount Vernon Association, - - - -	453, 575	Tear, the. By the Rev. William Love, - -	189
Mount Vernon. Inscribed to the "Southern Matron. By a Lady of Philadelphia, - - - -	762	Testimony of Geology and Astronomy to the Truth of the Hebrew Records, the - - -	257
Mount Vernon Central Committee of the Union. Report of the - - - -	761	Theory of Life, - - - -	394
My Ghost Story. By E. E. S., - - - -	247	Those I Love, To - - - -	91
My Mother, - - - -	479	To the Patrons of the Southern Literary Messenger, - - - -	762
My Mother. By Alexander B. Meek, - - - -	59	Trifles, - - - -	183
My Native Home. By Rev. Wm. Love, - - -	373	'Twas Wrong. From the Papers of the late Henry Ellen, - - - -	487
Musie of Nature, the - - - -	39	Two Mottoes, the - - - -	17
N.		Two Portraits. By Amle. - - - -	597
Nature and My Heart. By A. J. C. - - - -	30	Two Sonnets. By L. J. Cist, - - - -	761
November. - - - -	124	Types of Mankind. By Wm. Archer Cocke, -	23
Niagara Falls. Extract from an Unpublished Poem. By Oliver J. Taylor, - - - -	750	V.	
Night in a Haunted House. A - - - -	374	Velik' Russkie Bog, - - - -	113
Notices of New Works, - - - -	60, 126, 192, 255, 328, 392, 454, 519, 576, 637, 711, 763	Virginia Woods, - - - -	726
O.		W.	
Oh Think not of me as Dead. By A. J. C. - - -	518	War of the Windows, the - - - -	445
		Wellford, Beverly R., Jr. Address delivered before the Mt. Vernon Association 4th July, 1855, -	562
		Woman's Appeal to the Women of America. By Isaac McLellan, - - - -	453
		Wordsworth's Portraiture of Woman, - - -	686*

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1855.

NO. 1.

## SKETCHES OF OUR VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

ALEXANDER KEITH MCCLUNG.

The battle of Monterey was, in many respects, the most brilliant and grand which distinguished our war with Mexico. The engagement at Buena Vista was perhaps more thrilling and momentous; more stirring in its details, more important in its effects, and has invested Gen. Taylor with by far the greatest and most enduring measure of his glory. The siege of Vera Cruz and its far-famed castle; the bristling navy rolling its thunders from the bay in concert with the roar of ten thousand muskets on land,—the imposing array of regular troops added to the lustrous prestige which garlanded the General-in-Chief, who had been for more than twenty years an historical character,—all these may have contributed to throw around the affair more of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war: while the fierce battles before the walls of Mexico, coupled with that crowning action which has made Quitman a hero, and all the gorgeous associations which come thronging from every fastness and fortification of the ancient imperial capital, may lend to the closing scenes of the war a glitter and flourish that will forever outshine all that had preceded. But there were circumstances connected with the battle of Monterey which will hereafter engage a larger share of attention, deeper and more searching thought, than any or all which we have named. The calm, reflective writer of history is not apt to be seduced from rigid judgment and impartial criticism by imposing incident, or to be so incautiously dazzled as to neglect unadorned merit. While the literary market teems with volumes from stilted eulogists—those plethoric and pitiless pets of a shallow constituency, whose brushes blaze ever with red, whose pages groan ever with redundancies, whose praise is fustian, and whose aims tend solely to undue exaltation, regardless of all intrinsic worth—notwithstanding the inundation of all such spurious and flimsy excrescences, we still have a Prescott, a Bancroft, a Hildreth, and others, whose grave, considerate turn of mind, countervails and corrects all fanciful indulgences. Splendor of appurtenance, the mere fantastic of war, does not always contribute towards successful results. The investment of Monterey showed none of this. Most of the invading force had been hastily and

indiscriminately raised from among all sorts and conditions of men. The veterans of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma excepted, none of the troops had ever seen a battle, or been under the fire of an enemy's guns. The first important action of the war was about to be ventured, and there were few to rely upon but raw volunteers, possessing no qualifications of the soldier beyond hardihood and courage. During the war of 1812, such forces had not been found to own much steadiness on the field of battle, and were pronounced to be far less efficient than regular soldiery. It was before the dark buttresses and frowning fortresses of Monterey, that volunteers were first to be tested as the main reliance for a successful issue. Upon the event, the future plan of conducting the war was to be determined. If they should prove to be inconstant under discipline, or unsteady in action, drill camps and indefinite delays would be the inevitable consequence, vexatious and even fatal as such might have been. But the test was nobly sustained, and the event gloriously illustrated the omnipotence of chivalrous enthusiasm, as contrasted with mere routine efforts of duty. But it is proper to suggest that such a volunteer force, officers and men, had never before been gathered, and it is scarcely to be hoped, we fear, that such will ever be gathered again. Davis, and Bissel, and Hardin, and Campbell, the Marshalls and their brave compeers, surrounded by impetuous and glowing bands—all under the lead of the heroic Taylor, whose sound common sense, mixed with experience and military skill, fitted him pre-eminently above all other American generals, to command a volunteer force,—such a muster-roll, thus collected, is the event of centuries and not of generations. But prominent in this martial group, was one whom we have not yet named—in connection with whose history the above remarks have been made. Alexander K. McClung, lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment of Mississippi riflemen, and late ambassador of the United States to the government of Bolivia, is now about forty-one years of age. He is a native of the State of Kentucky, and is a lineal descendant of the Virginia family of Marshall, so renowned in connection with the deceased Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In his early years he was attached, as Midshipman, to the navy, but in consequence of indisposition, or, as some contend, in an affair of honor in which he was engaged as principal, he retired with a view to study law and enter upon its practice. A few years pre-

vious to the Presidential campaign of 1840, he removed to the State of Mississippi and settled himself in the then young capital. Here he opened an office, but, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents and decided professional acumen, we have not been able to learn that he took any prominent stand at the bar, or transacted any considerable amount of professional business.

But the exciting contest of 1840 soon opened to him a congenial theatre of action. By his own exertions and the liberal aid of his political friends, a new campaign-paper was established at Jackson, called the *True Issue*. This paper was devoted to the elevation of General Harrison to the Presidency, and was placed under the sole editorial management of Col. McClung. It was conducted with an ability, a vigor, and a dashy raciness which had never been surpassed in the South, and rarely equalled in the Union. It speedily drew to its subscription list a number of eager and admiring readers, whose weekly mental food was gleaned from its columns, and gained an extensive and a commanding influence throughout the State. Argument, satire, and the most withering ridicule, filled by turns the editorial columns, and seemed to flow from the author's mind with the ease, the continuity, and the sparkle of a mountain rivulet. It was at once perceived and admitted that the young Kentuckian was no ordinary man, and that the intellectual ascendancy which characterized his race was fully and lustroously sustained in his person. Hitherto comparatively unknown, his political foes were now equally surprised and abashed, as his friends were delighted; and at the great Whig State Convention of that year, and of which such men as Prentiss, and Sharkey, and Guion, were prominent members, McClung was appointed to draft the address to the people of Mississippi, urging upon them the claims of Harrison and Tyler. It was welcomed with lively acclamations, and was more extensively circulated and more generally read, than any like paper which has ever been published in Mississippi. The tone of the address was earnest, patriotic, and stirringly eloquent without being too declamatory, and the style exhibited the singular terseness, vigor and graco, which the writer has since reduced to such captivating perfection.

It is known that the State of Mississippi cast its electoral vote for the Whig candidate, and that Harrison and Tyler were triumphantly elected. The active and prominent part which Col. McClung had played throughout the entire long contest, his arduous labors and free expenditures, his high qualifications, and the general appreciation of those remarkable abilities he had exhibited and brought to bear with such effect and energy, suggested to his friends the propriety of carrying his

name before the President as worthy, in the highest degree, of favorable consideration, in distributing the responsible offices appertaining to this State. Accordingly in the summer of 1841 he was brought before the Cabinet as an applicant for the office of Marshal of the Northern District of Mississippi, and promptly received the appointment. The Colonel was a resident of the Southern portion of the State, and we believe he had never even visited the section which comprehended the limits and duties of his office. At all events he was an entire stranger personally in the Northern counties, and his appointment over worthy competitors at home elicited quite extended complaint both from the newspapers and people of the District to which he was assigned. It must be admitted frankly that there were other causes which operated to spread the discontent which had met the appointment.

At the time in question, and even since, no Southern State was as much noted for subserviency to the Bloody Code as Mississippi; and it is a remarkable fact that few men of talent, up to 1844, had ever attained to high position politically who had not fought duels or been engaged in some desperate affray. It was difficult to get to office except at the point of the knife, or the mouth of the pistol, and in some judicial districts, aspirants for legal and forensic eminence were forced to like hazardous resorts. This proclivity was contagious, and soon invaded the social and business circles. While the loafers and idle gentry, especially among the young, made the duel grounds and the public walks, on the occasion of every fight, so many arenas for sport. It was almost impossible for any gentleman, however amiable or cautious, to pick his way to eminence, or take part in those varied amusements ever common in a newly settled country, without being subjected to the test or trial of arms. Weapons were in everybody's bosom, and everybody counted on the chance of getting into difficulty. The surest road to peace, revolting as it may sound, was through the blood of an antagonist, and hesitation ever brought prescription. Great and gratifying has been the change of latter years, since our citizens have become familiarized by social intercourse, and society has become more discriminative. At the bar and in business, talent and worth hold permanent sway, and select messes formed at the saloons and restaurants, protect against improper intrusions from adventurers, blacklegs and bullies. But among those who had been brought to take up with the sanguinary terms of the ancient régime, was the distinguished subject of this sketch. Possessed, to an extreme perhaps, of the courage in-born to his family, and of that chivalry so characteristic of the high-bred Kentuckian, mixed with a sensitiveness deep-seated, and keen, and

fiery as that which belonged to Sir Robert Peel himself, Col. McClung is not one likely to court a fitful or questionable peace at the sacrifice of his instincts. On two occasions, since his residence in Mississippi, he has felt it to be his duty to meet an adversary at the fatal peg, under the stinging impression that his honor and pride of character had been too deeply wounded to be satisfied with a less stern arbitrament. Fighting is with him, when once fixed in mind, no child's play, and aught else than a mere means of ostentation and display of nerve. He is the last man among all we have known, who would condescend to seek *notoriety*, or to feign a resentment he does not feel: nor has he ever fought a bloodless duel. He has once been severely wounded himself. Both of his conflicts in this State resulted in the death of his antagonists. The character of the parties for courage and resolution of purpose, forbade all hope of any other result than death, when once a fight had been determined. Every body knew that when such men went out fight, that a funeral would follow. The injuries received by the challenger, as he conceived, were such as to require a mortal conflict: the temperament of the challenged was opposed to the conciliatory in presence of such a foe. All were brave, gallant men, all Kentuckians, and all admired for their chivalry and many noble qualities. That the high-souled survivor deploras with all the intensity which belongs to a noble heart, that such arbitrament was rendered necessary, his friends have never doubted; but persuaded as he was that his own life,—and what he holds far dearer than life, his honor,—was involved in the contest, he may not possess any of that soft, conventional hypocrisy which usually impels supple persons to plead regret for an issue, between which and their own lives they knew there was no alternative. Good men as well as some bad men have always yielded to the dictates of this so-called code of honor, and it is not likely that it will ever be abolished. Nor have we desired to suppress these facts in connexion with the events belonging to the life of Col. McClung. Facts fairly presented are apt to smother misrepresentation, and we are content that he, like many as good and more distinguished characters who have yielded to the temptation of indulging this lamentable propensity, shall abide the public judgment.

We are not inclined to deny but that these qualities of Col. McClung, do sometimes take an aspect of fierceness wholly at war with his generous and kindly disposition, especially when he is under excitement. Impetuosity and kindness are strangely blended in his nature, but all who enjoy his intimate acquaintance know that kindness greatly preponderates, and that his friendships, once formed, are fast, strong, and not easily moved.

But in 1841, when he received his appointment as Marshal, rumors came ahead of him and slander and misrepresentation were busy with his character. He was freely charged with being coarse, rough, and even brutal in his manners, ever bent on affrays and bloodshed, indifferent to the etiquette and amenities of social intercourse, and misanthropic in his disposition. It was averred that he had come off conqueror from at least half a dozen personal combats, and sent just as many victims to the grave. The coffin processions of the Jackson Presidential campaign, emblematic of the general and habitual cruelty and recklessness of human life, scarcely inspired as much horror among quiet citizens as did those reports which preceded the advent of the newly-appointed Marshal. The men watched for his coming with the most eager and nervous curiosity, and the women and little children would gather in groups as the father or brothers came in, to inquire as to the arrival of this resurrected Col. Blood. When he did arrive, the landlord whose hotel he had chosen, received him with profound obeisance, mortally fearful of receiving at every glance of his fierce eye a ball or bowie knife. The boarders stared rather than ate, and when he rose to return to the sitting room he always had a full passage and a wide berth. His first appearance on the streets called every dealer and shopkeeper to his window or door, and as they viewed his game figure and proud gait, his bold features and *nonchalant* manner, their expression told that they were reading a confirmation of all they had heard. "Tom," said a prominent citizen to a servant of the hotel who was said to stand in peculiar fear of the Marshal, "why are you so much afraid of McClung?" "Ecod, massa," replied the old negro chuckling, "dere's more dan *me* who's afeard of him."

These absurd rumors, superadded to the fact of his being a non-resident of the District, caused his appointment to be much objected to at first, as we have said. But these impressions were rapidly dispelled as the new Marshal extended his acquaintance. Instead of being coarse or offensive he was found to be a gentleman, polished and affable, possessed of a courtliness and urbanity that evoked all the address of which his new friends were masters to measure manners with him. The disappointment was general as it was agreeable. Calls and invitations multiplied daily: his fine conversational powers, his rare information, coupled with his reputation for talents, won to him sincere admirers, while his sparkling qualities as a *bon compagnon* made him a favorite in the gay and sport-loving circles. We do not mean to intimate that there is about Col. McClung that air of easy access and general familiarity which characterized the social intercourse

of the full-hearted Prentiss. His intimacies are cautiously formed and rarely extended. He has very little tolerance for pretension unbacked by merit, and has been known chillingly to repel the familiar advances of such as ventured to presume too far, perhaps, on an acquaintance formed in his moments of mirth and carousal. Among those for whom he has ever cherished esteem and respect, we have never known of his making an enemy, and it is with such that his accomplishments shine forth so winningly and instructively.

Early in 1845, and before the inauguration of the newly elected President, Col. McClung resigned his office, after having discharged its duties to the full satisfaction of the government, the court, the public, and all the parties concerned.

As an officer he was stern, though never imperious; and we have never heard of a single complaint as to the manner in which he enforced the judgments of the Court. During the canvass of 1844, his sympathies as a politician were strongly enlisted in favor of Mr. Clay's election to the Presidency; but as an office-holder he was scrupulous to confine his action within the bounds prescribed by the administration under which he served. The defeat of his favorite determined promptly his course of conduct. His disposition is little fitted to sufferance. He threw up his commission rather than await the inevitable changes which he knew would follow the induction of Mr. Polk as President. He was a whig, and his delicacy of sentiment prompted a conduct which would relieve the new administration of all embarrassment or forbearance. Nor do we wish to be understood, in these remarks, as intending to cast any improper reproach on Mr. Polk. Unfortunately, it seems to be a settled policy with both parties, now-a-days, to distribute federal offices solely among political friends, and it might be urged as illiberal to charge either with being less tolerant than their adversaries.

At this period a new and interesting chapter opens in the career of this distinguished Mississippian. Hitherto he had played a comparatively obscure and secondary part when named in connexion with many of his contemporaries. He had wielded a large influence by the power of his pen, but his voice had not been heard, and the people only knew him by report. His friends of Lowndes county now resolved to invite him to the hustings, and in the summer of 1845 he was brought forward as a candidate for the Legislature, at the head of the whig ticket. He accepted the nomination, and early in the fall, after his return from a visit to the Northern counties, entered upon an active and a vigorous contest. He was opposed by a veteran and popular ticket, and encountered a powerful organization. The county had gone against Henry Clay the year previous

by the large majority of two hundred and forty votes, but still his sanguine heart was not abashed.

He dashed full against the centre of the opposition with one of those headlong charges which rarely fail of success, and created consternation and dismay in the camp. He unsettled the calmness of his antagonists, and surprised the ablest of the number by a review of his record which took him unawares,—forcing him to a defense for which, maugre his known address and talents, he was wholly unprepared. Nor did this gentleman commit the folly of denying the surprise by which he had been overtaken, but with a bold heart, fortified by a full consciousness of right, declared his resolve to abide the record which had been so fiercely and ingeniously assailed, despite the ugly appearance it then presented. The battle was mainly fought out afterwards by these two, and by common consent of both parties they were pitted as their respective leaders, to whose success the principal efforts of the canvass should be directed. On the hustings the whig champion could not be matched. His oratorical power and intellectual weight were acknowledged equally as they were admired,—although his sagacious rival did not fail to deal thrusts, now and then, which proved him worthy of the best steel. At the ballot box, however, the friends of Col. McClung were overpowered. The decided political complexion of the county, the pride of party, and the great popularity of his opponent, well merited as worthily bestowed, could not be changed or beaten down; and the distant friends of the whig champion will perhaps be less astonished at his defeat when they learn that his principal opponent was James Whitfield, late Governor of Mississippi, then in the full flush of a popularity which long years had cemented.

But the friends of Col. McClung, if beaten, were not routed. Their leader had driven in the outposts of the enemy, and the ancient citadel of democracy had been fearfully battered. He had cleaved down prejudices of long standing and opened a fair field for his successors in future political contests. He uttered no complaint when the result was made known, and bowed with equal grace and complaisance to the popular verdict: while his opponents honorably forebore to indulge all jeering exultations. They seemed rather to feel, while contemplating the dismal reduction of their ancient majorities, the full force of the exclamation attributed to Philip of Epirus, who, after one of his hard-earned conquests over the Romans, bitterly declared that "one more such victory would ruin him." As nothing had occurred during the canvass to mar the harmony of social intercourse, so afterwards were cordial relations fully and lastingly recognised.

It was on the occasion of the first of the speech-



es made by Col. McClung in this, his first political campaign, that he took a position for his party in connexion with the repudiated Union Bank bonds of Mississippi; and without intending to disturb, in the slightest degree, the sleeping strifes which belong to this delicate subject, we think it would not be amiss to transcribe an extract or two from his published speech which, though not touching the merits of the case, show the bold tone of thought so characteristic of the speaker:

"I think that it is necessary for the Whig party to give up a point which they have heretofore maintained. I think that honor and party consistency will justify this surrender, as farther contest for it would be utterly unavailing. I allude to the Union Bank Bonds. I have not in any point or particular changed my opinion on this subject since the question was first agitated. I thought then that the repudiating party committed a gross revolution of justice. I think so still. I thought then that honesty required that the payment of these bonds should be secured to the bond holders by the State. I think that still. But the people have twice decided against the liability of the State in their highest attitude of political adjudication. For reasons I will presently proceed to give you I am satisfied beyond a doubt, that they will always so determine. I think therefore that the time has come when the Whig party must give up that question. I think that it is their duty as a party to do so, and in this surrender they violate no principal of moral or political obligation. \* \* \* \* \*

"The Whig party have a great stake in the country. It is a party powerful in numbers, in talent, in wealth, and in character; and it is their duty to attempt to exercise some voice in the laws which govern their persons and their property. It is utterly unworthy of them to give up all their political rights, to ostracise themselves from a puerile vanity of worthless consistency. It cannot be that this obstinate, senseless adhesion to opinion for consistency's sake, in spite of all reason or motive to the contrary, is sufficiently general to have much weight. Determination is a high quality. Thorough, complete, and perfect determination one of the highest and rarest. Nothing superlatively great or good can be accomplished without it. But there must be an end to attain, and one possible of attainment, and means commensurate with that end, to dignify conduct with the meed of determined exertion. The importance of the end and the weight of the means make the difference between the fool and the hero. When the object is hopeless, or the effort feeble, or the means grossly inadequate, the struggle is ridiculous instead of being grand. It provokes laughter, not admiration. Now the prolongation of this hard struggle, with the certainty

of defeat continued and forever, (for that defeat would be continual I will presently prove,) instead of being magnanimous, strikes me as the emptiest of all follies. It is obstinate certainly, but it has not the dignity of determination."

This position was approved by the main body of Mississippi Whigs, and has since been adopted as their basis of action in connexion with the Bonds. As Col. McClung remarks in another place, "it is impossible to treat a state, a whole society, with contempt. However contemptible may be the individual atoms, the haughtiest temper that treads the earth cannot look down upon the mass. An advocacy of payment is meritorious as the inceptive step to payment. It is meritorious when there is connexion between such declaration and the action it recommends. But when all connexion ceases between them, then all merit ceases also. When we know that the people will certainly refuse to make us pay, such efforts form no act of payment, indicate in reality no willingness to sacrifice money, but sink into the mere bluster of empty bravadoes. The only effect of such efforts would be to keep in power the same class whom this convulsion has thrown up."

Hitherto Col. McClung had been famed only as a strong and vigorous writer: but the incidents of this canvass introduced him to the public as a most able and efficient speaker—ready with repartee, abundant in argument, fitted alike to hurl satire or ridicule, fluent, forcible, and commanding. His voice, however, we must venture to pronounce unsuited to the highest effects of oratory, according to our ideas of oratory. It is deficient in depth, in uniformity, and in melody, and is very often wholly unmanageable. Always high-keyed and shrill in tone, it falls upon the ear almost harshly, and as the feelings of the speaker rise with the fervent flow of thought, it can be likened to nothing so aptly as to the keen tenor of an enraged invalid, excepting only as to strength and capacity of endurance. We should judge that he was entirely unable to conform his scale of intonation according to will. His notes ascend with a suddenness at once startling and gratingly inharmonious, and sometimes descend as suddenly and with an abruptness that jars every nerve in his auditory. There is no gradation between the high notes and the low notes. And yet, although decidedly of the soprano order, this voice is perhaps less akin to the ringing octaves of Alexander Stephens than to the full clarion of Clay. It is high-strung, but we might say terribly ineffeminate. We have never listened to any other voice which it at all resembled, any more than we ever saw another man who resembled its possessor. And we will say further that the voice is peculiarly adapted to the man. Like Calhoun's utterance, its very peculiarity contributes to fasten at-

tention on the speaker, and to impress his thought with the power of sorcery; but the point of excellence in an orator being the power to awake and control the sensibilities of an audience, we doubt if such a voice could of itself produce such effect. It is suited rather to the fiery phillipics of Demosthenes than to the thrilling pathos of Cicero; rather to the defiant strains of a Coriolanus than to the artful yet impassioned persuasiveness of Mark Antony. It may serve to arouse and command, but never to melt and subdue by appeal. It has been said of the renowned preacher, Whitfield, that he drove rather than won sinners to repentance. His power consisted in his awful tropes and bold rhetoric, added to overpowering argument and matchless energy of delivery. It is possible for men to become great speakers like Fox or Calhoun without ever becoming such orators as Sheridan, or Wirt, or Clay. Clay did indeed unite the two, as they were never before united in any man. Haughty, high-tempered, and naturally overbearing, he could deal at will in the wild thunders of Pitt or Henry, and then melt his audience by the pathos of appeal. His voice, unequalled and unsurpassable, was beyond doubt the secret of his power. The language and thoughts of his speeches are far behind those of Mr. Webster. The last we never had the good fortune to hear. We can only judge him as we judge the Revolutionary or British statesmen, by contemporaneous accounts and the matchless elegance and power of his published speeches. We judge, however, from all we have read or heard from others, that his force was in his mind—that his heart contributed little or nothing to the effect produced by his speeches. We use these great names to illustrate our meaning, and would not be thought capable of committing the gross blunder of attempting to institute comparisons in connexion with Col. McClung, while within the shadow of such gigantic reputations; such would be as offensive to good taste as to good sense. As an original and a profound thinker, and an able speaker he owns, as yet at least, no national reputation which will sustain comparison in such presence as has been named. The great ascendancy in this State of his political opponents has kept the knowledge of his talents and high qualifications as a statesman mainly at home. The only political office to which he has ever been appointed, was one that opened to him no room for intellectual display, and was so immeasurably below his merits that many of his best friends have lamented the necessity which urged him to accept it. We intend not, therefore, to place him by comparison on the roll of such statesmen as we have just called. We desired merely to illustrate why we regarded him as a speaker rather than as an orator. We know well, however, that speak-

ers, highly gifted, have sometimes achieved feats which belong more to the orator, yet owning very few of the orator's instincts. This did actually occur with the subject of this article, on a memorable occasion, to which we may advert in the proper place. But regarded as a speaker, we except not alone to the voice of Col. McClung. His action cannot pass unscathed of criticism. This is graceful only when he ascends the rostrum. True it is that he possesses quite enough of this Demosthenian requisite, but it is ill-regulated and sometimes apparently affected. We do not deny but that a public speaker is allowed to study his positions and his gestures; but, as in the case of Henry Clay, he must study also the tact necessary to conceal his affectation. We have thought that while Col. McClung evidently affected much of his action in the outset of his speech, he was too indifferent as to art. Nor is he always self-possessed when beginning. He starts off with his arms very well disposed, but ere yet his own mind is fastened, he seems to be encumbered, and his hands appear to be in his way. They are directed to a comfortable prop on his hips—but scarcely reach their destination before one is tugging at his hair and the other clenched convulsively to the table, or desk, before which he is standing. They cut the air at a rate wholly at war with Hamlet's directions, until as a last resort they are fraternally clasped, and remain thus, generally, until he becomes fixed with interest in his subject. Then all hesitation and awkwardness give way to the fierce current of rapid and earnest thought, and he steers to his different points under a headway of action that smotheres all imperfections by its tempest-like impetuosity. He becomes, in respect to action, a perfect picture of Rufus Choate, bound to one spot. Every part of his body becomes furiously motive, except his feet, which maintain ever and throughout a military exactness of position. The great Massachusetts orator when speaking on large public occasions, as everybody knows who ever heard him, writhes, rants, and runs about in a manner that puts to shame all Forrest's capricious in Jack Cade, and that fairly eclipses the renowned perambulations of Booth in the last act of Richard the Third. The Mississippian stands his ground truly, but tempestuous tossings of the head fully make up for all loss of motion in the feet. The eyes of Mr. Choate, when speaking, though ever of bold expression, assume a fixed and almost lustreless glare, and his whole features preserve a calm in singular contrast with the energetic and sinuous motions of his body. It is different with Col. McClung. His eyes blaze with excitement; he gnashes his teeth with the ferocity of a tiger eager for his prey, contorts his features, and his entire face glows with enthusiasm. And yet, despite

all the imperfections we have charged, (hypocritically,) there are few public speakers who are able to command so entirely and despotically the attention of an audience, or call forth such heartfelt and tumultuous applause.

We are now to view the subject of this sketch in a different light and from a different sphere. His education, his attainments, and his course of reflection had been entirely directed to a civil career; but when, in the spring of 1846, the long quiet of the nation was suddenly disturbed by the cry of war, and rumors came of battles fought and victories gained; when it became known that hostilities betwixt Mexico and the United States inevitable, and had actually begun, the patriotic ardor of young and old was excited to a degree not exceeded even by the martial enthusiasm which blazed through the land in 1812, and Col. McClung was among the first who called into exercise these chivalric instincts of his countrymen. Not a man of his acquaintance throughout the State doubted for a moment but that he would soon be in the field at the head of a gallant band. All eyes turned instinctively to him. His young comrades flocked with eagerness to his boarding house, and enrolled their names for the march. Fathers, mothers, and wives, however apprehensive as to the chances of battle, beheld with pride the patriotic fervor, and looked with confidence to so sagacious and intrepid a leader. The neighboring county of Monroe sent over a company, headed by a worthy son of her own, which evinced a desire to serve under his standard. He incorporated the two bands into one company—that company which afterwards rang gloriously through the trumpets of fame as the *Tombigbee volunteers*, and whose name McClung himself clarioned forth as the signal for the dreadful charge at Monterey. On the day of their departure from Columbus, the streets of the city presented a most thrilling sight. Young and old of both sexes, men of all professions and occupations, from the grave clergyman down to the dashing sportsman, clustered indiscriminately to catch a parting glimpse of those soldier-youths, in whose every bosom beat the heart of a hero, headed by one whose dauntlessness was proverbial. A beautiful banner had been prepared by fair hands: and when, on being presented with an appropriate address by a lady, from the balcony of the Blewett House, the assembled multitude heard, with stirring emotions, the pledge that it should come back with glory or in blood, not even the melancholy of parting with sons, with brothers, and with friends could repress the generous burst of admiration.

The call of Gov. Brown, as is well remembered, was responded to throughout the State with an ardor and alacrity never surpassed. The city of Vicksburg had been fixed on as the place of *ren-*

*devours*, and it was on the bank of the father of waters that the lamented Duffield, Major General in the State Militia, organized the far-famed regiment of Mississippi Riflemen. The "gathering" being perfected, and the various companies enrolled and quartered, the exciting duty of electing officers was next in order. Talent, and experience even was abundant among those assembled, and men were present whose sagacity and judgment were well fitted to the duties of leadership. But the master-soldier of Mississippi, the known tactician most prominent in the eye of all, was not there. Away off in the federal metropolis was an unpretending member of Congress, a representative of the State of Mississippi, who, beyond his skill as an officer, had given no promise of those high civil qualifications he has since evinced. His mental endowments were not regarded as superior, perhaps not equal to, those which had already been discovered by some enrolled in the regiment. But he had been graduated with honor at West Point: he had served many years as an officer in the army, and had seen much active service both in camp and in the field. It was believed then, as it has since been widely known, that the country owned few officers more accomplished or capable as a leader. This was Jefferson Davis. Never having been in service himself, McClung deferred at once to the ascendancy of one whose qualifications for the first regimental office were so generally known, and permitted his friends to offer him as a candidate for Lieutenant-Colonel. He was elected, as we remember, without opposition. Davis prevailed for Colonel over a competitor singularly high-minded and generous. Among all in that brilliant throng, despite some eccentricities, none possessed a better or more patriotic spirit than that which animated the bold Bradford. He, too, had seen service as a volunteer officer in the last Seminole war, to which he had conducted the impetuous troops of his native Tennessee. But the reputation of Davis as a soldier and skilful tactician was overpowering and resistless, and his veteran opponent, declining very properly to contest the second office, was taken up and triumphantly elected Major of the regiment. It may be safely assumed that no regiment which followed the victorious Taylor from the memorable fields of the Rio Grande to the bristling parapets of Monterey, could show three more accomplished or skilful field officers. Each differed widely in temperament, in disposition, and in mental conformation, from the other. If Davis, weathered by long experience and education, was like Moreau, collected, constant, highly strategic, and immovably brave, McClung was known to possess the impetuous courage of Ney superadded to the intuitive, lightning-like perception of Lannes. If the one trusted with implicit confidence to the

scientific address of his superior, the other relied with equal confidence on the matchless resources which he knew must belong to a mind such as distinguished his second in command. Both were equally objects of admiration with the youthful and ardent soldiery whom they were about to lead forth, for the first time, to the terrors and storms of battle; and not a trooper in that chivalric band would have hesitated to follow the lead of either wherever bidden:—such officers, with such men, have ever proved invincible.

The glorious news from Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had filled the whole country with transports of joy, and the name of Taylor and his subalterns was on every tongue. The veteran Gaines, in command of the Southern division, was calling loudly for volunteers to aid the sparse army of the Rio Grande. The Mississippians, among others, flocked to the Crescent City early in the summer of 1846, and bivouacked on the marshy environs. By the first of August they had been trained and disciplined, and were ready to compete with the oldest and best of the army.

It is no part of our task to dwell on the particulars which characterized the march from Matamoras to Monterey. That belongs more properly to the historian. Nor do we feel at all fit now to criticise or to commend the manner of Gen. Taylor's advance. If his line of march was too much extended for an enemy's country, and in view of the *matériel* of his army—if his resources of heavy ordnance were too slenderly calculated, or his reliance upon a force mainly untried, too sanguine,—considering that he was about to attack a city well fortified both by nature and art, and garrisoned by a confident soldiery and crowds of enthusiastic citizens,—the brilliant success which crowned his measures still serves to smother all doubts of his great military acumen, and to shield him from misplaced criticism. There is much in material and appointment, but, squared by the American standard of warriors, there is as much in the men who command. European generals and American generals are less to be compared than contrasted. Napoleon, in some respects, formed an exception in the conduct of his Italian and Egyptian campaigns. He then astounded the oldest soldiers by his indifference to perfect appointment: but in all his latter wars his armies were prepared in every line and his appointment was complete. Marlborough, Frederick, Turenne, the Condés, Schwartzberg, and Wellington were fastidious to the last degree in all manner of equipment, and never took the field until the lowest subordinate had reported upon the completeness of his department. The American *modus operandi* has ever differed widely from the European in all such respects. In our entire history, it may safely be said, there can be found but two instances

wherein an American general has been thus guarded, and even these fall below the European standard. The small force which Harrison led into Canada in pursuit of Proctor, was well provided in arms, in provisions, and in camp equipage. The gallant army with which Scott marched to the assault of Vera Cruz and its famed castle was the most brilliant and perfect array ever mustered by an American general. But Washington, so far from leading, probably never saw a perfectly appointed force until he beheld the vanquished squadrons of Cornwallis. Greene never manœuvred an army that was more than half armed or half clad. The same may be said of Gates, of Wayne, of Putnam, and of Schuyler. The little division of regulars with which Gen. Taylor advanced from Point Isabel to Matamoras may, indeed, have been well equipped: but the march to Monterey, after the accession of the Volunteer force, was scarcely fitted to pass muster, had the troops or appointments been scanned and squared by precise European officers. He trusted to his *men*, armed with weapons to which they had been accustomed from youth, and who knew no more about working siege-pieces than they knew of Arabic or Congo. Of regulars he perhaps had no more than a bare sufficiency to man the light artillery, which was regarded justly as an indispensable arm.

On the morning of September the 19th, 1846, the army of Gen. Taylor arrived in sight of Monterey, and the opening operations of the memorable and glorious scene began. The main body of the troops were encamped at Walnut Springs, and active reconnoissances were commenced by the indefatigable Mansfield and his efficient corps of engineers. At about noon on the 20th, the division of Worth took up its line of march to assault the heights in rear of the city. On all sides were frowning forts, and walls fairly alive with glistening bayonets. In front, and to the right of Gen. Taylor's approach, the huge citadel displayed its solid walls and ominous batteries, flanked by lesser fortifications bristling with cannon and muskets: and the evening sun, reflected from the summits of the Sierra Madre, shone resplendently upon an array, all lustrous with the pomp and circumstance of war. The silver ripples which danced quietly on the bosom of the Arroya San Juan, the garnished landscapes sleeping upon the plain in the full beauties of nature and art combined, the brilliant and changeful hues which spangled the crested horizon, the dreamy stillness of the fragrant atmosphere exhaled from orange groves and flower gardens, all were in strange and melancholy contrast with the busy preparations in progress for the morrow's carnage and the impending battle roar. Thousands of young hearts, animate in the bosoms of that ardent and motley

host, were beating high with expectation, and were panting for combat, for victory, and for glory: but none thought of the terrific price of war's honors—of gaping wounds, of shattered bones, of lopped limbs, of a bloody death, of that cold grave on a friendless soil from which no means of triumph could resurrect. In their midst was the old peasant-general, the beloved commander and friend, lord for the time being of their lives and prospects, with his busy glass careering to all quarters of the compass, and hardening his stout though sensitive heart, to contemplate results rather than calculate costs. There was Davis, cold, imperturbable, determined—directing with calmness the preliminary movements, to scenes in which, with a soldier, duty and not sensibility must be ascendant. There was Quitman, alike polished and urbane on the field as in the drawing room; and if a ray of melancholy shaded the intense brilliance of his martial glance, it was fountained in a heart where iron bravery and soft compassion dwelt together. There was McClung, his fierce eyes gleaming with the first awakened impulses of battle, as he surveys the glittering troop of lancers dashing along the Mexican lines, or listens to the deep voice of the cannon's opening roar. The bland and winning smile which is wont to light up his social moments is not seen, and his stern features are fixed with the impress of that lion-like spirit which burns within and chafes for an introduction to battle. From one of the companies which make up that regiment by him, many a look is turned to the martial figure of him who sentinels its left wing; and many a heart responds to the inward vow to follow to the death where he shall lead.

The Mississippians were not called to participate in the skirmishes which took place on the 20th. The engagements had been confined to some hand-to-hand fights between the Texas Rangers of Hays and the Lancers of Ampudia, in which the latter had been uniformly repulsed. But the dawn of the 21st broke upon a wider and more exciting, as well as more decisive, scene. A mutual plan of assault had been agreed on between Gen. Taylor and Gen. Worth during the night intervening, by which the former was to make a demonstration in front, while the latter directed his efforts on the rear of the city. This plan of course, involved the entire numbers of both divisions, and the Mississippians prepared for the conflict. Twiggs moved to the attack of the forts on the east, and the shells and balls which were thundered from the batteries of Webster brought out the full terrors of the citadel. The regiment was posted in rear of this battery, and watched with eagerness the repeated efforts of the Baltimoreans to carry the advanced work, and their repeated failures. These pushed on amid a raking

fire from the citadel and the works on the left, which Twiggs had not yet carried. But the storm of lead and iron drove them back, and after a heavy loss they were forced to desist. At this time the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, under command of Quitman, were moved forward to sustain the operations of Twiggs and Garland, and were halted, for some reason, just within range of the most destructive fire from the advanced fort on the right of Twiggs. They were preceded by a company of regulars, and awaited the result of their assault, but these last were received with a discharge of cannon which actually decimated their numbers, and struck down more than half the officers. It was then that the master feat of the day was ventured—a feat which has imprinted the name of McClung on one of the brightest pages of our national history. The regulars, shattered and bleeding, and after a most gallant effort, were in full retreat. The Baltimoreans had displayed a bravery equal to any troops, and they too had been drawn off. The fort was still in possession of the enemy, and its guns were belching forth the iron messengers of death, while the balls careered wildly through the ranks of the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments. They were under the eye of the chief himself, and a despatch had been sent to order them to the attack; but ere yet the aid-de-camp had reached Quitman, the object of his mission was accomplished. For minutes past, ever since the first Mexican ball had whistled over the regiment, the fiery impulses of McClung had been stirring wildly within his bosom. His fierce spirit was worked into volcanic fury and was struggling madly to find a vent. He was second in command, and the regiment could not therefore move to his order. On his wing were stationed the Tombigbee volunteers, every man of whom he knew personally, and every man was his devoted friend. He gave them one inquiring glance, it was returned with a significance he could not mistake. Each eye gleamed, each lip was clenched, every cheek was flushed, as they met the intense gaze of their ancient captain. In an ecstasy of excitement, and in defiance of all military rule, McClung dismounted with a single bound, and risking everything, caring for nothing but victory, roared forth in lion tones, "*Charge! Charge! Tombigbee volunteers follow me!*" With a wild and fearful yell that rose and rang above the din of battle, that dauntless band broke from the ranks, and darted after their heroic leader. Simultaneously a shout went up from the right wing and the deep voice of Davis himself is heard, as he starts with the entire regiment. The military instincts of both suggested that a charge should be dared, and impatience, not distrust, had tempted McClung to act without orders. A pell-mell race

ensued. Several of the Tombigbee volunteers, headed by the martial figure of McClung, had already reached the ditch. In attempting to leap some fell, and were passed in a twinkling by their ardent comrades. They reach the fort, and McClung is seen to spring upon the wall with the agility of an Indian. The next moment he is standing over the Mexican cannon, waving his victorious sword to cheer on the rushing sections of the regiment. He was the first American that saluted the admiring troops of Taylor from the ramparts of a Mexican fort, though Patterson, and Townsend, and Edward Gregory, young men who had grown up under his eye and in his fondest intimacy, were but a moment's time in rear; while Rogers, and Wade, and Kerr, and Bell, with scores of other bold Bigbee boys were crowding tumultuously on their tracks, ready to meet or share any fate that might befall. At the moment of entrance, Lieut. Patterson shot down a Mexican who had his gun pointed, but a foot or two distant, full at the back of Col. McClung as he stood upon the front of the fort. A rush was made for the second work, or fortified house, some distance inside the one which had just been carried. McClung was still ahead, though whole companies of the regiment were now close at his heels. Just as he appeared within, a Mexican officer made his surrender; but ere yet the victor could receive the proffered sword, a sharp volley was heard, and the ball of a large rifle, fired by an unseen enemy, laid him in the dust. Both events occurred before any other American had got beyond the entrance. As he staggered and fell, Lieut. Townsend clasped the bleeding hero in his arms, and, careless of danger, called madly for his comrades. The wound was frightful. The ball had entered the left hip, after tearing away a portion of the hand which rested on his scabbard, and passed out near the region of the spine. For a moment McClung did not speak, and his friends were astounded with the apprehension that all was over. But presently recovering to a slight extent, he addressed them calmly, and was borne to the ditch he had just so gloriously leaped to lie there till a surgeon came up. Amid the increasing roar of strife his wounds were hastily dressed, and he was left alone to expiate in wringing anguish, the matchless feat which gave him to glory and to fame. What were the thoughts of such a man under such circumstances none can venture to describe. The glowing impulses of patriotism which hurried him to the field had been sadly checked, and the gorgeous glimmerings of ambition were now darkened into a picture, whose gloomy outlines seemed to fade away amidst cheerless shades and cold recesses which told of death's valley. The thunders of cannon still jarred upon the air, and the distant cheer-

ings which went up from familiar voices announced that Taylor was again advancing to victory; but he, whose stalwart arm had opened the road to success, bleeding and mangled, the disabled tenant of his pitiful share of damp earth, was not to make one of that exultant throng so soon to congratulate the conquering chieftain. He was not to be thought of amid the first ecstasies and the delirious revelry of triumph. Present agonies and bitter anticipations seemed to be his only portion. He might now appreciate, though shuddering to sanction, that terrible phrensy which drove the fierce Lannes, when shot down at Essling, to curse the impotence of his surgeon, and to blaspheme heaven and earth, that he had been cut off so early in the action. But if then this gallant officer was thus tortured, how pleasingly, since, have all such thoughts been dispelled, when amidst radiant smiles and warm greetings, the chime of the church bells and the merry sound of friendly guns, he was welcomed to his home on the banks of the Bigbee?

So soon as the operations of the day had closed, and the scattered bands of the regiment been collected, Col. Davis, fully conscious of the hazardous duty, called for some officer to volunteer with picked men to go in search of McClung, and bring him into quarters. Lieut. Patterson promptly stepped forth, and tendered his services. And being accepted, he selected and called out Edward Gregory, Argyle Kerr, Jack King, and Thomas Broom, of the Tombigbee company. Each man responded, and in the fast gathering twilight, in the face of an impending storm, regardless of all dangers, the little band started on their errand of friendship. They reached the ditch amidst showers of balls which were still pouring from the citadel. They found the object of their search chilled with cold and loss of blood, and stiff from long hours of suffering. He was lifted upon a rude litter, which rested on the shoulders of his devoted friends, and, agonized though he was with the motion, the party set out on their return to camp. At this moment the angry clouds burst, and the rain came down in torrents that threatened to deluge the entire plain. But even this, harassing though it was, did not shield them from the relentless fire of the fort. Every step they took was in full view of the garrison, and the dripping earth around was ploughed furiously up by balls as they steadily advanced. At about the distance of a quarter of a mile from the ditch, one shot, most skilfully directed, actually passed under the litter on which the groaning soldier was stretched. But they reached the camp without accident, drenched with water and nearly worn down by fatigue. McClung was visited immediately by Davis and other officers of the regiment, and every effort was used to make him comforta-



ble. A few days after the capitulation, at his own request and by invitation of the commandant, he was removed to more suitable quarters in Monterey, where he remained till his recovery. This was, however, long protracted, and his patience was most severely taxed. In the latter part of February of 1847, nearly six months after the battle, he wrote a friend in Columbus as follows:

\* \* \* "About ten days ago I underwent a surgical operation, and had five pieces of bone extracted, one of them an inch and a quarter long and half an inch thick. One wound was through the middle of the hand, rendering an amputation of two fingers necessary, and stiffening the other two. I only retain the use of the thumb. Now these bones are out, the surgeons think I will improve rapidly. I have struggled up against these wounds wonderfully, and I now feel confident of steady recovery."

The gallantry displayed by Col. McClung at the battle of Monterey was the theme of praise, as all may remember, throughout the Union. His name was in every paper, and gave occasion to hundreds of sparkling toasts at the festive board; while the news of his horrible wound and intense sufferings drew forth many an eloquent and thrilling sentiment of condolence. But in Mississippi, and especially at his home, enthusiasm ran beyond any thing we have ever witnessed. He had done just what every body expected, just what many had predicted, yet all joined in the huzzas of congratulation as though surprise was mingled with pleasure. His daring exploit was rehearsed at every fireside, and little children listened with that staring interest which, with them, is ever excited by the story of blood and of battles; but now that the hero of the tale was one they often met daily, in whose kindly smiles they had often basked, with whom they had strolled and romped, (for wherever he visited the young ones were his friends,) their little eyes sparkled with ever-growing excitement as the recital progressed, until, at the close, as the picture of his bleeding wounds and his cheerless agony arose before them, soft tears might be seen glistening amid the deep carnation of their cheeks. Meetings were called to do honor to the achievements of the regiment, and if some more applause burst forth when McClung's name was called, than at other times, a generous soul can pardon it to the strong temptations induced by his local popularity. The feelings of the audience were with every officer and private of that gallant corps. But the gratitude of his neighbors did not stop at mere cold expression. A more substantial and appropriate testimonial was designed. It was determined among the citizens of Lowndes county to order for him a sword more elegant than had yet been made for any similar purpose. The paper was

soon filled, and after the first day it became more difficult to restrain than to procure full sums of subscription. The inscription was written out, and the model designed by competent persons. It was presented by a special deputation soon after McClung's return from Mexico, and was pronounced by all who saw it to be supremely handsome.

The prowess McClung had displayed at Monterey was admitted, on all hands, to have been pre-eminent. In a public speech, made at Vicksburg just after his first return from Mexico, Col. Davis himself, alluding handsomely to the fact that McClung had ordered a charge at the same time as himself, without any communication or orders, declares in that nervous language so peculiarly his characteristic, that "he was induced thereto by the quick decision and military judgment which showed him formed by Heaven for the soldier." Such a compliment, from such a source, uttered thus gracefully and seasonably, might be held to close all criticism from any humbler quarter. Still in a sketch like this, wherein candid portraiture is intended to be mingled with candid review, we shall not omit to examine in its every bearing this most important act of our subject's career. We are obliged to say that in assuming the responsibility of ordering a charge without orders from a superior, McClung directly violated all military rules, and ran a most fearful risk. His conduct cannot be defended on the square; but taken separately from personal considerations, must be pronounced, on the occasion in question, highly deleterious to all safe military procedure. The lustre of success may, in this single instance, have dazzled and defied the sterner requirements of discipline, and glittering laurels have outshone the wholesome lessons of the law. But the precedent, considered in a general view, is fraught with mischief and full of danger. Strict subordination is indispensable to the proper direction of armies. If one inferior officer may assume to act from his own impulses, or with the hope of success, free of reproach, the rule must be extended to a limit utterly undefinable. Confusion and ruin would inevitably follow such culpable relaxation. Yet the conduct of our hero is not wholly without palliation, even viewed apart from the success which crowned the imprudence. The regiment was exposed to a tremendous and ceaseless cannonade from the Mexican batteries. Not a man in ranks had ever before been under fire, and they were volunteers, fighting more for glory than from duty or emolument. Such a force is not apt to covet martyrdom. They want a hand in the strife when their blood flows. No one knew all this better than McClung, and the simultaneous yet unprojected movement between himself and his immediate superior showed that

they were both prompted from kindred suggestions. Indeed, it has never transpired, as we know, that Davis himself, owning that he did order a charge, was acting within military rule. We have never been told, nor did he ever assert, that he had received any orders from his superior. Assuming these facts to be as stated, such a coincidence adds to the brilliancy of McClung's conduct, while it affords a basis of strong defence—for Davis is known to be one of the most skilful and fastidious officers on the American continent. But McClung himself is, in our judgment, "one in a thousand." His acknowledged talents and rare acumen serve to cover much that may infract mere martinet regulations. Keen observation and hard study have made him a finished soldier, and if his action at Monterey was opposed to strict army regimen, it was characterized equally by prudence and courage. The regiment was too much exposed to remain long inactive, and considering the man and the circumstances it is difficult to determine, judging from this case, where propriety ends or where responsibility should begin. Admiral Sir George Byng, though acting at Port Mahon, entirely within and according to the rules of naval warfare, was yet condemned and shot for an error of judgment. Although guilty neither of treachery, or cowardice, or ignorance, he yet was executed because he did not fight. His successor, Admiral Hawke, who boldly violated every suggestion of prudence and ran counter to all naval science, in the affair with the French fleet under Conflans, was lauded and promoted for an adventure which, in case of failure, would have brought him to the block. If Gen. Taylor had retreated before Santa Anna at Buena Vista, instead of venturing a battle, which, under the circumstances, would have been entirely justifiable, he would undoubtedly have lost his reputation as a general. If he had been beaten and lost his army, the country would have denounced him as a weak-minded desperado, soured by a recollection of his wrongs. He took a fearful responsibility, his orders being to fall back on Monterey in case of Santa Anna's advance, and fought the greatest fight on record. It made him a hero and carried him to the White House. Jackson never hesitated to take responsibility, and he always succeeded. We might trace the parallel throughout all history. Of all our generals, Scott is the only one who has fought ever upon the square, and beaten the enemy. The heart of the country seems to be with men of will who court and conquer responsibilities. It has been proven that such is the unerring mark of a good commander. We are, therefore, brought to this conclusion in regard to the conduct of McClung at Monterey—that while he set a bad example for subordinates, he exhibited the true mate-

rial for making a great leader. We desire not by such conclusions, to be thought capable of inculcating insubordination as a means of success in military operations. We repudiate such an inference. It was said of Patrick Henry that learning was his abomination, and that books were odious to him. Wirt is forced to admit this, but guards his young readers by the seasonable admonition that every man is not a Patrick Henry. Knowing McClung as we do, we are equally of the opinion that, obscured though he may now be, and with all his imperfections and weaknesses, he is possessed of an extraordinary and a towering intellect. He has shown this in his contact with society and in every act of his life.

Scarcely had he been settled quietly, after his return, when the voice of his political friends was heard, and McClung entered upon the canvass with Mr. Featherston, as a candidate for Congress. The majority against his party was very large, and he entered the field with reluctance and some misgivings, sanguine as he generally is. After a gallant contest, during which not one unpleasant passage had occurred betwixt him and his worthy opponent, the ballots came out in favor of the democratic candidate. But their pristine majority was vastly reduced. It had dwindled down from fifteen hundred to less than eight hundred. It is generally supposed that if McClung had been able to be continually in the field, he would have carried the day, though the district has never polled its votes for a whig. In the spring of the following year he was again summoned to the political arena as an electoral candidate for the State at large, in favor of General Taylor's election to the Presidency. The amiable and lamented Chalmers was his adversary—an adversary distinguished for urbanity, for political address, and for the many high positions he had filled in the councils of the State and of the nation. His field of action embraced the entire State, and he spoke, we believe, in nearly every county. It was during this political campaign that Col. McClung first evinced to the people those high qualifications for statesmanship, and profound civil attainments which are now so universally acknowledged. Every one knew that he possessed talents of a high order, but none other than those whom he visited, or who visited him, were aware that one so erratic in his habits had ever been a close student and laborious thinker. Consequently his vast stores of knowledge, his intimate acquaintance with the statistics of commerce, agriculture, and all the industrial departments, his extensive knowledge of history, his intimacy with all the leading political events which belonged to his own country, greatly surprised many who had been in habits of daily intercourse with him. We do not regard Col. McClung as being fitted, in

very many respects, for an able or successful party leader, but we have never known one more safe, more sagacious, or more instructive in the council room. He controls almost magically, at times, the masses to whom he speaks from the rostrum, but his general reserve and occasional haughty flashes of temper are not suited to acquire that peculiar influence with the crowd, in personal intercourse, which attach to men of the Clay or Jackson stamp, domineering as were those renowned party chieftains. No one, from the cabman to the courtier, when conscious of no improper motive, ever hesitated to accost Henry Clay, haughty-tempered as he was well known to be, or to shake his hand, whether meeting him in the street, the tavern, the court-house, or halls of Congress. It is our opinion that McClung will never acquire that sort of popularity. His gait, his habitually stern expression, his restiveness, his whole manner, most generally, is calculated to repel familiarity, even without his intending to do so. He is too absent-minded, when walking alone, ever to conquer entirely those difficulties. Despite his most honest efforts he very often appears constrained, and fails totally to render either himself, or the person accosting him, easy. The strong hold which his various canvasses show that he has upon the people, is to be attributed, in a great degree, to their confidence in his sincerity, independence, honesty of purpose and great talents, added to their instinctive persuasion that, however little he may deign to court individuals, his respect for the masses is as deep as it is undisguised. These obstacles removed, we do not hesitate to express the belief that few men are as well qualified as McClung to become great and powerful as a party leader. There are many similar examples to be found in history. The most prominent that we can now think of in connexion with those of our own country, is George M. Troup, the ancient partisan chief of Georgia. He did not own, perhaps, the high order of talent or educational accomplishments of Col. McClung, but he was possessed of qualities which belong only to great men, and which lifted him to the highest political stations. And yet he was singularly deficient in those popular instincts ascribed to Mr. Clay, and which belonged, though in a less degree, to William Crawford. The reflective reader of English history will readily agree that Lord Clive presented the same characteristics in his sparse intercourse with the admiring masses of his countrymen, though he had reached an eminence of fame almost too high to warrant a comparison in this place. He could not win them to his person like many others of his contemporaries: and so apparent were his deficiencies in this respect, that his friends soon ceased to expect from him any great civil achievements. But Clive was

a great soldier and a great administrator only. He was never gifted with the talents and consummate party address of a Pitt, a Hastings, or a Fox, though he possessed some greater qualities than either. There is much and deep philosophy in the old Latin maxim, "*Non possumus omnes omnia.*"

Gen. Taylor, as is known, was elected by large majorities, and was inaugurated President of the United States on the fourth day of March, 1849. The name of Col. McClung, already lustrously known to him from his conduct at Monterey, was presented to the President by hosts of influential and distinguished friends from all quarters of the Union, as one highly deserving of executive favor. We regret to be obliged to say that, from some cause unknown, the subject of this sketch did not meet with that consideration at the hands of his old commander, to which either his claims or the zealous recommendations of friends would appear to have entitled him. Week after week, and month after month, scores of friends were sent from Washington commissioned with high offices of honor and profit. At length it was announced that he had been appointed *Chargé* to Bolivia, one of the least considerable diplomatic stations in the gift of the President. The advice of his personal friends, if directed to the measure of qualification or merit, would have been opposed to his acceptance. Long years of labor as an editor and ministerial officer of the government, superadded to his absence in Mexico, had deprived him of all chances for building up a practice at the bar, already crowded with distinguished competitors, and his pecuniary circumstances were much reduced. The emoluments of a *Chargé*ship were not, therefore, to be entirely overlooked, especially as all admitted his fitness for the office. He decided to embark on the mission, and soon after left the United States. The duties of his office were mainly confined to witnessing some stirring popular outbreaks and some political executions, exchanging conventional hospitalities with brother ambassadors, and paying a few stated visits to the trembling head of the government. He remained at his post till towards the close of 1851, and then asking a recall, returned to his home in Mississippi, where he has since quietly resided.

During the early portion of the autumn of 1852, the citizens of Jackson invited Col. McClung to deliver an address commemorative of the life and services of Henry Clay. This great patriot had died, as is too sadly remembered, in the month of June of that year. The legislature of the State, by special convocation of the Governor, was to meet in October. On the evening of the 11th, Col. McClung pronounced the eulogy, in presence of the chief dignitaries of State, the members of the Legislature, and a large concourse of auditors.

The production was worthy of the author's fame as a writer, and even exceeded public expectation. As evincive of the high appreciative faculties of his audience, we append the following correspondence:

JACKSON, Oct. 12th, 1852.

Col. ALEX. K. McCLUNG :—

*Dear Sir:* In common with the immense audience in attendance, we listened last night with great pleasure to your eulogy upon the life and character of Henry Clay. Appreciating your address, as a just and eloquent criticism upon the life and character of the great deceased, we met to request a copy for publication. In this, however, we find ourselves forestalled by a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed this morning.

We presume it would be gratifying to you that we should defer to this most complimentary, and unusual legislative action in this matter, and beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Very truly and respectfully, your ob't serv'ts,

A. BURWELL,  
W. R. MILES,  
D. R. LEMMAN,  
T. J. WEARON,  
B. YANDELL,  
J. D. ELLIOT,  
*Committee.*

JACKSON, Oct. 14th, 1852.

Col. A. K. McCLUNG :—

*Dear Sir:* The undersigned, who have been appointed a joint select committee under a resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, to solicit from you, for publication, a copy of the eulogy, delivered by yourself, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on the evening of the 11th inst., on the life and services of the illustrious statesman, Henry Clay,—in the discharge of the pleasing duty devolved upon us, respectfully solicit a copy of your address.

With the assurances of the high appreciation of ourselves, and of the bodies we represent, of your very powerful and eloquent address,

We are, respectfully,

D. W. ADAMS,  
SIMEON OLIVER,  
GEO. S. GOLLADAY,  
MORGAN McAFEE,  
P. S. CATCHING.  
*Comm. en part of Senate.*

HOWELL HINDS,  
P. B. STARKE,  
J. H. R. TAYLOR,  
THOS. J. CATCHINGS,  
C. DEAVOURS.  
*Comm. of H. of Reps.*

JACKSON, Oct. 13th, 1852.

*Gentlemen:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, requesting a copy of the speech I delivered on Monday last, upon the life and character of Henry Clay. I send to you at once the copy requested. I return to yourselves, gentlemen, and to the body of the Legislature whom you represent, my grateful thanks for the most unusual compliment conveyed by their action, and for the flattering terms in which that action is expressed.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,  
your obedient servant,

ALEX. K. McCLUNG.

To the Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives.

The address, maugre this uncommon and, we believe, unprecedented token of favor, and despite its general transcendent beauties, is not, in our judgment, free of many serious imperfections. Its popularity, however, ran ahead of any similar production commemorative of the same sad event. It was copied by hundreds of journalists who, fascinated by the witchery of its rhetoric and philosophical depth, did not pause to look out for faults of style or deficiencies in taste. We yet venture to say that, considering the occasion, it contains a good deal of both. We hear of services *burnished* by death,—of *grand* human creatures and of the *greatness* of wisdom. There is sometimes an approach to extravagance if not turgidity. It is declared that, "no man the world ever saw was *equally* great in every quality of intellect and in every walk of action." We are not inclined to think that this assertion will meet with very general assent. Without pausing to cite all examples afforded by history, we are arrested by the single name of the great William Pitt. It will scarcely be denied, we think, that Pitt was the equal of Mr. Clay in every quality of intellect and in every walk of action. In one respect he was his superior, for he took success by storm and drove before him every competitor for the first office under the British crown. Though towering above all others as a party leader, Mr. Clay has failed in every blow he has ventured for the Presidential chair. His failure to obtain the Harrisburg nomination in 1840, when he could have been elected with ease, is to be attributed alone to the ingratitude of active opponents in his own ranks. The only other chances he ever had were thrown away, as we venture to think, by his own imprudencies. In the contest of 1828 he might have prevailed, if he had remained in Congress. As it was, his popularity, largely on the increase in 1824, was fatally shaken by his acceptance of a cabinet office under John Quincy Adams in 1825, in the face of charges as plausibly urged as they were false and unjust. From that unfortunate step, however honestly taken, he never recovered. It has been turned against him ever since by many who knew better, while thousands of honest and even intelligent men believe to this day that the office of Secretary of State was the price of his vote and influence in favor of Mr. Adams over Jackson and Crawford. False as is the charge it has stuck to him like the shirt of Nessus.

In 1844 when he had ridden over all insubordination in his own ranks, and obtained the nomination by acclamation, he was again allured into many serious blunders as a candidate. We say this feelingly as well as sincerely, for no one can have regretted Mr. Clay's defeat more deeply than ourselves. He evinced a sanguineness as unreasonable as unbecoming. He thought, spoke, and

wrote like one who felt certain of success. His first blunder, as we think, was in leaving his home in the spring and going to Washington at the very moment that the convention was to assemble. He spoke for every crowd that called him out when propriety as well as policy dictated that he should have been silent. He left the Southwest in April in a perfect ferment on the Texas question, and never attempted to still or check the excitement in favor of annexation. As he neared the Northern border his ears were filled with rumors that the East and North were rising with whirlwind violence to oppose annexation, and that Van Buren, his then prominent rival, had been forced to take a position adverse to the admission. By this time Mr. Clay had reached Raleigh, and there, without consultation with those at Washington, whose advice might have been available, and under the dictates of false notions of candor, he penned the letter that dimmed his last prospect for the Presidency. The democrats adroitly dropped Van Buren and took up a Texas candidate. We agree, it is true, with the policy and sentiments of Mr. Clay's Texas letter, but we insist that he was under no necessity of writing it at the time he did, and without first consulting with friends at Washington whose talents and influence were only second to his own. After his return to Ashland in June, it is known with what strange infatuation he went about answering letters to anybody on any subject, evincing an almost childish apprehension of being denounced as a "Mum" candidate, as Harrison had been. His enemies laughed in their sleeves, and praised his candor; but they kept their candidate close and silent, like able party tacticians. The pride of Mr. Clay had been smothered in his vanity, and all notions of that policy by which alone great party movements can be effected, were dispelled with a manner almost akin to Quixotism. These conclusions are not ours alone. Numbers of Mr. Clay's best friends have been heard to express similar sentiments, and to wonder that one so majestic in intellect should have been so unwarily seduced into unseasonable confidence and been guilty of such marvellous imprudencies. Now the pride of William Pitt could never be flattered nor bent, and his vanity, of which he had a full stock, was made of sterner stuff. On both the occasions cited Mr. Clay had been beguiled of his good genius. True it is that great men have been similarly robbed before, but they were men who, like Henry Clay, were not *always* equally great. Cæsar was thus robbed on the famous ides that witnessed his assassination, Napoleon was not *himself* when he suffered the Duc D'Enghien to be shot in the ditch of Vincennes, or when he was hurrying his devoted army to the snows of Russia. But Cromwell never was betrayed by his vanity, and Pitt never suffered from

an unwary relaxation of his pride. We will not multiply instances, nor prolong this discussion; but we have said enough to show that Col. McClung did not evince his usual caution and keen penetration when declaring that "*no man the world ever saw was equally great in every quality of intellect and in every walk of action*" as Henry Clay. The remark any way considered, is startlingly sweeping and illimitable, and is better suited to the panegyrist than to one who tells us that he "shall avoid that *indiscriminate* eulogy which is the proverbial blemish of obituaries and funeral discourses." We submit that in assigning to Mr. Clay the highest rank over all men "*the world ever saw,*" he left open no door to criticism, but should have surrendered himself, if held to the letter of his declaration, to that "*foaming chaos of eulogy,*" so graphically expressed immediately afterwards.

But Col. McClung does avoid the "proverbial blemish" so elegantly deprecated, and, in the course of his oration, shows himself to be a critic bold, penetrating, acute, and terribly just. Although presenting the character of Mr. Clay with a splendor that bids defiance to emulation, he yet takes up his subject with a master's hand, and while "*planting praise where it is due*" is careful to visit severe judgment where it belongs. As a literary production this address approaches, in our opinion, very near to the point of excellence. For grandeur, and even magnificence of diction, for graphic portraiture, for pathos, for perspicacity, for sparkling comparison, and for occasional stirring eloquence, it will bear reading with any address prepared for a like occasion by the ablest and the greatest of our country. In tone and model it is entirely original. The style is terse, unornate, and peremptory, but strikingly expressive. Where there are so many passages to select as illustrative of what we ascribe, it is difficult to select at all. Still we must venture to transcribe some few disconnected sentences, that the reader may measure our judgment by the text. The following is the author's description of Mr. Clay as an orator:—

"As an orator he was brilliant and grand. None of his contemporaries could so stir men's blood. None approached him in his mastery over the heart and imagination of his hearers. Of all the gifts with which nature decks her favorites, not the greatest or grandest certainly, but the most brilliant, the most fascinating, and for the moment the most powerful, is exalted eloquence. Before its fleeting and brief glare, the steady light of wisdom, logic or philosophy pales, as the stars fade before the meteor. With this choice and glorious gift nature had endowed Mr. Clay beyond all men of the age. Like all natural orators, he was very unequal; sometimes sinking to commonplace me-

diocrity, then again, when the occasion roused his genius, he would soar aloft in towering majesty. He had little or none of the tinsel of Rhetoric, or the wordy finery which always lies within the reach of the Rhetorician's art. Strong passions, quick sensibility, lofty sentiment, powerful reason, were the foundation of his oratory as they are of all true eloquence. Passion, feeling, reason, wit, poured forth from his lips in a torrent so strong and inexhaustible, as to whirl away his hearers for the time in despite of their opinions. \* \* \* No one can form any adequate conception of the power of his eloquence, who has not heard Mr. Clay when his blood was up, and the tide of inspiration rolling full upon him. His words indeed might be written down; but the flame of mind which sent them forth red hot and blazing from its mint, could not be conveyed by letters. As well attempt to paint the lightning. The crooked, angular line may be traced; but the glare, and the flame and the roar and the terror, and the electric flash are gone. Stormy, vehement and tempestuous as were his passions and his oratory, there was still underneath them all, a cool stream of reason, running through the bottom of his brain, which always pointed him to his object, and held him to his course. No orator, so passionate, ever committed fewer imprudencies. No passions, so stormy, ever left their possessor so watchful of his objects. Reason held the helm while passion blew the gale."

The following are the concluding sentences and are resplendent with oratorical and rhetorical gems.

\* \* \* \* "Wherever abroad, freedom found a votary, that votary found in him a champion. When Greece, the classic land of Greece,—the fountain of refinement, the birth-place of eloquence, and poetry, and liberty,—when Greece awoke from the long slumber of ages, and beat back the fading Crescent to its native East,—when Macedon at last called to mind the feats of her conquering boy, and the Spartan again struck in for the land which had bred him, in Henry Clay's voice the words of cheering rolled over the blue waters, from the far west, as the greeting of the New World to the Old. When Mexico, and our sister republics of the extreme South, shook off the rotted yoke of the fallen Spaniard, and freedom's face for one brief moment gleamed under the pale light of the Southern Cross, it was he who spoke out again to cheer and to rouse its champions. The regenerated Greek, the dusky Mexican, the Peruvian mountaineer,—all, who would strike one blow for liberty, found in him a friend and an advocate. His words of cheering swept over the plains of Marathon, and came ringing back from the peaks of the Andes. But that voice is now stilled, and his bright eye closed for-

ever. He has gone from our midst, and the wailing of grief which rose from the nation, and the plumage of mourning which shrouded its cities, its halls, and its altars, attest his countrymen's sense of their loss. He has gone, and gone in glory. From us rises the dirge; with him floats the pæan of triumph. By a beautiful decree and poetical justice of destiny, it was fated that the last effort of the Union's great champion should be made in behalf of the Union in its last great extremity. He passed off the stage as became the Great Pacificator. His dying effort was worthy of and appropriate to him. When the fountains of the great deep of the public mind were broken up, and the fierce passions of sectional animosity tore over it, as the storms sweep over the ocean, it was from his voice that the words of soothing came forth, "Peace, be still." It was his last battle, and the gallant veteran fought it out with the power and the fire of his prime. The expiring light of life, though flickering in its last beams, blazed up to the fullness of its meridian lustre. There was no fading away of intellect, or gradual decay of body. Minds like his, and souls so fiery, are cased in frames of steel, and when they fall at last, they fall at once. The Union was not compelled to blush, for the decay of the Union's great champion. Age had not crumbled the stately dignity of his form, nor reduced his manly intellect to the imbecility of a second childhood. He faded away into no feeble twilight; he sank down to no dim sunset—but sprang out of life in the bright blaze of meridian fullness. He passed down into the valley of the shadow of death with all his glory unclouded, with all his laurels fresh and green around him. Not a spot obscures the lustre of his crest; not a sprig has been torn from his chaplet. "The dead Douglas has won the field." His dying ear rung with the applause of his country, and the hosannas of a nation's gratitude. Death has given to him the empire in the hearts of his countrymen, not fully granted to the living man,—and although it was not decreed that the first honors of the nation should await him, its last blessings will cluster around his name. His memory needs no monument. He wants no mausoleum of stone or marble to imprison his sacred dust. Let him rest amid the tokens of the freedom he so much loved. Let him sleep on, where the whistling of the tameless winds—the ceaseless roll of the murmuring waters—the chirping of the wild bird, and all which speaks of liberty, may chant his eternal lullaby. Peace be with thy soul, Henry Clay; may the earth lie light upon you, and the undying laurel grow green over thy grave."

Of all Col. McClung's compositions, this is unquestionably the *chef d'œuvre*. Of the large number of copies printed by order of the legislature,



none are left, except what may be found in private hands. They were rapidly distributed throughout the State, and found their way to all quarters of the confederacy.

But we must conclude. Col. McClung's present residence is in Jackson. He goes about but little, and spends most of his time at study and in thought, which has become, indeed, the *magna pars* of his life. In the canvass of the last year, being again a candidate for Congress, he was defeated by the Hon. Mr. Singleton, sharing in that unexpected overthrow which bore down the Union-party, and drove the patriotic Foote, temporarily we trust, to the distant shores of the Pacific. No citizen of the State is more universally respected for his many good qualities of heart, and strong social feelings. His nature, though deeply sensitive and liable to fierce impulses, is amiable and kind, and his friendships are keen and lasting. He is fond of promoting peaceful relations among those with whom he associates, and when quarrels occur no one is more prompt or more inclined to bring about an honorable adjustment. As a political adversary he is eminently courteous and fair, and as a controversialist easy-tempered and pleasant. In all his political campaigns and contests on the hustings, he never has had but a single misunderstanding with an opponent. His intimacies, we believe, are not very extended, and are always cautiously entered into: but from one who has won his esteem he seems to have no concealments.

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

December, 1854.

### FAME.—A FRAGMENT.

What boots it after all? Would you raise up  
A name to catch the light of coming years  
And shine a beacon in men's eyes: hew out  
A fame to bend the knees of all who live  
Hereafter, clamor on their tongue, o'erwhelm  
The laurels resting upon other brows,  
Turning them sore? Why seek for fame alone  
With so great toil? Poor bauble, 'tis a word—  
Only a word—which leads men on to scale  
New heights where coldness and pale weariness  
Wait with wide arms to kiss the victor's lips  
With lips more cold than ice. What boots it all?  
Why struggle for mere fame: one fame alone  
Is all that man should strive for—that which waits  
On purity and love, and ceaseless war  
Against the false, the worldly, the unjust,  
Against the wrongs of power, the strength of lust,  
The bitter foes of right; all else is vain.  
But this not vain! To hurl that falsehood down,  
And crush that lust beneath the armed heel,  
And brand that wrong, and bid it skulk away  
To darkness, whence it came, the scorn of all—  
This is a thing to toil for; this, indeed,  
A worthy task—most worthy—its rewards  
Are grand enough to fight for: fight for them;  
Not for those meaner things—not for poor Fame!

April, 1852.

### THE TWO MOTTOES.

Two young men were standing in the coach office at Cernay, who had just taken places for Keyzersberg. Both appeared about twenty-four years old but their features presented a remarkable difference. The swarthy complexion, quick movement, and impatience at the least delay or contradiction, betrayed at the first glance, the Southern origin of the smaller of the two. The other, tall, fair and ruddy, was a perfect type of that mixed Alsatian race, where French vivacity is tempered with German good nature. At their feet were two small trunks, marked with their cards of address. Upon one was "Henry Fortin, Marseillais." The four corners had this motto stamped upon them "*My Right*." The other trunk had this inscription, "Joseph Mulzen, Strasburg," and his motto was, "*Charity*."

The office keeper had just inscribed their names upon the register, adding these last words—with two *portmanteaus*; when Henry Fortin called for them to be weighed. The office keeper said that would be done at Keyzersberg—but the young gentleman saying it would be a great inconvenience at the moment of his arrival, insisted upon having it done now, declaring that he had a right to demand it. The official, thus pressed, became as obstinate as Fortin, and would not comply. Joseph Mulzen tried in vain to make Fortin understand they had scarcely time to dine, and this dispute would deprive them, altogether, of the opportunity. But true to his motto, the Marseillais never gave up when he thought he was in the right; the misfortune was, he *always* thought so. The altercation was becoming bitter, when the office keeper becoming tired of the obstinate young gentleman, abruptly left him and went home. Henry made an effort to keep the dispute up with another official, but happily he spoke only German. He was therefore compelled to resign himself and follow his companion to the inn, although in a very ill humor.

"God pardon me!" he said, "but you are enough to try a saint. You would not speak a single word to assist me against that obstinate foe."

"It appears to me," said Mulzen, laughing, "that he needed my assistance more, for you heaped up as many arguments as if you were engaged in a law suit where your property and honor were both at stake."

"According to your reasons, then, it is better not to maintain our rights?"

"When the right is not worth contending for."

"Ah there you are," interrupted Henry, impatiently—"you are always ready to concede every thing. One must tread upon your neck before you will think of defending yourself. Instead of looking upon the world as a battle-field, where every one is engaged with his enemies, you regard it as a drawing-room where kind acts and polite courtesies are interchanged."

"Not that exactly," replied Mulzen, "but rather as a great vessel, where every passenger owes to each other reciprocal kindnesses and benevolence. *Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy.*"

"And I look upon every man as my enemy until he proves himself a friend," replied the Marseillais. "This precaution has always been of service to me, and I engage that you, also, will have recourse to it at Keyseesberg. We will find ourselves among the other heirs of our uncle, who will not fail to get the most they can from us. But for my part, I am determined not to yield one jot or tittle of my rights."

While the two gentlemen were thus conversing, they arrived at the "White Horse" Inn. They entered a dining room wholly unoccupied, but the end of one of the long tables was prepared, and three covers laid for the expected guests, by the hostess. Henry Fortin ordered two more for Mulzen and himself.

"I beg you to excuse me sir," said the hostess, "but you cannot be served in this room."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because the persons for whom we have placed these covers requested to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room then," rudely replied Henry. "This is the common dining room and every traveller has a right to enter and be served in it."

"Of what consequence is it whether we dine in this room or another," said Mulzen.

"Why must these persons be preferred to us?" replied Henry.

"They came first," objected the landlady.

"So the first comer gives the law to your house?" cried Fortin.

"We know these persons."

"For that reason you prefer them to us?"

"The gentleman ought to know, that when a request is made"—

"Every traveller must submit."

"You can be served in another room."

"With the remnants of your favorite's dinner, I suppose?"

The hostess appeared hurt at his unjust insinuations. "If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other hotels at Cernay where he may be suited," said she.

"That is precisely what I was thinking," quickly replied Fortin, taking his cap; and paying no attention to Mulzen, who tried to detain him, he rapidly disappeared. Mulzen knew, from experience, that it was best to leave his cousin to his ill humor, and on such occasions every effort to soothe him only increased his belligerent propensities—he suffered him therefore to seek a dinner elsewhere, and ordered dinner in another apartment. But at the moment he was leaving, three persons entered the room—an old lady with her niece, and a gentleman apparently fifty years of age, who acted as their protector. The hostess began relating what had passed, when she stopped suddenly on seeing Mulzen. He bowed to the company and was retiring, when the old gentleman detained him.

"I am very sorry sir," said he, with great affability, "for the altercation which has taken place. In requesting to dine alone, I only desired to shun those persons whose boisterous manners and rude conversation, might frighten these ladies, and not to drive travellers from the White Horse, as your friend seems to have thought. I beg therefore you will remain and dine with us."

Joseph Mulzen wished to decline the invitation, saying he was not at all wounded at what he thought a very necessary precaution.

But Mr. Rosman, (such was his name,) insisted so amiably and benevolently upon it, that he was obliged to accede.

The old lady, who seemed little accus-

ed to travelling, seated herself opposite Mulzen, accompanied by her niece, and as she did so uttered a melancholy groan.

"Are you tired, Charlotte?" asked Mr. Rosman.

"To ask if I am tired!" replied the old lady, "after passing an entire day in a jolting coach, eating at irregular hours and running all kinds of danger, for I cannot comprehend why we were not upset, the coach was always leaning from one side to the other. Oh dear! dear! I would willingly barter a whole year of my life to be over the rest of this journey!"

"Fortunately that exchange is not in your power," said the young lady, smiling affectionately.

"Oh yes, you can laugh," cried Madam Charlotte in a tone of affected anger. "Young ladies in these days fear nothing. They travel on railroads and steamboats, and I do believe if a line of balloons were established, they would mount them! It is the revolution, which had made them so bold. Before the revolution the most fearless never travelled, but in a cart or upon an ass! Now it is quite another thing. I remember hearing my dear mother say, she never travelled but on foot."

"She never went beyond the principal town of her canton, then," observed Mr. Rosman.

"That did not prevent her from being a worthy and happy woman," replied Madam Charlotte. "When a bird has built his nest let him stay there; now the habit of being always upon the highway, weakens ones love for home and family—one can do without it, his home is everywhere. It may be more beneficial for society in general, but it makes every one less good and less happy."

"Come, come, Charlotte—send all travellers to prison if you wish," replied Mr. Rosman, gaily, "but I hope your prejudices will not extend to this soup, taste it and you will confess it could not be surpassed even at Fontaine."

They talked thus in a familiar manner—Joseph Mulzen at first kept a discreet silence, but Mr. Rosman, addressed him several times and the conversation soon became general. At length the diligence was announced, and all hastened to settle their accounts and gain

the office. Arriving there, Joseph perceived his cousin running to the place. The time which Mulzen had passed at dinner, had been spent by Fortin in going from inn to inn, without finding any thing prepared, and at last he was compelled to purchase at a stall a little fruit and some stale bread! As we may readily imagine, this anchorite's repast was not calculated to sweeten his temper. Joseph perceived it, and wisely forebore to question him; besides they had begun to call the travellers' names, who were taking their places, when the office keeper perceived he had made an error, and the coach was full without Fortin and Mulzen.

"Full!" replied Henry Fortin, "but I have paid for a seat."

"I will reimburse the money sir."

"You will do no such thing. As soon as you received the money, the contract was closed between us. I have a right to go and I will." Saying so, he seized the wheel and jumped up to the imperial where he found a vacant seat. The traveller who had formerly occupied it, came that moment and reclaimed it; but Henry Fortin declared no one had a right to dismount him, and if they endeavored to compel him, he would resist with all his might and meet violence with violence. Joseph Mulzen, in vain, remonstrated with him. The Marseillais was furious by the want of his dinner, and persisted in his resolution.

"*Let every one have his right,*" cried he! "That is my motto. Yours is Charity; be charitable if you wish; as for myself, I am satisfied with simple justice; I have payed for this place, it belongs to me and this place will I keep."

The dispossessed traveller objected to the priority of possession; but Fortin who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. They remained thus for some time, uttering violent threats and recriminations. Madam Charlotte heard all from the coupé, groaned in terror and began her tirades against travelling in general, and coaches in particular. At length Joseph, seeing the discussion becoming more envenomed, proposed to the office keeper to order a cabriolet, in which he and the deposed traveller would take seats. The expedient was accepted by

the interested parties, and the diligence set off.

It was in November, the air already keen and damp, became freezing as day declined. Henry accustomed to the warm sun of Provence, in vain buttoned his travelling coat up to the chin; he shivered like a leaf under the cold night fog. His face was pinched and blue with cold, his teeth chattered, and soon a drizzling, freezing rain was blown by the wind full into his face and saturated his clothes. His neighbor, sheltered by an ample blanket cloak, might have afforded him some protection, by giving him a part of it, but he was a corpulent merchant, very tender of his own person, and very indifferent to the comfort of others. When Henry Fortin refused to give up the place he had taken possession of, the fat man approved his determination, and declared that "every body travelled on his own account;" a principle which the young gentleman had found, until now, perfectly reasonable. He was now reaping its application. After they had gone half the journey, the obese merchant peeped from under his warm cloak at his neighbor and said,

"You appear to be cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the bone," replied Fortin, scarcely able to speak.

The corpulent traveller shook himself in his cloak, as if to enjoy his own comfortable position more thoroughly.

"It is very unwholesome to be wet," said he, philosophically. "Another time I would advise you to get a cloak like mine; it is very warm and not dear."

This advice given, the fat man again buried himself in its folds, and followed the oscillations of the coach in luxurious indolence. When they arrived at Keysersberg, night had already long closed in. Henry Fortin, half dead with cold, entered the inn kitchen, in which a bright warm fire was blazing; but when he arrived at the fireplace, it was completely surrounded by travellers, among whom were Mulzen and the stranger whose seat he had taken. The cabriolet had brought them by a shorter route, and they had been at the inn more than an hour.

Seeing the miserable condition of his cousin, Mulzen hastened to give him his chair.

As to the dispossessed traveller, he could not withhold a burst of laughter.

"Parbleu!" he cried, "I am under many obligations to the gentleman for driving me from the imperial, for without his usurpation I should have been frozen in his place, instead of being warm and comfortable in mine."

Henry was too wretched to reply, and silently took a seat before the fire to warm his frozen limbs. When he had somewhat recovered, he ordered a chamber and bed, but the fair was over at Keysersberg, and the house was consequently crowded with people, who would leave in the morning. Even Joseph and his companion, although arriving an hour sooner than the coach passengers, could obtain but one bed, which the former had generously given up to the latter. However, after many enquiries and much seeking, a vacant bed was found in one of the chambers—but the room was occupied by four Pedlars, who refused to let a stranger enter. Henry, true to the instinct of his nature, aroused himself again to combat for his right.

"Have they hired the chamber for themselves, exclusively?" he enquired.

"No," replied the landlord.

"Have you the *right* to dispose of the vacant bed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What reason do they assign for refusing admittance to another?"

"None. But all of them are strange, coarse looking persons, and no one cares to have a quarrel with them."

Henry arose quickly; "This is sheer folly," cried he, "for my part I am determined not to pass a sleepless night because some rude strangers have taken a fancy to monopolize all the beds in your inn—show me the chamber; they shall listen to reason."

"Take care, Fortin," observed Mulzen, "they are low, brutal men."

"And shall their vices give them the privilege of compelling us to sit up all night?" angrily demanded the Marseillais. "No! parbleu, I will sleep there in spite of them."

He had taken his cap to follow the inn-keeper, when Mr. Rosman entered, and hearing the last words of the cousins, came

towards them and said with a frank, benevolent air,

"I see, gentlemen, that you are troubled to find beds to night."

"I shall not be very long," said Henry, passing by him.

"One moment," said Mr. Rosman, "these people may reply to your arguments with improper language, and you may find it difficult to convince them of your rights. Accept a bed with me—my chamber is but a few steps from here, and I assure you it will give me great pleasure to share my comfortable quarters with you."

Both the young gentlemen bowed and thanked him, but in a very different manner. Mulzen was grateful and happy to accept of his kindness—whilst Fortin was polite and constrained. He had not forgotten that Mr. Rosman had been the first cause of his meager dinner at Cernay, from which his appetite was still suffering.

"You are too obliging," said he in as gentle tones as he could command, "but I do not wish to incommode you. Besides, these people need a lesson to teach them to respect the rights of others. Good night, sir."

He left and went to the room where the pedlars were. Joseph, fearing something unpleasant might occur, followed him—but whether the pack bearers were awed by the determined manner of the Marseillais, or really did not care for the intrusion, a few mutterings were the only expressions they gave to their unwillingness, regardless of which, Henry retired to bed.

Mulzen, satisfied with this state of affairs, went back and followed Mr. Rosman, who had been kind enough to wait for him. Entering the room, he found Madam Charlotte and Miss Louise preparing tea before a fire of pine burs. Mr. Rosman spoke to the ladies in a low voice, and they welcomed the young gentleman with much cordiality; they invited him to a seat at the table, whilst Louise filled the cups. Madam Charlotte had not recovered from her fatigue, and even in her comfortable arm chair, she imagined she felt the jolting of the coach, and heard the rattling of the wheels, in the soft bubblings of the tea-kettle. She enquired for the young gentleman who had taken the imperial by

assault, at Cernay, and Mr. Rosman related what had just occurred.

"Why he is at war with every body," said she, "and should be shunned as we would a conflagration."

"It would be difficult, however, to find a more loyal heart, than he possesses," said Joseph Mulzen, "and he only follows his device—'Every one has his right.'"

"Whilst yours is 'Charity.' Nay, I heard it all at Cernay," replied the old lady, smiling at the astonished look of Mulzen.

"Are you travelling together?" asked Mr. Rosman.

"Yes, we are cousins, and came to Keyserville to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will," repeated Madam Charlotte, eagerly.

"Yes madam, the will of our deceased uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman looked at each other in surprise. "So you are relations of the doctor," said Mr. Rosman, looking at Mulzen closely. "There could not be a more fortunate occurrence; for I had been his best friend and intimate companion for many years."

This information served as an introduction to speak of the deceased. Mulzen had never seen him, but had always that instinctive affection which members of the same family, although unknown, preserve for each other.

The conversation was long and interesting, and when the hour for retiring arrived, it was evident that both parties would leave an agreeable impression behind them.

Fatigue had prolonged Mulzen's slumber to an unusually late hour. When he awoke the sun was high, and he hastily dressed himself to seek his cousin, that they might wait upon the notary, but he found him in company with Mr. Rosman; and Madam Charlotte and Louise soon made their appearance. When all were assembled, Mr. Rosman turning to the two young gentlemen said,

"No one here is a stranger to the business which brings you to Keyserberg, my dear sirs, for Madam Charlotte, my sister-in-law and her niece, Louise Armand, whose guardian I am, have both come to be present at

the opening of Dr. Harver's will, who was their brother and uncle."

The young men bowed to the ladies with surprise.

"I think it best," said Mr. Rosman, "that we have the will opened here, since chance has brought us all together."

Henry assented and they all took their seats. The notary was just going to break the seal, when he stopped—"This will is of an old date," said he, "and during the last months of his life, Dr. Harver has several times expressed his intention to me of destroying it, and allowing his heirs an equal portion of his property. His sudden death, I imagine, alone prevented him from doing so, and I have made the confession to satisfy my conscience. I now ask of all the interested parties if they are willing to set aside the will, and abide by what I know to have been the wishes of Dr. Harver, before any one knows whether he enriches, or impoverishes himself."

This most unexpected proposition was followed by some moments of silence. Mulzen was the first to break it.

"As for myself," said he in a modest tone, "having no particular right to Dr. Harver's benevolence, I cannot think I sacrifice anything by consenting to an equal division, and willingly give my consent."

"I shall put no obstacle to it," said Madam Charlotte.

"And I consent in the name of my niece," said Mr. Rosman.

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "it only remains with you to decide."

The latter appeared somewhat embarrassed. "Like my cousin," said he, "I have no reason to expect anything in my favor; but, for that very reason, I should hesitate to put it aside. Whatever were the *wishes* of Dr. Harver, the *will* only is lawful; to set it aside, is to attack at the same time the *right* of the testator, and that of the unknown legatees."

"Say no more," interrupted the notary. "Unanimity alone could make my proposition legitimate. 'Let every one have his right,' as the gentleman demands, and listen." He tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"Of the four heirs who have a right to

my property, I know but two; my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece Louise Armand; their interest and wishes are the same, and in reality they form but one heir. So on that side I have but one heir. My first intention was to give them all I possessed, but thinking that among my two nephews one may be found equally worthy of my wealth—the difficulty is to know which one. I cannot do it myself, and knowing the intelligence and tact of my niece, Louise, I will confide in her judgment, and declare that whoever of her two cousins she shall choose for a husband, I pronounce him heir to all I possess.

HARVER."

A long silence followed. The young people were embarrassed, and Louise hung her head in confusion.

"God forgive me! but the doctor has given my niece a very difficult task," said Madam Charlotte.

"Not so difficult as one would suppose, sister," said Mr. Rosman, smiling. "I have long known Harver's will, and consequently enquired very diligently about these young gentlemen. All that I have heard convinces me, that whichever be the choice of Louise, her happiness will be secured.

"Then mademoiselle, decide," replied the notary; "as you run no risk, you have only to follow your inclinations."

"I leave it to my aunt," murmured she, throwing herself into Madam Charlotte arms.

"To me?" cried she—"but you put me in a very delicate situation, my dear—indeed I know not." Pronouncing these words, she looked toward Mulzen. Henry perceived it.

"Ah! your choice is made," said he, with animation, "and although it will cost me many regrets madam, I heartily approve of it. Mademoiselle," added he, taking Joseph by the hand and conducting him to Louise—"your aunt has made a wise decision, my cousin is far my superior."

"Your act has just proved the contrary," said Madam Charlotte, affectionately, "but we already know a little of Mr. Mulzen—and—stop—your noble candor merits the truth."

"Tell it, tell it," said Fortin, hastily.

"Well then! his motto gives me confidence, whilst yours fills me with fear. He

promises indulgence, and you, only justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but Charity is needed for man!"

"Perhaps you are right, madam," said Henry in a meditative tone. "Facts seemed to have accumulated by design, to give me this lesson. The rigorous defence of my rights has always turned against me, whilst the benevolence of my cousin has been profitable to him. Yes, Joseph's motto is much more valuable than mine, for it comes nearer the law of God. Our blessed Saviour did not say, '*Every one has his right*,' but '*Love your neighbour as yourself*.'"

S. S. C.

Columbus, Georgia.

## TYPES OF MANKIND.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER COCKE.

### CONCLUDING VIEW.

If there existed sufficient grounds to sustain the theory of our authors, why is it that particular nations, the Africans as well as the Americans, for example, each the reflections of a *type*, are found to exist in such typical variety? Among the Africans, we see every variety of feature and complexion; it will not be denied by the *Types of Mankind* that they are composed of different origins, though the philosophy of the book makes them one, and is utterly unable to satisfy the difficulty, or give one sound reason that will account for it.

A sufficient one is at hand, and is founded upon the observation of *Heeren* in his learned work of travels, in which he attributes the assemblage of all these varieties to the existence, in this immense extent of country, to every variety of *soil, climate and condition*.\*

Among the inhabitants of *Oceanica* is found every variety of form, feature, hair, and skull, except those of the Esquimaux.

It is believed and the facts indicate, that the Malayo-Polynesians are the offspring of one common stock; they are a numerous people, and among them are found "undoubt-

ed transformations into the most extreme varieties."†

If we observe the American races, we find among them a very great variety. In reference to them a distinguished naturalist says: "As a general position, we may regard each particular nation as having between its members a family resemblance, which, distinguishing it clearly from its neighbours, permits the practised eye of the zoologist to recognize, in one great assemblage of nations, all the existing types almost, without ever confounding them. A Peruvian is more different from a Patagonian, and a Patagonian from a Guarani, than is a Greek from an Ethiopian or a Mongolian. There is, indeed, a prevalent general type which may be recognized in most of the native races of both North and South America, which is perceptible both in colour and configuration, and tends to illustrate the tendency of physical characters to perpetuate themselves; but from this type we have many deviations, which are sufficient to prove that it is not a specific character. The Esquimaux furnish a strong instance.†

It has been said that in America the colour of the human skin had no relation to climate. It is evidently a mistake, for we have the testimony of La Perouse and other travellers, to the striking resemblance between the black Californians and the negroes in the West Indies.

A strong and convincing argument is found in the great difference known to exist, in many of the domesticated animals. In connection with this view, we are sustained, by that eminent physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, who says, that "the extreme variations which present themselves between the races, apparently the most removed from one another, are not greater in degree than those which exist between the different breeds of domesticated animals, which are known to have descended from a common stock; and that they are the same kind, with the variations which present themselves in any one race of mankind—the difference of degree being clearly attributable in the majority of cases, to the respective conditions under which each race exists.

\* Smyth. *Unity of the Races*. p. 294.

† M. D'Orbigny.

"That none of the variations which have been pointed out, as existing among the different races of mankind, have the least claim to be regarded as valid specific distinctions; being entirely destitute of that fixity which is requisite to entitle them to such a rank, and exhibiting in certain groups of each race a tendency to pass into the characters of some others."\*

It has been often observed, and is a well known fact, that the changes which take place in the domesticated animal, extend even to modifications of colour, the texture and the thickness of the external covering, the structure of the limbs, and the proportional size of the limbs, to the relative development of the organs of the senses, and of the psychological powers, involving changes in the form of the cranium, and as to acquired propensities.

In connection with this point, we are reminded of the illustration of Blumenbach, in his comparison between Man and the Swine. No naturalist doubts the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar, and every variety through which they have passed, either in the improved breed, or the most degenerated *runt*, still shows the parent stock; and the difference between the cranium of a negro and that of a European, is not in the least degree more notable, (says the author to whom we have just alluded,) than that equally striking difference which exists between the cranium of the wild boar and that of the domestic swine; and in some countries, he adds, the swine; have degenerated into races which in singularity, exceed every thing that has been found strange in bodily variety among the human race.

Nor need any one be ashamed to express the opinion, in conjunction with such authority, that it is absurd to maintain that the vast variety of Man have not issued from a common centre, as it would be to contend, that the large variety of swine have each a different and distinct origin.

In the present essay, it has been our effort to draw the attention of the reader to every extreme of human existence, to every variety of color, crania and feature, and looking to the insensible and very gradual chan-

ges which attend the variety of man, as the climates of the earth gradually progress from one extreme until they reach the other, we are more satisfied that local causes, such as we have mentioned, are the reasons which have presented the difference which has been traced.

Well informed men can easily perceive, as is well known, that races differing so widely from each other as the negro and the white man are identical, and can be traced to their former similarity.

The Hindoos differ from the whites in shape and colour—the nose and lips resembling the European, and from the traces of ancient history, there exists no doubt of their belonging to the white race.\* The Abyssinians, or inhabitants of Upper Ethiopia, as it was called by the ancients, are perfectly black. They are believed by historians and antiquarians to belong to the Semitic family, and therefore to a white race. In India the descendants of Europeans, the Persians, Greeks, Tartars, Turks, Arabs, Portuguese, have all totally changed their colour.†

Our argument has been drawn from analogy, and it will be contended that analogy will not prove the unity of the races. If it is not an absolute proof, it is a legitimate and forcible form of argument, and in this instance it is conclusive, especially in the absence of proof to sustain the conclusion to which our authors have arrived, when we have proven their data to be fallacious, and the facts they have used not sufficient to establish their conclusions; for every difference in crania, feature, complexion, which has been made known to us, has been accounted for upon sound philosophical reason, and the experience and observation of learned travellers. Before we can allow ourselves to become the victims of a false learning, and embrace doctrines which unhinge the moral rule of the Universe, and destroy every hope the Christian has heretofore pressed to his bosom as the only solace for his grief, and the only basis upon which the salvation of an immortal soul can rest,—may we not ask for proof "as strong as holy writ" before yielding it our respect or credence? Indeed, we may ask, can any

\* Carpenter's Principles of Human Physiology. Philadelphia. 1847.

\* Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Art. India.

† Wiseman. Lecture iv. p. 130.



thing so unphilosophical, so unreasonable, be entitled to our belief.

On the other hand, whilst our mode of argument is objected to what we ask, is the argument of our opponents, is it demonstration, is it proof? No—nothing but inference from the first starting point, to the very conclusion, different nations are unlike; we are not to account reasonably, philosophically—from experience, from observation, from ascertainable causes, why this difference; but looking to it in an isolated view, obscured by the impenetrable veil of a mysterious nature, simply to say that the unlikeness, in the human race, admits no explanation, and mankind are no longer one.

If the different nations of Antiquity were not derived from a common centre, there would be some reliable date upon which the ethnographer could stand to prove, some, if not all nations, had taken a rise, a launch into existences, and had continued its identity, as a people, down to the present moment; there is no question connected with man upon which he is, and has always been, more anxious, more inquisitive, than his national origin; yet the archives, the history, the tradition of no people, preserve different, original, distinctive *types*, and why—it does not exist.

Much learning has been exhibited in connection with the examination of the negro skull, and the comparative inferiority of the negro with the European. We are unable to see the scientific force of that argument, which makes the negro, with a different cranium, and different facial Angle, so slight as it is, an entirely different race.

If our readers are satisfied that the complexion and hair are occasioned by climate, we feel assured that the argument deduced from the negro craniometry will be the most inefficient of any that has been presented by our very learned antiquarian authors.

No doubt exists now, if indeed ever, but that the negro race have depreciated from an educated and enlightened sphere, to their present fallen condition, and their degradation is attributable to certain external causes. The negro race, according to Dr. Morton, is known to have existed 3345 years.\* This

was 268 years later than the earliest mention of the white race; and according to the Hebrew chronology 842 years after the flood, or 1650 years after the flood, according to the Septuagint Chronology.\* There is an absolute want of testimony in the examination of such skulls as have been submitted to the learned inspection of the late Dr. Morton; as to what period they belonged. It will doubtless be admitted, that a high degree of mental and moral culture exercises a large influence in moulding the development of the brain, and unless the doctor could have shown that the *one hundred* skulls sent him by Mr. Gliddon from the tombs of departed Egyptian glory, belonged to a period of the cultivated times of Egypt, we will conclude that they did not, for the obvious reason, that upon the authority of Leipsius, no primitive Egyptian crania exist earlier than 550 B. C. This compares with the great Egyptian period, at which time it is said by Pickering that most of the Egyptian mummies had been removed by the Romans, the Greeks, the Persians, and the Saracens.

It is more probable, that these skulls belonged to a degenerate race, only forty nine of which belonged to the Egyptian race, twenty nine Pelasgic, six Semitic, two he denominates idiot, and one negro—this is very conclusive with us also—that these skulls were not from the old Egyptian, when in the full tide of his intellectual development, in no other way can the discrepancy and mixture be accounted for; the Semitic, it will be remembered, belongs to the white race.

The intelligent reader will not require proof of the enlightened and educated condition of the once proud and polished Egyptian, and it will be useless to accumulate authority—if then it be admitted that a long process of education, mental and moral, does develop the brain, it will be at once conceded, if Dr. Morton's examination be entitled to the weight of scientific testimony—that it must relate to a time at which the Egyptian nation was sinking into that night of darkness, from which it has never yet emerged. If we are mistaken in this view of the subject, it will not be asking too much of the reader, or placing too low an estimate on the learning and talent of Dr. Morton, to place his *testi-*

\* *Crania Americana*. p. 88.

\* Smyth, p. 366.

mony on an equal standing with other, and as high, and pure, and learned authority.

Dr. Caldwell in comparing the negro and Caucasian races, says: "In both individuals we find the brain which we regard as the seat of the moral principles, precisely alike, except that in the African it is somewhat smaller."\*

Another more learned even than Dr. Caldwell, one who has laboriously analyzed the skulls of the negro, and European, denies their inequality in any essential particular.†

If it were contended, that the ancient Britain belonged to a different "type" than the present inhabitant of the Island, it might be done with equal force of reason and consistency—for we are informed by Dr. Tiedemann, that the brain of the early and uncivilized Britain, was not more developed than the average sized negro brain.‡ Hamilton Smith sustains us in the view, just taken, that the development of the brain depends much on education. It has been manifested in the African race in this country. "The moment either typical stock, is in a position to be intellectually excited, by education, it is progressive in development in succeeding generations."||

In connection with this branch of our subject, it will be well worthy the attention of those who deny the unity of the races, to permit us to refer them to an instance of the decay of a part of a race, which belongs to modern times, the typical identity of which, none will deny; and another thing is worthy of recommendation to that class of thinkers who hold the absurd doctrine that no people have ever made a great change, either from degradation and barbarism, to high advancement and civilization, or from the heights of civilization, become fallen and degraded, without a change in its blood by some admixture with another nation. We allude to a well known occurrence in modern history, among a portion of the Irish population. It is related on the plantation of Ulster, and afterwards on the success of the British against the rebels in 1641 and 1689, that great numbers of Irish

were driven from Armagh, and the south of Down into that mountainous tract extending from the barony of Flews eastward to the sea;—on the other side of the kingdom the same race were exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalizers of the human race. Their descendants are marked by great physical degradation. They are remarkable for open, projecting mouths, prominent teeth and exposed gums, and their advancing cheek bones and depressed noses, bear barbarism in their very front. It is said also, in Sligo, and northern Mayo, the result of the two centuries of degradation and hardship has shown so forcibly in the entire physical condition of the people, as to affect not only the features, but the frame and form which, whilst it is to be lamented, we can but regard it as a valuable lesson of instruction upon human deterioration from known causes. "Five feet two inches upon an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing a wisp of rags, these spectres of a people, who were once well grown, able bodied, and comely, stalk abroad into the day light of civilization; the annual apparitions of Irish ugliness, and Irish want."\*

In other parts of the Island, where the population, consisting of the same *race of people* perhaps, and more than probable, nearly allied, had not been subjected to the same causes of physical degradation, we find exhibited the most perfect specimens of human beauty, moral and mental attractions, and all other features of enlightenment, which mark the most refined and polished of the Caucasian family.

It supplies us with a very strong argument to notice the remarkable history of a class of people, who still inhabit the Island of Ceylon, situated in the Indian Ocean, at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal. The climate is excellent, and it abounds in some very superior soil, and is particularly abundant in fruits of a superior quality. Knox, who resided among the Islanders for nearly twenty years, speaks of them as being, "in carriage and behavior very grave and stately; in understanding quick and apprehensive; in danger subtle and crafty; in discourse courteous, neat

\* Enquiry, &c. in the Portfolio, p. 13.

† Dr. Tiedemann.

‡ Tiedemann on the brain of the negro, in the Phil. Trans. 1838. p. 497.

|| Nat. Hist. Human Race, pp. 132, 194.

\* Unity of the races by Smyth, p. 370. And Dublin University Mag. No. 48.

and provident in their families; commend-  
ing good husbandry." Industrious, active,  
and of midling size, they possess a health,  
constitution, and average four score and up-  
wards.\*

Among these people, of the same race,  
sprung from the same loins, are to be found a  
numerous population called "*Veddahs*," who  
have refused all efforts made by the govern-  
ment, and by self-sacrificing missionaries, to  
be enticed from their wild jungle life, and  
bow beneath the mild and genial rule of civ-  
ilization. They are not savages, for they  
are harmless, they escape from the sight of  
other men than their class, and despise alike  
the homes, as well as the habitations, and  
clothing of man. In their food they are om-  
nivorous, eating carrion, vermin and every  
thing loathsome to civilized men, and are  
described by a recent traveller, as being "tim-  
id, though active, and *deformed*, though ath-  
letic, with large heads and misshapen limbs."  
The children he likewise speaks of as very  
unsightly objects, "entirely naked, with *mis-  
shapen joints, huge heads*, and smaller stom-  
achs.†"

Are these people distinct in type from the  
inhabitants of the Island, or can a reason-  
able supposition be found for their remark-  
able *physical*, as well as moral condition?  
Those acquainted with the topography of the  
Island, and the dreadful jungles that exist  
in the country, fruitful only of the death-  
bearing malaria, and jungle fevers, will see  
at once, the cause of their continued degra-  
dation and deformity.

A few of the Veddahs who have been en-  
ticed within the range of civilization, are  
rapidly emerging from their low condition  
and wearing the likeness of the islanders,  
yet the "Types of Mankind" would suppose,  
and have us believe, they were of another *type*.

Sufficient has been said to convince the  
reader, that the races of man have at all  
ages been subject to certain varieties, which  
have been occasioned by external causes;  
which in themselves are changing, and sub-  
ject to repeated modifications. The insen-  
sible gradations of their varieties have  
long attracted the attention of scholars. and

it must appear evident to all that no distinct  
types exist, when the gradual steps from one  
variety to another are such, as to forbid any one  
from making any demarkation of its altera-  
tions: when after commencing, how trace-  
able, how defined, how noted in its progress.  
They are all impossible.

We hope, after what has been written, the  
reader may be enabled to come to the same  
conclusion with us; that the authors of the  
work before us, have failed to establish upon  
any philosophical grounds, the principle with  
which they started, and the object for which  
they have expended so much labor and learn-  
ing.

Look for a moment to the history written  
and traditional of the human race; nothing  
is disclosed to shake the established faith  
well informed persons must have, that we  
can trace, in the language of Sir William  
Jones, "to one center the three great fam-  
ilies from which the families of Asia ap-  
pear to have proceeded."

For, says Dr. Goodman, "The history of  
the world as presented to us by the most  
authentic records, or by the voice of univer-  
sal tradition, leads us inevitably to conclude,  
that from some point in the eastern Conti-  
nent the human race originated, and grad-  
ually extended in various directions, sub-  
ject to the influence of all accidents of  
place, climate, disease, and the facility or  
difficulty in procuring food."

Look to the profound and wondrous  
researches of Geology which has lent even  
though reluctantly, its undying light to sus-  
tain the truth of the Mosaic record, by tes-  
tifying that no traces of man can be found  
at a period earlier than that pointed out by  
the pen of inspiration.†

And as we learn from the very hand of  
inspiration that the earth was peopled by the  
three sons of Noah, it is also true, that most  
if *not all* the known inhabitants of the globe  
can be, and indeed have been, traced to one  
or the other of these three roots; "and thus  
verify in their permanent condition and des-  
tiny the prophecy made by Noah, and pre-  
served by Moses, respecting the future pos-  
terity of Shem, Ham, and Japhet."

\* Edn. Enc. Art. Ceylon.

† Tennent on the physical and social history of Cey-  
lon, also quoted by Smyth, p. 270

\* American Nat. His, vol. I. p. 19.

† Lyell's Principles of Geology. Mantell's Wonders of  
Geology.

We have endeavoured to show that the unity of the races, has been regarded as an established fact, not from the Bible, for that must be conceded by all, who are not poisoned by the influence of infidelity; but, from the book of nature we have drawn our facts; the hand of science has been uplifted in our behalf, which we have used; the voice of experience, and observation have alike proclaimed that we are right; the learning of the philosophers, and especially those acquainted with comparative anatomy, has been our hand maid, and literally may we exclaim in the language of the great dramatic poet,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

We have traced the causes which operate, and operate to a sufficient and satisfactory extent, in producing and accounting for every variety; and fully persuaded are we, that whether our subject be the wild Indian of America; the Caucasian or the black; "whatever may be their tints, their souls are still the same."

Look to the origin of the varieties of the human species, which we have attempted to sketch, all of which have been accounted for from natural causes. But few eminent naturalist doubt the origin of the domestic animals from their respective common centers; yet the widest difference exists in almost every case, between the wild and domesticated breeds, the difference being traced to the different treatment they receive, and the totally dissimilar habits engendered by domestications; we have the authority of a distinguished author, "that the difference of physical organization, and of moral and intellectual qualities, which characterise the several races of our species, are analagous in kind and degree, to those which distinguish the breeds of domestic animals; and must therefore be accounted for on the same principles. That they are first produced in both instances as native or congenital varieties, and then transmitted to the offspring, in hereditary succession. That of the circumstances which favor this disposition to the production of varieties in the animal kingdom, the most powerful is the state of domestication. That external or adventitious causes, such as climate, food, way of life,

have considerable effect in altering the constitution of men and animals; but that this effect, as well as that of art or accident, is confined to the individual, not being transmitted by generation, and therefore not affecting the race. That the human species, therefore, like that of the cow, sheep, horse, pig and others, is single; and that all the differences which it exhibits, are to be regarded merely as varieties."\*

From the origin of the varieties of the human species, we deduced, as a natural and striking argument, the insensible gradations of those varieties, which characterize the species, exhibiting the blending links, which at first scarcely marks a difference, but which progressing in its course, ultimately binds the most discordant materials of the human race, in one compact unity, which

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

No research or observation presents a stronger argument in connection with the insensible gradations of the varieties of the human race, than the improved development of the skull of the negro; for without amalgamation with the white race, we find with every type of the negro the most remarkable improvement in the skull of the negroes of the United States. In connection with this topic, we have the accurate measurement of a variety of skulls, in which Dr. Bachman says, "the negro skull was less than the European, and within one inch as large as those of the Persians, Armenians and Caucasian, and three square inches larger than two branches of the Caucasian race—the Indostanic and Malatic."

He tells us also in the average measurement between the skulls of the English and Irish, there were nine cubic inches difference, and only four inches between the mean of sixty-two African skulls and six native Irish. The largest African was ninety-nine, and the largest Irish ninety-seven.† This proves that the negro skull had more brains than the

\* Lectures on Man, by Dr. Lawrence. Vide the argument of Prichard in reference to the complexion of the Hindoos, those being black who reside in the hot plains near the tropics, whilst those who live in the northern colonies are extremely fair, and xanthous, with blue eyes, and all the characteristics of a Northern and even of a Teutonic origin. *Researches*, vol. iv., p. 245.

† *Zoolog.* pp. 103, 181.

Irishman. I will leave the question to the "Types of Mankind" which had the most sense: but without digression, we beg leave to ask of these learned writers, if the admeasurement of skulls taken by Dr. Bachman, to which we just alluded, does not prove beyond dispute, that these insensible gradations, we have been speaking of, have been manifested in the crania, as well as the other characteristics of races. "Among many skulls of negroes and Europeans which are now before us," says Dr. Bachman, "we find some where the two races approach each other so nearly, that it requires much attention and a practised eye to distinguish between them; and were we to give the white colour and straight hair of the Caucasian to some of the skulls of the negro, the most practical anatomist, and physiologist might be easily deceived."

In addition to the authorities we have cited may be offered that of Dr. Dowler, who says, "It may be affirmed with considerable probability, that cultivation changes even the organization, developing, for example, the anatomy, increasing the nutrition, the sensibility, the adaptive powers, and the energy of the whole nervous system, especially of its intercranial portion."\*

When first our careful attention was bestowed on the work before us, we were forcibly struck with the learning and ingenuity which its pages present to our consideration from beginning to end. Yet the most attentive consideration we have been able to give it, convinces us that it is an unphilosophical production, as much so in its mode of illustration as in its views. Unphilosophical because its data is inclusive to break down a long established conclusion, sustained as it has been by the united influence and power of the sciences of anatomy, physiology, geology, history, theology, and we may add, the combined testimony of nearly all the learned men who have given their attention to the subject of ethnology. But more especially is it unphilosophical, because it aims by isolated, contracted, one-sided argument, to prove that which submitted to the test of the broad and comprehensive scope of the blended power of the different parts of science on which it bears, is utterly at variance with

its well established truths. Of what avail are the reasonings of philosophy, if not directed to the discovery of truth—not to the destruction of well-established principles of science, as is the tendency of the "Types of Mankind." The testimony then of the various branches of natural science which illustrate this subject, all bears directly against our authors.

Its distinctions are upon a narrow scale, and every admitted fact, upon which reliance is placed, has been, and is, explained by the very sciences it would overthrow, in some of their most palpable and obvious truths; for instance, it relies on the difference in the shape of the skull and size of the brain, of families and individuals of the same nation, as between the Caucasian and other races, when it has been established that these varieties attain as high a standard among one people as another. It is strikingly unphilosophical, in attempting to set up as a cause of difference in the family of man, a theory which, when applied to the strictest test of science, asserts and maintains as a principle, things which the observation of man, from the most remote ages, have been able to account for, under the strict and vigilant eye of experience, and in a manner entirely subversive of the theory. By way of illustration, the races of man, say our authors, are different and separate species, because they present such difference in appearance, physical formation, difference in skull, colour, &c. The broad field of science opens upon this view, and presents the unmistakable, undeniable influence of the many *natural causes* which have been known to operate in changes, such as our authors contend for; all of which natural causes fully answer every question of difference known to exist among species.

If they place their reliance upon physical and external differences, as they do, it amounts, in the language of Dr. Smyth, to an exclusion of the "ethnographic, the mental, the moral, the historical, the geographical, and the social condition of man."

The authors of this work have done little for the advancement of scientific truth, by running against the most palpable lights of science, and when men are found in company with Thomas Paine and Voltaire, in ad-

\* New Orleans Med. Jour., May, 1849.

vancing a doctrine which they used with intent to destroy the Bible, it is evident they are trying to repair the old and rotten ship of infidelity, and seek to bring to their aid the force and misapplied light of science; but the case is too strong and too clear against them; they may catch a few misguided people, but their book will soon find its way to the buried tombs where rest the infidel works of Hume and Paine, Bolingbroke and Voltaire, *et id genus omne*.

In conclusion we have to say, that we purposely left untouched the argument offered from the Bible, because we knew no believer in the Bible would disagree with us; the Bible needs no argument to sustain its truths, and as our authors adroitly attempted to seek light from the scientific argument, we deemed it best to stick to their text.

With what horror must the Christian philanthropist look upon that heartless and cruel philosophy, which uproots the deepest and purest feelings planted in the innermost nature of man, enjoined upon him by his strongest tendencies, that recognition of the bond of human nature which binds man to his fellow-man in one tie of common sympathy, kindness and love; for "there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

"Whilst therefore we maintain the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental culture, but none in themselves nobler than others. If we should indicate an idea which, throughout the whole course of history, has ever more and more widely extended its empire, or which, more than any other, testifies to the much contested and still more decidedly misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race, it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected among men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation or colour, as one fraternity, one great community."\*

*Sherwood, Chesterfield co., Va. Dec. 1854.*

\* Humboldt's *Cosmos*, p. 362.

## NATURE AND MY HEART.

The tend'rest flower bedrenched with rain,  
Still lifts its head and smiles again  
When morning light dispels the cloud  
Which lately thundered fast and loud,

And thou, my heart, be as the flower.

The little stream, with crystal flow  
By some rude storm doth murky grow,  
And angry rushes, dark and fast,  
Yet soon will clear and calm at last,

And thou, my heart, learn from the stream.

The mighty oak, at winter's blast,  
Strips off its leaves and limbs and mast,  
And stands a type of mute despair;  
But blooms again with vernal air,

And thou, my heart, be as the oak.

Old ocean's tide, in tempest driven,  
Lashes the shore and cries to Heaven  
In fearful woe, in fury wild;  
But soon is still as nestling child:

And thou, my heart, learn from the sea.

The flower, the stream, the oak, the sea,  
All have their times of gloom and glee,  
To them there comes at last relief,  
But *souls* ne'er find surcease of grief;

Then thou, my heart, learn to submit.

All nature has some fitting balm  
To heal, renew, refresh or calm,  
But there are hearts whose ceaseless woe  
Solace or calm can never know;

Then thou, my heart, learn to endure.

Cast up thy gaze from earthly things!  
Deem sorrow good; to thee it brings  
Promise of Life when Nature dies,  
For Nature's voice forever cries,

Oh, bruised heart, trust God alone!

*Richmond, Nov., 1854.*

A. J. C.

## THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHŒBUS.

CONCLUDED.

### CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE MOOR TOLD HIS MASTER THAT THE TIME HAD COME, AND WHAT HIS MASTER REPLIED.

It was nearly midnight.

The Viscount de Chateaubon was pacing his chamber immersed in thought, when the door opened and he saw the Moor Kaf enter.

He was wrapped in a dark cloak; his swarthy countenance was suffused with blood, and his black eyes shone with a sombre fire.

The Viscount almost rushed towards him.

"You have it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my Lord, it is here."

And the Moor opening his cloak, showed the Viscount a small casket of ebony with a strip of parchment affixed to the lid.

"Have you really succeeded without dis-

covery?" said the latter in an agitated voice; "has no one seen you?"

"No one, my Lord."

"Give it to me."

The Moor drew back and placed the casket in the breast of his robe.

"A moment!" he said. "I have a word to say to you, my Lord."

"Be quick, then," said the Viscount, impatiently; "that box"—

"Is of great value—I know it well, my Lord."

"And yet you withhold it. Give it to me."

"Ah, stop!" said the Moor, confronting the Viscount and fixing on him a steady gaze: "let us first arrange matters, my Lord. As you have yourself said, this box is valuable, too valuable to be parted with lightly."

"What do you mean?" said the Viscount uneasily.

"That my services are worth something—a little."

"Are you not well fed, well treated, dog of a Moor!"

"Good—good!" said the Moor in a calm voice, though his dark eyes seemed to scintillate from beneath their shaggy brows; "you are getting angry, my Lord."

"And I have reason. Give me the casket."

"As I was about to say, my Lord," replied the Moor, without making any movement to obey, "my services to your lordship have been great. My sufferings in your service have also been greater than you can understand. I was bound naked to a horse, rendered wild by a burning tinder in his nostrils, and pursued by bloodhounds who tore the flesh of my legs!—it was in your service. I have submitted to scoffs, to insult, and to blows—all in your service. I have been your emissary, your agent, your spy, your—but we will not speak of that."

"Of what?" said the Viscount.

"Of the conversation which I held with your lordship at Pampeluna," replied the Moor, with a sardonic smile.

The Viscount turned pale and advanced towards Kaf in a threatening manner. The Moor laid his hand with affected carelessness on a dagger which stuck in his girdle.

"Oh, my Lord," he continued, "to be grateful to me for this accident that made you a Count! When I left the castle of Foix

so strangely bound on the back of my Arabian and tortured by bloodhounds, I made a prediction that the Count who did me that act of kindness would some day repent of it. Well, he has doubtless done so."

The Viscount was silent.

"I have served you, my Lord," continued the Moor, "in many delicate and important affairs. This is one of them. I will detail the difficulties I encountered in obeying your lordship's commands. To-day you said to me 'I must have a casket,' and you pointed out the room where it was to be found. I went and knocked at the door. Messire Evan opened it and bade me enter. I replied that I had mistaken his room for your own and retired, but first I saw the casket on a table near his pillow. I concealed myself and waited. In an hour he came out and locked the door taking the key away with him. Nothing remained but to enter the room at night. The casket otherwise would be safe. Well, I did enter it by night. The young lord was asleep and as he slept I looked at him and measured his strength in case he should awake at any noise. His body is slender but vigorous, elegant but strong and agile; I drew my poniard. I calculated the number of steps which it required to reach the table where the casket lay and I crept along as you see a tiger creep towards his prey. Twice I stopped and held my breath;—the young man was troubled in his sleep. At last I reached the table. At the moment when I extended my hand to take the casket, he shuddered and opened his eyes. The Christians, my Lord, do not believe in presentiments; it is different with the Moors, who give credit to these mysterious warnings. Luckily I had time to draw myself into the shadow of his bed-curtains. He again slept and here is the casket."

"Give it to me."

"Let us first determine its value, do you understand, Messire?"

"Quick, then; what is your price?"

"Ten thousand crowns."

"You are mad, or you dream! Who ever heard of such a sum?"

"Of gold, my Lord. I must have it."

"Dog! do you dare to trifle with me?"

"Thanks, my Lord, I am a dog. I accept the title."

"Give me the casket."

"Give me the ten thousand golden crowns!"

"What has put this idea into your head—the hope of extorting such a sum."

"Necessity and my due. Though I am a dog, as Messire declared this moment, I have none the less served him. I do not speak of the Jews I have tortured. Their cries when I crucified them, as the Man called Christ was crucified, filled me with delight."

"Dog of a Moor! slave of an unbelieving race! dost thou blaspheme!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Cursed infidel!"

The Viscount suddenly stopped, arrested by the appearance of the Moor who had raised his head and folded his arms upon his breast.

His form seemed to dilate, to grow in magnitude; his eyes became strangely brilliant and he cast upon his master a look of such pride and audacity that the Viscount lowered his eyes as if they had encountered a beam of the sun.

"Yes, I am a Moor!" he said, "the son of an accursed race, trampled upon by the Christians, despised for their weakness, abhorred for their unbelief, meaner than those slaves, the Jews! And I!" continued the Moor with vehemence, "I who have been a prince and led to battle ten thousand warriors, as brave as the haughtiest of Christendom, I, you imagine, have become a vile slave who fawns upon his master, and grovels in the dust before him! I am one of those degraded beings! but I have not fallen as they have fallen. I have bowed my head before the curse of Allah which has scattered my people like the leaves of the fig tree in autumn, I have bowed my head like the traveller who encounters the simoom of the desert, and thus I have escaped death, the death of the wind, worse than all others. But I am not the only Moor who has submitted and entered the service of his conquerors; of those conquerors who once fled before him as the dry stubble lies before the wind! The race is unconquered—it shall never be conquered! They may be driven to the desert; they may live a life of hardship and warning, but never shall an Arab's spirit become that of a slave. I am one of that race, and I have hated the Christians! I have done them all injuries—I have betrayed, I have

poisoned, I have—served you. For these services I asked nothing then, for it was a pleasure to me. Now all is changed. I shall leave you—I am called. The time has come; I need a sum of money. I must have it."

"What sum?" asked the Viscount, who had listened to this speech in perfect amazement, not unmixed with fear, at the bold and haughty gestures of the Moor.

"The sum of ten thousand golden crowns"

"You are foolish."

"Messire, will you give me that sum of money?"

"Not the half of it. Come, Kaf, this price is not to be thought of. Say three thousand crowns, and even if they must be of gold I will pay them."

"Do you wish to have this casket and the papers it contains, Messire the Viscount?"

"Of course."

"Pay me what I ask, then, or you will never possess it."

The Viscount shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it not better to have three thousand crowns," he said, "than a little ebony box which you can make nothing of?"

"So you think I can make nothing of it, Messire?"

"Absolutely nothing, unless I purchase it."

"I will carry it to Messire Evan and tell him all that has happened."

"To Evan?" said the Viscount, changing color.

"What prevents me from doing this, Messire, and unfolding your part in the affair?"

"The fact," said the Viscount, trying to speak with calmness, "that Messire Evan would give you nothing for restoring his own property."

"To the Count D'Armagnac then," said the Moor enjoying his master's agitation.

"The Count D'Armagnac!"

"Count Bernard, Messire, he is said to be a very enterprising prince. But my Lord you turn pale; have I offended you?"

"Give me the casket," said the Viscount rising from his seat and approaching the Moor.

"Give me the ten thousand golden crowns."

"You will not abate."

"No."



"You will dare to sell this casket to my enemies."

"Nothing can prevent me."

"You lie, Moor?" shouted the Viscount, your death will!"

And he blew a loud note on a whistle suspended from his neck.

The Moor glared upon him and drew his poniard. At that moment half a dozen attendants who had heard the shrill blast of the whistle hastily entered the room.

"Kill him!" cried the Viscount hoarsely, pointing to the Moor. Kaf threw a rapid glance around him and bounded to the door. His poniard flashed in the air; two of the attendants who had no weapons were thrown to the ground; a third fell wounded and the Moor disappeared.

"To the drawbridge hounds!" cried the Viscount in a furious rage; "quick before he passes it. His horse is saddled day and night and he will escape!"

The soldiers obeyed and ran towards the drawbridge. But they had allowed the Moor time to mount his horse and clear the bridge.

The Viscount appeared behind them and on seeing his escape cried out with rage.

"Quick!" he said, "mount and pursue him. A thousand livres for his head!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE FLIGHT.

The moon was at its full.

Upon the white road which wound over the hills in the direction of Spain, the Moor was plainly visible flying on his black Arabian.

Kaf ground his teeth with rage. He had not for an instant supposed that his master would deny him what he asked—the Viscount's refusal was one of those unforeseen occurrences which so often derange the deepest and most well-laid schemes.

A thousand thoughts chased each other across the Moor's mind and every fresh one added new strength to his devouring excitement.

"To refuse it," he muttered through his clenched teeth, "to say he has refused it! Oh to act thus to me! Eblis! what I have borne in his service. To be struck across the face

like a dog—to be bound to a maddened horse with cords that lacerated my flesh until they were soaked in blood! It was thou Abuker whom they rendered furious with fire and the spur; at each of thy bounds my cords sank deeper, my body was sacked, I felt as if I was rivetted to thee with red hot chains of steel. And *he* was the cause of this agony which Eblis himself might shrink from inflicting. In *his* service I have suffered this; for *him* I have steeped my hands in blood and endured such curses as might sink my soul to hell, if there is a hell! And after all he denies me what is wanted for the great work. Oh!"

The exclamation of the Moor sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than any sound proceeding from human lips.

"Great Allah! I ask thee have I not honestly earned this sum, and is not the laborer worthy of his hire. For three years I have earnestly watched for the shadow that was to free me from my travail; I have waited patiently for the moment when I should be called, and now when the moment is come I have asked what is needful—what is my due—and this has been refused me. And how refused! With insult—contempt. He orders, great Allah! his soldiers to murder me. With contempt! no by Eblis he dare not! Oh I will have revenge—terrible revenge!"

And the Moor seemed by a gigantic effort, to control his burning rage.

"Allah Acbar!" he added calmly, "every one has his day—the time will come. I will then have my revenge, I swear it by the holy prophet. May he enable me to keep my oath."

At that moment a shout fearfully near came borne on the night wind to his ears. He turned his head. A troop of a dozen archers who had rapidly ascended one side of the hill while he rode down the other now roused him from his abstraction. He bent over on his horse's neck, touched him with his hand and uttered his name.

The Arabian gave a neigh and began really to put forth his speed. The archers who were furiously urging their foaming horses with the spur, assailed the Moor with a burst of imprecations and commands to halt. Kaf turned his head and laughed.

"Go back to your master," he shouted "and tell him that we will meet again!"

"Dog of a Saracen, halt!" cried the captain of the archers.

Kaf replied by making his horse bound.

The Arabian's speed became so great that the company of soldiers, though their horses were panting and covered with sweat at the furious pace they were travelling, could not preserve even their relative distances as at first.

The captain saw he must soon be left behind with his troop and turning to one of the archers,

"Your bow!" he said; "give him an arrow!"

The archer had only to place a shaft on the string and bend his bow. The arrow pierced the Moor's robe, and passing entirely through, wounded his horse in the neck. The Arabian neighed. The wound was however so slight that it only excited him to fresh speed.

The captain of the archers saw that the Moor was untouched, and taking a bow ready strung from one of the men, he checked the speed of his horse, took deliberate aim, and sent an arrow through the Moor's breast directly beneath the shoulder.

The troop cried out with joy and triumph. Kaf closed his eyes and fell forward on the neck of his steed. The Arabian seemed to understand the accident which had happened to his master, and what was expected of him. His swiftness became flight.

The pursuers looked on almost with wonder. The Moor's wound, at first a subject of so much triumph, placed them no nearer to their prey.

Kaf had not fainted, though for an instant a mist had seemed to pass before his eyes concealing all things but the bloody point of an arrow. He was still trembling with the acute pain of his wound but that was all. He could still preserve his seat and listen, though he was too weak to turn his head.

His weakness rendered every thing around him vague and indistinct. He heard the shouts of his pursuers but they seemed to strike his ears from a vast distance, like the song of the lark in the clouds. He retained his consciousness, but the events passing around him appeared like those of a feverish

dream. He knew, however, that he was flying for his life; that nothing could save him but his horse's speed, and he addressed him as if the Arab had been a human being.

"On Abuker!" he said in a faint voice, "it is for thee to preserve or destroy thy master. Behind the enemy are coming on the wings of the wind; I hear their shouts—I see the gleaming of their shields—they rejoice that the dog of an infidel is in their power. But they know not thee. Put forth thy speed, child of the desert, and though they come as the rushing wind they shall not overtake thee. Son of the Cariani, child of a race who fly across the sands of the desert like the shadow of a floating cloud, put forth thy speed—disappoint these enemies of the true believers. Lo! it is time Abuker, for the son of Abdallah is faint! My brain is turning round, my limbs have lost their power, a suffocating thirst is drying up my blood. On, Abuker, on, or never more shall thy master see his people, his brethren, or the dark-eyed child of his heart. Allah preserve thee, little Ali, for thy father is as one who has passed away. The unbelievers follow his footsteps with the speed of gazelles—with the ferocity of tigers!"

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### THE SPEED OF A HORSE AND AN ARROW.

As the Moor uttered these fainting words, the breeze brought to his ears a distant shout.

"They are behind me!" cried Kaf, raising his eyes to heaven in despair; "they follow and they overtake! Oh! Allah, holy Mahomet, prophet of God, is thy servant to be overcome, his flesh torn with pincers, his body racked, and by those who deny thy sacred law!"

The Moor added this clause on remembering how often he had made others suffer what he now feared. He began to pray earnestly. Man when about to die feels the necessity of some heavenly reliance. In his prayer the name of his son was often uttered, and at last with large tears rolling down from his eyes, he resigned himself tranquilly to death.

If he had not been deranged by emotion and fear, he might have known that his enemies had given up the pursuit. The great

speed of his horse had in fact left them so far in the rear, that on arriving at the edge of the dark forest, whose boughs intercepted the moon's rays, they had drawn up.

They were now returning to Orthez at a walk. Every one had determined in his own mind to tell the Viscount, without mentioning the incident of the arrow, that the Moor had been pursued to the banks of the Adour.

Meanwhile what happened to Kaf, and where did the Arabian stop? The horse continued his flying speed. The Moor prayed to Allah and the prophet more fervently as he felt himself grow weaker. At last his voice died away, his eyes swam, and he fell forward on his horse and fainted.

He was brought to consciousness by a chilly feeling and a noise. He opened his eyes and looked about him. His horse was buried to the neck in the Adour, and the noise which Kaf had heard was that made by the animal in swimming. The moon had nearly sunk behind the tops of the trees, and a chill wind coming from the Gulf of Gascony, penetrated to the Moor's limbs through his garments dripping with water.

The Arab emerged from the river, climbed the bank and continued his flight snorting and panting with fatigue.

Kaf, overcome with pain and weakness, fainted a second time.

When he opened his eyes he was lying in a hut on the brow of a mountain. Through a little square opening which served for a window, he saw the slopes of hills descending gradually to the plain, and covered with flocks of black sheep. He turned his head and saw an old man of sixty, with muscular limbs, and a white beard, and clad in a garment of sheepskin, from the belt of which hung a knife, or rather the case which usually contained it. At the moment the old shepherd was busied in cutting out a pair of sandals.

"Father," said the Moor, addressing this respectful title to the old man, after the custom of the Arabs, "how did I come here?"

The shepherd rose, approached the bed, and said in Spanish—

"What do you ask, brother?"

"How I came to this hut?" asked the Moor in Spanish.

"You were brought," said the old man laconically.

"Explain yourself, if you please, father."

"It happened thus, then," replied the old shepherd. "At sunrise we were watching our flocks down there within a league of the Adour, when a horse came out of the woods, and after going fifty paces with a staggering step, fell upon his side"—

"Where is he—where is my horse!" interrupted the Moor, abruptly.

So far from being offended, this care for his horse seemed to raise the Moor much in the old man's opinion.

"He is safe," he said; "do not fear. But I was relating to you how you became my guest."

In uttering these words the old man looked around his little hut as Nero looked around his palace of gold.

"You had fainted," he continued, "with both arms clasped around the animal's neck. We brought you here and drew from your breast an arrow. See, there it is!"

The Moor closed his eyes.

"I am hot," he said; "my bosom is burning; but I must arise and go on my way."

The old man looked surprised, and then replied calmly,

"That is impossible, brother."

"Why impossible, father?"

"You have a fever."

"Nevertheless I must go. Be good enough therefore to get ready my horse."

"Let me ask you a question, brother. Why do you fly?"

"To save my life," replied Kaf. "If I am found here I shall be assassinated."

"You cannot be found."

"Why, father?"

"Because a troop of men have already come here to search for you and they did not find you. Behind this hut is a hollow in the hill, where your horse now is. You were carried there, for I suspected something when they were yet at a distance."

"Soldiers!" said the Moor, faintly. Then he suddenly gave a violent start.

"What now, brother?" asked the old shepherd.

"My casket—the box!" was all the Moor could say.

"It is here," said the shepherd, and ta-

king it from a shelf, he put it in Kaf's hands.

"Good!" said he, with a sinister smile; "now I am satisfied."

For months the Moor lay in a burning fever. In his frame life seemed to wrestle with death; but life came off the victor.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### OF THE PROPOSITION MADE TO EVAN BY BERNARD COUNT OF ARMAGNAC.

At an early hour Evan set out from Orthez, followed by Molart his squire, passed that meadow in which Froissart encountered his singing shepherds and going along the banks of the Gave de Pau arrived at that town, and finally at Auch, where the Counts of Armagnac had their residence.

Evan found the Count just returning from the chase with a hawk on his wrist and followed by half a dozen Italian grey hounds in leashes.

He was tall, stalwart in frame, and dark bearded. He had however no sooner caught a glimpse of the young Knight than his grim features relaxed, a smile covered them and he welcomed him with great appearance of affection. In five minutes they entered the castle, and here a double meal had been served at the Count's first appearance outside the walls of the town. He had once been kept waiting, or like Louis XIV., almost suffered that indignity, and the cook had suffered so from a blow dealt him by the Count that thereafter a sort of magical promptress, had been the order of his household. Thus it was that when they entered, a private and a public banquet awaited them. The first for the Count if he chose it, the latter for his train of Knights and retainers. On this occasion he chose the former.

Count Bernard pressed his rich wines upon Evan, and his richer food with great earnestness and hospitality. Evan however remembered the caution of Sir Roger. He ate little and drank less.

"Can you not guess the cause of my invitation, Messire Evan," said Bernard, after a tolerably long silence, "why I have asked you to come and see me at Auch?"

"I suppose to spare me occasions of grief," said Evan.

"Many thanks for your lordship's kindness."

"Indeed," said the Count, "that was the reason. You are not mistaken. Oh my dear chevalier, you cannot imagine the effect which the continual sight of what once surrounded our friends now dead, has upon the frame. You know my dear brother? Well, he has perished in the Lombardy expedition, almost before it was entered upon. He had a favorite hound here, who made my life miserable, he so often reminded me of his master. Yesterday I was compelled to kill him with a stroke of my poniard."

Evan made no reply.

"If you had remained at Orthez, Messire Evan," continued the Count, "every object would have reminded you of your father. He would have been kept in perpetual remembrance. It would have killed you."

"My lord, I shall always remember him."

"Do so, Messire Evan, and take him as your model. He was the worst enemy of our house, but he was also a brave and noble prince. May his soul rest in peace."

It was impossible to say whether these words were hypocritical, or the Count's real sentiments. Gaston had been most cordially hated by him whilst alive, but it was also true that the Count de Foix had impressed even his enemies with a sort of admiration.

"Who will succeed now to Monseigneur's authority?" asked the Count after a moment's silence.

"Messire de Chateaubon is his lawful heir."

"Was the Viscount's claim allowed by your father?"

"No, my lord. He had taken a deep dislike to him."

"To his cousin?"

"Yes. I know not why."

"But I can tell you, Seigneur Evan. Messire the Viscount is a coward."

"Monseigneur Bernard he is my cousin."

"In a left handed way," muttered the Count.

Then seeing that Evan had heard him speak though he had not caught his words.

"I was about to say," he continued, "that in seeing a prince so noble as Messire Gas-

ton Phœbus, and a Knight so brave as his son, I forgot the relationship."

Evan bowed to the Count.

"And the people of Foix and Bearn, what do they say to this Viscount."

"The Bearnese acknowledge his claim; the Foixiens are undecided."

"As I thought. The Bearnese are foxes, and the Foixiens wolves, who will not have a fox like the Viscount for their lord."

"The King of France has a claim on Foix; they wish the Viscount first to discharge this claim."

"It is politic. But allow me to return to Gaston de Foix. Whom did he mention on his death bed for his successor?"

"Myself," said Evan.

"I knew it."

"How so, my lord?"

"That is to say I guessed it. There is no such immense acuteness in judging that the Count should desire his own son rather than a kinsman who is his enemy, to succeed him."

"But, Messire, you forget that I am not his son in a lawful manner. The bar-sin-ter."

"A *sinister*, what is that? A trifle? If I got my clerk Comine to read you all the instances of *sinisters* founding dynasties, it would take up your time for a week."

"My lord I want no usurped authority."

"Look at Henry de Transtamare and William of Normandy!" continued the Count: "what prevents you from being one of these great men of history. The want of money? You have your father's resources. The want of lawful title? The Viscount is hated; you are beloved;—or is it the want of bravery?"

"Messire!"

"Why there you stand, a thousand feet above this Lord of Chateaubon."

Evan could not help feeling that these words did him nothing more than simple justice.

"I know," continued the Count, becoming more excited as he proceeded—"I know from my emissaries in Bearn and Foix that your opponent is distasteful to a majority of the people, from his enmity to the late Count, and for his pride, his want of courage and his insulting arrogance to the commons.

Evan! raise your standard and in twenty-four hours you will be at the head of an army!"

"An army!" said the young knight, the blood mounting to his forehead, his eyes sparkling; "at the head of an army!"

"An army of such chivalry," continued the Count, observing his advantage, "as all the rest of France cannot equal; and all these valorous Knights will look to you as their leader and obey you as their prince. Is it not a glorious prospect?"

The words were uttered with such spirit—the picture was so dazzling that Evan for a moment was carried away by its glitter.

He involuntarily raised his head; his cheeks became purple, and his quivering nostrils seemed, like those of the war-horse, to snuff up the breeze of the battle.

"Come—come!" said the Count, "all this will be yours. With the treasures of the Count you may purchase the services of all the free companies in France, and these will sweep opposition from your path as the north wind scatters the brown leaves of winter!"

The Count awaited Evan's reply in triumph. It came upon him like an electric shock.

"And you, my Lord," said Evan, calmly, "what have you decreed for yourself in case I become monarch of the country from Perpignan to Dan? To be my chief counsellor! Have you reflected that in sweeping my enemies from my path, I must begin with the house of Armagnac as the oldest, the worst and the most powerful of all?—the only one at all able to withstand such an army?"

The Count turned crimson and fire seemed to dart from his eyes, they became so brilliant.

"Monseigneur Bernard," continued Evan, "let us lay aside all false reasoning and come to the heart of the proposal which you make me. I am to assert a claim to the Countship of Foix on the ground that the true heir was distasteful to my father, whose intention, expressed to me on his death bed, was to leave his authority to no other than myself. I am further to take advantage of the dislike borne towards my cousin by the people, to deprive him of his just rights."

"Well, well, god's death, what then?"

"I refuse unconditionally," said Evan, rising from his seat; "I wish to remain a simple Knight."

The Count frowned, remained an instant silent and then gradually lapsed into a smile.

"You are a noble gentleman, Messire Evan," he said. "I admire you."

Again it was impossible to say if this was spoken truly or artfully.

"I have made you a magnificent proposal," continued the Count. "You have not accepted it. So much the worse. Do not think I am not as much your friend as ever I swear to you I am more so than before, and in proof of it here is my hand and with it I offer you hospitality for as long as you can stay at Auch."

Evan remained with the Count more than a week, thereby causing inexpressible torment to the Viscount de Chateaubon.

At the end of that time, he took leave of the Count and departed with Molart for Orthez.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### HOW THE HAWK ENDED THE COMBAT.

The travellers reached a hill overlooking the town of Orthez just as the sun was setting behind a mass of clouds, one rolled above another and opening like the entrance to heaven, or the garden of Paradise as we see it illumined by the glare of the flaming sword.

An unusual stir was visible in the town, where a large crowd had gathered together.

While Evan was looking down, without finding much difficulty in divining its meaning, the distant sound of a dozen clarions was heard and a long line of monks appeared at the gate of the castle bearing in their midst the Count's body. Behind these marched four Knights bearing aloft as many banners, and preceding the Count's black war-horse, who advanced with difficulty beneath his gorgeous battle-harness. The sword, the shield, and the helmet followed, and the whole procession defiling through the crowd entered the cathedral.

At its first appearance Evan had put his horse to a gallop, and entered the town in time to join the end of the long line of

mourners. There giving his horse to Molart he pushed forward and made his way into the church.

The Viscount, the Knight of Espagne and two other lords of high rank, received the leaden coffin and bore it to the spot where the grave had been hollowed out in the pavement.

Then mass was said, and the Knights charged with the duty, advanced to the altar and made the offerings of the Count's war-horse, shield, helmet and sword. When this ceremony had been performed, the Viscount assisted by three others lowered the coffin into the grave.

"And now Messieurs," he said, "to business! To-morrow at noon an assembly of barons and chevaliers will be held at the castle. Be pleased to give your attendance."

"Sacrilege, sacrilege!" said a hollow voice near and every one turning round, they saw Evan who seemed to be going mad. He advanced to the edge of the grave, extended his hands above it, and God knows what terrible apostrophe against the Viscount might have proceeded from his lips, had not two Knights led him away almost by force.

This incident seemed to have affected the Viscount de Chateaubon inconceivably. He trembled and turned deadly pale, but as Evan's words had been so violent, no one was much surprised except those who knew his nature, usually so cold and immovable.

The service for the dead was then heard and the crowd retired, leaving no one but the watches who all night long stood torch in hand around the grave.

Noon had come and the assemblage proclaimed by the Viscount had met at the castle.

When the room was full the Viscount who was seated on a platform above the rest, rose up and addressed the assembly in the midst of a deep silence.

He began by saying that Count Gaston had left no lawful sons, that further he had died so suddenly as not to have time for declaring his wishes in regard to his successor, and that he the Viscount was beyond all doubt the nearest by lineage to the Count.

"Barons and Knights, just men and loyal chevaliers," continued he, "have I in the least presumed in asserting myself the only

beir ! Neither Monseigneur's unlawful brothers or son can ever reign. The assertion of their claim will raise a civil war in Bearne, for its nobles are too great to be governed by such. My own claim is undoubtedly the best, but it is right that I first ask the sanction of the honorable chevaliers whom I see before me."

The Viscount had made such good use of Evan's gold with some, of soft words, promises and flatteries with others, and an unheard of condescension to all, that when he ceased a long murmur testified the effect of his words.

"My Lord," said a Knight of Bearne, who the day before had received a present from the Viscount of ten thousand francs, "we acknowledge your claim to the county of Bearne as just and rightful. What say you gentlemen, yes?"

"Yes," said the Bearnese.

"And we, my lord," said a Foixien lord, who had received twenty thousand francs, "we also."

Before he could finish, a vibration ran the crowd, and through an opening made for him a courier, covered with dust advanced into the middle of the apartment. A pair of golden spurs which clanked upon the pavement declared him a Knight.

"Sire Chevalier," said the Viscount, without being able to restrain a frown, "what is your business here?"

"To forbid any further proceeding in the name of the King of France, my lord!"

"The King of France!"

"Who has a mortgage upon the lands of Foix and, as his sovereign right, now incorporates them with his empire!"

And the Knight, with his hand on his sword, looked haughtily around.

"The hawk ends the combat!" muttered D'Arthor > "so passes the House of Foix—its last day and last Count are dead!"

And D'Arthor pushed his way through the roaring crowd and disappeared.

The sequel to the events just narrated, is properly reserved for another occasion.

## THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

There's music in the gentle breeze  
That whispers softness through the trees,  
Wafting upon its balmy wing,  
The sweetest odors of the spring.

There's music in the dirge-like wail  
Of autumn winds and winter's gale,  
When roaming o'er the lovely flowers,  
That bloomed so fair in summer bowers.

At early morn when Sol's bright ray,  
Kindles the dew-drops in the spray,  
The lark begins his matin song,  
And Nature's choir the hymn prolong.

And when the sun is sinking low,  
There's sweetest music in the flow  
Of falling waters far away,  
Lulling to rest the dying day.

The tinkling rill that ripples by,  
Makes, o'er the pebbles, melody,  
Soft murmur'ing notes that scarce are heard,  
Soft as the song of fairy-bird.

When angry tempests heave the main,  
There's highest grandeur in the strain  
Of billows dashing on the shore,—  
A solemn anthem in that roar.

But let the storm-king ride the blast,  
And clouds come rolling thick and fast—  
The lightning's crash, the thunder's boom,  
Make awful music through the gloom.

*Univ. of Va. Oct. 22, 1853.*

## THE ANGELS OF EPIC POETRY.

It is comparatively easy for man to delineate his fellow man, and in the wide range of fiction almost every variety of character, and every shade of passion, has been portrayed. But when the human mind leaves the dark confines of earth, and soars upward to depict the bright intelligences of the celestial world, we become conscious that finite powers are unequal to this task. Angels have ever been favorites with both the poet and the painter, but how seldom have they been worthily represented by either. Persons privileged to look upon the master-pieces of Europe may sometimes find their ideas of angelic perfection satisfied upon canvas, but in the copies familiar to us in this new world, we do not recollect an instance, in which the portraiture of angels was entirely pleasing. They are generally fine specimens of physi-

cal beauty, with countenances of vapid innocence, but we seek in vain, for that ærial grace, and that expression of high intellect softened by condescending sympathy with mortals, which we attribute to these exalted beings. The sculptor has been more happy in embodying their heavenly dignity and beauty, but even in the pure marble, how often is the eye offended by the want of grace in form, and by the stiff wings erect above cherubic shoulders.

It was our happiness, not long since, to see a fine engraving of "Raphael's Transfiguration," and words cannot express the divine beauty of its three heavenly personages. They appear in the air a little above the top of the mount. Our Saviour is in the centre, with a face and form of such ineffable sweetness and majesty; that before him mortal eye might well be veiled, and mortal heart bowed in the depths of humility and adoration. On either side of the Redeemer, are Moses and Elias. Language fails to convey our impressions as we looked at them. We feel that they did indeed come out of heaven, and we are silent. On the mount are the three disciples. St. Peter, awe-struck and adoring, covers his eyes with his hand as if to shut out the overpowering glory. John has bowed his head to the ground; but we see in his face that all consciousness of self is gone, and his whole spirit is profoundly absorbed in worshipping the glorified son of Man. St. James seems physically overcome, and he is prostrated; as if soul and sense were overwhelmed by the transcendent vision. The group below the Mount is full of interest, but it seems to break the unity of the painting, and we almost regard it as an intrusion; for who would stop at the half open gate of heaven to look at anything earth can offer of elevation or excellence. There are no angels represented in this wonderful composition, and we readily admit its title to be ranked as the first painting in the world. It is to epic poetry that we must look for the most sublime human conceptions in regard to angels. This species of poetry, celebrating heroic deeds and dangers, appropriately introduces supernatural agencies. In the great poems of Homer and Virgil, the gods themselves condescend to visit man, and Mt. Olympus seems a kind of Jacob's ladder on

which they ascend and descend in accomplishing their purposes among mortals. It is true we are told

"Th' eternal father reck'd not, he apart  
Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd  
His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd  
Of Ilium, and the fleet of Greece, the flash  
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain."

But he did not always maintain this dignified isolation, and the character which the poets of antiquity give to the gods shows too plainly the absence in the popular mind of a pure standard of excellence.

From the Greek and Latin epics we turn to the "Divina Commedia" of Dante. The delicacy and beauty of his angels is very striking, contrasted with the stern and sorrowful background of the poem. They are not drawn to the eye with definite outline, but a light of exceeding splendor precedes them, the air breathes of fragrance, and a form appears, in vesture

"Green as the tender leaves but newly born,"

with visage casting streams

"Of tremulous lustre like the matin star."

They have none of the stately coldness of Milton's angels, but with words of encouragement they lead the poet and his guide through the shadowy, Purgatorial realms, and with voices of surpassing sweetness they sing

"Blessed they  
The peace makers; they know not evil wrath."

"Those who mourn  
Are blessed, for comfort shall be theirs."

The wonderful genius of Dante is no where more apparent than in his descriptions of Paradise, and of the angelic throngs that dwell within the mystic rose, in the heaven of heavens, to which Beatrice conducts him. Well may he say

"At this point o'erpower'd I fail;  
I nequit to my theme; as never bard  
Of huskin or of sock hath fail'd before."

Camoens was the first successful poet that invoked the modern epic muse, but angels have no part in the action of the "Lusiad." Every reader of this Portuguese classic must feel how much its beauty and unity are impaired by the introduction of Pagan gods



and goddesses, in aid of a hero, who by seeking to discover the Indians wished to extend the Christian faith, and open new commercial advantages to his country. Camoens describes the embarkation of Vasco De Gama and his followers from the mouth of the Tagus; they pass many flowery isles of the tropics, "see new stars unknown to Europe rise," double the Southern point of Africa, and after long sailing through the trackless gulphs of the Indian seas, tossed by storms and detained by calms, they discern "lofty Calicut's resplendent towers," enter the Ganges and land upon its shores. They seek an interview with the gorgeous monarch of these unknown realms, and return to their native land, bearing spices and gems and the silken products of Hindoo looms. This relation is varied by descriptions of countries visited by Gama and his fleet, their adventures with the natives, and by the history which the hero gives to the Moorish and Pagan monarchs of Portugal, and the natural beauty of its sister European kingdoms. The poem is graceful for an epic, still dangers are depicted in it great enough to call for supernatural interference, and Venus is the protectress of the Lusian, as well as of the ancient Trojan, race. It is through *her* care that the "Island of Bliss" rises from the waves for the repose and reward of the homeward bound followers of Gama, and through her favor

"their native fields forever dear  
In all their wild transporting charms appear:  
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat  
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet."

In Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," the beautiful epic of chivalry, angels are the messengers of God's will to man, and through their agency, victory attends the arms of the Christians. The archangels Gabriel and Michael are described as burning in seraphic splendor, and diffusing a glory that renders night more luminous than day; but the poet has given them no distinctive character, and we feel that one line of Milton's "Azazel at his right, a cherub tall," conveys a grander picture to the mind than the more elaborate lines of Tasso. In the "Jerusalem Delivered" we have a sublime description of Satan, but the sublimity is of physical, if we may so speak, rather than of an intellec-

tual nature. It is true, he has the deadliest hate toward the powers of heaven, and the most determined purpose to circumscribe the triumphs of the cross among men, but he is not the archangel ruined of Milton. We see the difference even in the first lines written by each. Thus Tasso paints him—

"His bloodshot eyeballs were instinct with rays,  
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,  
Their fatal splendor shed on every side;  
In rough barbaric grandeur his hoar beard  
Flow'd to his breast, and like the gaping tide  
Of a deep whirlpool his grim mouth appear'd."

Milton introduces him with his horrid crew rolling in the fiery gulph, "confounded though immortal,"

"round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate."

In one the eyes shed pestilential influences abroad. In the other, they reveal the fierce pride and cruel malice within the heart of Lucifer.

There is something in the unconquered will, and in mind triumphing over circumstances, that draws from us a species of admiration, even when the will is perverted and the mind evil. We are so sensible of the truth of this in reading the *Paradise Lost*, as almost to agree with an accomplished critic in saying, that Satan, rather than Adam, is the hero of the poem.

Milton's Satan is one of the grandest conceptions of the human imagination, and the feeling, that the character is a kind of revelation, and that the delineation might properly be true of the chief of the fallen angels, is a strong evidence of its power.

What a picture we have in the following lines—

—"Yet shone  
Above them all the archangel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge"—

The poet enlists for him our interest by never allowing us to forget his former estate.

"And princely counsel in his face yet shone  
Majestic, though in ruin."

He even gives to him a transient gleam of

softened feeling, although it is quickly followed by a deeper and deadlier darkness. Thus in speaking of the Almighty, Satan says—"Ah! wherefore! he deserved no such return from me."

"Oh then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?"

And again, when he sees our first parents beautiful and innocent in the garden of Eden, he says—

"yet no purposed foe  
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
'Though I unpitied."

The good angels of Milton are very warlike for the inhabitants of a land we have been taught to regard as a home of rest and peace, but they are drawn with so much clearness and splendor, and with such purity and energy of soul, that they win our highest approval and admiration. We have sometimes wished that a deeper shade of tenderness had mingled with their exalted virtue, thus bringing them more within the range of human sympathies. It might however be impossible to accomplish this without detracting from their sublimity, and in this attribute we would always have Milton's angels remain pre-eminent. There is little in the Sacred Writings to aid us in our conceptions of the angelic nature. The mind can form no distinct picture of the sublime visions of Ezekiel, and in the Apocalypse, although we are there told, that "a door was opened in heaven," the imagination fails in the effort to paint those mighty angels, whose glory lightens the earth, and who pour upon man the vials of God's wrath.

A perfect comprehension of their essence and office, if ever vouchsafed to us, must be among the revelations of the eternal world.

CECILIA.

## A SKETCH.\*

BY REV. F. W. SHELTON.

In a pretty village, which we will call Rosendale, situated in about 40° North Latitude, stands a little church, upon whose gilded weathercock is inscribed the date of 1785. This is a long distance to look back upon in a country where antiquity is only comparative, and St. Peter's is accordingly gazed at with veneration as a relic of the olden time. It has been little modified by successive generations, because the peculiarity of its details is such as to admit of no change but demolition. The same rude key which was originally the work of the village blacksmith, is still applied to the lock, and you may turn it half a dozen times either to the right or to the left, without injury, until by some lucky twist, or acquired knack, or violent wrench, you manage to shoot the bolt, and get the church open. To lock the door is a work of like trouble, and requires patience. Having entered, you will be struck by its contrast with the comfortable, lounging tabernacles of modern times. You will be reminded of the sterner and severer habits which prevailed a hundred years ago, when congregations were not lulled on cushioned seats in comfortable attitudes, and when the heated air of furnaces did not induce a sleepy frame, but the men sat upright in their overcoats with many capes, and the women in their mufflers, while the old ladies indulged in small footstoves which they brought with them, and which the sexton replenished with a few live hickory coals or with some hot ashes. The same box-stove remained in the corner, and its unseemly pipe, which had distilled black pools in divers places, supported by wires, was conducted over the aisles through a tin plate in the window-frame. The spirit of devotion must have waxed warm in old times, and did not at any rate depend upon summer heat for its existence and vitality. But while the outward aspect of things continued stern, there was a remissness like that which has been described as appertaining to St. Donothin. It

\* From a book to be shortly published by Chas. Scribner, New York, entitled, "Peeps from the Belfry: or the Parish Sketch Book."

was perhaps rather from apathy than from reverence that matters remained *in statu quo*. The worshipper's at St. Peter's were rather listless. A few descendants of the old set occupied their seats, and their old-fashioned carriages might be seen on a Sunday under the elms and locusts. Their responses were very feeble, and you might almost expect to hear them pray for the king and royal family. Indeed the British arms had never been taken down, but were emblazoned on a showy tablet, and together with the Creed and Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, occupied a place on the wall within the chancel. This was owing to no monarchical tendency in Episcopal Institutions, as some were disposed to argue; it only showed the disposition of the people to remain *in statu quo*. The shingles on the roof were shrunk, the lintels of the door were decayed, the window-glass had lost its transparency, owing to the action of the sun upon it for so many years, and seemed to be in need of washing, the putty had nearly all fallen away—in short, all the fixtures were sadly out of repair. The bell too was cracked, and it made a doleful noise whether on a feast-day or at a funeral; when the sexton tolled the age of the deceased. It had a new rope, however, which was the only new thing about the church. At the corners of the building, just underneath the eaves, there were four little cisterns not made with hands, where the drippings and droppings of the sanctuary had worn away a place among the stones and pebbles. There were little narrow pathways in the grave-yard which the feet of the different generations kept bare amidst the rank grass, leading to some well-remembered burial spots where people of note reposed. Every Sunday these were visited by loiterers whom curiosity enticed, and who liked to examine the death's heads, or cherubic faces, and read the queer inscriptions and elegiac verses over whose letters the green moss had grown.

There was a little country tavern immediately opposite, which lay on the post road or main route of travel, and during summer, every Sunday a few wayfarers, who had stopped on Saturday night, would remain over because it was impossible to get any farther on their journey. These frequently

came to church in the morning, and some of them were devout, and some not. The latter could pivot about on their heels during the reading of Divine service, and not always pay a strict attention to the sermon of the Rector, but they would drop a little silver into the plate—and for the rest, they would wander in the church yard, throwing handsfull of clover to stray goats, and they afforded as much amusement to the attendants at St. Peter's as the latter did to them. They were responsible to God alone on the score of their piety, but to every decent man for the depravity of their manners. I do not mean to say that they ever behaved themselves in such a way as to demand the attention of the sexton, but that was a worse misdemeanor which was only sufficiently marked to excite contempt. There is no place in which the gentleman is more evident than in the house of God. St. Peter's derived little benefit from strangers, as will appear in the course of this narrative. Fortunately or unfortunately, the direct line which engineers draw between points, has now left the little village two or three miles a-one-side of the beaten track, the steam whistle and rumbling cars are heard in the distance, the grass grows greener which skirts the highways, the narrow paths which conducted to so many pilgrimages are almost lost to sight by the growth of ferns and underwood, while Rosendale is visited no more. But although shut out from the notice of the world, and containing so little to deserve attention, it may be worth while after all to treasure up a few particulars in the jejune history of this ancient parish, because it is unhappily a type of so many, that it would defy the most jealous suspicion to detect the original.

There are several plain tablets on the walls of the church in memory of wardens, and a few to commemorate the virtues of former rectors. There are no inscriptions to the latter within fifty years, for the present incumbent had been that length of time in office, a remarkable fact in modern ecclesiastical history. It does not seem to suit the temper of the times to welcome patriarchs in pulpits. The silvery head was once a crown of glory, but now the almond flourishes in vain. At least we think that a want

of reverence is to be attributed to the precipitancy of affairs. It is too true that the clergy become superannuated at an early age, are soon placed upon the sick list, are regarded humdrum on account of their growing peculiarities, and are perhaps set aside for some florid and youthful orator who is in the ascendant. Sometimes worried to death in the pastures where they are feeding a scanty flock, they are glad to take refuge in their Master's sheepfold on the other side of Jordan, and beyond this vale of tears.

Father Wimbles had no occasion to complain of his people. He was comfortably situated, and wonderfully let alone. The parsonage was an old-fashioned building, with a stack of chimneys in the middle, and its eaves were at the height of a man's head from the ground;—pretty dilapidated it is true, with a good crop of green moss upon the roof, and with many decayed shingles, but by the aid of a little patching now and then, kept very habitable. A couple of great willow trees drooped over it with their pendent boughs, which though deformed by the rough handling of many tempests, and by many splintered limbs, were ornamental where they stood, and sheltering the house from the sun, and partly hiding it by their curtains of tender green, caused it to have the appearance of a most pleasant retreat. At the top of a perpendicular ladder just under the roof, old Mr. Wimbles had his study. The floors were piled with manuscripts of a saffron color. A whole body of Divinity was on the shelf, and many dry skeletons of sermons lay about, amid the dust of antiquity, or the flowers and ferns of a newer literature. Here were reports and pamphlets, and bones of forgotten controversies, tracts and primers, and half-gone prayer books, odd volumes from libraries, Bibles with the Book of Genesis or Revelation lost. Into this little sanctuary good Mr. Wimbles used to ascend with alacrity when a young man, to get beyond the sound of his crying babies, and he still crawled into it now that he was old, as into some well-remembered dovecote, for the purpose of overhauling his musty papers, or of trifling with the stumps of pens. He was not a man of much order, but his documents were all here deposited, of whatever kind, and after a deal of rumma-

ging when wanted, he was able to find them. Though he had to shuffle the whole set, it was a job which he went through every day for some purpose or other, and he took pleasure in doing it. He had no schedules; his effects were not enumerated in catalogue, not classified by Arabic numbers, or by Roman characters, nor according to bulk, nor stored away in particular depositories. A little of every kind was found every where. Ledgers, prayer books and Lectures were bound up in company; a roll of receipts would fall out of a cylinder of newspapers. He would stand upon tip-toe on a chair, and reach after a package, bringing down the loose fluttering leaves of catechisms, and a shower of dust upon his head, or hunt diligently on hands and knees in a corner, or poke his head into a closet to find some suitable discourse which he well remembered to have composed forty years ago, on the setting up of a new organ, or on the occasion of a funeral. What he had written, he had written. All was as good as span new, for although the moth, the mould, the grease, the ink-blots, and a chemic action may have marred the page, the cheering Christian thoughts were arrested in their flight glowing as brightly as ever with the piety of their author, and most invaluable because his eyes had become weak. Also one of the aforesaid skeletons, or preparations, heads or dry bones of controversy, which with a little brushing up were as available as ever, he could lay hold of after a careful scrutiny, and string them together again, bone coming unto bone, and sinews binding them and flesh covering them, and still the resurrection of spiritual things went on in that dark chamber, whenever he waved the feathery wand of his neglected quill. It was sometimes indeed difficult to produce order out of this confusion, for where any text bore a relationship as near as that of second or third cousin to another, the good man had from time to time taken a part of what belonged to one, and bestowed it upon another, which seemed to have an equal right to it. Thus there were heads with half a dozen bodies, and bodies with half a dozen heads, and a great deal of loose rhetorical apparel, which might be slipped on anywhere, and fitted easily. Of Simeon I believe, or some such author, there

were many outlines of discourses, filled up in pencil, and lying all about, but if Simeon could have perceived how his labors had been completed, he might have exclaimed as did his namesake, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Saint *Statu Quo*, if there is any such saint, might well deserve a niche in the little study, for full as it was, there was still room for *statu-ary* or anything else. It already contained other articles than books, pamphlets, choked-up ink-stands, and Mr. Wimbles' green eye-shade. There were parcels of dried catnip, beans, peppers, and a pair of old saddle bags, besides numerous other matters of which the inventory is not made out. I must not forget to mention an antique sofa, covered originally with hair-cloth, but the latter completely worn out. The brass-headed tacks had also lost their lustre. On this Mr. Wimbles loved to lounge, and read newspapers and the old divines. He would come in from his garden, panting and wheezing, crawl up his ladder, stretch himself out, and fairly groan with the pleasure given to his relaxed limbs. A recumbent attitude was the most agreeable to him, and had been even when a young man. He was always leaning on his elbows, propping himself up on one kind of support or other, so as to relieve his spine and vertebræ, but the moment that he came into the house, and espied a lounge or sofa, he would fling himself down with a faint sigh, and loll, and roll, and lounge, and change his position as if to assuage his fatigue, complaining all the time that he was tired, and getting a deal of sympathy from the gentler sex, who placed cushions beneath his head. This habit he laid to the score of bodily infirmity in order to rebut the charge of laziness, which was from time to time insinuated in a mild manner against him. He said he was not lazy, God forbid, but he had sufferings, of which he said nothing. In fact, he had accomplished nothing while standing on his legs, and thought on his back only.

To come down from Mr. Wimbles' little study under the eaves, the furniture of his house was very plain and primitive. The lofty head of pride would scarce enter under the narrow door-ways or beneath the low ceilings; it would find no glittering display

of silver plate to feed its eyes upon in the corner cupboards, and the apparatus of luxurious living was not to be found. At least a spirit of humility breathed in the humble chambers, and the house itself was no unbecoming possession for a minister of Christ. This weak aspect of poverty was a strong bulwark for Father Wimbles, more than all his bodily infirmities, and had stood him in stead during all his ministry, for it represented the poverty of spirit. There was not a pretentious sign about the man or his possessions. Poor people were not afraid to step upon his homespun carpets, or to sit upon his rush chairs, or to look upon the few common ornaments which were strewed around. They were the same as those which graced their own habitations. If his chairs were rickety, and those upon rockers, of which he had several, creaked audibly, they had supported his back well during his day and generation. The most sumptuous upholstery would not have secured such lasting comfort. An ambition for external elegance will sometimes creep into places which ought to be lowly, until they resemble as little as possible the Son of Man's habitation. When the popular young preacher has become a petted idol, and the admiring congregation hangs upon his lips, his mansion must be adorned with rosewood and splendid with damask. The old church must be pulled down about his ears, and a more expensive if not more suitable structure, erected. Mr. Wimbles aspired to no such change. Let the aged parson who sustains his position with tolerable firmness, emulate his example, and seek not to demolish, to erect, or to re-model churches. He will be apt himself to fall with the plaster, and not long to survive a new coat of paint or the purchase of a new set of prayer books. Let him not remove his household goods, no matter if his roof is green with mosses, and the uneven ceilings threaten to fall in, else will the sentence go forth against him, "Let his habitation be desolate, and his bishopric let another take."

Mr. Wimbles had married in his early days a wife well suited to him. She was exceedingly plain in appearance, economical and saving even to a fault, and prepared yearly for the "bee" or "spining visit," with in-

finite zeal and alacrity. She differed much from the wives of many rectors now-a-days.

While some are too stylish, gay, and brisk, wanting that nice sense and appreciation of their position which will incite them to walk humbly, others in their desire to do good are too pressing and importunate. Mrs. Wimbles did not indulge in extravagant dress—neither did she spend much of her time in Dorcas Societies, nor was she President, or Directress, or Secretary of half a dozen Societies. Perhaps she might have been more zealous without mischief, but it must be said of her that she attended strictly to her domestic duties, nor did any false report proceed from her tongue. When she came into church on a Sunday, it was as if she walked still beneath a low ceiling. She scarcely spoke above her breath, and she said not much, and that to scarcely any one. Somehow or other she was always alluded to as “poor Mrs. Wimbles,” as her husband was called “poor Mr. Wimbles,” nor did either appear to repudiate the kind of sympathy involved therein. On this account they received many little gifts which would not have come to hand if they had adopted a more stiff demeanor, timely additions to their stuff and store which were given because they had the air of wanting them, and which were always acknowledged with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

For instance, on one occasion Mr. Wimbles met with a pecuniary loss which became known. Not that he had missed out of his pocket a gold piece, nor suffered in bank stocks, for it was not to be presumed that he had any, but an overwhelming misfortune overtook him in the loss of his cow. A horn-distemper prevailed extensively in the neighbourhood, and one day, before the dew was off the ground, the maid went out with a little bench and milk pail, expecting to fill the latter with the precious syllabub, when to her surprise she found the creature lying dead in the field. She returned with the unexpected tidings, and the whole parsonage, from kitchen to cockloft, was filled with lamentation. Mr. Wimbles was not out of bed, but the moment that he was informed of it, he uttered a deep, bass groan, and rolled upon his side as if his mental energy was gone. His good wife and the

rest of the household adjourned to the departed cow. Alas! her udders could no longer yield the life-giving fluid which was almost the support of the family. Poor as his living was, it was a luxury which he could not well put away. And to buy another animal—it was among the things impossible. At least he thought so.

But the intelligence was not long confined to the parochial estate. The grief of the household knew no such bounds. It was wafted abroad, and was a bit of local news which excited an interest for the time more absorbing than wars or politics. It ran all about the parish swift as a spark on a telegraphic wire; it was passed from mouth to mouth, “Mr. Wimbles’ cow is dead! Mr. Wimbles’ cow is dead!” “And what is it you say?” each new comer would exclaim—“is it possible? what is it that you say?” and still the answer would be returned, “Mr. Wimbles’ cow is dead.” Frugal housewives lifted up their hands, and farmers shook their heads in silence, and then a low muttered feeling began to escape, and to deepen as it rolled along—“Poor Mr. Wimbles! Poor Mr. Wimbles! Poo-oo-oor Mr. Wimbles!” It reached the parsonage, and was a token of substantial good.

There is no loss which can be mentioned which excites a more tearful, touching sympathy in a neighborhood than that of a poor man’s cow. His whole farm might be consumed by a mortgage, and his roof vanish over his head, while the unfortunate balance against him would call for no reparation at all. It is a cold matter of business, an every day affair, and though it might add a few furrows to his brow, and make his hair turn gray, he would be left to struggle alone in the deep vale of poverty, and master his troubles as he could. Nay, he may even lose his wife, and it would be referred to with the ordinary common places of regret, like all irreparable things; but it is ten to one if it would elicit nearly as much condolence in his behalf as the death of his new milch-cow. The gentle domestic creature which stands at his door and gives forth her pure life current day by day from her veins, to support his wife and little children with the sweetest and most natural nourishment in the world, is represented in the very fore-

ground of the picture, and associated with the comforts of his home. And when a poor man is the victim in such a case, it is as when a babe is forcibly torn away from the breast.

Shortly after this event, the parson was standing in his slippers after breakfast, and looking out of the window, when he saw a little boy advancing up the lane, flourishing in his hand a little bough, and driving—

"My dear," said he to his wife, "come hither. The Lord be praised, but here comes, unless my eyes deceive me,"—and at the same time he wiped his spectacles—"here, here, here,—yes, some kind person,—in answer to prayer,—has sent us a fine cow." At the same moment, the gate was thrown open, and any doubt which might have distressed his mind was dissipated when the creature was driven in. Mr. Wimbles hunted in the closet, and selected a pair of shoes, (they were the ones in which he was wont to walk about the glebe,) but he had scarce had time to tie the strings, when a slight knocking, made by the knuckles of the little boy, was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Wimbles, in a sharp, racked voice, which was denotive of welcome.

"Good morning, Peter, my fine boy," said Mr. Wimbles, his whole face lighting up with a glow of cordiality, "and how are all the friends at the homestead? All comfortable? Is Aunt Sally's lameness better?"

"Quite well, I thank'ee sir. My master told me to hand you this."

The good parson took the letter, and read:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have lately heard that you have had the misfortune to lose your valuable cow by the prevailing distemper. We have one to spare, which you will please accept, with best wishes, from

"Your old friend,

"P. P."

"Well really," said Mr. Wimbles.

"Well, really," said Mrs. Wimbles.

"This is too much."

"My dear," said the rector, hurriedly, "tell Jemima to give her immediately three quarts of bran—wife, I said *immediately*—and to cut up the large pumpkin"—

"Yes, yes."

"And—and—do not be in a hurry—and to cut up some of those potato parings. My dear"—

"Yes, yes."

"Where are my pens? I can never find them. Surely it is incumbent on me to write a line of acknowledgment to my most excellent Christian friend for all his favors to the Lord's unworthy servant. Peter, my child, sit down."

Mr. Wimbles got hold of the stump of an old pen, put water into his inkstand, stirred up the dregs with a piece of stick, and sitting down poured out his soul in acknowledgment to his benefactor, calling down all temporal and spiritual blessings on his head, and praying that he might be blest abundantly, both in his basket and his store, and finally be crowned with life everlasting. He sealed the document with a piece of wafer, patted the docile Peter on the head, presented him with a tract and an old copy of the Church Catechism, after which he went out to look at the cow. Thus the loss of the worthy parson resulted in his gain, and the drying up of one fountain only caused another to be opened, and the milk of human kindness to flow freely forth.

The kind and sympathetic nature of the good man was one element also in his success, if to remain in *statu quo* might be called success. He lent a willing and attentive ear to all woes and the relations of them, from the death of friends to the attacks of rheumatism. He would sit, or rather loll by the hour, with his cane in his hand, hearkening to the narrative of old ladies, and occasionally heaving a sigh or uttering a low groan denotive of sympathy. now and then perhaps interposing a few consolatory words with reference to the Lord's goodness or mercy, and to make it clear to their minds that all things eventually worked together for good. He would lift his hands, while his eyes seemed to beam with sincerity and good will, saying in an affectionate tone, "the Lord bless you," or "God keep you," with an emotion which carried all hearts. His easy and accessible way made him a great favorite with old ladies, who always welcomed his arrival, and would say when he departed after a protracted visit, "What a good man is Mr. Wimbles! He would be

greatly missed if he should be taken away." On funeral occasions no one was considered equally comforting. The forgetfulness of old age made him unable to treasure up men's failings, while his abundant charity caused him to have a lively reminiscence of all the virtues of the deceased, and to set them forth in such an account as to leave a most grateful impression on the minds of surviving friends. It was thought that he extolled many beyond their deserts, and so encouraged doubtful livers in a state of complacency by his ill-timed eulogies. "Help, Lord," he would cry out in despairing accents, as he stood among the mourning friends, "for the faithful are minished from among the children of men." Albeit the subjects had been far from saints, or were unquestioned sinners, good Mr. Wimbles gained no enemies by such a course, but rather incurred the kind opinion of many friends. He who is blind to another's failings, may meet with some apology for his own. Thus did the course of his life flow along quite smoothly in old age, and he passed many quiet hours every day in his study beneath the eaves, making searches among his faded manuscripts, and fitting the odds and ends of sermons ingeniously together. His parish was not divided, nor the minds of his people embittered by party strifes. When he went to the Convention, it was with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure, not to a scene of warfare and unhappy excitement. His presence was hailed with acclamation, and he received honour, if on no other account, at least for his age and gray hairs. The presbyters would see him coming and run to grasp him by both hands, and he was pointed out as the eldest clergyman in the diocese, and looked upon as one who had wore himself out in his Master's service. He received congratulatory visits; he was invited to elegant and hospitable tables. Father Wimbles was delighted with such attentions, but very glad to return to his own quiet home, and to remain in *statu quo*. The lintels of the church were still unrepaired, the old key sufficed for the lock, and was still able to open the door. He had pursued the even tenor of his way; he had met with no check because he had encouraged no change, and sought for no innovation. On one occasion only, a few nails

had been driven, and the sound of a hammer was heard within the church. The consequence was a slight disturbance of the atmosphere round St. Peter's. An account of this is given in what follows.

## SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

BY AUGUSTA GREENWOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

"What is life? it is no gleaming  
Of the vagaries of chance,  
Nor a visionary dreaming  
Of romance;  
For this life is but the portal  
To the bright eternal skies  
Where the soul in robe immortal  
Never dies."

Anna Eastland and Alice Stanley were cousins. Their fathers, who were half brothers, had been left penniless while mere boys, and thrown entirely upon their own exertions for a support. But, perhaps, as the natural consequence of this fact, by patient industry and perseverance, they accumulated considerable wealth; in the meantime acquiring as good an education as their limited resources would permit.

Mr. Stanley married a gay and fashionable lady of Richmond, Virginia, where he was engaged in an extensive mercantile trade. His wife, the spoiled child of wealthy parents, gradually developed into a vain, ambitious, extravagant woman; and hence mentally and morally, had little fitness and less taste for managing a household, or instilling into the mind of her beautiful daughter Alice those high and virtuous principles so necessary to render her a woman of character and usefulness in the world. She moreover evaded her responsibility by consigning her only child to the tender mercies of a fashionable boarding school.

There—according to the catalogue—were taught—"Metaphysics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology, *et cetera*"—studies to which the time allotted for the acquisition of all was insufficient, if devoted exclusively to a single branch, for more than realizing the danger of a little learning—that mere tasting of the Piercean spring;—studies too, so



uncongenial to the heads and hearts of youthful girls—so remote from their present and prospective associations, as to awaken no interest in the students, and, consequently, to make no more lasting impress on their minds than spray-drops make on ocean-rocks.

Alice, with an intellect naturally bright and inquisitive, wanting only faithful culture to yield golden fruits, was of needs in such a school, left to follow the bent of youthful fancies and follies, stimulated by association with her many schoolmates of like propensities, and gratifying any mental appetite which might be excited by ready recourse to gossip-talk, or gossip tale-books. It need not surprise then, that from the mental and moral exercise of such a school, and the example of such a mother, she should become vain and heartless, esteeming dress and worldly admiration the highest aim, and the early capture of a dashing husband the sole object of ambition in life.

Mr. Eastland, on the other hand, had been united to a lovely, intelligent, and well-educated woman; and was residing on his elegant estate upon the southern banks of James river, several miles from the metropolis. Of several children, all were buried in infancy save one daughter, Anna. The doting parents hence felt the preciousness of their charge too deeply to remove her from their own immediate supervision—and expose her plastic young spirit to the influence of unguarded chance.

Mrs. Eastland thought that Anna's education should be conducted on an entirely different plan from that pursued by the parents of Alice. Believing that if it were important to educate a daughter for the brief time to be spent in the comparatively irresponsible pursuit of "catching a husband"—much more important was it to educate her for the duties of that longer time, and far greater responsibility incident to keeping and cherishing a husband and a home for life. A system, therefore, of mental and moral training was pursued, which would not only best develop the peculiar qualities of woman's head and heart, but would at the same time afford, if necessary, a self-support in a state of single-blessedness, or fit her for the higher post of woman, the almost exclusive guardianship of youth throughout that most impor-

tant period of life, when the mind is rapidly developing, and the character is actually formed—when the bending of the twig forever inclines the tree.

Anna was educated at home in accordance with these views by a judicious governess, until at a sufficiently advanced age, she was sent for "a finish" to a well conducted school in Philadelphia; and while there living with her aunt, Mrs. Howard, she enjoyed opportunities of association and observation in a refined and educated society. Nevertheless her mother's constant and faithful supervision continued throughout, and doubtless her wise and gentle counsels, with her amiable and pious example, contributed much to imbue her daughter's mind and heart with that holier truth—

" 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

After completing her education, Anna returned to her home and friends at Clifton, where, although in a quiet country neighborhood, her sunny temperament, kindly heart, and richly stored mind were well-springs of happiness and content. An invitation to spend the winter with her relatives in Richmond, came soon, so urgent that she could not choose but accept; and for the first time for years, the cousins met, both now in the bloom of life.

A contrast was presented in the *personnel* of the young relatives. Anna was slightly below the medium height and delicately formed. Her hair, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," falling in soft and silky waves over a brow prominent but symmetrical, her pearly teeth and lips full of sweet expression, constituted perhaps her chief beauty. For her other features, though good, were not faultless; but when conversing or interested, her large blue dreamy eyes kindled with animation, and her face became radiant with goodness and intellect. She was modest and retiring, almost to excess, requiring to be intimately known in order to be duly appreciated. But her kind and winning manners never failed to find and retain a place in the hearts of all with whom she was associated.

Alice Stanley was tall and most gracefully formed, with a fair and bright complexion,

brilliant hazel eyes, hair of raven blackness, and features combining in classic regularity, she was most strikingly beautiful. Always gay and vivacious, she became at times almost wild with excitement. Of course so much beauty, set off by the gilding of wealth, was not without its crowd of flatterers and devotees. She had sufficient tact to conceal from casual observers her deficiency in mental culture and the deformities of her temper. She was naturally quick and witty, though her wit not unfrequently disported in unkind and keen sarcasm.

Anna loved her beautiful relative very dearly, yet had quite too much penetration not to discover with unavailing regret her foibles of mind and character.

Alice went into ecstasies over her calm and self-possessed little cousin—none the less, perhaps, that there was apparently so little danger of her becoming a very formidable rival.

#### CHAPTER II.

—————"The million flit as gay,  
As if created only like the flies  
That spread their motley wings in the eye of noon—  
To sport their season and be seen no more;  
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise."

Anna's visit to her kind and hospitable relatives was passing pleasantly. In the refined society of Richmond, she formed many a congenial friendship. Alice was cordial and affectionate, and her sprightliness ever fresh and flowing.

One morning Anna was seated in her own apartment, deeply absorbed in reading, when Alice suddenly dashed into the room exclaiming—

"Well, coz, in what dress are you intending to enrobe your symmetrical little self on to-morrow evening? Now pray put up that large volume and chat awhile with me; for my part I can't conceive how you can find any entertainment in books of such portentous dimensions—they are only fit for those unfortunate spinsters whom Fred Warner denominates the 'wall-flowers of society.'"

"Since you have demolished my favorite author so unceremoniously, Alice, I suppose I must give my attention to this matter of dress. But as we are only to have a small party now, I presume my white muslin will

not be unsuited to the occasion, or to the character in which I expect to figure as a 'wall-flower.'"

"Sure enough," rather pettishly rejoined Alice, "the maid-servants are sick, as usual, just in time to prevent our having a large party—'sick on excessive sweetness' of the sweetmeats I suspect. Now, Anna, I enjoy parties as you seem to do books, in proportion to their size. I fear that my elegant new Parisian satin will have few enviers and admirers. But at all events, I intend to look particularly well to-morrow night, as I expect to carry on at least two flirtations. Phil. Danvers, the wealthy old South Carolinian, is to be here, and then, too, I'm going to make another desperate attack on Ernest Wentworth's hitherto invulnerable heart;—you see I'm bent on exciting Fred. Warner's jealousy, as he has pretended for some time to be very much absorbed with that silly and disagreeable Kate Sutherland, who is trying very hard to make an impression."

"Why, my dear cousin, how you run on! I thought you and Miss Sutherland were very intimate friends, from the lively and seemingly affectionate chat you and she kept up during most of her call yesterday."

"Oh, you little unsophisticated country lassie, don't you know that is the way we fashionable friends carry on 'before folks,' but it's quite another thing behind the scenes I assure you."

"So I perceive," said Anna, "and I am beginning to fear that fashionable society is even more heartless than I had imagined—but really Alice!"

"Oh, spare me, spare me! my little Methodist, I have not a moment's time to listen to sermons this morning. But I want to tell you something about the beaux you will meet to-morrow evening. There's Fred. Warner, whom I mentioned just now; he is a very nice young man—spotless kids and faultless neck-ties;—I always feel so easy too in conversation with him, as he reads nothing of consequence; he was my true knight until he heard that Kate Sutherland would inherit a larger fortune, and he is actually about to go over to the enemy. Money is his great object, and he says he will marry no one who has not a handsome pile."

"Ah!" said Anna. "And if he esteems

the lady's money such a high consideration in marriage, and so indispensably requisite, pray what does he propose to give her in return?"

"That question, I imagine, has never occurred to the young gentleman," replied Alice, "but I will puzzle him with it the very next time he speaks on the subject in my presence."

"Be charitable with him, Alice; he probably feels that he is unfortunate in his intellect or energy, and that even in this fertile land, he can make a living in no other way than by becoming the pensioner of some soft-headed lady; and it must be very humiliating to him to have actually to confess as much."

"Well, you have moved my sympathies, and I shall hereafter treat him as one under the misfortune of a loss of self-respect. But really, coz, if ever I am reduced to the necessity of purchasing a husband with my money, I will endeavor to select an article that is at least ornamental if not useful.—You will also," she continued, "meet Phil. Danvers; rather old 'tis true, and not quite so refined and accomplished as you might expect, coming from South Carolina,—but then he is immensely wealthy, has an elegant establishment, and wants"—

"To purchase a nice young woman to fill the post of housekeeper under the name of wife," quietly added Anna.

"Now, cousin mine," said Alice, "this marrying for love alone is not always so well—you know the adage, 'when Poverty enters the door, Love flies out of the window'—and all is lost!"

"No, Alice, that adage is not always true in fact; often it happens that 'tis Love alone gives energy and power to keep Poverty out of the house; and on the other hand you may remember another proverb of higher authority, which says, 'Riches take wings and fly away'—then if Love never dwelt in that house it is left desolate indeed."

"Well, well, dearest, let's not argue farther; we can't agree. But I have not yet mentioned Ernest Wentworth: he is a briefless young barrister who has lately set up in the city, but his family is good, and he is a young man of uncommon talents and ac-

quirements. Every body predicts that he will one day grace the highest posts of honor in our land; and if so, think what a feather in my cap 'twill be to say, I had once such a brilliant one at my feet! Of course though I could never think of marrying him—he is poor."

"But, Alice, you said Mr. Wentworth had talents and education,—then has he not the very golden key to exhaustless wealth? Riches may be lost, but talent and learning can seldom be lost till riches too would be valueless as dust. I consider Mr. Wentworth without money richer than Mr. Danvers might be with millions; to borrow an idea from old *Æsop*—the one has but a certain number of golden eggs; the other has the goose that lays the eggs."

"Rather an inelegant illustration, I think. I see we will have to agree to disagree on this subject also. And now I must away to dress for dinner—so '*au revoir*,' sweet coz."

Next evening a pleasant little company assembled in Mr. Stanley's parlor. The cousins were there looking as lovely and as different as usual. Anna was quietly seated in a corner conversing with an agreeable and intelligent lady, who appeared much interested in the young stranger. Alice was standing near the centre of the room, surrounded by a gay crowd of flatterers. Conspicuous among these were Danvers and Warner, who seemed vieing with each other as to which could longest appear to have her attention. But so skilfully did she play them off and on, that although neither seemed quite satisfied, yet each assumed, evidently for the benefit of his rival, an expression of the most intense gratification at his own success. To more acute observers, however, it was apparent that her most adroit blandishments were bestowed upon Ernest Wentworth, a tall intellectual looking young gentleman, who was standing by her side evidently admiring her beauty and vivacity."

"But, Mr. Wentworth," said Alice, "you have not yet made the acquaintance of my little country cousin; see, there she sits on the other side of the room, like a very 'Puss in the corner.'"

"She does seem a rather demure little personage," said Wentworth, "not gifted perhaps with the characteristic family sprightli-

ness to the same extent as some other of her fair cousins."

"Thanking Mr. Wentworth for his graceful, and from *him* grateful compliment to myself, as happening to be Anna's *only* fair cousin, I may say that the little lassie is of rather a quaint and quiet nature, qualifying herself possibly for the post of a parson's wife—which she may well fill, if she does not too much monopolize his books."

"Fond of reading, then, is she?" remarked Wentworth; "she has a very intellectual expression of features."

"Oh, yes," said Alice, not noticing the latter remark; "I expect her to meet a melancholy fate some day, by being caught and crushed like a flower between the leaves of some huge folio."

"Then, Miss Alice, as I wish to commend myself to as many of your family as possible, I will thank you for an introduction now, if you please, as no other gentleman is doing his *devoirs* at present."

Alice presented Mr. Wentworth; then gracefully excusing herself, was soon at the "head of her hosts," with Danvers and Warner again under orders.

"Yours has, hitherto, been quite a country life, Miss Eastland, as your cousin informs me," remarked Wentworth. "How do you relish the contrast presented in your city experience thus far?"

"The contrast indeed sir, I enjoy very much, but possibly 'tis only for the sake of the contrast. I fear that my simple tastes find their greater relish away from the fashionable world, and only by the green pastures and still waters of a quiet country life."

"A poetic, rather than a pastoral taste, perhaps, Miss Eastland, which leads you astray from the busy haunts of men."

"Only so far poetic, sir, as it seems to me a woman's mind must needs be, unless by education warped from its natural impulses."

"Do you not mean to intimate then, that a woman's mind so contradistinguished from man's, is more poetic, or that it is indeed in any wise radically different from man's other than as affected by peculiar education?"

"If you will pardon me, I do think, sir, that woman by nature is, in those mental traits referring to the imagination, sensibilities and emotions, different and in some sense

superior to man; her *perceptive* faculties, I believe, are confessedly superior. This, I think is illustrated in the writings of either sex. The education of each being appropriate, woman has seemed to excel in the finer qualities, in those works which address the imagination, while man excels in those regarding the judgment."

"You do not mean to admit then," rejoined Wentworth, "any general superiority in either except as for particular purposes, and therefore, I presume, would not contemplate them as in competition, but rather as adjuncts, forming only when viewed together a perfect specimen of the human mind; the one supplying the harder, bolder features, the other the more delicate, more salient, perhaps more polished points, fitting at once for different duties, and yet expressly for each other."

"Yes," interrupted Anna, "formed, 'as notes of music are, for one another though dissimilar'—"

Wentworth, bowing, continued—"I suppose then Miss Eastland, from your ideas of the characteristic difference between the minds of man and woman, that their respective mental training should be conducted in reference to such differences; that woman's mind should be supplied with such education as would develope, yet pursue and cultivate the moral faculties, imagination, and the sensibilities; thus preparing her for her own peculiar sphere in life;—that any of the short time allotted her for acquiring an education, is misspent in glancing through those abstruse sciences, which only blunt and deaden her perceptive powers, and at the same time have no practical interest for her mind, or after life? Now a young man without education like"—

"Mr. Warner, Miss Eastland!" interrupted Alice, introducing them, and laughing. She continued—"this conversation was becoming quite too prosy for a party, and I supposed an introduction of Mr. Warner would be *as appropriate just then* as any time, so I will leave him to make Anna's acquaintance. And meantime, Mr. Wentworth, I claim the fulfilment of your engagement for a promenade around this *salon*."

Wentworth strolled away with the fair Alice hanging on his arm, but his thoughts

lingered with Anna, and soon again he sought her side, nor left it till the last, save himself, of the company had departed.

### CHAPTER III.

"And shall we ever on some future day  
Meet but as strangers, or all carelessly  
Speak with calm words, then coldly turn away  
Nor either feel one throb of sympathy?"

The winter was unusually gay in Richmond. Social festivals continued until even Alice began to wish for some variety in their amusements, and to long for the sweet Spring-time. She had found many admirers, and some earnest suitors in the giddy throng that surrounded her, but none more assiduous and devoted in attentions than the wealthy and gallant Mr. Danvers. Poor Warner had looked on with a jealous eye, until at last piqued beyond endurance at the flattering encouragement Alice was bestowing upon his rival, he ventured to remonstrate with her. This, however, only led to hasty words, and finally a sundering of the engagement which had, for more than a year, existed between them.

Anna, who believed them really attached to each other, endeavored to effect a reconciliation, but her kindly efforts were only haughtily repulsed by the spoiled beauty.

Ernest Wentworth had become one of the most frequent visitors at Mr. Stanley's, and although ever courteously attentive to both the cousins, yet to a close observer, it was apparent that the place by Anna's side was somehow longest retained, or relinquished with most reluctance. And Anna, too, felt, though perhaps without even acknowledging it to herself—this morning calls were less formal, and evening parties less wearying when Mr. Wentworth was present to give zest to the conversation. She was however beginning to tire of so much frivolity and to long for the quiet of her own sweet home, and the endearing society of fond parents from whom she had now been separated for months. Consequently she was the more happy, one morning, on the reception of a letter from her father, expressing his intention of coming to take her to Clifton the ensuing week, and began to make preparations for her departure, with a pleasure only impaired by a sincere regret at parting with the

many kind friends she had found in Richmond.

Mr. Eastland arrived at the expected time, but having to return immediately, could only be prevailed upon to tarry a single day with his brother's family. During the day many friends called to express their regrets and say farewell to Anna—and yet one who had been wont to call most frequently—came not.

As the evening wore on Anna often caught herself casting an anxious glance towards the door, and sometimes too, the tell-tale color would suffuse her cheek, while she could scarce suppress a sigh of disappointment when greeting her successive visitors. The quick eye of Alice had not failed to note her cousin's restlessness, and she not unfrequently made some laughing allusion to the agitating effect Anna's adieux seemed to produce. Then too she would wonder if this one were not the last to come, tantalizingly forbearing to express surprise at Ernest's non-appearance, although she felt confident Anna was wondering at it all the time.

It had now become quite late—too late for any more visitors to be expected, and the family sat together awaiting Mr. Stanley's return from his office. He came at length, and after chatting a short time together it was prudently suggested that the expectant travellers should retire to rest, preparatory to the fatigues of the ensuing day. As Mr. Stanley was leaving the parlor, he suddenly drew a letter from his pocket, which he handed to Anna, remarking that he got it during the day at the post office. She very quietly took it, and hurried off to her own apartment to seek in rest, and retirement, an opiate for her excited spirits. Curiosity however soon called her attention to the letter, the direction of which was in a hand writing unknown to her. Breaking the seal, she found to her surprise that it was a communication from Ernest Wentworth; to all appearance written hastily—as if abruptly:—

"You will doubtless be surprised, Miss Eastland, at this step on my part, but I am prevented from calling in person to bid you adieu—and it perhaps is well—for I feel that it might require more self-command that I could summon at such a crisis.

"I may well believe, Miss Anna, that my

eagerness in seeking your society, as my too evident pleasure when in it, could not have been altogether unmarked by your ready perception. And you may form some faint idea of my drear desolation, at the thought of your leaving—so soon—and for so long.

"This may startle, yet do not, I beg, let it offend you until I offer its apology. When first I became aware of the extent of happiness afforded by your presence—aye, of my absolute necessity for that presence, I resolved to subdue at once such a partiality—or if that were impossible, to conceal it from every eye; feeling and knowing that I was all unworthy, and even in no wordly respect justifiable in asking such a boon as a return of this sentiment.

"But at this juncture, the eve of your departure to your distant home, with so remote and uncertain a prospect for any renewal of our association, feeling has overcome all prudential scruples, and I cannot suffer you to go without giving it some expression even in this imperfect and hurried manner: And now may I only venture to ask some evidence, however slight, that I have not incurred your lasting displeasure by the presumption.

E. WENTWORTH."

Anna read and re-read these unexpected lines, breathing a sentiment of deep devotion, in a tone candid and manly, yet so self-deprecating and despondent.

She felt too that she must now admit to herself that she was but too well pleased at such a disclosure from such a person, and yet how truly unprepared for it!

With what intuitive perception which seldom leads a woman to err in matters of the heart, Anna had long believed that Ernest was far from indifferent; yet knowing as she did, his character and situation she had not encouraged the idea that he would have confessed it so soon—if ever.

After the first emotions of surprise had subsided, she began to revolve in her mind what course to adopt.

Upon looking into her heart, she was almost frightened to find how much her feelings were interested, and yet could she tell him—and so suddenly? Still it would be unkind to leave no word of parting and re-

embrance; but what word should she choose, simply neither approving, nor disapproving his communication?

The longer she pondered, the more undecided did she feel as to what ought to be done in the matter: at length exhausted from the unwonted excitement of the days, she fell asleep without having formed any plan whatever.

It was late when she awoke next morning, with scarce time for a hasty toilette before the summons to breakfast. They were to leave immediately after; but in the haste and confusion of departure she retreated to her own apartment, and penned a few hurried lines to Ernest, which might not leave him quite to despair. Not knowing what other disposition to make at this juncture, she left the note directed to Wentworth with her cousin Alice.

The last farewells were exchanged, and Mr. Eastland and Anna left the city for their retired country home.

#### CHAPTER IV.

—"Passing away  
Is stamped on all we love!"

For many hours Anna was too sad to enter into conversation with her father, but feeling at length that it was selfish to be thus wholly engrossed with her own thoughts, she now began to make more particular enquiries about her home, and of all that had occurred during her absence. She learned to her great distress, and what her father had hitherto tenderly concealed from her, that her mother, whose health had always been delicate, was evidently rapidly declining. It cost much pain to communicate these sad tidings, but Mr. Eastland felt that it would be but mistaken kindness, only to postpone till the hour of meeting, the shock that he well knew his wife's altered appearance would occasion her affectionate daughter.

Sadly and quietly they pursued the remainder of their journey, and Anna was soon sobbing on the bosom of her beloved mother, who had now become too feeble to leave her room.

The balmy genial air of spring, however, so much revived the invalid, that her fond friends almost flattered themselves that she

might still be spared many years to them. In this hope Anna and her father began immediately to make preparations for a summer tour to the Virginia Springs, trusting that the trip would aid much to facilitate Mrs. Eastland's restoration.

Since her return from the city, Anna had been so entirely absorbed with her suffering parent, that she had found very little time for turning her thoughts and attention to other things. She and Alice had occasionally exchanged letters, but Alice's epistles were rather unsatisfactory—filled for the most part with descriptions of dress, beaux, and the numerous parties and places of amusement she was attending. Ernest she never mentioned, and Anna almost despaired of ever hearing anything concerning him, or the hastily written note she had left in Alice's keeping. With her parents she soon left home for the various watering places in the western part of the State where, finding that Mrs. Eastland improved beyond their most sanguine expectations, they tarried most of the summer.

Upon their return late in the month of September, she found a letter from Alice awaiting her, which had arrived several weeks before. It was long, giving more general information than usual. It told of her betrothal to Mr. Danvers—of the many handsome presents her wealthy lover had already made her, and of the visions of splendor she was indulging for the future. Frederick Warner had married Kate Sutherland, out of pure spite she believed—and it was said each had been sadly disappointed in the wealth of the other. Then the heartless girl told how poor Fred was giving himself up to dissipation, and how much she congratulated herself upon her own fortunate escape. Ernest Wentworth had gone to Europe. The letter closed by begging that Anna would officiate as bridesmaid at her nuptials, which it had been arranged were to take place in the fall.

Anna was much surprised at the various contents of this letter, and not a little so at Ernest's departure on a foreign tour. True she had often heard him express a wish, or intention, to travel through Europe, but had not supposed he would go so soon. And now she felt more and more at a loss to ac-

count for his strange silence towards herself.

As the autumn advanced Mrs. Eastland again evinced symptoms of debility and disease, and it was soon evident to her friends, that their fears had only been lulled by one of those flattering respites with which consumption so often deludes its victims. She seemed passing away from them calmly and peacefully;—

"As fades a summer cloud away,  
As sinks the gale when storms are o'er.  
As gently shuts the eye of day,  
As dies a wave along the shore."

And at the close of a chill November day, when another letter arrived from Alice, begging her cousin's presence at her wedding the ensuing week, it found her watching beside the couch of her dying mother.

The last sad rites of the solemn funeral were performed, and Anna and her father were left alone in their desolate home, from which the purest light of domestic love was to them forever extinguished.

She endeavored to control and subdue her own distress, that she might be better enabled to comfort and soothe the deep grief of her sorrowing parent. A settled melancholy seemed to have overcast his spirit. And it was now that she felt the power of that strengthening and sustaining religion which had been early inculcated by her who was gone; and of which Anna and her father had a short time previous made a profession. They were not left comfortless, for he who is a "stronghold in time of trouble," was with them.

A few months after Mrs. Eastland's death, Anna's father called her to his bedside, telling her that she must now be the companion of his cares. He informed her that he had on that morning received a letter from her uncle, who was suddenly involved in great pecuniary distress, and now asked his assistance; that this was not the first time such a demand had been made: and Mr. Eastland now disclosed to her amazement, that he believed his brother to be irretrievably in debt, and that he, himself, had not only frequently lent him considerable sums of money, but had also become his security for a large amount.

Mr. Eastland and his daughter conversed long upon the subject, and although it pained

him to come to such a conclusion, yet he felt that it was his duty not to refuse Mr. Stanley's request. The latter soon declared his inability to meet the demands of his creditors, and his property was sold at a great sacrifice.

And now, when too late, did Mr. Eastland experience the unhappy effects of his indiscreet kindness. The bulk of his own property he found must go to discharge their responsibilities; and it would be necessary for himself and Anna to resign their comfortable residence, and seek some humbler home. All these things bore heavily upon his already drooping spirit, and Anna soon became aware that her father was actually sinking beneath his accumulated misfortunes.

They had not yet left that home where they had known so much of sorrow, when one evening Mr. Eastland called his daughter to the couch, to which he was now almost entirely confined, and putting an arm around her waist, drew her closer to his side saying—

"Anna, my love, I am well aware that my days are numbered—the sands of life are nearly spent, and you will soon be left alone. For myself, I have through the grace of God, hopes of happiness beyond the grave, and a blessed re-union with your sainted mother, but you, my daughter, will be left penniless in the world, and this is what embitters my dying hours."

"Oh father! father!" cried the deeply agitated Anna, "do not talk so; say you will try to live for my sake—my hands will never weary working for your support, and we may yet spend many happy hours together, do not, I entreat, talk of leaving me alone!"

"It is His will my child who 'doeth all things well;' seek Him then who has promised that 'when father and mother forsake, I will take thee up.' Compose yourself, my dear child, and listen to what I am about to propose. I have been thinking while I lay here to-day, that you can perhaps find a pleasant home with your aunt in Philadelphia, and it is my desire that you write immediately, apprizing her of your misfortune. Will you not comply with your father's last wishes, my daughter?"

She was too much agitated to reply, but tenderly kissing her father, amid sobs and

tears left the room to do his bidding. Not wishing to remain long from her father in his feeble condition, she hastily wrote a few lines begging her aunt to come to them without delay.

Mr. Eastland sank rapidly, and in a few more days was numbered with the dead. As a sufficient time had not elapsed to allow Mrs. Howard to reach Clifton, Anna, though overcome with grief, was obliged to rouse herself to attend to the sad duties of the funeral. It was well perhaps that she was thus compelled to exert herself, since it allowed less time for indulging her own feelings, now almost bordering on despair.

Mrs Howard accompanied by her son Walter, a youth near Anna's own age, arrived the day after, and her considerate kindness, and tender sympathies, greatly soothed the heart of the lone orphan.

*(To be concluded in the February No.)*

## EVE, TWILIGHT AND NIGHT.

BY M. LL. W. H.

The flaming banners of the West,  
Have parted far and wide,  
And o'er the space that lies between,  
Light golden fleeces glide,  
As snowy swans are sometimes seen  
Upon a silver tide.

A glow is on the beechen woods,  
The purple twilight falls,  
Like slumber soft o'er earth and sea,  
And Ardolph's shattered walls,—  
'Neath which the stream melodiously  
Unto the echo calls.

The moon doth climb with gentle grace  
The mountain's steeply height,  
And myriad stars are thronging past  
Upon the watcher's sight,  
A halo as from Heaven seems cast  
Around thy brow, O Night!



## POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia has recently printed a sermon, delivered on Thanksgiving Day, from which we give our readers the following extract, as showing how "Politics in Religion" may be handled by a brilliant divine.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

—

"Governments have a moral character as patent and as paraded as the device on their banner folds. The elder *Rome* was an unscrupulous robber. The elder *Greece* was an exquisite voluptuary. *Russia* to-day is a sturdy and selfish churl. *France* is an ambitious and unprincipled man of fashion. *Spain* is a wasted and wrinkled and scorned courtesan, in the decay and decrepitude of her dissolute living. *England* is a cross breed between the Pharisee and the prize-fighter. And *America* is a well trained yet most passionate youth, of whom it is altogether a problem whether the manhood be a fine Christian gentleman or an unprincipled ruffian. \* \* \*

"While the great end of all legislation in regard of public vices should be—the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal, and so should be always characterized by great moderation and mercy—nevertheless, such legislation should be powerful and prompt; at once impartial in its application and unyielding in its enactments. *It should be impartial in its application.* And here, perhaps, more than elsewhere, in the short-coming of our criminal code. It bears unequally upon the castes of society. Its type is too truthfully a spider's web, strong as a hempen cord around the wing of a poor fly; but weak as gossamer to the golden plumes of the humming-bird. It punishes without mercy the shivering beggar who makes theft of a coat to keep him from freezing; but smiles graciously on the fraudulent bankrupt who, out of enormous robberies, can rear a palace of marble and crowd it with the magnificence of an oriental monarch. It is all iron to the poor drayman who happens to jostle your carriage and mar a wheel or a panel; but only poppy and rose-leaf to

a titled commander who, in mad race upon the water, runs his bark into shipwreck—the ruthless murderer of your beloved ones. It has fetter and dungeon for the poor coiner who utters a spurious shilling; but only opium and cologne for the swindling officials of a banking-house, flooding a whole land with utterances as worthless. Verily, the criminal jurisprudence of our times has the Pharisee's moral conscience; straining out with shuddering recoil the poor *gnat* of iniquity, yet swallowing without shrug or contortion, hump and all, the whole monstrous *camel*. \* \* \*

"Our eagle does guard jealously and well our *civil* rights. Let a man—I care not how unknown—I care not how insignificant—from the banks of the Connecticut or the ridges of the Alleghanies—let him go abroad to the ends of the earth with merchandise for commerce, and with the stars and stripes waving over him—wo be unto the prince or potentate who dares to lay ruthless hands on one cord of his tent, or one ware of his traffic! Touch but his pilgrim staff, or his sandal shoon, or his scrip, or his garment, and then beware! The eagle! the eagle! How he swoops and screams! But now let this same man go abroad as a *religious* being, pitching his tent as a sanctuary for the living God, and opening therein his blessed Bible as bread from heaven; and then let oppression rock his dwelling into dust, and burn his heavenly treasure into ashes, and alas for the eagle now! It will swoop you as gently as 'any sucking dove,' and scream you as softly 'as it were any nightingale.'

"And I say, shame, shame, on the eagle! thus to care for the meanest right, and neglect the noblest—thus to guard the small fraction of a man, but forget his whole manhood. To sit as an omnipotent protector on a barber's pole by the Rhine—and be scared from a heaven-pointing spire of God's temple in Italy. To flash his eyes in wrathful fire when men dare to shiver my wine flask—and doze like an owl in the sun when they tear away my Bible. Shame! shame! on the eagle!

"Our government has been *great* in its

*little things.* Like little Zaccheus, climbing into a tall sycamore tree, to show himself the chief of the tax gatherers, it has been a worthy 'publican,' sitting amid the farthing boxes, at the receipt of custom. All praise unto our great statesmanship! We have made magnificent battle for codfish on the Banks—and guano in South America. We have blustered for the Black Warrior's cotton in Cuba, and thundered with great guns for national honour at Greytown. We have bearded all Europe on the grand question of diplomatic costume, and maintained, in the face of all creation, our inalienable rights to wear either broadcloth, or velvet, or homespun, as we will, everywhere and always.

"Glorious things are spoken of us! We are accomplishing feats of statesmanship, such as Washington never dreamed of. The 'stripes'—at least the stripes are belted broad on our banners, be it as it may with 'the stars.' *Cæsar, at least, ought to be satisfied.* We have tithed all the meanest herbs of the earth in tribute to his treasury. The eagle has gathered straws for his eyrie, if he have not soared to the sun. The *Eagle!* nay, henceforth paint me an *Owl* as the blazon on our banners. A bird that can see every reptile in the midnight, but not even Mont Blanc or Niagara in the blaze of the sun. Alas, alas for our greater things. 'Wo, wo unto us, for we tithe mint, and rue, and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God.'

"We, a Christian people! *Ours*, a religious government! We 'keep God's commandments!' We, 'have no other gods before Him!' We, 'make no graven images!' We, 'take not the name of the Lord in vain!' We, 'keep the Sabbath holy!' 'not coveting,' nor 'killing,' nor 'stealing,' nor 'committing adultery,' nor 'bearing false witness!' Alas, alas, every specific precept of this Divine Law answers, in the headlong course of Young America, about the purpose of a hedge in a steeple-chase, to show with how high and daring a leap the horseman may go over it! Our national Christianity is a strongly distilled compound of the Mosaic and Levitical. Moses shivering the divine tables, and Aaron at work on the calf! And on the whole the divine law in

the midst of us fares worse than did God's holy ark, when the Philistines brought it on its way from Ebenezer to Ashdod.

"Oh! thou Eagle, hear the word of the Lord! Oh! thou Eagle! 'Thy terrible-ness and the pride of thy heart have deceived thee: thou that dwellest in the cleft of the rock, and holdest the height of the hill, and sayest in thine heart, who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord God Almighty?'"

"Oh! thou eagle! From the death-dust of every nation that hath gone down to the grave—from the sepulchres of Nineveh and Tyre, and Egypt and Edom, rise shadows for the plumes of thy wing, if thine eye look not full on the Great Son of Righteousness!"

"We are met in times, never so solemn, never so momentous with magnificent and awful issues! If there be truth in the signs of the times, then is the Seventh Trumpet already on the angel's lip—and the last of God's vials lifted up over the nations—and already are there lightnings and thunderings, and great voices, and a sound as of the great hail falling from heaven! and as of the rush of every Island and mountain fleeing from the face of an angry God!"

"The year we are now ending has been a year full of the power of the right arm of Omnipotence. Under other nations is already awake and amove the great earthquake; and upon us, amid all our amazing mercies, there have fallen the seemings of a frown from the face of the Great Father. Ours have been a parched and blighted soil; the wide desolation of pestilence; the awful calamities of a devouring ocean; the dark judgments consequent upon gigantic frauds and dishonesty, deranging and paralyzing our whole commercial machinery; the grinding of our Golden God into powder, and the strewing it upon the water, till the whole land to-day is sick as Old Israel in the compelled drinking of its bitterness.

"And what mean all these things, I say, but the shivering plume of the Seventh Angel, as he lifts the last trump and pours forth the last viol?"

## MY MOTHER.

The fount from which my being flowed—  
 The calm pure fount of life and love,—  
 The star that o'er my cradle glowed,  
 And beamed my boyhood's path above,—  
 Have ceased from earth,—and lonely now,  
 Oh mother! o'er thy grave I bow!

From childhood's dawn to manhood's hour,  
 Thy tender love was still my guide;  
 It nurtured first the opening flower,  
 And all mine infant wants supplied:  
 Yes, every life-pulse of my heart  
 Drew from thy breast its vital part!

What visions of mine early years,  
 What scenes of love, what sounds of joy.  
 What prayers, carresses, smiles and tears.  
 What counsels to the wayward boy,  
 Now swim before my careworn eyes,  
 While bending where my mother lies!

Her high pale brow, her patient smile,  
 Her lips where tenderest kisses hung,  
 Her graceful form, though bent awhile,  
 So queenly when her life was young,—  
 All pass athwart my throbbing brain,  
 And bring her image back again!

I see her by my father's side,  
 In holiest love and union blest;  
 I see them smiling in the pride,  
 On happy children 'round them pressed,  
 And now with fond parental care,  
 They kneel in morn and evening prayer!

Oh, she was all that's brightest—best—  
 So "pure in heart," so rich in mind,—  
 Of every social worth possessed,—  
 By every Christian grace refined—  
 Faultless she filled her part below,  
 And passed where only such may go!

She's passed to heaven—but oh, how dark  
 The sky from which her smile has gone!  
 No star now lives to guide my bark,—  
 No fount to cheer my spirit on.  
 Yet, till my life shall cease to be,  
 Her memory shall abide with me!

A. B. MEEK.

## Editor's Table.

Once again in the sanctum, the Editor of the *Messenger* offers his New Year's salutations to the public, and resumes with real satisfaction that regular intercourse with the readers of the magazine, which has been some time interrupted by his European rambles. The *Messenger* is now in its twenty-first year, and as the oldest work of its

kind in the United States, with the exception of the *Knickerbocker*, (which is about six months its senior,) it deserves the generous support of the educated classes of the country. More especially does it merit the hearty encouragement of the Southern people, whose literary exponent it has sought to be, and whose institutions it has always ably defended. Yet we deem it proper to tell the Southern people that for years past, the *Messenger* has met with only the most meagre patronage, and now stands in urgent need of enlarged means, or it must share the fate of other similar works that have preceded it and perished. Harper's *Magazine* has probably five times as many subscribers *South of the Potomac*, though articles of very questionable character find ready admission to its pages, and even Putnam's *Monthly*, which has recently outraged the entire slaveholding portion of the Union by lending itself to the extremist views of the abolitionists, has a larger circulation among slaveholders. Facts of this sort would seem to indicate that the people of the South are not merely indifferent to their own literary journals which spring out of, and uphold their social system, but prefer to foster those of the North whose aim it is to bring that social system to destruction. We hope we will not be accused of ill-natured repinings when we say that this is cruelly unjust. But if it be so, we only wish to know it for certain. We can not afford to keep up the *Messenger* merely as a matter of sentiment, and if it be the will of Southerners, of Virginians, that it should cease to exist, discreditable as this would be to our section of the country, we acquiesce.

Meanwhile let us inform those kind and tried friends of the magazine whose names remain on the *Messenger* books with no unpaid subscription against them, that for the year 1855 we shall endeavor to provide a literary entertainment in all respects equal to what has been given in former years. It is a proud consciousness for the Editor to know that the stinted support the *Messenger* has received, during his connection with it, is in no manner attributable to the character of its *matériel*, since many of the most successful books which the press has put forth of late were originally written for its pages. The *Reveries of a Bachelor*, Tuckerman's *Characteristics of Literature*, and *The Flush Times of Alabama* were quite as pathetic, discriminative and witty when published in our columns as when issued in book form, though the public unfortunately did not think so. *Au reste*, we have still a list of contributors embracing some of the best writers in the land, and we shall omit no exertion to maintain the good repute of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER to the last.

And now, good readers, a Happy New Year!

## Notices of New Works.

**THE REPUBLICAN COURT, or American Society in the Days of Washington.** By *Rufus Wilmot Griswold*. With twenty-one portraits of distinguished Women. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1854.

The deluge of pseudo-philanthropic stories and sickly romances which, since the advent of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has overrun the Northern press, and the apparent avidity with which this sort of "machine literature" is received by the public, have not deterred some sterling writers from producing works of untainted and standard excellence. Among the latter for the present season, "The Republican Court," by Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, is preëminent.

Any volume from the pen of this learned and accomplished author, will find a first place in the literature of our country. The well-earned reputation of Dr. Griswold among men of letters guarantees so much in advance: and the present work fully justifies our assertion. We purpose, at as great length as our space permits, to call the attention of our readers to this fascinating publication.

The Republican Court is a delineation of American Society in the days of Washington. It affords the best illustration of the manners of those times, and pictures with truthfulness the characteristics of the eminent persons who figured in an age the most important and extraordinary in our history.

The magnitude of the undertaking is comprehended at once. It is a subject which genius alone cannot compass, for with the embellishments of fancy it must unite historical truth. It requires patient labor, research and the warrant of authorities. What is written must be well weighed—for it has to stand a severe test. With this the author appears properly impressed. His strict adherence to truth, in those portions of the work of which all students of American history can judge, is valuable evidence of a similar fidelity in other parts of which we are not so well able to judge, not having the facilities with which the author has been furnished. Besides a large collection of authorities which Dr. Griswold possesses in his extensive collection, he says that he has two thousand unpublished private letters, of which some three hundred were written by Washington, and great numbers by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Pinckney, the families of Wolcott, McKean, Livingston, Boudinot, Willing and others.

In our judgment, Dr. Griswold will gain more extended fame by this, his latest work, than by any other that he has written. Although he tells us it was prepared when his health was so feeble that at one time he thought he would not have strength to finish it, (and actually was obliged to call in the assistance of another to write the second chapter,) we find no evidence of feebleness in any part or portion of the book. With Dr. Griswold it must have been a labor of love. The perusal of authorities—of manuscripts—nay, the very handling of those old and sacred letters, must have inspired him with enthusiasm for his subject. He has infused into the whole composition both elegance of style and purity of language. He has made of it in every particular a highly finished and artistic performance, without the

slightest departure from facts and without any coloring of incidents. In short, he has given us the most interesting and fascinating book that has appeared for many years.

The volume opens at the end of the war, when Washington was about leaving New York. The parting with his officers at Francis's tavern in that city is eloquently described. "I cannot come to each of you," said the chief to his assembled warriors, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come to me and take me by the hand." This and his public audience with Congress, the author calls scenes among the most impressive in human history.

We quote the following from the concluding portion of the first chapter:

"Washington, meanwhile, surrounded by his family and friends, was busy with his long neglected private affairs, and with great plans for the improvement and extension of inland navigation, until the meeting of the Convention for forming the Federal Constitution, of which he reluctantly consented to be a member. In the beginning of 1784 he wrote to Lafayette, 'At length, my dear Marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with fathers.' In the following August Lafayette revisited this country and passed two weeks with the chief at Mount Vernon; and when he was gone Washington set off on horseback to see his lands in the Western country, travelling in this way nearly seven hundred miles along the routes of his earlier military experiences, to the scene of Braddock's defeat, at Fort Du Quesne. What a marvellous book, could they have been recorded, would have been the hero's reveries and dreams, thus wandering between his own great history and germinating empires in which 'the free spirit of mankind at length' should 'throw its fetters off.' After his return he again saw Lafayette, who had accomplished an extensive tour through the Northern States, and been every where greeted with fit public honors. When at last they turned from each other, at Annapolis, to which place Washington accompanied his departing friend, he writes, 'I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I should ever have of you? and though I wished to say No, yet my fears answered Yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found they had long since fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years in climbing, and that though I was blessed with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and consequently to my prospect of seeing you again. But I will not repine; I have had my day.' It was in-

deed the last meeting of Lafayette and Washington; but the Chief had not yet lived his day; stormy or dark or splendid, thus much of it was but the morning, and now he was resting, not in its night, but in its calm though clouded noon; and new toils, different and not less glorious, awaited him before the serenely magnificent setting of his sun, and the completion of the vast proportions of his character, so that it should not stand alone for the admiration, but for the loving and reverent amazement of the world.

With Governor Clinton of New York, Washington proposed buying the mineral springs at Saratoga, but something prevented. His old companions in arms, in France, were very anxious that he should spend a winter in Paris, but he declined. As often as he was called away from home the admiring and grateful people greeted him with the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, but he received all honors modestly, and all evidences of affection gratefully. Houdon came from France to model his statue, and Pine from England to paint his portrait, and Mount Vernon was thronged with illustrious guests from many nations, eager to become personally acquainted with the greatest of men, who passed his days and nights without a thought or fancy of ambition, in the cultivation of his farm—the happiest of men as well as the greatest. There is nothing in all history more respectable, more dignified, or more wonderful, considering the common infirmities of human nature, than those four years of Washington's retirement and repose, between the Revolution and the Convention for forming the federal constitution, in which, as if it were a matter of course, he was called to preside."

Dr. Griswold, in the preface before alluded to, claims particular merit for the next chapter, which is entitled "The Convention." This is the one, for the preparation of which he is indebted to an "eminent man of letters." Who this anonymous *litterateur* is we cannot guess, but, *certainly*, he has not added to the attraction of the volume. On the contrary we much prefer Dr. Griswold by himself; for really this is the only chapter to which critical exception can, to any extent, be taken. We might, if we would, allude particularly to the bad taste displayed in off-hand descriptions of some of the celebrated personages who formed that memorable Convention, which framed the Constitution. But we let it pass.

After giving us many and lengthened pictures of the Northern celebrities of that body, the writer comes to portray those of the South. There is rather a happy allusion to George Washington, one of the delegates from Virginia, whom he does not presume to describe. "We can only belittle him, by praising him as we would another man," he says, and says truly. How proudly did Virginia stand represented that day, by her son, the idol of all the States—of all American hearts!

The following sketch of John Rutledge of South Carolina is well done, and is free from the criticism we have just hinted at.

"But let me call your attention to John Rutledge, of South Carolina, an able and most accomplished gentleman. He is of Irish descent on the father's side, though a native of the State which he here represents. He studied law in the Temple, London, and returning to Charleston, commenced practice, so far back as 1761. He is very eloquent, and at once rose to the first rank in his profession. When Massachusetts, in 1764, proposed to the other provinces to appoint committees to meet in a Congress, as one step towards cementing an union, it was John Rutledge who induced the Assembly

of South Carolina to agree the proposal, and he, with Christopher Gadsden and Thomas Lynch, were appointed representatives. He was the youngest of the three, and probably the youngest member of the Congress which met in New-York in 1765. He was but some twenty-seven years old. The North, at that time, knew but little of the South; its inhabitants were supposed to be indolent and luxurious, and, at any rate, but little was expected from such a seeming stripling as John Rutledge; he spoke, and sober and thoughtful old men were surprised into admiration and respect by the eloquence of the young representative from South Carolina. His power over his constituents is very great. When news of the Boston port-bill reached Charleston, expresses were sent over the State to call a general meeting of the inhabitants. They came, and it was easy to induce them to appoint delegates to a general Congress; but there came propositions to instruct them how far they might go in supporting the Bostonians. John Rutledge rose in all his might; his subject was, 'No instructions to the representatives,' but full authority to exercise the discretion, and a pledge, to the men of New England, that South Carolina would, to the death, stand by all her delegates promised for her. Some one in opposition asked what should be done if the delegates made an improper use of this large grant of power? With an energy of manner which was in itself as forcible as an argument, the clear sound of his voice rose above the listening auditory, and rung out in his short words, full alike of decision and honesty, "Hang them." The impression was irresistible, and the delegates went without directions as to their conduct, ready to help Boston to the full extent of their ability. John Rutledge was one of those delegates. Washington cherished always the highest estimate of his virtues, and he referred to him, while he himself was a member of that body, as the greatest orator in the Continental Congress. He has served his State in her highest offices; she has unbounded confidence in his patriotism, talents, decision, and firmness, and has now sent him to assist in making him a constitution.

The chapters following "The Convention" are taken up with descriptions of "The Inauguration" of Washington as first President under the Constitution—Society in "New York Metropolitan" and in Philadelphia—and the President's tours in the East and the South.

It is delightful to read of the social lives of those great and glorious persons who formed "the Republican Court." It is a privilege to be let into their home circles, to see them at their domestic gatherings, their dinners—their balls—for seeing them thus we learn to love them more.

Mrs. Washington did not come to New York from Mount Vernon with her husband. He preceded her by a short time. On her arrival, although it was not customary with the President to give formal invitations, yet on that day—Vice President Adams, Governor Clinton—the Count de Moustier, Don Diego Gardogin, Mr. Jay, General Arthur St. Clair, Senators Langdon, Wingate, Izard and Few, and Mr. Muhlenberg speaker of the House of Representatives, dined at his table *en famille*. As there was no Clergyman present Washington himself said grace. He dined on a boiled leg of mutton. It was his custom to eat of only one dish. After the dessert a simple glass of wine was offered to each of the guests, and when it was drunk the President rose, all the company following his example, and repaired to the drawing room, whence every one departed as he chose, without the least ceremony. Such simplicity was worthy of the Chief of

our early Republic, and of what our Republic has since become.

The President on every Tuesday afternoon received all persons that chose to call upon him; and on every Friday evening the drawing rooms of the Presidential residence were opened from eight till ten o'clock for visits to Mrs. Washington, at which the chief was always present. These assemblages were marked by as little ostentation or restraint as the ordinary intercourse of respectable circles. They were accessible to the families of persons connected with the government, to distinguished strangers, and indeed to all men and women whose social position entitled them to a recognition to a polite and cultivated society, while they furnished opportunities for visits of civility and courtesy by the more intimate friends of the President and his household.

We would be glad had we the space to quote the long and deserved notice of Mr. Bingham of Philadelphia, whose reputation for distinction and influence is found in that city as fresh almost at the end of half a century as at its beginning—but we must conclude with one more extract, which we could not pass over. It is taken from the chapter entitled "The Southern Tour."

"Charleston at this period was the seat of a refined and generous hospitality, and in social elegance was far in advance of any other city in the Southern States. Always conservative, her inhabitants were slow to admit any innovations in manners, and the tasteful and rich costumes of the middle of the century were still worn therefore by the more respected classes, though numerous modifications had been generally adopted in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Milliners and tailors corresponded directly with the inventors of dresses in London and Paris, and had little regard for the taste of our Republican Court. Women preferred the French fashions, and often improved upon them. But Dr. Ramsay assures us that they rarely had resolution enough to follow their own correct ideas in originating styles entirely new. Gentlemen were partial to blue, the product of their staple indigo, and most of them had at all times at least one coat of that color. Pantaloon suits had been introduced and were now worn by some of the younger men, but in a few years they were entirely laid aside and breeches again adopted, notwithstanding the superior fitness of the more modern garment for so warm a climate. A keen sensibility on points of personal honor gave rise to frequent duels, so that more took place in South Carolina, than in all the nine States north of Maryland, but it was regarded as a consequence of this practice that there was a pervading propriety and courtesy in society. Drunkenness, we have the authority of Dr. Ramsay for believing, 'might be called an endemic vice' there, and he finds for it an apology in the qualities of the atmosphere. Periodical races, hunting and fishing, and luxurious and protracted dinners, occupied the attention of old and young, while in dancing and music there was a more common proficiency than in any other part of the country. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt observed that from the hour of four in the afternoon the people of Charleston rarely thought of anything but pleasure and amusement; they had two gaming houses, and both were constantly full; many of the inhabitants having been abroad, had acquired a greater knowledge of European manners and a stronger partiality to them than were found in the north and foreign modes of life were consequently more prevalent. The women were more lively than he had seen elsewhere, and took a greater share in the commerce of society, but without any lessening of modesty or delicate propriety in their behavior. They were interesting

and agreeable, but perhaps not quite so handsome as those of Philadelphia. The President arrived in Charleston on Monday, the second day of May. A twelve-oared barge, manned by thirteen captains of American ships, conveyed him, with several of the most distinguished gentlemen of the State, from Hadriell's Point, and accompanying barges, containing a band with instruments, and singers, greeted him with triumphal airs and songs, whilst a large procession of gaily caparisoned boats gave to the river a brilliant and beautiful appearance. On landing he was received by Governor Pinckney, the attendants and wardens of the city, the society of the Cincinnati, and the military of the district, all of whom attended his procession, amid the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the acclamations of the people, first to the Exchange, where he was welcomed in a formal address, and then to the house prepared for his reception.

He remained in Charleston a week, and every day received evidences of the affectionate admiration and respect of the people. The merchants were foremost in rendering him honor. In their address to him they said, 'Were it possible for your fellow citizens to omit doing justice to your merits, the testimony of other nations would evince their neglect or ingratitude—the whole world concurring in the same opinion of you. . . . Sensible of the numerous blessings our country has derived from your wise and judicious administration, we feel animated with the most lively sentiments of gratitude towards you: suffer us, then, to represent to you the feelings with which we are impressed, by assuring you that we yield to none in sincere respect and attachment to your person; and we earnestly implore the Almighty Father of the universe long to preserve a life so valuable and dear to the people over whom you preside.' He answered, 'Your congratulations on my arrival in South Carolina, enhanced by the affectionate manner in which they are offered, are received with the most grateful sensibility. Flattered by the favorable sentiments you express of my endeavors to be useful to our country, I desire to assure you of my constant solicitude for its welfare, and of my particular satisfaction in observing the advantages which accrue to the highly deserving citizens of this State from the operations of the general government. I am not less indebted to you for your expressions of personal attachment and respect; they receive my best thanks, and induce my most sincere wishes for your professional propriety, and your individual happiness.'

"On Wednesday evening he attended the corporation ball, at which there were more than two hundred and fifty women, many of whom wore sashes and ribbons emblazoned with his portrait and with appropriate inscriptions. He entered the room with Governor Pinckney, Senators Izard and Butler, and several other public characters, and after being seated a few moments arose, and passing round the rapidly formed circle, saluted every lady, 'which gave particular satisfaction, as every one was anxious to have a good view of him.' The City Hall was elegantly decorated for the occasion. The pillars were re-entwined with laurels and flowers, and the walls festooned with banners and adorned with pictures.

"On Thursday he dined with a large party at Governor Pinckney's, and in the evening attended a concert by the Saint Cecilia Society, at which there was even a greater display of beauty and elegance than at the corporation ball.

"On Friday he dined with Major Pierce Butler, and on Saturday was entertained with great splendor by the merchants at the Exchange. Among the invited guests were the Governor, the senators and representatives of

the State in Congress; the attendant and wardens of the city, resident officers of the National and State governments, members of the South Carolina legislature for the Charleston district, and the clergy of every denomination. The toast of the President was, 'The commercial interests of Charleston;' and after he retired, the company drank with great enthusiasm, 'The President of the United States; long may he live to enjoy the praises of a grateful people.' The President left the Exchange at eight o'clock, and proceeded to the City Hall, to view the exhibition of fire-works. He afterwards rode with Mr. Izard to the houses of several gentlemen, before returning to his lodgings.

"On Sunday he attended divine service, in the morning and afternoon, and dined in a private manner with General Moultrie."

We confess to have derived the liveliest pleasure as well as much valuable instruction from the perusal of this work. The interest to the reader is so continually kept up that no one who has commenced it, can possibly lay it down till it is finished. Besides its literary merit, the volume is rendered still more attractive by its illustrations, (being twenty-one exquisitely engraved portraits of distinguished women after paintings by Stuart, Trumbull &c.,) and the superb manner in which it is produced by the publishers.

**SOUTHWARD HO! A Spell of Sunshine.** By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.* New York: Redfield. 1854. [From James Woodhouse.

"Southward ho!

As the waves flow, as the winds blow,  
Spread free the sunny sail, let us go, friends, go!"

is Mr. Simms' motto, and the best criticism of this entertaining volume would be the simple declaration that every thing about it is *Southern*. It is scarcely necessary, however, to tell the readers of the Messenger that this is the character of Mr. Simms' last volume;—his first and all which followed it have brimmed and overflowed with the warmest, strongest and most enthusiastic devotion to the land of the South. This sentiment is so strong in the author of the "Partisan," and especially so strongly revealed in the work before us, that some of the pages of "Southward Ho!" where refractor Northern gentlemen suffer argumentative destruction, are richly humorous, from the excess of Southern patriotism alone. We have a right, it is true, to take exception to Mr. Simms' somewhat extravagant caricature of the Virginian in his "hours of ease" on the tavern porch, his feet on a barrel, his hand on a mint julep, and a cigar buried in the corner of his mouth, (it should have been a pipe,) but we are so glad to meet with an appreciative estimate of the Old Dominion and the genius of her sons that this is soon forgotten. The pages of the volume devoted to our soil are among the most pleasant in the book; especially do we recall a vivid picture of the valley of the Shenandoah, as true to nature as it is exquisite in painting. We claim to know something of those "sweet fields," and we here state for the benefit of those who have not explored the region, that it has nowhere been half as truly painted as in this vivid page of "Southward Ho!"

Mr. Simms' description of Jamestown, and his *coup d'oeil* of the old days there are admirable. His "Legend of Pocahontas" is *facile princeps* among the many poems on the same subject. So much for the Virginia portion of the volume, which is all we have yet been able to read. Of the numerous tales scattered throughout the vol-

umes, after the manner of Signor Boccaccio, we need not say much, and especially are not called on to reveal the "meaning of the mystery." Some of them are interesting, but we would have omitted the nameless story of Jamestown and the cargo of wives. We have spoken of this work, thus fully, because it deserves a wide popularity especially in the South, which it treats of, and whose cause it espouses with admirable fervor. The work is worthy of attention otherwise however, and we commend it to our friends wherever they may be. It is published in the uniform style of Mr. Simms' republication of his romances.

**WOOD NOTES, OR CAROLINA CAROLS: A Collection of North Carolina Poetry.** Compiled by *Tenella*. In two volumes. Raleigh: Warren and Pomeroy. 1854.

These tasteful volumes are worthy of a longer notice at our hands, than we fear the pressure of literary matter upon our editorial table will permit us to accord them. They appeal very strongly to our Southern feeling, and we have read a number of the carols with the deepest interest. We have no hesitation in saying that the poem of "Ianthé," by Mr. Seymour W. Whiting is musical, perfectly sustained, and instinct with as much rhythmic melody as any verse in the English language. This is extreme praise we know, but we do not hesitate to stake our literary reputation upon the assertion. "A Day on the Hills," by J. M. Lovejoy, is an admirable specimen of Spenserian verse, and his short ballad "Napoleon" full of energy and vigor. Here is a verse—

"O'er blasted thrones his eagles flew,  
The smoke of war went rolling back.  
While from the ashes empires grew  
And shed their splendor on his track;  
The hero-gods of ancient time  
Sit in his shadow, common things;  
He stood above the world sublime,  
His playmate—War: his playthings—Kings."

The beauty of the line we have italicised need not be pointed out.

We cannot in our circumscribed space more than refer to other poems of great merit—the graceful "Hills of Dan," "The Marriage of the Sun and Moon," etc. An extended analysis of the volumes in addition would, we fear, cause us to stumble over many specimens of mere chaff, mixed with the golden sheaves. We must not omit however all mention of the pieces of "Tenella," the compiler of the volumes. Many of the graceful and beautiful verses of Tenella have appeared in the Messenger, and we need not recall them to the memory of our readers who have more than once conveyed to us the expression of their very great admiration for the fair writer's genius. They will be found collected in these volumes, with others, and we are glad to have them in our library in this form. Wood Notes is published in Raleigh: without looking at the *imprimatur* we should suppose them to be from the press of Ticknor and Fields, the most tasteful publishers in this department in North America.

**THE LAND OF THE SARACEN; Or pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain.** By *Bayard Taylor*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. [From J. W. Randolph.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's last volume of travels—we mean the last published. We need not speak of these

volumes further than to say that they sustain the author's high reputation for acuteness, good humor and that "travelled eye" which, we are informed, includes so much. His descriptions of Jerusalem, the localities, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants at present, is graphic and straightforward: the quarrels of the Greek and Latin Christians with the Turkish guard posted in the chapels to preserve order, is excellent. The author frankly confesses that he could not realize the presence of Christ once, in the city, but gives a singular description of a perfect living resemblance of our Saviour. The volume is handsomely printed and illustrated.

**POEMS OF THE ORIENT.** By *Bayard Taylor*. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

We have more than once had occasion to speak of Mr. Bayard Taylor's muse, and it is scarcely necessary to enter into any extended notice of this volume, which, with the exception of the subject, reveals no new traits of the writer. The Poems from the Orient are a collection of lyrics "breathing full east," and many of them of rare beauty—the poem "Camadeva" for instance, which is as graceful and beautiful as any verse of the same description we can recall. But the whole volume is far from being equally excellent. Mr. Taylor will pardon us for saying that we did not expect such commonplace as many pages of the book are filled with, from a poet of his undoubted originality. It seems to us, too, that we recognize our old friend Tom Moore's property in the ring of some stanzas, and a portion of one of the poems is dangerously similar to Tennyson's "Amphion."

There can be no doubt about Mr. Taylor's originality in the great art of poesy, and we exhaust praise in declaring as much: we really do not see why he does not throw aside these *similarities*, to call them by no harsher term. The writer who can produce the "Vino d'oro" and "Camadeva" and a dozen other pieces, surely need not imitate the manner of Tom Moore, or even Tennyson. "Poems from the Orient" is handsomely printed, and comes to us from the publishers through Mr. Morris or Mr. Woodhouse.

**CLOVERNOOK CHILDREN.** By *Alice Carey*. With engravings. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

**MR. RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN.** Second Volume. By the authors of the "Wide Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," etc. New York. G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855.

We have classed these two little works together as worthy representatives of that host of good children's books which Miss Warner, Miss Carey and other ladies have been giving to the world of the fireside. They are both pure and graceful tales which will delight children, and grown persons too for that matter. We need not speak of the authors. Miss Warner's "Wide Wide World" has become a household word wherever the English language is read, and Miss Alice Carey is well known to the juveniles, and to the whole community, by her graceful "Clovernook" of which this is a sort of sequel. We commend these little volumes most cordially to such of our readers as are about to select New Year's presents. For sale by A. Morris.

**YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM.** By *Q.* New York: Redfield. 1854. [From Jas Woodhouse.

But Mr. Q. it seems knew them, one and all. A lively amusing collection of sketches by a clever man of the

world, and traveller in many lands, which will wile away the hours in a railroad car or steamboat as well as any work lately published. The sketches of Grisai and Mario are interesting, and exceedingly plain spoken—the portrait of that celebrated gentleman, Mr. Dion Bourcicault, is as neat and clear as any sketch we recall. The book is written in a lively, rollicking, style and will amuse almost any reader whatever his tastes may be. We have no reason to doubt the truth of the author's "claiming acquaintance" with so many celebrities; but are convinced that he "draws the long bow" most vigorously in a hundred places.

**THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY.** By the Rev. *J. G. Wood*, M. A. With 450 original designs by Wm. Harvey. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1854. [From A. Morris.

This is one of those excellent, popular works, which the Messrs. Harper seem to have monopolized the right of publishing. Dr. Wood's work is illustrated with a profusion of wood cuts of more than average excellence, and more real learning is combined with this attractiveness, than in any other compilation we know of. The volume is handsomely published, and presents a very attractive appearance—and the purchaser may be satisfied that it contains in addition a great mass of the most accurate information.

**MARTIN MERRIVALE: his X mark.** By *Paul Creyton*. Illustrated. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Company. 1854.

"Martin Merrivale" is by the author of "Father Bright-hopes," which should be a household possession of every person who wishes his children to be at the same time deeply entertained and permanently benefited. We do not say too much in declaring that this little volume has few counterparts in its department, crowded as that department is, with the admirable productions of Miss Warner and others. "Martin Merrivale" is a much more ambitious work, and the story fills a duodecimo of more than four hundred pages. The book has many scenes of surpassing interest—many which touch the fountain of tears, and purify the heart. If we add to this the assertion that many of the personages met with by Martin are delineated with admirable humor, we have given the highest praise to the "Cross Mark." It is not more than is due, and we most cordially commend the book to every one. We shall immediately proceed to read the portion which we did not receive when it was issued in numbers, and may recur to it again. The volume is published with the greatest taste, and is illustrated by very numerous engravings of passable quality. We have received it from Mr. Woodhouse, who has it for sale.

**A COMPLETE TREATISE ON ARTIFICIAL FISH BREEDING:** including the reports on the subject made to the French Academy and the French Government, etc. Translated and edited by *W. H. Fry*. Illustrated with engravings. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

This is an interesting little volume on a curious subject, and seems to contain a number of valuable facts, highly useful to those whose attention is directed to the matters of which it treats. The diagrams are perspicuous and illustrate the text excellently. We have received the volume from the publishers.



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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

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VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1855.

NO. 2.

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## PARTY LEADERS.\*

It is a grateful task to review a work of genius from a Virginian's pen. We regard "Party Leaders" with peculiar favor as affording gratification to our State pride.

The Southern Literary Messenger is the proper medium through which Virginians should invite Virginians to the perusal, study and criticism of the literary productions of Virginia. That this work should be reviewed in this periodical is the more appropriate, inasmuch as the leading ideas which form the substance of a portion of it, appeared before the public for the first time in its pages, under the title of "Representative Men." When we saw those papers, we were struck with their conception as original. When the present work appeared, we were pleased that their author, having amplified and improved them, had presented them to the reading community in a more permanent form. This is not the first appearance of our author, Mr. Baldwin, either in the Messenger or in book form before the public, our Messenger readers having been delighted during a series of numbers by the sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi; which work revised and enlarged was lately published, and has had an extended circulation. With a nice perception of character, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a strong power of description and grouping, united with a delicacy of feeling suitable to the most fastidious, the success of our author in this department has been equal to if not beyond that of the writer of Georgia Scenes.

We were somewhat surprised when we saw that "Party Leaders" was by the author of "Flush Times." Not until we thought of the stirring and graphic sketch of

Prentiss contained in the latter, could we believe that such versatility of talent was the gift of one individual. While the object of the latter work is solely to amuse, the former contains views worthy of a statesman's consideration.

The object of this sketch is to invite the attention of the reading and thinking portion of our community to "Party Leaders," as it needs to be read and thought upon carefully to be duly appreciated. We wish also to consider some views which our author advances and to deal candidly in our criticism, although we must acknowledge that we are all the time in an excellent humor with one, who for the second time in a different way, has so greatly entertained us.

The plan of this work is singularly applicable to the present moment. The exciting questions, which so long have divided the political parties have passed off the stage, and in the quiet which now reigns where once such bustle pervaded, we can look back and see what was the cause of the contest. Reflection has succeeded to debate. The partisan editorial has given place to the class of works of which this is a sample which will in turn, afford material for permanent and substantial history.

An age of action is ever succeeded, as it was preceded, by an age of thought. Those great men, who carried through our revolution were succeeded by a race of political heroes who established our constitutions and forms of society, and therein represented principles which will ever divide our people. The lives of such men are the history of our country: their principles of action, the index-mark of the feelings of our people; of whom they were the party leaders.

The great man is truly a representative: and this character is the secret of that power he possesses over the minds and hearts of his contemporaries, binding them to him by unseen sympathies, attracting the attention of the age and winning the appellation of

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\* PARTY LEADERS: Sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Jackson and Randolph; including notices of other distinguished American Statesmen. By Joseph G. Baldwin, author of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi. New York: Appleton & Co. 1854.

great. Representing certain feelings, he becomes the spokesman of thoughts struggling for expression. We unfold our own character by yielding assent to his expression of our indwelling and preconceived, but unexpressed and inarticulate feelings and thoughts. The mass of mankind have not the gift of expression. They have feelings, passions and thoughts, mingled in confusion without the power to reduce them into order and to give to them expression. The man who does that for them, they look up to and account as great; for he has done that for them that they were unable to do for themselves. He has reduced to order what to them was chaos—he has expressed what was to them unutterable. There is an expression other than speech, not only more distinct and more powerful, but more pervasive. Actions not only speak louder than words, but they express what words cannot. Thoughts alone can be expressed in words—feelings are unutterable save in action. Thus it is that the statesman in the form of laws, embodies the sentiments and feelings of those on whom they are to act, and in proportion to the fidelity with which he does this, does he become the living and acting representative. There is, however, another step in greatness. The truly great man, having given expression to the struggling feelings, looks back into the depths from which they spring and discovers the principles on which they rest. These he pursues to their legitimate consequences, drawing hidden conclusions, awakening new sympathies, arousing slumbering feelings, exhibiting their unity with each other and with feelings already known and principles already admitted. He thus constructs a system, builds up a party and becomes its leader. These remarks, which we make as true abstractly, and therefore applicable to all great men, apply with peculiar force in our representative form of government. No man ever remained in public service in America, without representing in his feelings, habits or principles, something peculiar to the people.

So much for the leading idea of the work. In order to appreciate the success of our author and to give him due credit therefor, we should look to the difficulties of his task. The delineation of character has ever been considered a master stroke of mind. It re-

quires a higher grade of talent than the historic ability. Hence critics have so highly esteemed Sallust, from his character of Cato, Cæsar and Cataline. But classic genius has taken a higher step, requiring double the study and skill. It is to draw characters and then compare them, so as to illuminate one by the light of the other. On this basis, Plutarch's fame rests. Although a Boetian by birth—with an involved style—of doubtful authority on historical points, yet his *Parallels* have been more read and read to better purpose, than many of the graceful efforts of the highest grade of Roman and Athenian genius. A superficial observer might think that our author took his idea from Plutarch and merely applied it to American history: but such is not the case. Plutarch wished to write Grecian history in that best of all possible ways, by portraying their representative men. So far his plan and that of our author concur. But Plutarch sought to individualize his characters by comparing each Grecian with some Roman hero, who had performed nearly the same office in his country's history—hence he compares orators with orators, statesmen with statesmen, generals with generals, Demosthenes with Cicero, Solon with Publicola, Pelopidas with Marcellus. More closely even than this does he pursue his parallels of character. As far as possible he compares those who figured in the same comparative period of their country's history, and who followed out the same principles of political action. Hence he compares Theseus with Romulus, both of whom were founders of nations, shrouded in the myths of antiquity; and compares the military despotism of Lysander with the sanguinary proscription of Sylla. Our author's plan is different. Adopting the idea of Plutarch in portraying the characters of the representative men of the age, he has departed from his plan in this, that he depicts in connection with each other, the advocates of different principles, who contended with each other over them, at the same time in the arena of American politics. He thus preserves through his work the succession of events, and shows the results of the struggle: in fine, in his own words, "he has united biography with political history and by placing rival leaders in antagonism, has made

events and principles, stand out in bold relief and given a more striking expression to the characters he has ventured to describe." In this departure we give him credit for originality, at least in the execution.

We say originality in the execution, for who that has read and thought about our history, has not seen diverse characters ever struggling for different principles. It is the glory of our institutions that they foster two apparently warring principles of political conduct at the same time. To advocate these, as they require advocates, the men of talent in every age array themselves on either side, and thus carry on the contest. There are on the one hand progressive, and on the other conservative. The triumph of either to the destruction of the other, would overturn our political balance. Hence we see in the affairs of the day, the hand of Providence (which in the turbulence of political strifes, is attributed falsely to the whirlwind of chance,) is working out a resultant of these contending moral forces, which will move with triumph into the unknown future the principles of American freedom. How true, therefore, is this passage of our author: "Accuser and accused—once associates and compatriots in the work of the independence of America and Americans—are all gone to that bourne where the mighty events, as we esteem them, of this mortal life are remembered, if remembered at all, but as empty pageants and flitting shadows. The memory of these august shades is all that is left them except their works; and the fame they have left is more our property than theirs. And justice to ourselves and to the truth of history requires the declaration that a nobler band of patriots than those who stood around the first and second administrations of the government, never lived. If they erred about modes of administration, theirs was an honest error—and inheriting our principles from the victors, we need not take them with their incumbance of personal or party prejudices: for the liberty we hold, was it not bequeathed equally by victor and vanquished?—by Federalist and Republican?"

The order of this work is chronological. Mr. Baldwin commences it with a parallel of Hamilton and Jefferson. In his own words, "we have stolen out from the busy employ-

ments of this progressive time: from among the multitudinous material objects, which spring up in rank luxuriance around our free institutions; from the throng of men, the scream of the engine, the street roaring with the tide of life—to visit the quiet cemetery, where the patriarchs, the martyrs, and the fathers of the Republic repose; and like 'Old Mortality' with mallet and chisel in hand, bending over the tombs in pious reverence, have sought to remove the moss which time, and the mould which calumny, have gathered on their names."

In these sketches, our author has delineated with great accuracy and justice, the first political struggle on principle in our Federal Government. At the present day, since the triumph of the party of his great rival, we are apt to undervalue the public services of Hamilton, to listen to nothing but the principles of his political adversaries and to adopt Jefferson's inconsistencies as rules of action. While we are reviling with indecorous acrimony the memory of the illustrious consolidationist, we are ourselves adopting insensibly some of the legitimate deductions from those political axioms, which we had just denounced as heresies. That Hamilton was a patriot, even the most narrow-minded of his enemies must admit. He conscientiously feared that anarchy was the great danger of the tendency of our institutions. It is not wonderful that a gentleman and a scholar at that day, and reared up also in the English school of politics, should have this apprehension. Hence he wished to strengthen and enlarge the powers of government. How many abuse his name and scout his memory, who are for checking the extension of the institutions of the South by the power of the Federal Government—nay, many who prefer to carry on all public improvements at the charge and by the agency of government, instead of conducting them on the individual principle. The red republican anarchist, who above all other men detests Hamilton, and whom Hamilton detested above all other men, only carries to extremes his cameo-stone principles when he asserts that government should give land to the landless, employment to the laborer and by taxation on the property holder, should instruct in the three R's, the ragged children of the

Five Points. Our author thus sums up the great influence Hamilton's opinions now have in our country :

" His influence, though more of class than Jefferson's, was not less durable. He addressed the mercantile, professional and military classes, representing a great portion of the wealth and talent of the country, especially of the commercial cities ; and in his own State he wielded an influence and had a popularity almost unequalled ; and strengthened by the circumstances attending his death, he left upon the minds of his countrymen, an impression of his power and his worth, never felt since the days of Washington. His writings have passed into the text-books of schools, and colleges, and politicians, and are quoted as authority in senates and courts, State and Federal, supreme and inferior, and not less for their reasoning than their style, have become classics in our political literature to endure as long as the institutions they illustrate."

The sketch of Mr. Jefferson, as drawn by our author, is eminently successful. He seizes the fundamental idea, on which rested his whole political system. On page 72 we find these words : " He felt jealous of all governments and was full of distrust of all who controlled them. His sympathies were with the people. He was for a weak government. He thought the world was governed over much." In this quotation, we have the concentrated essence of all Jefferson felt and thought about government. It was just there that he fused with the popular feeling on the subject ; and in expressing this idea, acting on this principle, and embodying this feeling, he became the representative of that system, the leader of that party. The manner in which we find this feeling accounted for by the author is perfectly satisfactory. It was a bold generalization—a new suggestion. He called on history to show that the world had always been wrong and started a new school of politics, looking to antiquity not for truth, but only to point out the consequences of error. This was at the bottom of his strict construction. He was for circumscribing the powers of all sorts of government. In obedience to this principle, he divorced Church and State ; and withdrew from hereditary aristocracy the

fostering hand of governmental aid. This peculiarity of his system, rejecting as its pattern all previous types of government, left its leader to his own unaided reason. It is this fact, that accounts for those many inconsistencies, which the author has so vividly portrayed. They arose not from his system, but from departures from it. He shrunk back from the astounding conclusions to which his system logically led. The danger with all original characters is, that they are apt to depart from their preconceived design. We are of the opinion that the mental character of Mr. Jefferson had more of originality, than any that our work treats of. His mind was of that massive mould, fit to form new and lasting systems of political and social philosophy ; not of that superficiality that only strives to put old ideas in a new light. His was the mind of Columbus, discovering a new world, and leaving to those who were to come after him to clear up and cultivate those unexplored regions.

So far has our author adhered to his plan. After this sketch of Hamilton and Jefferson, he comes to speak of John Randolph of Roanoke. In treating of him alone, he has departed from his plan through necessity. In character and in principle, Randolph was truly unique. Highly elevated in social position and exclusive in his feelings, he called himself and truly was a tribune of the people. Slightly glancing at him, one is puzzled how one so different from the general type of character in our democratic times, could have in his heart any chord in unison with the great body of the people. Before reflecting maturely on the subject, we have often wondered how the aristocratic hermit of Roanoke ever retained such a hold upon that people, whom he himself characterised as " such a constituency as man never had, and never will have again." In his principles, he was not only unique, but entirely consistent, and hence our author could compare him with no one of his contemporaries. We have seen how Jefferson fell into Hamiltonian errors. Mr. Calhoun, after whom Randolph's school, of which he was only a disciple, has ever been, and for a long time will, continue to be named, was not consistent. But of all others, Mr. Randolph was the truest representative in principle and

spirit of the Virginia school of politics. Here observe this eloquent passage of our author on this subject :

"If history gives us any knowledge of any other public man so true and loyal to an *idea*, as this man was, we do not know the volume in which it is written. He was constant throughout his long and troubled life to this leading principle. Other men deserted it—others forgot it—others deviated, and after a while came back—others were converted to it; but amid all fluctuations and backslidings, in adversity and prosperity, through all changes of dynasty, alone and in whatever associations

"Among the faithless, faithful only he."

He stood like a light house, solitary and alone, on the bleak coast, and amid the darkness and the storm and the whelming waves, with an unrewarded and self-wasting fidelity, he gave out ever the twinkling light that warned the heedless ship of state from the breakers and the lee shore of federalism. He preached State Rights, as if his life had been consecrated to the ministry of those doctrines. Whenever he spoke—whenever he wrote—wherever he went—*State Rights, State Rights, State Rights*, were the exhaustless themes of his discourse. Like Xavier, with his bell ringing before him, as he walked through strange cities, addressing the startled attention of the wayfarers with the messages of salvation and denouncing the coming wrath, Randolph came among men, the untiring apostle of his creed, ever raising his shrill voice against the alarming incroachments of the federal government."

"Nor was he without his reward. The distinctive doctrines of his school, in their fundamental and primitive purity, were well-nigh lost, after the era of the fusion of parties in Monroe's, if not, indeed, under the 'silken Mansfieldism' of Madison's administration. The old knights and cavaliers of the South were living, indeed, but were torpid; like, as we have somewhere seen it quoted, the knightly horsemen in the enchanted cave, seated on their steeds with lances in rest and warlike port, but rider and horse spell-bound and senseless as marble, until the magician blew his horn, when, at the first blast they quickened into life, and

sprang forth to deeds of chivalrous emprise: so Randolph's clarion tones waked the leaders of his party to battle for the cause of their order."

For several reasons we regard Mr. Baldwin's sketch of Randolph the most interesting portion of the work. He seems, even better than Mr. Garland, to have understood his character as a whole, and thus better able to reconcile all those traditional incidents, which seem to make him the most inconsistent of all eccentric characters.

Our author fully understood the peculiar condition of social affairs in Virginia, and how it moulded the character of Randolph. His description of the different circumstances of the settlement of Virginia and the New England States, (pages 148 to 154,) is worthy of all attention.

Although, as we have said, he could not compare the whole of Randolph's character with that of any of his cotemporaries, yet he has very happily illustrated several phases of it, by contrasting them with the peculiarities of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, in which he makes the reader fully appreciate by his bold contrast, the characters of each. In our author's last parallel, we think he is entitled to greatest credit for originality. His sketch of Hamilton and Jefferson was original only in execution. That they were contemporaneous political antipodes, every body knew, and every one has studied the character of the one in conjunction with that of the other. His sketch of Randolph, deserving of commendation as it is, is any thing but original. Nature made his character isolated, and to have parallelised him with any body else, would have violated nature. Our author is the first one, as far as we know, who thought of comparing Clay and Jackson. It seems strange at first, that one of our greatest statesmen and orators should be compared with a veteran warrior—but when we recollect that it is the ground plan of the book before us to sketch the feelings of the American people as exhibited in their representative men, it is clear how appropriately this parallel was conceived. We always thought of the Author of the American System as a second Hamilton, with none of his training in the camp, but schooled in the hardships of poverty, endowed with wider human sensi-

bilities, more vivid feelings, and more expressive of them: in a word, a greater native orator—of greater confidence in the people, but desirous of turning their energies and directing their affections to strengthen the government, which would in turn strengthen the nation.

Before we saw this sketch, we had never fully appreciated the representative trait in the character of Jackson. We had thought that his bravery, his simple habits, strong and plain mind and successful generalship, had endeared him to the American people; but with our author's aid, we see his popularity had a much deeper foundation. Of clear mind and iron will, he represented the go-ahead spirit of the age. Before his time, the federal government was regarded with jealousy by the masses. In the debates of the Virginia Convention, we see from many speakers on both sides, that an idea was prevalent that the government would be controlled by and managed for the benefit of the upper classes of society. This is even now the unknown cause of a prejudice against the government that perhaps never will be wholly effaced. Jackson, however, in spite of this feeling, exhibited to the people that spectacle so consolatory to their self-esteem, that an executive, elected by their suffrages, had the iron will to challenge a sovereign State by his proclamation—to defy the other department by his overwhelming popularity with the masses of the people. Of our author's great fairness and candor with all his characters, the following conclusion of his sketch of Jackson is an example:

"We are pained to be forced by truth to say that the hero's character, of such robust and stalwart proportions and vital with massive and masculine strength, was incomplete. Like some Gothic tower, dimly seen by starlight, it leaves the impression of power akin to the terrific and sublime: but wants the softening light of this absent grace to make it lovely to the contemplation and dear to the heart."

The style of our author deserves consideration. For some purposes it is admirable. So easy, so clear, and with a certain graceful lightness that renders it so pleasant, it is what we would call an amiable style. Style being the mode of expression given by an

author, to his thoughts, the intellect always leaves its impression on it and gives it its characteristic hue. Springing out of the native intellectual character, it has all of its distinguishing traits, and is merely woven around the thought. Our author's first production, "Flush Times," was a work well suited to his temper, and thus its style harmonises so well with the subject. It has a freshness and a piquancy about it, that excellently touches off a character, and exhibits its prominent points relieved from a back ground of contrast. This makes his style so good in these parallel sketches. But he has brought too much of this sketch writing into the work before us, to do himself due justice. Although this work modestly purports to be merely sketches of Party Leaders, it is in our opinion a work of higher and worthier object. His recounting of those stirring political events, which while they exhibited the character of our people, moulded their destinies, and that not noiselessly, but by violent contests, is sometimes too much in the style of a flippant narration of a raccoon hunt in the Southwest. It lacks that massive dignity which impresses the mind with the importance of the events detailed. Though its ease and grace may please, it does not call up the energies of the mind, and therefore the impression made is not as permanent as it should be. It is better suited for the light magazine to be found on parlor easy chairs and luxurious sofas, than for the ponderous folio on the student's desk; while it contains thoughts worthy of a more substantial garb, and not requiring the casual illumination of the essay style to be read by snatches while the mind is weary. There is also an inflatedness in certain portions, resulting from an undue enthusiasm which, had it been more subdued, would have given solidity rather than gas. Though these portions are comparatively few, yet there are many others of genuine eloquence. The quotations made to illustrate other portions of this review are also fair samples of the author's general style. Some of the finest passages we are unable to quote on account of their length—but will content ourselves by referring our readers to the conclusions of the sketches of Randolph and Clay.

We also direct their attention to the high

moral tone of the whole book—its fearless criticisms and explicit censure, whenever censure is deserved, which, while it may be condemned by the mindless partisan and ephemeral demagogue, must win the approval of all of hightoned and enlarged intellects.

Our readers may like to know something about the author of "Party Leaders" and "Flush Times." Without the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, and indeed living in a portion of the State so remote from that of his birth, as never to have heard of him before the appearance of his first work, we were so much attracted thereby that we have made many inquiries about him the result of which with pleasure we lay before our readers. The "Flush Times" are sportively dedicated to the "Old Folks at Home in the Valley of the Shenandoah," Mr. Baldwin having been born and reared at Winchester, Virginia. He is the nephew of the late Briscoe G. Baldwin, one of the justices in our Court of Appeals; to whose memory he has touchingly inscribed his production now under review. Surely no more suitable tribute could be paid to the memory of such a man. By profession a lawyer, our author has been for some time engaged in its prosecution in Livingston, Alabama, where, in his intervals of leisure, he has favored the public with his literary productions. We learn that he has recently removed thence to San Francisco, California, where on an enlarged theatre he is engaged in practising his profession. We hope that the pursuits of ambition may not induce him to abandon his pen, but that his visit to the great Ophir of the West may so enlarge his observation, that in the maturity of his faculties, he may return to the mother commonwealth and spend his life in promoting her literary fame. That our readers may see that this review is no indiscriminate eulogy of this work, we subjoin in conclusion the following estimate of its merits by a distinguished Virginia statesman, who has occupied a prominent position in the councils of the nation. "It is a noble production, full of profound thought, discriminating judgment, just criticism and elevated sentiments expressed in a most captivating and eloquent style. It is a book of which any man might well be proud. If there

be any fault to be found with it, it would be from the rich exuberance of the genius of the author which, like a luxuriant vine, seems to ouerrun its subject. It is a book just according to my fancy, and I think one of the most captivating in our language."

D.

### TO THOSE I LOVE.

When I recall life's golden hours,  
How sweet doth mem'ry bring,  
The flow'rets pluck'd from the rosy bowers  
Of love's perennial spring.

Sweet memory ever bathes my soul,  
I' the fragrance of these flowers,  
To soothe when gently o'er me roll  
Clouds dipp'd in autumn showers.

And as I lay me down to sleep,  
In th' cold, but peaceful grave,  
I will not bid you o'er me weep,  
But o'er me gently wave.

And when my soul to worlds on high,  
On angel pinions soars,  
Bathed in the softest, sweetest sigh,  
I'll seek the golden doors.

And when thy leaves shall wither too,  
As fades the radiant beam,  
We'll form a wreath of loveliest hue,  
Where Jesus reigns supreme.

W. M. I.

### THE DEAD WITNESS.

A TALE.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Night under the tropics! Orion came forth from the chambers of the infinite, and stood in his belt and sword, like some valiant hero, resting amid his foes, and guarding the equatorial zone from the invading march of the intrusive day. Silence above and below; a huge emerald sea, glittering with the wild lustre of a myriad of fires, burns beneath us, brightening our track over the wide deep. On this burnished throne our ship sits floating and winning a consent of safety from the conquering waves, as she triumphs in her broad domain, of sky and water. How freshly these impressions come upon us at the midnight hour; thought is busy, but not in intercourse with the world, only

with the creatures of its own Universe. The spell of memory is upon the spirit, and it wanders back to those distant days, whose reviving creation sometimes cheats life of its coldness and its shadows.

I was aroused from my reverie, by an unexpected and sudden stir of the night watch, who ran towards the officer of the deck. We were in latitude  $27^{\circ} 55'$ ; longitude  $96^{\circ} 19'$  East, and had just passed through a heavy gale; the guns were unhoused and placed in their wonted positions, the decks had been cleared, so as to prevent any immediate interruption of what was passing, and not perceiving any cause of alarm, I moved towards the spot, to ascertain the occasion of the commotion.

"Did you see any thing, sir?" inquired the man breathlessly, and trembling in every fibre.

"No; what's the matter?"

"The evil spirit, or some other goblin is on deck: I just saw a man, creeping along under the guns, whose look was frightful to behold."

"Nonsense, Johnson; you have been dreaming,—sleeping on duty,—and if you are not more careful, I'll report you."

Johnson went back to his station grumbling, and reluctantly took his post. Sailors are proverbially superstitious, whether it is the danger of their calling, or their general separation from the world, that superinduces a sometimes solemn sense of the supernatural I know not; certain it is, they luxuriate in its bewilderment, and it works a strange effect upon the minds of others. These grand tragedies of the sea, they rehearse over and over in the fore-castle, and perhaps they endow their character with this essence of the marvellous. This knowledge made me treat with indifference the impressions of this man. Time and experience gave me different instructions.

Without giving the remotest credit to the statement of Johnson, I went below and slept soundly. At seven bells, the mid-shipman came to my bed, and with the usual word, "it is seven bells sir," aroused me for the duties of the day. There was a mustering of privates in their several divisions under the command of the lieutenant, and

now all was bustle and activity on board. I noticed that all the crew were impressed with a sense of some mystery they could not fathom; groups of them gathered about the deck, whispering curiously to each other, with an expression of doubt and dread stamped upon their hard features. Save this slight incident, nothing occurred for several subsequent days, and even the men seemed to have forgotten every trace of their supernatural visitor. One evening just before sunset the breeze had freshened into a blow and the order came, to put the ship under close-reefed topsails; while they were busy the cry of "sail ho!" rang clear above the breeze, from the man in the foretop.

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Over the lee bow," was the answer.

It proved to be a huge Chinaman coming down upon the wind, and as she swept past bore homeward from our officers and crew many a wishful greeting to friends left behind. Presently the sun sank and the wind lulled; impatient and scolding it moaned itself to rest, and darkness and silence reigned upon the face of the waters. It was a night to awaken chilling emotions in the breast, and ere the morning dawned they were fully realized. The boatswain's whistle had long died into silence, since the crew were piped down for the night, and each man sank into the oblivion of slumber. Suddenly there was a wild commotion between decks; tones of vengeance broke harshly upon the ear, while the voices of others, were awed into speechless dread by a return of the apparition, whose appearance so mysterious and confounding before, was confirmed by a second visit. Some of the sleepers having been suddenly awakened by the confusion, were angry in their denunciation of the others. Altogether it was a strange and unusual circumstance on board a man of war, and sometime elapsed before order was restored.

Lights were procured and a search instituted, and those who had seen the object were strictly examined, a man named Sutton, declared that a bearded face and nearly naked figure had glided suddenly by him, but vanished as soon as it had appeared, into the surrounding darkness. This time there



was no deception—conviction had settled upon their minds.

This Sutton, whose declarations were so sincere and earnest, impressed me seriously; in intelligence and general information, he was in advance of his ship-mates, and they had won my confidence and respect. I had trusted him upon duties of peril and danger, and knew him incapable of the indulgence of idle fears, or vague superstitions. In our conversations upon the subject which filled the mind of every one on board, I threw all the doubt and disdain upon his credulity which a necessity of keeping any order in the ship required, yet it did not shake or enfeeble his belief. Some horrid personation living or dead haunted the ship and no persuasion could wean his mind from the torturing certainty.

The pestilent contagion of fear gained an ascendancy in the minds of many and weakened the spirit of command among the officers; some even had refused their watches and were in a state bordering upon mutiny. The captain was consulted in this emergency, and to satisfy the parties, an universal search was ordered by the whole of the ship's company, yet no sight or glimpse of any mortal was ever obtained. The vessel was one of the finest in the navy, and until this occurrence, no more harmonious, and well-disposed crew, ever conducted a man-of-war across the deep. We left the old town of Norfolk, in Virginia, with song, joy and laughter upon the lips of every one; now that spirit of buoyancy was turned to a sigh. The note of gladness was changed for one of sorrow, and the saddening peal went forth to ocean, not to earth, where a thousand tongues and breasts, touched with sympathies, share the burden of our distresses, only the changing deep and the ever-varying features of the sky could witness the mute horror of our despairing men. Shut up within the narrow limits of a ship, in the midst of the ocean, with a dark haunting spectre, they were visited by all the terrors their fancies could create. Ignorance too of the real nature of this ghostly intruder totally unmanned them. Like King Polydectes, and his friends who were transformed into statues at a sight of the Gorgon's head; so they were petrified whenever this new Me-

dusa shook his snaky locks in their faces.

The long intervals of its appearance served however to allay the spell of fear; we were now in one of these lapses, and becalmed in the intense heat of the tropics. Forgetfulness of the intruder gave a temporary spirit of enjoyment to the hour, and thus the time flew away, with a heavy wing to be sure, yet lightened by that interest, which the solitary ocean is capable of imparting. Now and then, the great Patriarch of the deep, pursued by tribes of whale killers, and his other foe, the swordfish, set the ocean in a fury for miles. That clear glassy sea, unruffled by a single breeze, with its long monotonous swell, would it never change? Could it afford no relief, but the death struggles of the Leviathan whale? Yes, one other pleasure was ours; which was a bath for the whole ship's company: we were accustomed to lower a sail over each side of the vessel, and as soon as the order was given a hundred and fifty men at least were enjoying the luxury of an ocean ablution. The sail lowered just below the surface, served to protect them from their detested enemy the sharks; it was a lively scene, and as refreshing as it was lively. Men are but boys indeed, whenever they are swerved from engrossing individual interests, by any necessitous emergencies.

While the crew were in the height of their sport, a white cloud, no "larger than a man's hand," appeared in the heavens, and a distant ripple, dimpled the face of ocean. Presently a roar announced the approach of the swell and its ascendancy was established before any time for preparation intervened. It is usually the fact that extremes meet every where, and thus from total calmness we emerged into the fury of a hurricane.

Before the hands could muster, it struck the ship, and drove her gunwale nearly to the water's edge. This sudden "heeling" nearly proved disastrous, for the weight of the men on the opposite side tore the sail from its fastenings, when it was lifted, and turned them all over board, as handily as if they had been ejected by human effort. To recover them was a serious operation, nevertheless, it was accomplished without loss at last.

When order was restored, and the vessel under way, it was discovered that a sentry who occupied a box was missing. How or where he had disappeared, no one knew, or could ascertain, notwithstanding every inquiry was instituted. This mystery infested the minds of all, for it remained unfathomable until other and more important discoveries linked the chain of future circumstance. That very night our spirit visitant returned. It was past midnight, and I was lying in a profound slumber, for the fatigues and excitement of the day were no obstructors of sleep, when suddenly a cold hand was placed upon my naked face, and instantly withdrawn. The owner had been groping about in the dark, and this revelation of his presence was clearly accidental. Instantly I was on my feet, and grappling with the object, it sank down instantly upon my touch, as if vanishing into nothingness ; but my grasp was firm. Finding escape impossible, two appealing, famished eyes were raised to mine with a look so profoundly full of suffering, that it would have wrung pity from the heart of a stone. As he raised upon his feet, his tall and ghastly figure was frightful to behold.

"Villain," I demanded, "what apology have you to offer for being here?"

He shook his head mournfully and made no reply. He had a foreign look, and might not comprehend me ; some interrogations in French were offered. Still no reply. In Spanish, no rejoinder. Irons were ordered and the prisoner placed in close confinement. One circumstance gave a shadow of darkness to my impressions ; he wore at the time of his arrest, an article of clothing belonging to the man who so suddenly disappeared on the day of the squall. This incident confirmed all on board, that he was the murderer of the missing marine, and set them clamoring fiercely for his blood. A large knife was in his hand, at the moment of his discovery, ready perhaps for more blood. The appearance of the poor unfortunate gave me a strong interest in his behalf ; shining through filth and rags and wretchedness, was the look of a gentleman ; his slight frame and the delicacy of his limbs, were plain indications that he belonged to a race, who had never had any of their

limbs rendered muscular, by gross labor. Hands and feet inappropriately small, confirmed my observation, and strengthened my hope, of some *eclaircissement* of this position.

The legislation of the ocean is painfully deficient of mercy, it is moreover deficient of other qualities, of which expediency and wisdom recommend an improvement. Officers do not deviate from their duty or swerve from the offices of a generous manhood, yet they are not the establishers of those duties, and are not responsible for their abuse. The case of our prisoner might be evidenced to justify such reasoning. Since his arrest only a few days had elapsed, and under circumstances purely conjectural, yet he was to be tried for his life. As the other two professions, medicine and theology are represented in the navy, why is not law, equally imperative ? Do not cases constantly occur, among such a large number, where a lawyer's talent and experience for litigation, and the sifting of evidence, might be advantageously used ?

To return however to our prisoner, nothing could extort any confession from him, as to the circumstance of his secretion on board. No weapon except the knife was found upon his person, yet the coat of the marine was stained with blood. His immediate appearance too, after the poor fellow's disappearance sanctioned a suspicion of guilt ; suspicion however is not proof or evidence : these last were to be obtained on the day of trial, which was close at hand.

This ceremony is imposing at all times, and it was unusually so on this occasion. All the officers including the commander, were in full regimentals. The marines with fixed bayonets, guarded the prisoner each day, and all on board felt the influence of the proceedings. From the culprit nothing was elicited, not one word of defence. He sat perfectly regardless of his position, and made no objection to any testimony however adverse to his acquittal. This stoical conduct surprised us ; I was discomforted thoroughly, for no man conscious of guilt could sit so indifferently under condemnation. One witness swore that in a pocket of the jacket found upon the prisoner, was a letter written to friends at home, by the missing man, in

which allusions were made to some mortal enemy, whom he had only escaped by going to sea. Could it be possible, that this apparently harmless being could run such risks, to fill the measure of his vengeance? This was then a true solution of his presence here, and the evidence seemed to produce conviction in the minds of all, and shortly after a verdict of guilty was rendered. I watched the countenance of the poor unfortunate, as a sense of his doom settled upon his mind; the eye moistened and the lip quivered an instant, and then his face was as rigid as marble. For a moment, only for one little moment, had the heart turned back to its ashes in its mouldering urn, to hover about the grave of its earliest and best affections, then all despair was ended. Reliance from some unseen source, brought back the strength of a strong and steadfast soul, longing for mercy from other judgment than that of feeble erring humanity.

The condemned was sentenced to be executed forthwith: just time enough was allowed for some brief preparation, and the work of death was to be perfected. Might there not be some appeal? I visited his lonely cell and extorted some vague admissions as to his birth and place of nativity. He was an Italian, and spoke the language of that classic land with grace and purity. He bore, moreover, one of those proud, old, historic names, we are familiar with in her annals, and whose very sound suggests so much of interest.

My visits were generally unknown to the crew or commander, and this made them the more impressive; all alone at midnight I entered his cell, when naught was heard, but the voice of the waters whispering their legendary name, at the rocky gate of Ocean. I warned him of the approaching hour when the volume, which contains the record of this life, should be closed forever, and urged him to make some admissions as to his crime.

"What would you have me confess?" was his impatient inquiry. "Which will stain the soul most profoundly, to admit a falsehood, or to die innocently under circumstantial conviction?"

"You are bound," I urged, "to justify

yourself if innocent, otherwise you will become your own executioner."

"Yes," he answered sadly, "I shall escape the flames of Polycarp, to be thrust into the den of Daniel."

I could not interpret the enigma buried in this allusion, and remained silent.

The following day was fixed for the execution, notwithstanding, the hour before I left him, he slept calmly as an infant. The light of faith must be very strong, whose embers burn about the unseen soul so steadily, yet it was about to expire within the coffin and the tomb, and notwithstanding, he seemed to triumph in his despair.

The morning dawned, and at the hour appointed all hands were called to witness punishment. The marines were mustered and ranged into line upon the quarter deck, the men, cutlass in hand, and officers with drawn swords, prepared for the pageantry of death. Presently the prisoner came forth, pale and emaciated from confinement. The rope was attached to the yard arm, and the noose went dangling in the wind. During these preparations, an enormous shark made his appearance in the wake of the ship. His slender, dorsal fin, cutting the water like a dark rod, marked his steady pursuit. He came on unerringly as if scenting his prey, and as if conscious of the work we were about to perform. It was too horrid, the anticipation of such a fate, for even our iron-hearted men. I have observed before, that their hatred of this sea-monster is without bounds, and they determined to rescue our culprit from his voracious maw. A large hook was baited with a piece of pork, and it was lowered over the side of the ship. As soon as he caught sight of the tempting bait, he darted forward and seized the hook. The cry "you've got him, you've got him," rang from mouth to mouth. In a few minutes he was dragged under the ship's quarter, and hoisted on board. Meanwhile there stood our prisoner, with the cap drawn over his face, and the throttle about his neck.

No sooner was the shark on deck, than the men attacked it with their long knives, and in an instant he was disemboweled. What was our horror and surprise at this moment, to see roll out upon the deck, the missing sentry in his full uniform. No mark

was upon the body, and nothing to indicate a violent death, attested our previous presumption of murder.

The truth flashed upon me instantly; and I conveyed my impressions to the commander without delay. "This man sir," I urged, "was undoubtedly knocked over-board on the day of the squall. Do you remember the position of the sentry box? That was the period of his disappearance."

"Remove that rope from the neck of the prisoner," was the order.

I shook the poor fellow by the hand; but instead of that trance of joy and tears, which I expected, only a few indifferent words greeted my ears. The *death witness* to his innocence, stripped him of that end he seemed to greet and covet.

Only one thing was left unexplained in this curiously written chapter of ocean life,—and it was a long time before the whole truth dawned upon us. This was that strange mystery of concealment on board our frigate, and which no fear of the torture of death, or the final judgment, wrung from him. To the rest of the crew it was a dark, unsolved enigma, and by no means satisfactory. Time and experiment might promote the solution and soften their harsh judgment.

One day I ordered lunch prepared, and invited my friend to partake of the repast—previously taking the precaution to place the knife which he held in his hand at the time of arrest, by the side of his plate on the table. He manifested no uneasiness at its appearance, and carelessly took it in his hand and began to cut some article of food before him. Had this knife been intended for the shedding of my blood, would he not have felt and manifested some discomfiture at my insinuated suspicion?

"You are very kind," he remarked in the course of conversation, "to restore me this utensil, for I have occasion to be attached to it for many reasons."

I imagine my look was a little lowering at this moment. "You thank me for placing in your power the means of cutting my throat," I mentally suggested.

"It enabled me to cut some beef, which I found in one of your barrels, and served as other means of preservation."

"Was this the use to which it had been

applied when I discovered you?" I inquired. "Most assuredly; no other."

A pish of self-contempt, involuntarily escaped me. So here was an explanation of the other horror, so mystifying and confounding. Time might yet prove him a real martyr after all.

Confidence, that strong bond of fellowship, was strengthened by these incidents, and it ran with a sort of electrical influence, from officers to men, throughout the ship. His attainments in music and painting were really eminent, and his discourse always entertaining and eloquent. He spoke of subjects, not individuals, which led me to think a purposed avoidance of persons, or their mention rather, was premeditated. I could not overcome these repugnances, for I thought the pressing of them might afford some clue to his character and identity. It was a vain hope, and of course abandoned. Although we had been cruising about in various directions, our final station was the Mediterranean. Port Mahon is the usual station of our marine, and thither we sailed, with fair breezes and favoring weather. In a few days all the indications of "land ho!" were visible in the sky and water. Floating leaves and branches swept by us, and several birds from the peninsular lighted in the rigging. My companion manifested the greatest possible uneasiness at this intelligence; the approach to his home was, next to death, the greatest source of misery. I noticed this depression and asked the cause.

"Signor," was the reply, "I have a favor to ask."

"Any thing within the possibility of compliance."

"Could not your officers land me secretly on shore?"

"If you explain your reasons for this request, they may."

"I will entrust it to you, and you only," he replied solemnly. "I belong to a political family, and have been exiled from my native land; it was this which induced me to secret myself on board this vessel with the purpose of getting a passage, and landing without being discovered." With a heart moved to pity, and overflowing in my eyes, I asked why he had not revealed this before.

"I was conscious," was his answer, that

any discovery would be the forfeiture of my life when we landed, and preferred to die unknown and unregretted by my friends."

"And this was the reason for your silence upon trial, and the true explanation of your presence here? God of mercy and judgment, how inscrutable are thy ways! The merest circumstance prevented our staining our hands with your innocent blood."

His request was religiously kept, and many years afterward, I had the satisfaction to know that he was enjoying a position of honor and freedom in the bosom of an illustrious family.

This was the man, on whom our suspicions had conferred satanic attribute—murder—and ultimately the justice of acquittal.

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[CONTINUED.]

BY W. S. GRAYSON.

Before we proceed to the extract from the writings of Sir William Hamilton, we deem it proper to premise that he advocates the doctrine of cause and effect in the material, but denies it in the moral world. He asserts unequivocally, that the doctrine of "a determination by motives cannot escape from necessitation." He supposes that if we allow that every action happens under an inviolable law of cause and effect, the responsibility of the actor, as a moral being, is destroyed. He frankly acknowledges that he is unable speculatively to perceive how a man can be free, if there be a motive for every action which causes the actor to perform the action. Neither can he perceive how an actor can perform an action without a motive, if we admit the doctrine of cause and effect to prevail in the field of mental philosophy. This difficulty, which overmastered the logical acumen of Sir William, is the great gordian knot of moral philosophy.

In my judgment, it has become the node of mental philosophy, simply from the fact that Locke and others have regarded the will of man as a faculty of the mind. In my judgment we get rid of the whole difficulty by reversing this philosophy and returning to the theory of the Scriptures, that man is a living soul. Make the soul and the will of

man identical, and the difficulty is removed, and with its removal we get rid of all the transcendentalism of German and French philosophers.

If any man will turn to the philosophy of Scripture, he will find that Scripture does not say that man *has* a soul, as German and French philosophers suppose, for if it did, then, it would establish a distinction, and therefore a difference between man and the soul of man, considering man as an immaterial being, or immortal, intangible cause of action. The question in hand is in respect to the cause of actions. What does Scripture say man became when the plastic hand of its great artificer ceased his work? It says he became a "living soul." This is also the doctrine of Plato.

Is not a living soul itself a cause of actions? If it is, is it not a willing principle? If man became a soul, and the soul be the cause of actions, what utility can there be in saying of this cause of actions that it is possessed of a faculty called the will? If man became a living soul, capable of willing in order to be a living soul, where is the necessity for superadding to this active soul or this soul endowed with activity, a collateral faculty also possessed of a principle of activity capable of causing an action. Here is precisely the "not sunken rock," to use Sir William's language, on which more philosophers have heretofore struck and made shipwreck of their faith.

If the will of man be the cause of actions, then when you hear philosophers talk about the last determination of the *mind*, you hear them talk about a mere absurdity and contradiction. Will and mind cannot each be distinct causes of actions, for such a supposition would throw moral and mental philosophy into inextricable confusion. If the will be the cause of actions, then it must be the will that is the last thing that determines, and not the thinking capacity of the will. It is the thinking capacity of the will which enables the will to produce an intelligent or sensible action. Take away from the human will its inherent ability to think, and you at once degrade it and put it upon a level with the will of brutes.

But the greatest error that has been made

upon this subject has been in not discriminating between a motive and a reason.

Philosophers have heretofore contended that man always acts from the influence of a motive. And hence they have drawn the conclusion, that if man always acts from the influence of a motive, it was the motive that was the influencing cause of his actions and not the man. And hence it followed that man was not a responsible being. And no man can resist its logical power, if I may so express myself. But when we come to draw the distinction between a motive and a reason, we find that the whole theory is a mere tissue of absurdities and contradictions, unless we suppose that a cause of action can be a nothing—a nonentity—an abstraction. Certainly it is as plain a proposition as it is in the power of human language to utter, that if an inducement to any given action be any thing else than a reason, it must be an abstraction, a nothing, a nonentity. It cannot exist except in the imagination of the actor. Has a false proposition either in morals or physics any real existence? Is it not an existing truth that two and two make four? Is it not an existing truth that happiness can not result from vice. That happiness can result from virtue is, upon the contrary, a subsisting truth of morals. If a man acts upon the supposition, or what is the same thing, from the motive or consideration that two and two make five, or that there is happiness in a vicious course of life, does he not act from some supposed cause which has no real existence except in his blinded and misinformed understanding or imagination? If it be a subsisting truth of morals, that happiness springs from a life of virtue, how can it also be that it is a subsisting truth of morals that happiness springs from a life of vice? They cannot both co-exist as immovable principles of morals, for they are precisely contradictory. If they contradict each other then, one of them must give way and be regarded as an untruth; and what is an untruth but an imaginary truth—a thing that is not a principle, but an abstraction, a nothing, a nonentity?

If this reasoning be just, then, when a man acts from an abstraction, he cannot act from a cause of action unless a nothing can be a cause. Can a nothing have influence? Can

a nothing move a human being? Can a nothing, as a cause of action, be run back in an adamant chain of fixed causes and effects? The thing is preposterous. Necessitation thus falls. A cause of action must be a thing endowed with a motive power before it can exercise itself as a motive power. But in order to sustain the doctrine of necessity against which we are now combatting, you will have to show that the mere mistaken and unsubstantial imaginations of the actor, which have no other existence than in his blinded and deceived imagination, are causes possessed of influence—are motive powers. If a human being moves to action, and a nothing, a nonentity, an abstraction moves him, is it not as plain as the sun at noon, that the human being himself moves to action freely or spontaneously? In this way we get rid of the whole difficulty.

Does not an untruth follow from a truth? Are not two and two *not* five, because two and two *are* four? You could not assert an untruth to be an untruth, except as a consequence. Why is it that it is untrue that happiness does not follow from a vicious course? Is not the reason why, *because* happiness follows from a course of virtue? If happiness did *not* follow from a course of virtue, you would be utterly unable to prove the opposite untruth to be an untruth. These are grave and important distinctions.

To what fountain are we to trace the sensationalism of Locke, the primitive judgments of Kant, the objectivity of Berkeley and Hume, the transcendentalism of Schelling, Fichte and Hegel, and the infidelity of Carlyle and Coleridge, but to the mistaken philosophy that man *has a mind* as a distinct faculty?

There is a very great distinction between saying that man *has* a mind, and saying that man *is* an intelligent being. The two propositions are as wide apart of each other as the poles.

Is not every philosopher well aware of the fact, that Reid and Stewart were routed from the position that man *had* a moral sense, as a distinct faculty, and that they were defeated upon the ground of the utter inutility of holding that man *was* a moral being, unless he was so inherently. If man be inherently a moral being, then *he is* a moral being, and

has no use for any distinct faculty to make him what he is intrinsically. As Sir William Hamilton very justly says, it is in opposition to just philosophical principles to explain any given phenomena upon complex and involved data, when it can be done satisfactorily at a cheaper rate.

The philosophy of Germany and of some English writers, that man has a mind, has given rise to the absurd distinction between the immediate and reflex operations of our mental actions, called in philosophical language, the objective and subjective processes of thought. The whole theory is founded in a misconception of the thing that does the thinking. It is the same thinking being or thing that thinks there is an outer world, that thinks there is an inner world. Admit this and transcendentalism is dead.

I take it for granted that the reader has read Humboldt's work entitled *Kosmos*. If he has, he has no doubt been startled that he does not find in it any where a direct reference to the great Architect of physical nature. We do not very well perceive how a writer could undertake to write a philosophical treatise upon physical geography in its grandest and sublimest aspects without dwelling with mingled emotions of awe and reverence upon its creator, his greatness and goodness. Dr. Young has observed that the "undevout astronomer is mad." But Humboldt was no mad observer. I have seen it elsewhere accounted for upon the ground of his dread of the philosophy of German transcendentalism. He dreaded the distinction between the objective and subjective philosophy. He does occasionally refer to a first cause, but it is to it, as to a beginning in a chain of fixed causes. He does not deny a principle of causation and hence is under a necessity to admit a beginning to that chain. He accounts for it himself upon the principle of "the wholly objective tendency of his disposition"—and hence speaks of God as "the mysterious unresolvable" problem of the history of origination. But what is German transcendentalism? It is that every event has a cause. Thus if the mind of man passes from the objective to the subjective—from the direct to the reflex—from the thing made to the supposed maker, it is an effect and cannot have originated with the thinker

because every effect must have a cause. It is the same doctrine precisely as the one that we are the creatures of motive. Because if the mind of man passes from the knowledge and observation of the created works of God to the knowledge and observation of God, the supposed creator, it is an effect, since the human mind has no absolute power of origination. These German philosophers say that if we admit that every effect has a cause, and if we admit that the indirect or subjective opinions of the mind are effects, which they must be if they do not originate in the mind, then, they contend that we are bound in a chain of fixed causes and effects. The result of this doctrine is just what Sir William Hamilton calls it, the doctrine of fatalism. What Sir William says he cannot explain, is the freedom of man in any consistency with this doctrine. He supposes that we are reduced to the direful necessity of doing one of two things: 1. We have either to give up the doctrine of cause and effect, or 2. We have to give up the freedom of the human will.

What has Sir William done? Why he has just surrendered the doctrine of cause and effect. And this surrender makes way for his abstruse doctrine of the law of the conditioned. A more wild, a more visionary, a more transcendental tissue of assumptions than this, I venture to affirm, with all the perils of the venture hanging over me, is not to be found in the whole range of German philosophy. The very moment you destroy the law of cause and effect, you *destroy the omnipotence of God*.

It is very generally admitted among metaphysical writers that it is impossible speculatively to reconcile the supremacy of a first great cause, with the freedom of man as a moral being, considered as a secondary cause of actions. This being the case, the world should receive without displeasure any theory, submitted to its examination and scrutiny which undertakes to solve that problem, so as at the same time to preserve the just supremacy of God along with the responsibility of the creature. We think our theory sufficient for that purpose. In the mean time and posterior to its specific elucidation, may we not do well to inquire whether the considerations which are supposed to move

men to action, may not with great and evident advantage to the science of mind, be classified and reduced to a few plain and primary distinctions? Can we not be permitted to divide all the moral motives which are thought to influence the conduct of men into good and bad motives? Is this classification not absolutely necessary in order to any rational inquiry into the merit or demerit of human conduct, as this merit and this demerit form the basis of moral philosophy?

If we are permitted to make this classification and are sustained in it by just philosophical principles of moral science, are we not thereby under a necessity to say that there is much human conduct, or what is the same thing, many human actions, which are neither good nor bad and hence not the result of good or bad motives, and hence not proper phenomena for moral investigation? For example. A human being may pass from one room to another: may change his position from one seat to another: may choose coffee rather than tea: may prefer to read a tale in poetry rather than in prose. Now, here are evidently a class of human actions which are neither good nor bad, and are brought about, so to speak, by neither good nor bad motives. With respect to these actions, the science of moral philosophy has no applicability.

Whenever you succeed in classifying motives into good and bad motives in order to any rational investigation into the science of morals, you at once make a large advance towards comprehending the scope of human freedom and the design of human freedom. It at once and irresistibly leads you to infer, since motives may be ranged and classified into good and bad or true and false, that human freedom is the result of the relation subsisting between the actor and these previously existing motives that have been also previously ranged and classified. The very moment that the science of moral philosophy begins to classify motives, calling some good, and calling others bad—calling some true, and calling others false, this antecedent existence of the motives, whether good or bad, to the moment when the actor brings them to his use and employment is clearly established. Then, the motives constituted an antecedent fixed something about which he

had a taste and preference, or might be supposed to have a taste or preference. This shows the distinction between the actor and his motives. The actor has a chance to look at and to examine these motives in the light of his intelligence, before he performs or before he can perform a *moral* action. An involuntary action is not a moral action either way: either meritorious or blameworthy.

If now the actor, anterior to a moral action has an opportunity to look at motives as they have been previously classified by moral philosophy into good and bad, true or false, has he not a chance to exercise his preference for the good over the bad, the true over the false, or *vice versa*, the bad over the good, the false over the true? If you admit this philosophy, do you not restrict the actor to the chance of one of two motives leading to a moral action—a good or a bad motive? Even, therefore, if we were to admit that motives produce actions, still we would not destroy human freedom unless we were also to destroy the *choice of the actor*. If motives produce actions—that is to say, if good motives produce good actions, in the light of moral philosophy, still if you wish to prove that I am not a being responsible for my actions, you would have to prove that I had no ability to *prefer* freely either a good or an evil motive. Men act from preference and not from motives. It is therefore possible for a man to prefer an illusion of his own mind which pleases him, and which he supposes to be a true thing, to a true principle of moral philosophy.

But let us return again to the subject more immediately on hand.

Man is a compound being, compounded of will and intelligence. He is materially possessed of five senses, through which he obtains all the information which it is possible for him to procure. His first converse then is with an outer world, and this converse we call the objective knowledge of things obtained by means of sensation. After he has acquired the knowledge of certain facts, he then begins to reason from those facts and to establish beliefs. These are called his subjective knowledge.

If a boy takes a piece of heated iron in his hands and burns them, and then presents it to his companion with the belief that it



will also burn his hands he exhibits both the objective and the subjective processes of thought. From his own senses he learns the objective reality of heat, and from his subjective reflection he confidently believes it will burn the hands of his companion.

Now the German Philosophers say that these two beliefs are differently acquired. That sensation tells the one and consciousness the other. And hence they make consciousness the criterion of the truth of our subjective knowledge. So also does Sir William Hamilton. They both insist upon the existence of primary beliefs in mankind. In doing this they certainly attribute the power of absolute origination to a created being. It is, we think, not to be questioned that there are primary truths, but not primary beliefs. Between the two there is a very great distinction.

To acknowledge the existence of a primary belief would be to discard the doctrine of cause and effect, or the pre-established harmony of the moral universe. The Supreme Being of the Scripture cannot possess the attribute of a first cause, or what Humboldt calls the "commencement of the history of origination," if it be possible for a primary belief to arise in the human mind.

There is a remark made by Reid that philosophers who make consciousness the criterion of the truth of our subjective knowledge, would do well to consider. He says that "it were difficult to give any reason for distrusting our other faculties that will not reach consciousness itself." If Reid be right in this remark, then the famous argument of Des Cartes, that "I think, therefore I am," loses its value as a foundation for any theory in mental philosophy.

What is that thing which looks out upon an outer world through the sensorial organs of the body, and who or which after having this converse with the outer world indulges in speculations, draws conclusions and forms judgments?—I answer it is me myself and not my mind. I am the party inhabiting my body, and I have a power or capacity of thinking—I am the individual who looks out of my eyes, and sees the things of the outer world—and then think about what I see—so that I do both the seeing and the thinking. I am the individual who hears with my bod-

ily ears, and am thus brought into acquaintance with the sonorous properties of matter, and after having heard these sounds, it is still me myself that does my own thinking. Does the reader wish me to give the meaning of the pronoun I, as I have used it in the foregoing sentences? If he does I tell him I mean by it, *my will or my soul*. In the school of nature our first acquaintance is with the outer—the objective world and it is only after we have improved our knowledge of material objects, and learned the causation there prevailing—that causation according to which one thing goes before as cause, and another thing comes after as effect, that we turn our attention to, or make our acquaintance with, the subjective philosophy of mind and the science of ontology. But it is the same immaterial, intangible, immortal unit, designated by the pronoun I—designated by the term soul—designated by the word will thus acting.

If this philosophy be true, it would be utterly impossible for German philosophy to draw any distinction between my method of acquiring my objection, and my subjective knowledge. You must impart to me a portion of intelligence before you can make it possible for me to know that an outer world in reality exists.

In order to understand this subject we must draw the distinction between the facts or truths acquired, and the ability of the will or the soul, or the spirit of the infant to acquire them. When the infant concludes that if he puts his hand into the flame of the taper, a second or a third time it will burn it, by what name are we to call that conclusion? The infant gets his knowledge of the properties of heat through the senses. But how does he get his conclusion? It is in answer to this question that German philosophers fly into the regions of transcendentalism. They go at once into the doctrine of idealism, as taught by Fichte, or into the primitive judgments of Kant, or into the pyrrhonism of Hume, or the skepticism of Cousin.

It seems to be as plain as any proposition can be, that this conclusion is nothing more than what the infant thinks. He thinks, (and by him the infant, the reader will remember, we mean the will, or the soul, of the infant,) that the flame of a candle will burn. This is

what Sir William Hamilton calls consciousness. The infant, *he* would say, was conscious that the flame of a candle would burn. But how much better is the consciousness of the infant with respect to phenomena, than the thinking of the infant? Both may be deceived.

The great question which underlies this whole debate, is with respect to man's ability to rise to the conception, or the knowledge of God by original ability. If it were not for *that*, there would be no debate in it. Now my theory settles this question, as plainly as it does German transcendentalism.

The terms absolute, unconditioned, infinite, eternal, primitive, first cause, original principle, first truth, are applied to God. The questions are, is God an objective being, and is our knowledge of God, objective knowledge?

The true theory upon this subject is the hypothesis of the Scripture that God is a spirit. If the great first cause be a spirit, the next question is how we, who derive our information through material organs, can derive a knowledge of a spirit by means of sensible organs? We cannot hear a spirit, we cannot see a spirit, we cannot feel a spirit, we cannot taste one, and we cannot smell one. Obviously, however, before we answer this question, there is a preliminary distinction to be carefully noted and that is, the distinction between absolute knowledge of a spirit, or rather the knowledge of an absolute spirit, and the history of the acts and doings of that spirit. Upon the solution of this question turns the system of the Christian religion, with which we do not purpose to interfere in these pages.

But with the other question, we shall deal differently and shall advocate, in opposition to the Scotch school, which teaches that consciousness is our instructor, that our only teacher must of necessity be the First Cause itself, and this teaching *must* be done by Revelation.

It is with reference to this subject that Sir William Hamilton's philosophy has yet to be considered. He contends that we are *immediately* percipient of an external nature. The reader is doubtless well aware that this question has been fiercely debated for over a

thousand years. The greater number of philosophers have been against Sir William and they have all been of the school of Skeptics. But although, they have denied our intuitive knowledge, they have not denied that consciousness *declares* in favor of an intuitive knowledge. They, therefore deny that the *declaration* of consciousness is to be relied on as a certain test of truth.

It is not to be denied that all materialists, and all infidels contend that we are not immediately percipient of the existence of matter that we have no intuitive knowledge, that we have no certain means of knowing—not even that we exist—not even that we know that we do not know. And it is also not to be denied that it has heretofore been pretty well agreed that to deny that consciousness is the criterion of truth is tantamount to an admission that these conclusions as above enumerated are plainly and logically unavoidable. All matters in dispute are always open to debate. If we wish to ascertain the ability of any instrument to effectuate a certain end, it is certainly important to know something of the nature of that instrument. If we wish to know whether man is capable of knowing, or not, it is certainly important to learn something of the nature of man. Then the enquiry at once arises is man an imperfect being in the mental department of his nature? If he be, does not this mental imperfection necessarily attach to his knowledge? Can man as an imperfect being know otherwise than as an imperfect being? If you say yes, then you cannot think that he immediately knows. He must, upon the contrary know indirectly. If so, then, the representational system in mental philosophy is true.

But let us look at this question in the light of Revelation. Revelation proceeds upon the supposition that man is a fallible being. If Revelation be true, then there are but two classes of knowledge in this world, the revealed and the unrevealed;—the unrevealed is the knowledge of fallible men, and the revealed in the knowledge of infallible men. If the distinction of fallible and infallible prevails between the writers of Revelation and the residue of men, then it seems to me, that no believer in this distinction can hold

consciousness to be the criterion of truth. The question is grave and important, and requires yet farther examination.

## LITTLE MAGGIE.

BY M. LL. W. H.

DEDICATED TO ANNIE, A BELOVED SISTER.

Who proposed its being written, "in the mean time," whilst waiting for the publication of some fugitive piece—she having just read the admirable essay in the January number of *Harper*, upon the successes achieved by a proper application of the usually deemed unimportant interval between effort and result.

N.B.—It has been remarked by persons who have heard this story read, that the exchange of Bibles recalled a similar incident in "Queechy." The writer of "Little Maggie," never met with "Queechy," till some months after the above little tale was written.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

"I don't care; it's no matter; I wish I was dead!"

"'Twould be quite as well," said Miss Phæbe, with the cold, ironical smile, more taunting in its incredulity than words—"Quite as well I dare say."

"Quite!" did not escape the prim lips of Miss Phillis, but her look was eloquent.

"Yes, I wish I was dead!" again said Maggie, desperately.

The Misses Petre's boarder, Mr. McIntosh, who had entered unnoticed, laid his hand gently on the little girl's shoulder. Her cheeks colored violently, then paled; the elder ladies looked annoyed and a little frightened. He was gentle, yet impressive.

"I should like your young charge to take a walk with me this fine evening," he said in a voice soft, but commanding.

"O certainly," said Miss Phæbe graciously, hoping to propitiate him by her readiness to gratify his every wish.

"With greatest pleasure," chimed in Miss Phillis, equally hopeful that her sweet amiability would charm the handsome bachelor.

"You will get your bonnet and come?"

His words asked the question, but the tone carried within it a little golden thread of entreaty, irresistible to the ear of the sorrowful child. She ran eagerly for it. Mr. McIntosh conversed to such purpose during her short absence, that his auditors seemed under the spell of delight.

They set off—first through the little green gate leading to the meadows, and then beside the beautiful windings of the creek, in whose pellucid waters the ripening nuts, dropped by the busy squirrels overhead, made ten thousand ripples. Both were silent till they reached a large flat rock nearly overgrown by the dark green leaves of the chick-aberry, and seated themselves. He gathered a hand full of the red and aromatic fruit, and after she had eaten it,

"So you wish you were dead, Maggie?"

She looked up: *now* she knew certainly he had heard her.

"Did you mean what your words expressed?" asked he, fixing his calm, clear, reproving eye upon her.

She met his gaze courageously; her face flushed a little—

"I did when I spoke them"—then starting up, her whole impassioned soul in her eyes, "I felt forsaken—desperate. O, did you ever know what it was to feel so? No parents, no friends, no home, unloved, uncared for, desolate—lost?"

"Yes, Maggie," he said softly and slowly, and taking her hands in his—"yes, Maggie, *all* this I have passed through before your eyes opened on this world's light. But who came to *seek* and to save that which was lost?"

"Our blessed Saviour; O, that is the sweetest word in all the Bible. O, that He would save me!"

"And He will, Maggie, but you must ask Him—not once, not twice, but ever unceasingly; in your daily employments; ere you close your eyes in sleep: He is the friend nearer than a brother, He has said "He

that seeketh me *shall* find me. But you must desire to be found of this great seeker. Do you pray Maggie?"

"Yes often, earnestly."

But do you pray with *faith*—with the real belief that God is listening, and will accept your prayer for the sake of Jesus our Lord?"

"I dont know, I try, but I am wicked, oh so wicked, I speak the truth always."

"I know you do."

"And yet they blame me for it."

Perhaps you do not speak it in the right way Maggie. We should speak the truth in love."

"I *cannot* love them, they do not love me, I think they hate me. "O, she cried with wild vehemence of agony; and falling down on her knees before him. "Tell me, tell me is it true you notice me only from pity? Am I so ugly, so loathsome?"

Parting the tangled, ill kept hair from the troubled little face, gently as a tender mother might have done, he said.

"You are very beautiful in my eyes, Maggie."

An arrow of joy pierced the poor little fluttering heart—a flood of light illumined its darkness—with a smothered sob she nestled her face close to him. Tears were on it now, like the soft summer rain they were falling and the soil was prepared for their reception. Uncultivated, uncared for hitherto, its rare and beautiful qualities might yet be redeemed by the judicious husbandman. Mr. McIntosh dried the wet cheek and continued. "He who appoints our times and trials is wise and good. He can make our bitterest troubles show forth His glory and in the end bring us joy. Had it not been for ours; we might never have known each other,—are you glad or sorry Maggie to know me?"

"Glad! O happy," she cried "and thankful. Who has been kind to me but you, who has taught me right but you: To whom can I open my heart but to you, and who shall I—" she paused.

"What Maggie?"

She shook her head.

"You will not finish what you began?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Some day perhaps if you remember and ask me again."

"I certainly shall, Maggie."

"Then I will tell you."

"And why not now?"

At this moment two youths passed within a few rods of them, the one fair-haired, handsome, but bold and scornful looking, dressed in sporting style, but with the indiscriminable something pertaining to fashion,—the other a stout, awkward farmer's boy, carrying the game slung over his shoulder which his companion had killed. Their looks were full of curiosity, and Mr. McIntosh returned the cool stare of the tallest with a fixed composure that did not seem altogether agreeable. They passed on slowly—when out of sight, he said, "come Maggie, it is time we were going home."

With a sigh she repeated the word. "Home!"

"The same roof shelters us both, Maggie."

She rose, placed her little hand confidently in his, and walked slowly on beside him, and in all his dreams, and they were many that night, the soft pressure of the slender fingers was with him still.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

Little Maggie was the daughter of a young officer, who died at sea, her mother lived but a few days after the tidings reached her, and the child was sent to the Misses Petre, very distant relatives of the poor Father. Their callous and ungenerous spirits embittered every hour of the little orphan's life. Her sole comfort had been derived from the considerate kindness and warm sympathy of Mr. McIntosh, a retired lawyer of ample fortune, who for eighteen months past had been a boarder in their family. He was grave and handsome, standing high in society; but reserved in manner, and one who never alluded to himself. The pale weary face, the dark dress, and sorrowful eyes of the little Maggie, must have touched a tender chord in his bosom, for from the instant he saw her, she seemed to take possession of his heart,

and with the instinct peculiar to children, she at once discovered this and clung closely and passionately to him.

Mr. McIntosh always passed a portion of the day in a large parlor he had fitted up as an impromptu library. It was bright and cheerful looking—the furniture arranged for comfort and convenience, and upon its walls hung some fine pictures. These were Maggie's delight, though she often left off gazing on their fair landscapes to examine the Ornithology of Wilson and Audubon, and the Gallery of Indian portraits, which were always open to her inspection. The slender sum accruing to her from the poor pension, was barely enough to eke out the cool charity of her relatives. There was nothing for the defrayment of her education. The Misses Petre, however, offered no objection to her going through a course of study laid down by Mr. McIntosh. She steadily pursued it with him. Difficulties vanished before the magic of his power; her mind expanded rapidly, but judgment and good taste attended its every step, so no footprint upon the golden sands of Intellect needed to be effaced by the waters of Time. A holy Christian influence was over her. "The temper flaws unsightly" began gradually to disappear—the panoply of pride was shivered by a kind word, and although she had much to endure from the rugged natures which surrounded her, little Maggie grew better and happier every day.

"Well, little student," said Mr. McIntosh, one beautiful morning, as she sat busily writing her French exercise, "what say you to a walk? Fresh air will do both of us good, and I think we deserve a holiday."

She looked up cheerfully.

"The haws are ripe. I saw them in our ride yesterday; let us go to the Pantha creek and gather some."

The books were laid aside, bonnet and scarf brought; the Misses Petre's permission asked and obtained, and as they walked down the lane leading to the village, Maggie suddenly darted from his side and picked up a singularly crooked stick.

"This will draw down the branches nicely," she said, handing it to him to examine.

"Dropped by some wagoner, I suppose,"

replied Mr. McIntosh, "or more probably stolen from his grandmother by some naughty boy, and lost."

"Look how polished it is," said Maggie; "it has been much used."

Down the long green lane, shaded by red gum, shelbark, and maple trees, now putting on their autumn livery, they walked quickly and turning up a green glade which lay to the left of the village, came presently to the hoary clump of haws whose lichen and twisted branches teemed with jetty berries, strangely contrasted with bright scarlet stems.

"Here, then, for a little while, I shall leave you, Maggie," said her companion. "I wish to see a person at Wache's mill: in half an hour I shall be back; you can gather berries till my return."

"Yes," Maggie said, "she could gather a great many in his absence;" so he left her.

He had not been long gone ere she was startled by the report of a gun very near her, and a pheasant fell almost at her feet. A dog and sportsman broke through a tangled thicket together, and in the latter she recognized the eldest of the two young men seen some days before.

"So we meet again," said he, picking up the pheasant coolly and depositing it in his pouch.

Maggie did not speak; she colored high, surprised and displeased with his familiar look and tone; her bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders—the strings knotted together in front still held it, and instinctively she drew it over her face, and proceeded to pick up the branches of haws she had gathered. But stepping forward he placed the butt of his gun upon them and said,

"Not one shall you have till you answer my questions. In the first place I wish to know your name."

"I shall not tell you," said the little girl, courageously.

"You shall not! And why?"

"Because you have no right to ask. Take your gun off my berries, if you please;" and she endeavored to lift them. But he rudely held them down.

"If you wish me to let you have them, you must kiss me first."

"You are a coward!" cried Maggie, her eyes flashing with scorn, "or you would not

dare to speak so. I do not want the haws now; I will not have them," and she was turning to go away, when he said,

"Move, and I will make my dog bite you."

"If you dare!" exclaimed a voice, and over his shoulder the stout, rough boy, his former companion, placed his hand on the collar of his shooting jacket. "If you dare! coward, to frighten a little girl so. Go," he continued to Maggie, "take your berries, little lady; he shall not hurt you; the dog is mine—it will not harm you."

But stung to madness by his words, the tallest had raised the gun and struck him a severe blow. In an instant the crooked stick of little Maggie was in her defender's hand, and with this he was giving the young gentleman a hearty drubbing when Mr. McIntosh put an end to the fray. Maggie had flown to call him.

"What does this mean?" said he, looking very much surprised and displeased.

The matter was soon explained.

"Sir," said Mr. McIntosh, approaching the somewhat crest-fallen delinquent, "I am glad your punishment has come from a more lenient hand than mine. Go—it is best I do not know your name." Then grasping warmly the hand of the farmer's boy, he said, "The generous, upright heart which taught you to succor a helpless little girl will thank you best; but I shall see you again: where do you live?"

"At Carmacks," he answered, blushing deeply.

"And your name?"

"Gèorge Landers."

"I shall not forget it. Now, Maggie, we will gather our haws:" and quietly, as if nothing had occurred, he proceeded to do so. George Landers aided materially, and lingered under the old haws long after Mr. McIntosh and little Maggie had disappeared.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

The autumn passed, the mountain was covered with snow, a keen icy breath was abroad, or the atmosphere was thick and damp—and rambles to a distance had to be given up. There was full employment within doors however. Each morning Maggie received an allotment of sewing to be com-

pleted ere night fall, and being inexperienced with her needle, it took nearly every moment of the short winter-day to accomplish the task. Mr. McIntosh was absent, business it was said had called him to one of the Northern cities—he might not be at home again for some time. His parting with little Maggie was a sad one, and yet he cheered her with the hope of his speedy return, and gave her many a charge "to keep the even tenor of her way;" guarding her heart from its temptations under the mighty shield of prayer.

George Landers had left Carmacks. Poor orphan boy, some said he had wandered away to better his fortune in foreign lands. His old grandmother, Mrs. Nix, knew better, but she said nothing, only as she laid upon the shelf by her bed, a certain polished, well worn staff with a remarkable curve at the end of it, she called it her "goose," at which people wondered, and fancied the old dame a little demented, but Mrs. Nix being already possessed of some of its golden eggs, was as much persuaded it was a goose, as the Duke of Buckingham that the cock was a fine horse.

At the Briars, Miss Phœbe kept house, and Miss Phillis was sempstress, but Maggie was not allowed to enjoy the warmth of the stove by which *she* worked. Sent to the chill breakfast-room, her feet and hands often ached with cold and she used to find it difficult at times to thread her needle. Yet she complained not—she only humbly raised her simple prayers to that Patient Ear always open to the cry of the distressed, and counted the weeks, days, hours which might bring back her only earthly protector.

Katty the cook and maid of all-work was kind to her. How could she help it? "Had she not been left years ago a poor motherless thing herself?"

So many a time a biscuit, or slice of bread and butter, or an apple was laid in the little work-basket under the plain sewing, and sometimes she was called to enjoy a good warm at the kitchen fire. These were cordials, prized none the less for the kind sympathy of look and tone which accompanied them.

It would have been a comfort to go in Mr. McIntosh's parlor, sit in his chair, look over

her old accustomed pleasures, but this was denied her. Go into their boarder's apartment during his absence? Unheard of presumption! The Misses Petre were astounded at her audacity; and for fear of bad consequences bolted the door, but they could not bolt out the little heart pictures she possessed of the happy hours she had spent there with him.

One morning, during breakfast, Katty brought in a letter, which whilst on some little errand in the Village, Mrs. Marging the post mistress, had delivered to her. It was from Mr. McIntosh, and contained an urgent request that the Misses Petre would permit him to relieve them of their charge, promising to adopt her, and provide for her present and future comfort: and if this proposal met their approval, she was to be prepared without delay to take her place among the pupils of the celebrated Madam V. He desired her equipment should be suited to her altered circumstances, and enclosed a sum which developed the hitherto frozen affections of her relatives into an alarming state of fervour. Their voices trembled with delight, their only puzzle being how much could be subtracted from the generous sum, for their own personal adornment. A small, sealed note lay inside the larger envelope.

"For my little Maggie." To seize and tear it open was the work of an instant; to burst from the detaining arms of her now fond relatives, crush it in her bosom, fly to the lonely garret, kneel down and thank God who sent her this blessing, occupied scarcely longer space. The note ran thus:

"Is my dear little Maggie willing to give herself to me? To be all my own forever—the sunbeam on my path now and my evening star hereafter? If so she must write one word on a slip of paper, and give it to her cousins to enclose in their reply to my letter. God bless Maggie and make her good and happy.

H. MCINTOSH."

With tears blinding her eyes she wrote the desired word "Yes," and beside it placed another, "Come," and the slip of paper was safely enclosed in the reply of the Misses Petre. They were in great nervous excitement until their coachman and gardener Sandy, who was despatched to the office, sol-

emnly affirmed on his return, he had seen it mailed within ten minutes after he reached the village.

"I see now," observed Miss Phœbe, drawing a relieved sigh, "the ill effects which might arise from not sending regularly to the office. Our dear child might have lost a fortune by a mere chance, suppose some one had opened the letter—or it had been lost!"

"Katty had dropped it, suppose," said Miss Phillis, "careless creature that she is."

These horrible suppositions quite overcame them, and nothing short of a reperusal of the important document, and close examination of its contents could restore their tranquillity. This being accomplished, business must be attended to without a moment's delay. Nothing in the village shops could be dreamed of for an instant, had not their taste always been fastidious? A trip to the neighboring town, eighteen miles distant was at once suggested by Miss Phœbe. In the morning, let roads and weather be at their worst, their journey should be made—by quitting the Briars at day dawn, they could reach Y. by eleven, get through with their shopping, lunch at the Confectioner's, call on their particular friend Miss Martin, obtain knowledge of the fashions from her and get her to accompany them to the dress-maker's. O, it was a very possible and thoroughly delightful plan.

"But what if it should snow?" observed Katty, to whom the necessary order for a breakfast by candlelight, was given.

"Then we shall go in the snow," said Miss Phœbe decidedly—"and tell Sandy to brush up his best suit and be ready."

There was only one trouble to mar Maggie's bliss, she was to go to Madame V. and be separated from Mr. McIntosh for so long, O how long she did not know—it seemed terrible to think of, "yet she belonged to him, Yes, he had asked her, and she had given herself to him *forever*, that surely was a comfort."

A very great one, so she dried her eyes, and joined her relatives at dinner, if not reciprocating at least not rejecting their endearments.

"I declare she is growing quite handsome," said Miss Phœbe that evening at tea,

bountifully helping her to apple butter, "she will be a belle and beauty one of these days," echoed Miss Phillis. "You know I always said so,—the true Rutherford eyes, sister."

"Humph!" said Katty to herself, as she brought in hot cakes, "'tis the first time ever I heard ye then old hypocrite."

#### CHAPTER FOURTH.

The morning came, no snow, no rain, fairer and milder than for weeks past. The journey was performed, the purchases made; and the party returned safely to a late supper very well satisfied and exceedingly fatigued.

Only one incident had occurred to interest Maggie. She had seen the person who threatened her with the dog. He was standing on the portico of a handsome house, with a very showily dressed girl some years older than himself hanging on his arm, they were laughing at and criticizing her party she was quite sure. He recognized her and revenge was in his heart. She could read "Enmity" in his eyes, though she gave no second look. Their cicerone, Miss Martin, in the forenoon, in passing, had observed,

"Very handsome house—is it not? and so splendidly fitted up, marble baths and conservatory—every thing in short, but then they are so rich."

"Who are they?" inquired Miss Phœbe.

"The Vails."

"Ah! mushrooms!" returned Miss Phillis.

"*Parvenus* certainly—but nevertheless the fashion," answered Miss Martin rather tartly, for she professed intimacy with the family—"the daughter's a princess in beauty; she is to be sent abroad somewhere, to perfect her education; at a French convent I believe, but the son is a sad fellow, a genuine scape-grace, will inherit his grandfather's immense fortune, and run through it all. Ah! too much license is allowed to the youth of the present day."

Well his name was Vail, this bad cowardly boy, he had a sister too, and yet he could treat another little girl so ill, she thought over the whole scene as they drove along that evening through the wintry woods; the honest kind face of the farmer's boy; the dark scowling look of his opponent; the ter-

rible light which flamed in the eyes of Mr. McIntosh and she still heard the voice in which he said "it was best he did not know his name."

The tenth evening from the date of his letter brought Mr. McIntosh. Maggie flew to meet him; she did not give him time to descend from the carriage, but springing up the steps Sandy with great alacrity was letting down, threw herself into his arms.

"How you have grown!" said he fondly; "in these few weeks two inches taller—no shawl, and the snow flakes falling like pearls on these ringlets of mine, I shall take better care of them however."

He lifted her into the hall, and affably returned the vociferous welcoming of the elder ladies, and more cordially the homely greeting of Katty, who brought in his luggage. A fire had been kept up for a week past in the Library; now it blazed finely, diffusing a warm and ruddy glow over every object. Mr. McIntosh and the little Maggie sat cosily beside it. At first they looked silently and intently in each other's faces, reading as in a book all that had occurred during their separation. Then he said abruptly—

"And you missed me, Maggie?"

"O very, very much!"

"You are not sorry to have me back again?"

"No, only too happy,—too happy for any words I can find."

"How did you spend your time during my absence?"

She told him, only omitting to mention her entire exclusion from the Library, until after the arrival of his wonderful letter. But Mr. McIntosh seemed possessed of intuitive knowledge.

"During your exile from this room, what books did you read?" asked he.

In surprise she answered,

"None but the Bible."

"And which of its chapters gave you the most pleasure?"

"The eighteenth of St. Mathew and fifteenth of St. Luke, gave me most comfort," she replied—and repeated the eleventh verse of the former. "For the son of Man is come to *save* that which was lost."

"I wish you to do something," said he presently taking her hand; "I wish you to



give me your Bible and take this,"—he drew from his pocket a very handsome one,—“I wish you to read in this every day, and read it with prayer; that it may be indeed and in truth, a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path. In a few days you will be in the midst of a large school. Perhaps many of your associates may be regardless of the precious truths this Holy Book contains, but my own little Maggie must daily, yes, and hourly, claim the promise of One who has said ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; before they call I will answer, and when they call I will hear.’ You cannot go to Him in vain. He will make plain paths to your feet, and lead you I trust in the way everlasting.”

Maggie was deeply impressed, his voice was so soft, solemn, and yet cheerful. She looked up, his moistened eye was fixed upon her. Drawing the head to his bosom,—“God bless my child,” he said.

“Will you be far from me?” she enquired in a trembling voice.

“No, very near most of the time, but though I cannot see you always, you must think of me and know that I am thinking of you, whether present or absent.”

“Yes.”

“Yes—and you have had nothing to distress or disturb you lately?”

“Nothing but,”—

“But what?”

“I saw that bad man again.”

“Where, when?”

His eye grew stern.

“Not here—in town,—standing on the door-step of a large stone house.”

“Do you know his name?”

“Yes.”

“Tell it me.”

“You once said it was well you did not know it,” replied Maggie; “had I best tell you?”

“No, you are a wise little gipsy, I think you could read fortunes.”

“Almost,” answered Maggie. “His, that boy’s I mean, will be a bad one, Miss Martin said so.”

“What was he doing?”

“Laughing with a very pretty girl, who I think was his sister—laughing at us and our shabby old bonnets.”

“Insolent puppy,” escaped Mr. McIntosh’s lips, but suddenly rising he said with a smile.

“Getting late, tea will soon be ready, my little Mag’s hair needs smoothing; and I have much to do before bed time. We shall set off after breakfast.”

The child paused, and looked around, then darting to the bookcase, table, chairs, passed her hand caressingly over each, and burst into tears.

“Good-bye, dear happy room, good-bye,” she said, and ran out and up the stairs.

“I have chosen well,” thought Mr. McIntosh. “My heart and judgment both agree.”

The next morning before they quitted the Briars, Mr. McIntosh put it in Maggie’s power most liberally to reward the uniform kindness of Katty, though they felt its best ingredient, sympathy, was beyond price. She also assisted several decrepit old persons and orphan children in the neighborhood. This was a difficult task. From receiving money even from the friend of her life, the little girl shrank with native delicacy. A well-contested battle ensued, and had not Mr. McIntosh summoned duty and charity as his aids, able general as he was, he must have lost it.

A request had been made that none of the furniture should be removed from the apartments he had occupied. His papers and books only were to be packed by the person he would send to fetch them. The rest must remain in *statu-quo*, and perhaps Maggie might some day like to revisit her old haunts. The Misses Petre were charmed, and profuse in invitations for summer holidays.

Mr. McIntosh and his little charge pursued their journey for the first two days in the carriage which conveyed him to the Briars. Sometimes he read to her or conversed in his own interesting and instructive manner, and when weary little Maggie fell asleep in her corner with her head resting on his kind and generous bosom. Once he said, as in driving through a small town, she laughed to see a baker’s boy run up against a stout old Dutchwoman, and get his ears soundly boxed, “We are now entering upon what is termed the great world—it is a thorough-fare of persons, motives and actions,

and to go safely we must avoid jostling others, or affording them the opportunity of jostling us. It is not necessary for us to publish to the world our private histories; and so I have simply informed Madame V., that the young lady I was about placing under her tuition was my adopted sister, and it remains with you now Maggie whether I shall be to you brother or Hugh."

A sweet and beautiful smile came in the eyes of the little girl.

"Hugh," she said, almost in whisper, "if you please I like Hugh best."

"Then Hugh it shall be, but now my Maggie can you tell me why?"

"Because it brings you nearer."

"Nearer?" he asked, smiling and looking very happy. "I should have supposed Brother did."

"O no, brother makes you seem so old, and Hugh lessens your age."

"Not a day, Maggie," he cried now laughing outright. "But my original little socialist, how old do you suppose me to be?"

"I only know you are just the age that pleases me," she answered.

"I am glad of that; imagine me of any age you fancy, you will ever find my heart young enough to take part in, and sympathize with whatever concerns you."

Then Maggie sang him a little song which he was fond of hearing and here closes our fifth chapter.

#### CHAPTER SIXTH.

As the upsoaring lark bathes its wings in the golden mist of the morning, even so did the heart of Mr. McIntosh rejoice itself in the pure and fervent light of little Maggie's love. He had not passed unscathed in life's warfare—sorrows many, and some too deep for human eye to perceive, had marred his happiness. The scars were none the less indelible, because veiled by his powerful will. He knew in whose strength he had conquered, and like a veteran soldier kept his armor bright and forgot not the injunction to "Watch."

Now he believed he should reap a rich reward for years of self sacrifice. He who voluntarily cut down and rooted up his dearest hope for the good of another, fancied he

perceived a new and still lovelier one upspringing on his path. Since little Maggie had been placed at Madame V's, Time had flown by, if not on "angel wings," at least on very happy ones, and now the last day of her last term at that august seminary was drawing to its close, and with it the *matinée*, which had assembled the parents, guardians, and other near friends of the pupils. This festival had been long dreamed of, much desired. None but a young, inexperienced girl, can comprehend the conflict of feeling such entertainments can excite. Hope, joy, fear, disappointment, envy, malice, all uncharitableness, seem to arrive with other invited guests.

Among the youthful and attractive faces crowding the apartments thrown open to the company, not one was found more lovely than that of the "little Maggie," with whom we parted in a travelling carriage some six months ago. The clear, olive cheek was flushed with a beautiful and delicate bloom. The dark intelligent eyes, so liquid, so gentle conveyed to each observer, at once the knowledge of her frank, confiding nature. There was a fascination in the tranquillity of her movements; a repose in the expression of her every action, which harmonized with the sweetness of her voice. And yet a shade of care seemed not very distant from her heart. What could detain Mr. McIntosh? Arrivals every moment, why, why, did he not come? Her reverie was dissipated by the approach of one of her companions; following whom came a tall and singularly handsome young man.

"Allow me, Miss Rutherford, to introduce my Cousin Mr. Vail."

His eye met Maggie's, his face flushed violently, hers grew marble pale. Faltering forth some scarce articulate words about his pleasure and surprise at again meeting her, he solicited a few minutes conversation. Maggie inclined her head haughtily in token of assent; but by a gesture of her hand recalled his cousin to her side, as she was leaving them.

"Mis Rutherford," said the young man hurriedly, "I see that in me, you only recognize the petty tyrant I was when we first met—believe me since that hour I have never forgotten or ceased to repent my fault."

Can I make no attonement for a mere boyish frolic? Will you veil undying revenge under so much beauty, and extend a pardon to me never?"

"The wrong to me," in a low deep voice she answered, "I have long since forgiven; the cruelty of its principle I cannot ever forget, we must part as we have met, strangers."

She passed slowly into another apartment.

Now this little dialogue had been in the hearing of two very dissimilar, and yet very deeply interested persons. Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. McDonough, a young officer in the Navy, whose brother having married one of Madame V's lovely daughters, was on terms of intimacy with the family, and had become passionately attached to Maggie. He was a fine looking, gallant fellow, worthy of his name, and never had his courage failed him, until at this very moment, when he needed it most. What the offence, she punished so relentlessly, he could not divine; but while her spirit surprised it exalted her in his estimation the more. "Such a woman might well be a brave man's wife. She shall be mine—but can I gain her? Nothing venture nothing win," says the wise old proverb," and intrenching himself behind the assurance of the gallant Marquis of Montrose.

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his desert's too small,  
That fears to put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all."

A little later she was standing beside a marble table examining minutely a vase of flowers when a little touch on her shoulder caused her to turn.

"Hugh," she exclaimed, her face radiant with pleasure. "Where, where have you been all this time?"

"Not very far Maggie." Then looking approvingly at her ornaments and dress—"Exactly what I admire."

She smiled brightly: "I am so glad I suit your taste."

"When did you otherwise? And now are the trunks packed all ready for Niagara?"

"Quite and I have only six band boxes," returned Maggie with a saucy smile.

"A moderate number truly—do you believe your finery will be safe in such strong fortifications?"

To Niagara they went then, to the Falls of Montmorenci, the Heights of Abraham, where fell the gallant Wolf, to Quebec, and Montreal. Maggie was delighted with all she saw, but the strength and skill of the fortifications, and the review of the Highland regiment, impressed her most. During their tour they became acquainted with many agreeable and interesting persons. Among them was Lord L., a Scottish nobleman of old family, and large fortune. Young, enthusiastic, handsome and accomplished, was it to be wondered at, when a sympathy grew between them? Maggie loved to talk of the old land of the Thistle, and all its soul-stirring associations. She did not see what was visible to all other eyes, that she was herself inspiring a deeper emotion.

Only once did Mr. McIntosh allude to Lord L.

"Maggie," said he on the morning they were to turn their faces homeward, "You like Lord L?"

"Assuredly—why did you ask me?"

He made no reply; he did not seem to have heard her question. A newspaper was in his hand; he might be reading; but as she looked at him, on appearance of suffering in his countenance, and languid attitude, struck her painfully. She came to his side directly, and placing her hand before his eyes said playfully.

"A penny for your thoughts."

"They are not so pleasant that I should wish you to partake of them dear Maggie."

She continued at his side, smoothing softly the dark thick hair, here and there betraying a silver thread. She felt he was agitated though outwardly so calm. Suddenly she bent down, pressed her lips upon his forehead and left the room.

Minutes passed, but Mr. McIntosh stirred not, had he moved an eye-lid self control had been over. As it was he mastered all visible emotion by the efforts of a great and well-directed will. But when he strode through the apartment from which she had departed the bitter question was in his mind. "Had it come indeed to this? Was he to pass the fiery ordeal of unrequited love once more? And such love! Oh! who could give her such love as his—who understood, who appreciated, who could prize her as he?"

## THE PREACHER AND THE KING.\*

This book has its scene in the Court of Louis XIV. We would hardly expect that Voltaire, St. Simon, Dangeaux, St. Beuve, Madame de Sévigné, &c., &c., not omitting Miss Pardoe, would have left something fresh and valuable for an after-comer. But here is a fresh book, and one to delight, move, and instruct every reader of right principles and just sensibilities, who is not afraid of an author who in some portions of his volume demands a little thought, in order that he may be properly appreciated. Even to the reader who cares not for instruction, and who would protest the smallest draft upon his intellectual faculties, the book will be acceptable for the well-sustained interest of its development.

The subject is nothing more than this.

Madame de Montespan, the well-known favourite of the King, in preparation, as usual, for communion, applies to her confessor for absolution. Without absolution, the best Catholic dare not receive the holy sacrament, though very indifferent ones, as for instance the king and his mistress, it was then held, might approach without fear, if possessed of this prophylactic. But the priest is scrupulous, and under the circumstances, refuses absolution.

Madame is filled with indignation, as is also the king when he is informed of the audacity of the priest.

He calls to a conference, Bossuet, the great Bossuet, who manifests true courage, justifies the priest, and forces the King to look steadily at his sin of adultery. The King is moved, almost yields, and sends Bossuet to see Madame de Montespan, with whom he is equally faithful, but where he meets with less success. This is the evening before Good Friday, and Bossuet remembers that Bourdaloue is to preach the next day before the King and Court in the chapel of Versailles. He hastens then to the house of Bourdaloue, in order to urge him to speak with faithfulness to the King. There he meets Claude, one of the most distinguished Protestants of the period, who comes there, it seems, with the same view as himself.

\* Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. Translated from the French of L. Baugener. Paris. 12th edition.

The struggle in the breast of Bourdaloue, the means employed to induce him to assume the character of a reprover of royalty, and the result, afford the material for the remainder of the volume.

The book has in its outline all the simplicity of a Greek play. Indeed, one might almost suppose that the author had kept his eye upon the three unities. The nodus is the question which of two perorations shall be adopted for a sermon—the time occupied is twenty-four hours or thereabouts—and the scene is never changed from Versailles. In the vivacity of some of its dialogue, it is dramatic, and in several scenes, for example, that of the visit of Pere la Chaise to Bourdaloue, that of Bossuet to the Queen, where he meets the King on the stairway, the appearing of Claude among the Philosophers, and again in the denouement in the chapel, we are presented with what reminds us of stage contrivance. Yet the book is not in any possible sense a drama. So far from it, that the Rev. Dr. Potts, in a preface to the translation, says: "It is substantially a work on eloquence, especially sacred eloquence, and none the less worthy of respectful attention, because its criticisms are embodied in a spirited narrative embracing occurrences and persons which belong to the actual history of that extraordinary era." This portion of the work is very valuable as a criticism of the highest order. Pulpit eloquence is, in many important particulars, the same thing as any other eloquence, and in many other important particulars, it is essentially different from all other eloquence. It is of great moment, that at the same time this agreement and this difference, should be recognized by preachers, hearers and critics. If man is to be affected by speech, he must be addressed as a being of intellect, emotion and taste, whether the subject is sacred or profane; but in addition, the true sermon must also regard him as also a spiritual being sustaining relations mysterious but real, and of paramount importance, to eternity. And this not in a general manner merely, but in the distinct aspect presented by the Gospel, in the doctrine of a fallen nature, redemption by a Saviour, and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. He who is not fully impressed with this view, may, in the pulpit, entertain

and even instruct—he may be a lecturer or a polemic, but a preacher, in the Pauline sense, he cannot be. On the other hand, he who looks at man's spiritual relations so exclusively as to ignore his intellectual element, soon degenerates into monotonous rant, or drivelling sentimentalism. Spirituality is the most reasonable thing in the world, but it is nevertheless distinct from reason in its foundation and its functions. So the pulpit orator is at the same time like other orators, and different from them, and thus is to be guided by the same canons of eloquence, and others also. This has been perceived by our author and brought out by him, as by no other writer upon sacred eloquence, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, we think a preacher's library must be incomplete, in which this work is not found, to be once thoroughly studied, and frequently referred to afterwards.

The plan of the book gives occasion for illustrating a very important religious doctrine—the power of the truth upon the conscience. This is exhibited very impressively in the case of the Christian consciences of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, and also in a different way and with different results upon the natural consciences of Louis and Madame de Montespan.

There is one feature of the book which is new, but we believe just, and at this time, in our country, seasonable, and yet we are not sure that it will be acceptable to all readers. This feature is the favourable view presented of the sincere piety of some of the most eminent Catholic dignitaries of the period. Not merely of the Fenelons, uncle and nephew, who may well claim the brotherly sympathy of Protestants, but also of Bourdaloue the Jesuit, and especially of Bossuet, the great polemic bulwark of the Catholic church, and of course the pre-eminent antagonist of the Protestant system. Too many of us are apt to feel that there is absolutely nothing good in the Catholic Religion, and this not altogether unnaturally or unreasonably, as there is in fact so little—that because there are so few—therefore there are within its pale, absolutely none truly religious, and that there never have been any such. Now this is narrow-mindedness, not to say bigotry. To believe it one must be ignorant of history, and to assert

it, is to injure the Protestant cause, as well as to be guilty of a great uncharity. Eminent Catholics can be named, for whom all the world feels reverence, and if we could forget all actual examples, the origin of the Catholic church as springing out of the apostolic age, though degenerately, might, *a priori*, convince us that Christian people have gone from its bosom to heaven. By an easy transition, those who for the first time are brought to believe that there have been in times past, Catholics who were sincere Christians, may be induced to admit, that there may be some such at present. This would be no inconsiderable improvement in Christian charity, for there are not a few, who as at present advised, would promptly reject the proposition. We think the reading of this book, will be profitable to all such. Nor need they be afraid that they will be brought to any concession that will imply a lessening either of their admiration for Protestantism, or of their opposition to the Catholic system. The author is a zealous French Protestant minister, and understands, as Americans cannot, the errors and the iniquities of Catholicism, and the exhibition of them is a masterly and most valuable accomplishment of his book. Does he make us respect the piety as well the genius of Bossuet, and exhibit him as one of the most evangelical as well as one of the most sublime annotators upon Isaiah? Does he awaken our warm sympathy for Bourdaloue, in his conscience-struggles and cause us to rejoice with him when conscience triumphs? Does he inspire us with love for the spiritually-minded and enthusiastic Fenelon? Yes—but all the time you feel, though the author never says so, that what is to be admired is their Christianity, and not their Catholicism—that they are good men in a church of error—they are uncorrupted but not uncontaminated—that, in short, they all, not excepting Fenelon, lack something—and that something is found in the great Protestant, Claude. That something is an unsuperstitious soul, made free by the clear perception of the great truth, that God is not only the *supreme* but also the *exclusive* giver of salvation, and the Bible the *only* rule of faith and practice.

This Claude is magnificent—so full of ge-

nus, and courage, and piety, and let it be added of brotherly love. We have not that exact acquaintance with the ecclesiastical history of the period, which would enable us to determine whether there is any exaggeration in the features of this sketch as the portrait of an actual historical character. We only know that Claude was one of the ablest opponents in argument of Bossuet, and one of the most conspicuous and beloved of the French Protestants. But we take the delin-eation as the type of the spirit of Protestantism, and as such, we are sure that there is no exaggeration in it. For it is the same spirit that was seen in Luther, and Knox, and Milton—in the Waldenses, the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, and the Huguenots of South Carolina.

As may be supposed, the author has not failed to present in positive tracts the character of Catholicism as exhibited both in its ministers and its votaries. Indeed we could not describe the times of Louis XIV. without doing this.

Thus we have the King and Madame de Montespan, communing very regularly and devoutly, upon the faith of priestly absolution, and Louis actually hearing with surprise, that his life is in violation of the seventh commandment, or rather, according to the Catholic forgery of God's law, explained in a note by the author, the sixth commandment. The idea had not occurred to him before, though he could not be but struck with the obviousness of it when once presented. And there is Pere la Chaise, the King's confessor, who whenever he received notice that the King needed absolution, had himself bled, that he might plead sickness, and thus avoid, endangering on the one hand, his conscience by granting sacramental absolution to an adulterous King, and on the other, his lucrative position by withholding it. What a picture of lubricity! How fitting to preserve his memory, is the great Parisian cemetery, called by his name, and glittering with splendid sepulchres full of dead men's bones! and the slaveish subservience of the church to the King, the adulation of the courtiers in the very house of God, and the general falseness and trickery of the Catholic church in its principles and its performances, are sketched with a steady hand,

while anticipatory allusions to the after-perpetrated enormity of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes frequently occur. By the way, he think that we deals with Bossuet rather too gently for his complicity with this measure. In a note refering to the trial of Fenelon at Rome, he nullifies in a manner not to be gainsaid or avoided, the claim of infallibility for the Pope. And all this is done without the slightest malice or even acerbity, and therefore is all the more effectual.

If then this book will tend to cultivate the charity of some Protestants, it will strengthen the faith of all. In this it is like the effect produced by a visit to a Catholic country. No Protestant can visit France, without being convinced that there are some good Catholics, nor without feeling more assured than ever, that the Catholic is a false church. As a historical sketch of some of the principal personages of the period, the book is very interesting. Considering the limited character of the subject, and that the time of the action is no longer than one day, we are surprised at the number of portraits he has placed upon his canvass, and all of them celebrities and realities. Unquestionably his talent this way, whenever he chooses to exercise it, will distinguish our author.

The style of the book, especially in dialogue has that vivacity, just this side of the epigrammatic, which is the characteristic of French writing, and the translator deserves great praise for having so completely preserved its spirit, while at the same time he has admitted so few translated Gallicisms.

All in all, we think we have given the outline of a remarkable book. Let us see. It has a dramatic movement and denouement—it is an elaborate essay upon pulpit eloquence—it is a forcible comparison of Catholicism and Protestantism—it is a sermon—it is a piece of historical portrait painting—and it is full of truth, charity learning, piety, seriousness and vivacity. If it is all this, and it assuredly is, according to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is certainly one other thing—it is original—if in his subject or his mode of treating it, his sentiments or his style, the author is a borrower, his originals lie outside the limited tracks of our reading.

S. L. C.

## MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.\*

*A Translation from the French of M. François Arago.*

## I.

I have not the foolish vanity to imagine that any one, even in a future not very remote, will have the curiosity to inquire how my early education was conducted, or in what manner my intellect was developed; but inasmuch as certain biographers, wholly ignorant of the facts, have given on this subject details entirely inaccurate, which would imply negligence on the part of my parents, I feel constrained to correct them.

I was born on the 26th of February, 1786, in the commune of Estagel, a former province of the department of the Eastern Pyrenees. My father, a graduate of the school of law, possessed a small property in arable lands, in vines, and olive-groves, the revenue of which maintained his numerous family. I was then three years old in 1789, four years in 1790, &c., &c. The reader has before him the means of judging whether it is true, (as has been asserted and published,) that I was steeped in the excesses of our first revolution.

My parents sent me to the primary school of Estagel, where I learned early to read and write. I took, besides this, private lessons in vocal music. In a word, I was neither more nor less advanced than other children of my age. I enter into these details only to show how much those are mistaken, who have published that I was unable to read at fifteen years.

Estagel was a halting place for a portion of the troops who came from the interior on the route to Perpignan, or who were making their way directly to the army of the Pyrenees. My father's house was consequently nearly always filled with officers and soldiers. This, added to my deep irritation on account of the Spanish invasion, had inspired me with tastes so decidedly military, that my family was obliged to have me closely watched, in order to prevent me from concealing myself among the soldiers who were setting out from Estagel. It often happened that they caught me a league from the village al-

ready on the route with the troops. On one occasion these warlike predilections nearly cost me my life. It was the night of the battle of Poises-Fortes. The Spanish soldiers in their flight mistook the road. I was upon the public square of the village before daybreak; I saw a corporal and five horsemen ride into the square, who exclaimed, when they saw the tree of liberty—" *Somos perdidos!*" I ran immediately home, armed myself with a lance left there by a soldier, placed myself in ambush at the corner of a street, and gave the corporal a blow with my lance as he passed. The wound was not dangerous; nevertheless a blow from his sabre was about to punish my boldness when some peasants, armed with pitchforks, came to my assistance, threw the dragoons from their saddles, and made prisoners of the party. I was seven years old when this occurred.

My father having gone to Perpignan to reside, as treasurer of the mint, I was sent as a day scholar to the academy of that town, where I occupied myself exclusively with the study of polite literature. Our classic authors became the object of my predilection. But the direction of my thoughts was suddenly changed by a singular circumstance, which I will now relate.

While promenading one day on the ramparts of the town, I saw an officer of the engineer corps superintending repairs. This officer, M. Cressac, was very young; I was bold enough to approach him and ask him how he had obtained his epaulettes so young.

"I come from the Polytechnic School," answered he.

"What school is that?"

"It is a school which you may enter by undergoing an examination."

"Is a great deal required of the candidate?"

"You will find that in the programme which the government sends every year to the administration of the departments; you will find it also in the numbers of the journal of the School, which is in the library of the Central School."

I ran immediately to this library; and read there for the first time the programme of the studies required of the candidates. From that moment I abandoned the classes of the Central School, where I was taught to ad-

\* *Ouvres de M. François Arago, publiées sous la direction de M. J. A. Barral. Paris. 1854.*

mire Racine, Corneille, La Fontaine and Molière, and confined my studies wholly to the mathematics. This department was under the charge of an old priest, the abbé Verdier, a very respectable man, whose knowledge went no farther than through the very elementary course of La Caille. I saw at a glance that the instructions of M. Verdier would not suffice for my admission into the Polytechnic School. I decided then to study, myself, the newest works, which I obtained from Paris—those of Legendre, of Lacroix, and of Garnier. In reading these works I met often difficulties beyond my strength. Luckily there was at Estagel a gentleman, M. Raynal, who pursued the study of the transcendental mathematics in his hours of recreation:—a strange thing, and perhaps without example in all the rest of France. It was in his kitchen while giving his orders to numerous domestics for the labours of the morrow—that M. Raynal read with profit the “Hydraulic Architecture” of Prouy, the *Mechanique Analytique*, and the *Mechanique Céleste*. This excellent man gave me often useful advice; but I must say I found my veritable master on the back of a treatise on Algebra by M. Garnier. This book-cover was composed of a printed leaf upon which some blue paper was glued;—the perusal of the page not covered rendered me curious to read that portion concealed by the blue paper. I raised this paper with care, after having moistened it, and read beneath this advice given by D’Alembert to a young man who had communicated with him on the subject of some difficulties which he met with in his studies: “Go on, go on, sir, and the light will come to you.” That was for me a ray of light; instead of endeavoring obstinately to understand at once the propositions which were presented to me, I admitted their truth provisionally, passed on, and was surprised the next day to find that I understood perfectly that which appeared the evening before veiled with thick clouds.

I thus mastered in a year and a half, all the subjects contained in the programme of admission, and went to Montpellier in order to stand my examination. I was then sixteen years old. M. Monge, the examiner, was detained by sickness at Toulouse, and wrote to the candidates that he would exam-

ine them at Paris. I was myself too sick to undertake this long journey, and returned to Perpignan.

There I listened momentarily to the entreaties of my family and renounced all idea of the career opened before me by the Polytechnic School; but my taste for mathematical studies very soon swept away my resolution. I increased my library with the works of Euler, La Grange and Laplace, and commenced the study of them with great ardor. Finding in the journal of the School such works as that of Poisson on Elimination, I imagined that all the pupils were equal to this geometer, and that it was necessary to raise oneself to his height in order to succeed. From this moment I continued to prepare myself for the career of Artillerist, the aim of my ambition; and as I had heard that an officer ought to understand music and fence, and dance well, I devoted the first hours of each day to the cultivation of these three polite arts.

The day of the examination arrived at last, and I went to Toulouse in company with a candidate who had studied at the Communal Academy. It was the first time that students from Perpignan presented themselves for examination. My comrade, intimidated, failed completely. When I, in my turn, took my place at the board, there occurred between M. Monge, the examiner, and myself, the following strange dialogue—

“If you are going to answer like your comrade, it is useless for me to question you.”

“Sir, my comrade knows much more than he appears to know; I hope to be more lucky than he; but what you have just said to me could well intimidate me and render me unable to avail myself of what I know.”

“Timidity is always the excuse of the ignorant; I make the proposition not to examine you, in order that you may avoid the disgrace of an overthrow.”

“Sir, I know no greater disgrace than that which you are inflicting on me at this moment. Will you interrogate me, if you please: it is your duty.”

“You are haughty, sir; we will see directly whether this pride is justifiable.”

“Proceed, sir; I am ready.”

M. Monge asked me then a question of ge-



ometry, which I answered in a manner to soften his prejudices. From that he passed to a problem in Algebra, the resolution of a numerical equation. I had the work of Lagrange upon this subject at my fingers' ends; I analyzed all the known methods of solution, developing their advantages and disadvantages; the method of Newton, &c., &c., all were passed in review; the answer occupied a whole hour. Monge's good feeling having returned entirely, he said to me:

"I could from this moment consider the examination as finished; I will, however, for my own amusement, ask you two more questions: What are the relations of a curve and its tangent line?"

I regarded the question as a particular case of the theory of osculation which I had studied in the "*Traité des fonctions analytiques*" de Lagrange.

"Lastly," said the examiner, "how do you determine the tension of the different cords which compose a funicular machine?"

I discussed this problem, following the method laid down in the "*Mechanique Analytique*."

I was more than two hours at the black-board.

M. Monge now going into the other extreme, arose, came and embraced me, declaring formally that I would occupy the first rank upon his list.

Shall I say it? During the examination of my comrade, I had heard the candidates from Toulouse utter very unamiable sarcasms on the pupils from Perpignan; it was above all as a reparation for my native town that the action of M. Monge and his declaration transported me with joy.

Arrived at the Polytechnic School at the end of 1803, I was placed in the exceedingly noisy brigade of the Gascons and Bretons. I would gladly have studied thoroughly, physics and chemistry, if my noisy comrades had allowed me time for it. As to the Analytical Mathematics, I had learned before entering much more than is required for graduation.

I have just related the strange words which M. Monge addressed to me on commencing

my examination for admission into the School. Something analogous happened at my first mathematical examination, for passing from one division to the other. The examiner this time was the illustrious geometer Legendre, whose colleague and friend I had the honor of becoming a few years afterwards. I entered his room at the moment when M. T., who was to stand his examination before me, was carried out in a fainting condition by two waiters. I believed that this circumstance would have moved and mollified M. Legendre; but nothing of the sort.

"What is your name?" said he to me, roughly.

"Arago," I answered.

"You are not French, then?"

"If I was not a Frenchman I would not be here before you; for I have yet to learn that a student has been received into the Polytechnic school without proving his nationality."

"But I maintain that no man is a Frenchman who calls himself Arago."

"I maintain, sir, that I am a Frenchman and a true Frenchman, however strange my name may appear to you."

"It is well; we will not discuss the point farther;—go up to the black-board."

I had scarcely taken up the chalk when Legendre, returning to the subject which pre-occupied him, said to me—

"You were born in the provinces recently united to France?"

"No, sir; I was born in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, at the foot of those mountains."

"Why did you not tell me that at once; all is explained now. You are of Spanish origin, are you not?"

"That is to be presumed, but in my humble family, authentic documents are not preserved, which would have enabled me to ascertain the civil standing of my ancestors; each one there is the son of his works. I declare to you again that I am a native of France, and that ought to suffice."

The vivacity of this last reply had not disposed M. Legendre to favor me. I perceived this very soon; for having given me a problem which required the employment of double integrals, he interrupted me saying—

"The method which you are following

was not given you by the Professor. Whence do you get it?"

"From one of your treatises."

"Why have you chosen it? Was it to flatter me?"

"No, nothing was farther from my thought. I adopted it because it appeared to me to be the best."

"If you do not explain the reasons of your preference, I assure you you shall receive a low grade at least for character."

I then entered upon the developments establishing, to the best of my ability, that the method of double integrals was in all points more clear and more rational than the method given by Lacroix to the class. From that moment Legendre appeared satisfied and appeased. He then required me to determine the centre of gravity of a spherical sector.

"The question is easy, said I.

"You find it easy;—very well, I will complicate it. Suppose the density to vary according to a fixed law from centre to the surface."

I solved this problem also, and thereby completely gained the good will of the examiner. He said to me when I retired—

"I see you have employed your time well; continue to do the same the second year and we will part very good friends."

There were some very ridiculous points about the mode of examination adopted in the Polytechnic School in 1804. One would hardly believe, for example, that the old M. Barrael examined on physics two pupils at once, and gave to each one the average standing of both. I was associated with a comrade who, though a man of fine intellect, had not studied this branch of the course. We agreed accordingly that I should answer for both, and came off very well by this arrangement.

At the commencement of the second year I was appointed *chef de brigade*. Hachette, then Professor in the School, had been Professor of Hydrography at Collioure; his friends in Roussillon recommended me to his notice; he received me with much kindness and gave me chambers in his house. It was there that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Poisson, who lived near him. Every evening the great geometer

visited my chambers, and we spent whole hours conversing on politics and mathematics—subjects of a very different nature.

In the course of the year 1804, the School was a prey to political passions through the fault of the government. They wished to force the cadets to sign a congratulatory address upon the discovery of the conspiracy in which Moreau was implicated. We refused, giving as a reason that there was no call upon us to pass an opinion on a subject which had already been settled by the government. Moreau had not yet dishonored himself by accepting service in the Russian army.

The cadets were invited to make a demonstration in favor of the institution of the Legion of Honour. They refused again; they saw that the cross given without inquiry and without control would in many cases be the reward of charlatantry and not of true merit.

The transformation of the Consular into the Imperial government, gave rise to very heated discussions in the School. Many of the cadets refused to join their felicitations to the insipid adulation of the various corporations. General Lacuée, the governor of the School, informed the Emperor of this opposition.

"M. Lacuée," exclaimed Napoleon, in the middle of a group of courtiers, who applauded with voice and gestures, "you can not retain in the School cadets who show such fiery republicanism; you shall dismiss them." Then correcting himself—"I wish to know beforehand their names and standing."

On seeing the list the next day, he did not go farther than the first name, who stood first in the Artillery Corps:

"I will not expel the first in rank," said he. "Oh! that they had been at the tail. M. Lacuée we will stop here with this matter."

Nothing was more curious than the meeting at which General Lacuée came to receive the oath of allegiance of the cadets. In the vast amphitheatre where they were collected, nothing of the demeanor which such a ceremony should inspire could be perceived. The greater part at the call of their names instead of answering—"I swear," cried out "Present."

Suddenly the monotony of this scene was

interrupted by a cadet, the son of Brissot, the member of the Convention, who cried out in a stentorian voice,

"No, I swear no allegiance to the Emperor."

Lacée pale, and without presence of mind, ordered a detachment of armed cadets placed behind him, to arrest the insubordinate. The detachment which I commanded refused to obey.

Brissot, with the greatest calmness, said to the General—

"Name the place where you wish me to go; do not force the cadets to dishonor themselves by seizing a comrade who will not resist."

The next day Brissot was e:

About this time M. Mécl  
been sent to Spain to prolong the meridian to Formentera, died at Castellan de la Plana. His son, secretary of the Observatory, resigned his post at once. Poisson offered me this place; I declined at first, as I did not wish to renounce the military career, the object of all my predilections, and in which, moreover, I was assured of the protection of Marshal Lannes, the friend of my father. I accepted, nevertheless, on trial, the position in the Observatory, after a visit which I paid to M. de Laplace in company with Poisson, with the express condition that I could re-enter the artillery corps if I wished.

I entered then the Observatory, on the appointment of my friend Poisson, and through the intervention of Laplace. The latter overwhelmed me with kind attentions. I was happy and proud when I dined with the great geometer in the "rue de Tournon." My intellect and my heart were disposed to admire and respect every thing in the house of him who had discovered the cause of the secular equation of the moon; who had found in the movement of this body the means of calculating the oblateness of the earth; who had linked to the law of attraction, the great inequalities of Jupiter, and Saturn, &c., &c. But what was my disenchantment when one day I heard Madame de Laplace come to her husband and say to him—"Will you give me the key of the closet."

A few days afterwards another incident

had a still greater effect upon me. The son of Laplace was preparing himself for the examination of the Polytechnic School. He came sometimes to see me in the Observatory. On the occasion of one of his visits I explained to him the method by which Lagrange obtains the roots of numerical equations. The young man spoke of it to his father with admiration. I shall never forget the rage which followed the words of the son and the bitterness of the reproaches which were addressed to me for having made myself the patron of a method which is perhaps long in theory, but to which no one can object on the score of elegance or vigor. Never did a jealous prejudice show itself more plainly or in terms more bitter.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "the ancients were certainly inspired, when they attributed foibles to him who made Olympus tremble with a frown."

About this time occurred a circumstance which might have resulted very fatally for me. I have related above the scene which caused the expulsion of Brissot from the Polytechnic School. I had lost sight of him for several months, when he came to see me at the Observatory and placed me in the most delicate, the most terrible position in which an honorable man can be situated.

"I have not seen you," said he to me, "because since my expulsion from the Academy I have been practising with the pistol every day; I have acquired an uncommon skill which I shall employ in order to rid France of a tyrant who has confiscated all her liberty. My steps are taken; I have rented a room on the Carrousel near the spot where Napoleon, after passing from the court, comes to review the cavalry: from the window of my humble apartment I will send a ball through his head."

I leave the reader to imagine with what despair I received this disclosure. I made all imaginable efforts to deter Brissot from his unhappy scheme; I drew his attention to the fact that all those who had undertaken enterprises of this nature had been branded by history with the odious name of assassin. Nothing succeeded in shaking his fatal resolution; I obtained from him the promise, however, to adjourn the execution of his plan a short time, and then set myself to work to

render it abortive. The idea of denouncing him to the authorities did not enter my mind. It was a fatality which had struck me, and I was in honor bound to submit to the consequences, however grave they might be. I counted greatly on the entreaties of the mother of Brissot, already so cruelly tried in the Revolution. I went to the house, "rue de Conde," and besought her on my knees to unite with me to prevent her son from executing his bloody resolution.

"Sir," replied this mother, in all other respects a model of gentleness, "if my son believes that he is accomplishing a patriot's duty, I have neither the desire nor the intention to dissuade him from his plan."

I found that I must try my own resources. I had remarked that Brissot occupied himself with the composition of romances and poetry. I flattered this passion, and every Sunday, especially when I knew there was to be a review, I called for him and carried him into the country in the environs of Paris. I listened then good humoredly to the chapters of his romances which he had composed during the week.

Our first excursions frightened me somewhat, for Brissot armed with his pistols, seized all opportunities of showing his great skill; and I knew that this circumstance would cause me to be considered his accomplice if ever he should carry out his design. At last his aspirations for literary renown, which I constantly flattered—the hopes which I caused him to conceive in a love affair—the secret of which he had confided to me—made him receive with attention the reflections which I constantly presented to him with respect to his design against the Emperor. He determined to go abroad and thus relieve me of one of the gravest difficulties of my life.

Brissot died after having covered the walls of Paris with placards in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons.

Hardly had I entered upon my duties in the Observatory, when I became the coadjutor of Biot in some researches on the refraction of gases formally commenced by Borda. During this work we discussed often the great interest which the continuation of

the meridional measurement, interrupted by the death of Méchain would give us. We communicated our desires to Laplace, who received them with great favor, caused the necessary funds to be raised and the government confided to Biot and myself this important mission. We left Paris with Rodrigues, the Spanish commissioner, in the beginning of the year 1806. We visited on our route the stations marked by Méchain, and set to work with the triangulation.

I was awaiting M. Biot at Valencia, who had gone to bring some new instruments with which we were to measure the latitude of Formentera. I will avail myself of the few moments of repose which I enjoyed there, to give some details of the manners of the place which perhaps may interest. I will report first an adventure, accompanied by very singular circumstances, which came near costing me my life. One day by way of recreation I went with a countryman to the fair of Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which had been described to me as very curious. We met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman, resident of Valencia—M<sup>lle</sup> B. All the hotels were full; M<sup>lle</sup> B. invited us to take dinner at her grandmother's and we accepted. But on going from the house she informed us that our visit had not been at all to the taste of her affianced, and that we must be on our guard against him. We went immediately to an armourer, provided ourselves with pistols, and set out on our return to Valencia. On the road I said to the coachman, who had been a long time in my employ, and who was devoted to me:

"Isidor, I have some reason to believe that we shall be attacked. I tell you this in order that you be not surprised by the report of firearms from the chariot."

Isidor answered—

"Your pistols are perfectly needless, gentlemen. Let me manage it. I have but to give a whoop and my mule will rid us of two, of three, and even of four men."

Very few minutes had elapsed after this conversation when two men presented themselves before the mules and seized him by the nostrils. On the instant a hideous whoop, which I shall never forget, was given by Isidor. The mule reared almost vertically,

raising one of the two men, fell again and struck off at full gallop.

The jolting of our vehicle told us very plainly what had happened. A long silence succeeded the occurrence; it was only interrupted by these words of the muleteer: "Do you not see that my mule is worth more than your pistols?"

The next day, the captain-general, Don Izquierdo, told me that a man all mangled and crushed, had been found on the road to Murviedo. I related to him the feat of Isidor's mule, and all was explained.

One anecdote selected among a thousand, will show the adventurous life led by the delegate of the "Bureau of Longitudes." During my sojourn upon the mountain of Cullera, north of the mouth of the river Xucar, I conceived the plan of establishing a station upon the high mountains opposite, and determined to visit it. The Alcalde of the neighboring village warned me of the dangers to which I was going to expose myself.

"These mountains," said he, "are the resort of numbers of robbers."

I made a requisition on the national guard, as I had the authority to do. The robbers took my escort for an expedition directed against them and scattered themselves full soon in the rich plain watered by the Xucar. On my return I found them engaged in a skirmish with the authorities of Cullera. There were some wounded on both sides, and one Alguazil remained dead on the field. The next morning I regained my station. The night following was terrible; the rain fell in torrents. Towards midnight some one knocked at the door of my cabin. To the question, "Who goes there?" he replied,

"A guard of the custom-house. I ask a resting-place for a few hours."

My servant opened the door, and a magnificent fellow armed to the teeth entered. He threw himself on the floor and fell asleep. In the morning, while I was talking with him at the door of my cabin, his eyes gleamed as he perceived on the brow of the mountain two men approaching—the Alcalde of Cullera and his principal Alguazil.

"Sir!" exclaimed he, "nothing but the

gratitude I owe you for the service you rendered me last night, prevents me from seizing this opportunity of ridding myself of my most cruel enemy by a shot from my carbine. Adieu."

And off he darted as active as a gazelle leaping from rock to rock.

When they arrived at the cabin, the Alcalde and his Alguazil recognized in the fugitive the chief of all the robbers of that region.

Some days afterwards the weather being again very bad, I received a second visit from this pretended guard of the "*douane*," who slept profoundly in my cabin. I saw that my servant, an old soldier who had heard much of the exploits of this man, was making ready to kill him. I leaped down from my camp bed, seized him by the throat. "Are you mad?" said I. "Are we connected with the police of the country? Do you not see, besides, that this would expose us to the resentment of all those who obey the orders of this redoubtable chief? And it would then be impossible to finish our operations." In the morning, at sunrise, I had a conversation with my guest, which I will endeavor to give verbatim.

"Your situation is perfectly well known to me; I know that you do not belong to the '*douane*;' I have learned that you are the chief of the robbers of this region. Tell me whether I have any thing to fear from your associates."

"The idea of robbing you has occurred to us; but we reflected that all your money must be in the neighbouring towns; that you did not carry your funds to the summits of the mountains, where you could have no use for it; and that our expedition against you could have no profitable result. Besides, we do not pretend to be as strong as the King of Spain. The King's troops allow us to follow our calling very quietly; but as soon as we molested an envoy of the French Emperor, several regiments would be sent against us, and we would soon be compelled to submit. Permit me to add that the gratitude which I owe you is your surest guarantee."

"Very well. I will place confidence in your words; and regulate my conduct accordingly. Tell me, can I travel at night? It is very disagreeable to go by day from one

station to another, under the burning heat of the sun."

"You can, sir; I have already given orders to that effect: they will not be violated."

Several days afterwards I set out for Denia; it was midnight when several men on horseback approached me and addressed me as follows—

"Halt there, Señor; the times are hard; those who are rich must aid those who have nothing. Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only take of your superabundance."

"I had already obeyed their orders when it occurred to me to exclaim—

"I was informed though that I might travel without risk."

"What is your name, Señor?"

"Don Francisco Arago."

"Señor! *vaya usted con Dios*, (God be with you) and the horsemen disappeared in a grove of locusts.

When my friend, the robber of Cullera assured me that I had nothing to fear from his associates, he informed me at the same time that his authority did not extend to the north of Valencia. The highwaymen of the northern part of the province obeyed again other chiefs, that one for instance who after having been taken, condemned and hung, was divided into four quarters, which were boiled in oil in order to preserve them, and attached to posts erected on four royal roads.

Of all these robbers, those who operated in the environs of Oropeza, had the worst reputation. The proprietors of the three mules, which Rodriguez, my servant and I were riding through this region one night, were relating to us some great exploits of these robbers, which even in broad day-light would make the hair stand on end, when by the light of the moon we perceived a man crouching behind a tree; we were six in number, and yet the fellow had the impudence to demand of us our purse or our lives; my servant answered,

"You must take us for great cowards; get out of the way, or I will shoot you dead."

"I yield!" replied the miserable fellow; "but you shall hear from me soon."

The three muleteers full of fright still, at the recollection of the adventures they had just related, besought us to leave the high road and to throw ourselves into a wood

which was upon our left. We yielded to their wish but soon lost our way.

"Dismount," said they, "the mules have obeyed the bit and you have guided them badly. Let us return to the road and abandon the mules to themselves;—they will find the route."

Hardly had we effected this manœuvre when we heard an animated discussion which took place at a short distance from us. Some were saying, "We must follow the high road and we shall meet them. The others insisted that they should throw themselves in the wood to the left. During this time we were pushing along more dead than alive; it was two o'clock in the morning when we suddenly saw a feeble light in an isolated house: it was for the navigator, a pharos in the midst of the tempest, and the only means of safety which remained for us. Arrived at the door, we knocked and demanded hospitality for the night. The inhabitants not at all reassured, thought we were the robbers and did not hurry themselves to open the door. Rendered impatient by this delay I exclaimed, "Open in the name of the King!" The order was instantly obeyed. We entered pellmell, men and mules, into the kitchen which was on the first floor, and quickly extinguished the lights in order not to arouse the suspicions of the robbers who were looking for us. We heard them passing and repassing near the house cursing the ill luck with all the strength of their lungs. We did not quit the house before broad daylight, when we continued our journey to Tortosi,—not without giving a suitable reward to our hosts. I wished to know of them by what providential circumstance they had kept a lamp burning at so unusual an hour.

"It is," said they, "because we killed a hog to-day and were occupied making blood-puddings."

Had the hog lived one day longer, or blood-puddings been abolished, I would certainly be no longer in this world, nor would I have had the opportunity of relating this story of the robbers of Oropeza.

Never did I better appreciate the measure by which the Continent Assembly suppressed the ancient division of France into provinces and substituted the departments for

them, than during my triangulation in the neighbouring provinces of Catalonia, Arragon and Valencia. The inhabitants of these provinces hated each other cordially and nothing but a deep common hatred could make them act in concert against the French. Such was their mutual animosity in 1807, that I always had difficulties when I employed at the same time Catalans, Valencians and Arragonese. The Valencians in particular were always spoken of by the Catalans as a trifling, frivolous and inconsistent people. They would say to me—"In the kingdom of Valencia the flesh is vegetable, the vegetables water, the men are women, and the women nothing." On the other hand the Valencians in speaking of the Arragonese called them '*Schuros*.'

I asked one day a shepherd, who was herding his flocks near one of my stations, what the origin of this name so offensive to his countrymen was.

"I do not know," said he, smiling shrewdly, "whether I ought to answer you."

"Go on," said I; "I can hear you without being angry."

"Very well; the word '*Schuros*' means to our great shame that we have sometimes been governed by French Kings. The sovereign, before receiving the authority, was compelled to promise under oath to respect our liberties and to pronounce with a loud voice the solemn words "*Lo Juro*." As he could not pronounce the *J* he said "*Schuro*." Are you content, Señor?"

"Yes! yes! I see that vanity and pride are not dead in this country."

As I have just spoken of a shepherd, I will say that in Spain this class of both sexes appeared to me to approach much more closely than those in France, the pictures which the old poets have left us of the shepherds and shepherdesses, in their pastoral poetry—the songs by which they seek to beguile the *ennui* of their monotonous life, are much more elegant in form and substance than among the other nations of Europe. I recollect once that being on a mountain, situated on a point of junction of Arragon, Catalonia and Valencia, I was suddenly enveloped in a violent storm which forced me to take refuge in my tent. When the storm had passed away, I left my retreat

and heard to my great astonishment, on an isolated peak above me, a shepherdess singing a song of which I recollect only these few lines which will give an idea of the rest.

\* \* \* \*

A los que amor no saben  
Ofreces las dulzuras  
Y a un las armaduras  
Que sé lo que es amar.  
Las gracias al me certé  
Eran cuadro de flores  
Te cantaban amores  
Por hacerte callar.

Oh how much genius there is still in this Spanish people! How unhappy that it is not left to bear its fruits!

V.

## SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

BY AUGUSTA GREENWOOD.

### CHAPTER V.

"Life's dark waves have lost the glitter,  
Which at morning-tide they love."

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any heart."

Anna Eastland was easily persuaded to leave her now desolate home, and return with Mrs. Howard to Philadelphia. With an aching heart, and tearful eye, she turned a last lingering look to the graves of her beloved parents, and bade a mournful adieu to the home of her childhood.

Nothing was omitted by her affectionate aunt and warm-hearted cousin, in whose house she soon found herself domesticated, that could soothe her feelings, or in any way administer to her comfort; and beneath these gentle influences, and the support of that Christian faith she had made her trust, her drooping spirit gradually revived, so that in a few weeks she had become sufficiently calm to reflect upon what course she should pursue, as a means of future support. But a mere pittance remained of her father's ample resources, and she resolved that her aunt should not suffer the inconvenience she felt might accrue, should she remain an inmate of the family.

Mrs. Howard had once been wealthy, but through the mismanagement of her agent,

she experienced heavy losses, and was finally forced to keep a boarding-house to support herself, and enable her son to finish his education. That son was now pursuing the study of law, and his sanguine mother indulged great hopes of future success from the uncommon talents he already exhibited.

After considerable reflection, and frequent conversations with her aunt, who at first strenuously opposed the plan, Anna at length concluded to address a letter to a friend of her father living in Virginia, asking his assistance in procuring her a situation as governess. At the expiration of a few weeks she received in reply to her letter, information that one Mr. Chester living in the valley of Virginia wished to engage an accomplished teacher for his family; Mr. Lee, to whom Anna had written, added that although he was not personally acquainted with the family, yet he hoped nevertheless that she would be agreeably situated. Anna at once accepted the offer, and prepared to leave the hospitable home of her aunt,—thus resolutely launching her fragile bark, to be guided by her own tremulous hand through life's treacherous ocean.

Walter Howard kindly offered to accompany his cousin upon her journey, and at the end of a few days they found themselves at the residence of Mr. Chester. It was night when they arrived, and weary and sad at heart, Anna felt but little inclined to converse, or even note much around her.

Mrs. Chester was from home, but they were received with a frank cordiality, by Mr. Chester, whose manners, Anna perceived, partook more of an abrupt honesty, than any particular polish or refinement. The house was large and evidently furnished with an attempt at display, rather than with a view to comfort and convenience. After tea Anna pleading fatigue, requested to be shown to her apartment. This proved to be a large room, like the rest of the house ostentatiously furnished, but at the same time cheerless and uninviting from a total want of taste and adaptation in its arrangement.

Next morning Walter took an early but reluctant leave of his gentle cousin, whispering cheering words of hope for brighter days to come. Anna retired to her own room, and there for a while abandoned her-

self to the feelings of sadness and desolation that rushed thickly upon her, realizing now but too bitterly how truly she was alone in the wide world. She sat a long time musing upon her dreary prospects; an occasional sigh, or silent tear, betraying the troubled thoughts within. Feeling however that this was distrustful and sinful, she at length roused herself, and sought diversion in reading, and remained engrossed with her books till the dinner hour.

The Chesters belonged to that class of people who comparatively uneducated, and destitute of refinement or sensibility, presume much upon their wealth, and assume to be what they term "aristocrats." They were therefore exceedingly tenacious of the standing in society to which they considered that wealth entitled them, and like all such persons, never failed to betray their original characteristics by continual assumption of superiority over persons suspected of honest poverty, and by a proportional fawning upon wealth, and supposed "standing in society"—however acquired. Of course the children of such parents would be but illy trained, and Anna soon discovered that in addition to rudeness, some of her charge were dull to a discouraging degree. She found indeed many difficulties to contend with, for besides the superintendence of her troublesome school, it required all the forbearance she could command to enable her to endure Mr. Chester's coarseness, as well as much diplomacy to prevent an open rupture between herself and the parents of her refractory pupils. Yet she toiled and struggled on, supported by the consciousness that she was in the path of duty, and trusting for happiness in that Empyrean of all youthful minds—the hope-tinted, looming future.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Our life is as a mountain path,  
A path of toil and pain,  
And when upon its rough ascent—  
A little way we gain—  
What boots it turning back to trace,  
The troubles that beset our race."

At the expiration of Anna's first term, which brought the Christmas holidays she was most agreeably surprised by the ar-



rival of her cousin Walter, one whom she could not fail to perceive, became daily more and more interesting to her orphaned heart. His visit could not but be a source of deep and real pleasure to her who had so long been deprived of the society of a congenial mind and heart.

When leaving, after a short week's stay, to Anna's great surprise, but greater pleasure, Walter informed her that with his mother's approbation, he had determined to finish his studies at the University of Virginia; thus he would, he hoped, be both "near and dear" to his sweet cousin, and would now promise to see her often;—a promise which our readers may readily imagine, gave henceforth a brighter glow to her day-dreams of the future.

During all this time she heard nothing from Alice or Mrs. Stanley, although she had, previous to leaving Philadelphia, written to the latter, telling her plans and naming the place of her expected residence. Knowing that all Mr. Stanley's property had passed into the hands of his creditors, she supposed that the destitute parents had found a home with their wealthy daughter.

Not knowing Alice's address, she wrote to Mrs. Clayton, a friend in Richmond, in hopes of obtaining some clue to the family. Mrs. Clayton's letter in reply gave the information that—"Mr. Stanly died of apoplexy soon after his insolvency, that then Mrs. Stanley wrote to Alice begging assistance, which however was rather ungraciously declined by Mr. Danvers. Mrs. Stanley meantime found a home in the house of a more charitable friend. Sad rumors were afloat, moreover, of Danvers' dissipation, and sadder still, that he also neglected and mistreated his beautiful young wife.

Frederick Warner having squandered his own and his wife's estate, had irretrievably fallen in both credit and character, and poor Kate, broken-hearted and disappointed in an unhappy marriage, contracted without mutual affection and through wrong motives on the part of both, had been forced to seek a home beneath her paternal roof.

"Ernest Wentworth having returned from Europe, was now gone on a visit to some friends in the western part of the State, possibly, it was thought, on a matrimonial expe-

dition." The letter concluded with an urgent invitation to Anna to spend her vacations with Mrs. Clayton in Richmond, assuring her of a warm welcome, not only from herself, but also from many friends, who remembered her with much affection.

Surprised and shocked at the melancholy account of her relatives and friends, as well as wondering no little at Ernest's strange demeanor towards herself, Anna felt for many days dejected and unhappy.

The correspondence thus commenced was faithfully continued, and in one of Mrs. Clayton's letters written some months afterwards, she told of having lately called to see Mrs. Stanley whom she found evidently in the last stages of disease; and upon speaking to her of Anna, and of their pleasant correspondence, Mrs. Stanley had expressed a great desire to see her niece once more.

Mrs. Clayton suggested that Anna, without waiting for a regular holiday, should like a little respite from arduous duties, and pay her a visit; thus too affording an opportunity for gratifying poor Mrs. Stanley. Regarding it as a duty she owed her aunt in her present extremity Anna at once determined to go. Mrs. Clayton received her cordially, and as soon as practicable, accompanied her to the bedside of Mrs. Stanley, whom they found much humbled by her changed and unhappy circumstances. The poor woman was almost overcome by this unexpected generosity on the part of one whom she had often treated with great incivility, and at times with even cruel harshness. Anna soon discovered that Mrs. Stanley was not merely changed in appearance, but she trusted was withal changed in heart and feeling.

She had been living with a kind and religious family whose sympathies and pious influences had effected much towards inducing her to seek that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Much of their intercourse was at first but a painful reminiscence, for both had suffered deeply since their parting; yet it was a source of no little satisfaction to them to be thus permitted to console each other in mutual sympathy. Of the absent daughter and cousin they often conversed, and Anna one day, at the request of her aunt, wrote to

Alice. But before the letter could have reached its destination, Mrs. Stanley was numbered with the dead. Anna was near her in that last trying hour soothing her sorrows, and ministering to every wish, with the devotion of an affectionate daughter. In the arms of this gentle girl, Mrs. Stanley resigned herself to death, and breathed with her latest sigh a grateful blessing on her head.

During her stay in Richmond, Anna once or twice met Ernest in her path, and although she would have spoken, he, with merely a cold bow of recognition, passed on. Surprised and hurt at this mysterious conduct, she could only account for it, by presuming that his feelings towards her had undergone an entire change; or that he at least wished to convey such an impression. Sensitive herself concerning her altered worldly circumstances, she wondered if that fact could have thus affected his nature; and yet she felt that she might be deeply wronging him by such a suspicion.

Soon after the funeral of Mrs. Stanley, Anna returned to her school, from which she had been absent some two weeks; and sought relief from sad and painful thoughts in the faithful discharge of her daily duties.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"The Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,  
And with it comes a thirst to be away,  
Wasting in woodpaths its voluptuous hours."

One bright moonlight evening some few weeks after her return from the city Anna was startled from the reverie in which she had been indulging at an open window of her apartment by the sudden and uncereimonious entrance of Thomas Chester, her eldest pupil, followed by some three or four more all evidently in a high state of excitement.

"Here, Miss Anna," said Tom, "here's a note for you that was left here to-day by Billy Bland, and he told me it was to ask you to join the party that's going up to the top of Fairview in the morning to have a pic-nic up there; and we've just come to beg that you'll go, and allow us a holiday. Pa and Ma have both said I may gallant you, as your Philadelphia beau aint here now you know, and I intend to make a real splurge

on my new saddle and pony Nan—you'll go wont you?"

"Say yes! say yes!" shouted the whole school, who had by this time precipitated themselves *en masse* into her room.

"Stop a moment, pray," exclaimed Anna, "while I find out something more of this proposed party and holiday; the rest of you keep very quiet now, while Tom tells me all about it."

"Well, Miss Anna," said Tom, assuming an air of great importance from having been chosen spokesman, "you see a party of young ladies and gentlemen is going to the top of the mountain for the view, and I reckon they'll take lots of cakes and good things, and have a capital dinner up there."

"And what is the occasion of the party just now Thomas,—such things are rather uncommon in the neighborhood I think?"

"Yes, they have't taken such a trip for a good while,—not since you came here I believe, but mother says Nanny Bland and her brother got this up on account of the young man that's just got back from Europe, a forty-second cousin, who is going to marry Nanny before long;—but I expect you know all about him, as he called and enquired for you one day, when you was gone down to the store just before you went to Richmond."

Anna became interested to know more relative to the stranger, of whose visit she now received the first intimation. Tom, glad of an opportunity for exercising his colloquial powers, went on to detail the conversation that had passed between the gentleman and black Dick, and himself—he happening to be at the wood pile that day making a handle for his tomahawk,—among other things he said;—

"Dick told the gentleman that he was from home then, and you was going down to Richmond next day to see a sick lady; but he hoped you would'nt stay long, because you could'nt be spared from the school room no hour at all. He told the gentleman too he was 'mighty afeard' we would have to give you up altogether before long as you had a very nice beau coming to see you—a real Philadelphy lawyer, and"—

Anna here tried to stop Tom's volubility, but he would go on to say—"and then he rode right off without another word, not

even having the manners to tell me and Dick 'good-morning.' "

Anna dismissed the intruders with a promise to decide for them by the morning, on the proposition for a holiday. On opening the note she found it contained a very pressing invitation from Nanny Bland and her brother to take a seat in their carriage on the proposed excursion to the mountain-top. The note required no reply, as Nanny refused to admit any denial whatever.

Nanny Bland, whom we have hitherto neglected to introduce to our readers, was not so lightly esteemed by Anna; she was her recently discovered treasure. The daughter of a distinguished lawyer, whose success in his profession had placed his family in affluence, she had been brought up with all the advantages which her accomplished and indulgent parents could so well supply. Having had the benefits of the best schools, on a well-prepared pupilage at home, and with a mind naturally acute; yet highly judicious, she was endowed with rare mental excellence. And withal, her confessed personal beauty formed a graceful setting for her brilliant mind.

Her father having retired from professional life, had recently come to spend the spring and summer on a farm he had purchased in that neighborhood. Nanny had quitted school but a few months before, and her opportunity for acquaintance with Anna was therefore recent; but the congeniality of mind and character between them—attractive anywhere, and particularly so in that neighborhood—gave promise of a most intimate friendship.

Feeling the want of some recreation, and anticipating an agreeable association with her new friend Nanny, it was already decided by Anna's own inclination to join the excursionists in the morning. But we need not now say how her pleasant hopes for the day were heightened, when her pupil Tom again unceremoniously entered her room, and with a countenance significant in spite of itself, told her that now he knew she would go to the mountain as somebody had come who would be such a nice beau for her, and who had said that he meant to take her. To her pleasant surprise, she then learned from mischievous Tom that the belated visitor was

none other than her cherished cousin, Walter Howard.

This unexpected arrival relieved Tom from his self-imposed engagement as her especial cavalier, and that young gentleman was left to his largest liberty to enjoy the "beauties of nature" in a way more characteristic and congenial to himself.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"And though we bade for aye farewell,  
Thine impress on my heart remains,  
As fern's on stone where erst it fell,  
As ocean's chime in chamber'd shell,  
As echoes of Æolian strains."

In the morning, at an early hour, the carriage of the Blands was at the door of Mr. Chester's residence, and Anna, after introducing her cousin Walter, who was delighted to join the party, was soon with them upon the road.

The place which had been selected for holding the pic-nic, was upon the brow of a small mountain in the neighborhood, easily accessible, and very appropriate to the purpose from the great natural beauties it afforded, and the pains previously taken to make the spot otherwise eligible.

Arriving, they found a gay party already assembled; with countenances animated and glowing from their unusual early exercise.

Anna soon discovered that Ernest Wentworth was with the party. And he was then the "forty-second cousin who was to marry Nanny Bland," and for whose benefit the pic-nic was proposed! He had gone the evening before to a village of the vicinity, promising to be on the mountain in the morning. His manner, in giving Anna the usual salutation, was similar to what it had been in the city, marked perhaps by a little more reserve and formality. She felt there was some mystery existing which at one time might have been explained away perhaps, and their kindly friendship restored; but pride and delicacy both forbidding her to make any advances, she only determined for herself to avoid as much as possible his society during the day, and to give herself no concern on the matter thereafter.

It was one of those bright and beautiful mornings, so peculiar to this region, to be seen after a dawning of heavy fog. The sun

had just issued from his drapery of clouds, and with radiant beams was gladdening the earth. The fog had not entirely vanished, and here and there over the landscape, light curling wreaths were ascending towards heaven—nature's morning incense all balmy with the fragrant perfume of bud and blossom. Still smaller fragments of the cloudy mist, lingering among the tall tree-tops, beneath the influence of the sun's quickening rays, were formed into sparkling dew-drops, and glittered in bright coronals about the brow of many a giant pine. The woody hills were vocal with the matin hymns of nature's warblers, and the drooping flow'rets lifted their tender heads, to offer through their dewy tears a smile of welcome to the morning.

The day passed pleasantly, with all the incidents appropriate and customary to such occasions, and which our readers can well supply for themselves. The gregarious disposition of the morning gradually subsided towards evening into a manifest inclination of resolving the groups into pairs; and if the rude rocks and the gnarled trees had tongues, many a tale might they tell of the soft words whispered on that evening to not unwilling ears. It was arranged that the return home should be by the light of the full moon, ever so clear and bright in that pure mountain atmosphere.

Walter Howard and Nanny, between whom there seemed something of that mysterious mutual sympathy which almost intuitively kindles friendship in kindred minds, were strolling hand in hand over the mountain-rocks.

Anna wandering alone, sought a secluded mass of mossy-stone, that she had observed projecting on the western side of the mountain, and where she had a favorable point to view the setting sun—on fair days a scene of such peculiar beauty throughout this favored Valley region. Seated in her rude resting place, she was somewhat startled to observe Ernest Wentworth standing a few yards distant on a jutting rock, and as yet all unconscious of her near presence, so absorbed did he seem in the glowing scene. The sun was slowly wheeling his broad disc behind the tall pines upon the western hills; and spreading the shadows of the lofty peaks

like brooding spirits over the green fields below; the meandering courses of the rivers of the valley, could yet be traced by the gleams of reflected sunlight, glancing from the waters through the thick foliage that fringed their banks,—the mountain-birds were quietly winging their way back to nestle among their native crags; and the evening airs, sighing among the branching pines, blended melodiously with the tinkling of a thousand bells on herds turned at this season to graze amid the "mountain range;" while for a fair drapery to the picture, the winds eddying around the mountains bounding this beautiful valley, had piled up huge masses of crimson clouds that hung round the evening sky "like banners from the battlements of heaven."

Wentworth soon discovered Anna, and as retreat on the part of either would be uncommonly, he joined her.

"It is seldom, Miss Eastland," said he, "that we see such beautiful sunsets anywhere as seem peculiar to this Valley. Perhaps it may be owing somewhat to the peculiar topography of this region, the direction of the mountain ridges throwing the evening shadows in grotesque shapes across the vale; the fog when protected from the winds, spreading like a shroud along the mountain; or when the winds blow, heaped up by the fretted current into huge masses that take a thousand varying colors from the rays of the setting sun; the lesser hills too peering up through the fog like islets of the sea, and many other features of beauty belonging only to such conformation of landscape."

"But a sunset in spring," added Anna, "is beautiful anywhere, is it not, Mr. Wentworth; certainly so 'to him who in the *love* of Nature holds communion with her visible forms,' like Bryant, and doubtless like yourself."

Wentworth paused for a few moments, gazing intently upon her face, so expressive of a true appreciation of the scene; a struggle seemed to be going on in his mind,—resuming, in a saddened tone, he said:

"I know not why it is, Miss Anna, but this hour of twilight, especially amid such scenes as now surround us, always affects me most sensibly; the 'solemn stillness' of the air; the 'dim religious light' of the

gloaming, seem to indue my spirit with a purer and better influence, which endures on amid the garish light and bustle of the broad day—a hallowing influence which opens my heart to all the sweeter sensibilities of love, kindness, charity, forgiveness; and if your own gentle heart could ever require any such adventitious influence I may well hope it is now affected by it. In that hope, Miss Anna, I feel that you will pardon me for giving utterance in words to a feeling which I have long striven in vain to repress—a feeling of the most intense and devoted interest in your fate, awakened by all that loveliness of mind and character which so eminently marks you. I may express it now, because this is the last time I may ever see you face to face.”

“But why say, Mr. Wentworth,” interrupted Anna, “that this is the last time we shall meet?”

“I say it in that frankness which should become the occasion, and both our characters I hope; because this is the last time in which I can endure to see you, and indulge such sentiments as now really thrill my heart; sentiments all the better because they are unselfish, for I know well that under the wise ordinances of society, I can only see you hereafter in that relation in which it is not proper to indulge such feelings for you, much less to utter them; more unselfish because now I can never ask any return of such sentiments; another will soon have the sole right”—

“So it is generally understood, I believe, Mr. Wentworth.”

“And now, Miss Anna, as I bid you a final farewell, let me only say to you in the spirit of forgiveness induced by this hour, that henceforth the memory of yourself shall be only pleasant, and yet so faithful and constant, as was that bitter memory of the neglect and unkindness with which you once treated my rash and presumptuous betrayal of my love—a love of which you are the only object—a memory which has haunted me amid all the classic shades of foreign lands, and which now strangely subsides in your presence—even in your frank admission that your own love is forever pledged, and worthily I know to another.

Why, Mr. Wentworth, there must be

some strange mistakes and mysteries between us! Frankly, I have not ‘admitted,’ for such is not the fact, that my love is pledged to any one; I only meant to say that *your* love is generally understood to be pledged to another, as I thought you were then informing me. And more, too, I never treated with neglect any ‘betrayal of your love’ to me; you allude no doubt to your parting note, which I have been ever since ashamed to see, because of a consciousness of having answered it perhaps too kindly: my answer to it *you* treated with such ‘neglect and unkindness.’”

Our good readers need not be told farther what their own imaginations can so well supply; how Anna’s note, not reaching its destination, was the source of all their woe; how explanation followed explanation, till all was clear—and how Ernest breathed of love that was all the stronger that it had so long burned like a hidden fire, till it breaks forth in free and full air; and how the gentle Anna’s true womanly heart, gushing with the fond remembrance of a former love, yielded to the influence of that holy hour; and the newly risen evening star beamed softly on plighting of as pure and perfect love, as ever blessed this mortal earth.

#### CHAPTER IX.

“The future, that sweet world which is hope’s own—  
Lay fair before them.”

“By the strong spirit’s discipline,  
By the sad wrong forgiven,  
By all that wrings the heart of man,  
Is woman won to Heaven.”

Having confidentially admitted our readers, at the close of the last chapter, to a scene which is ever regarded as beginning a full fruition of mundane bliss, no less than of ending all love-stories, we will not now mar their kindly sympathies with our hero and heroine, by any rehearsal of mere ordinary details. Our narrative, therefore, closes with a brief recital of a few leading facts.

The nuptial festival was duly celebrated in fullness of time at the house of Mrs. Howard in Philadelphia, on the kind and pressing invitation of her whom Anna had long regarded as a second mother. At the simple and appropriate ceremony, Nanny Bland and

Walter Howard officiated as principal attendants. And we will add here, what our shrewd readers may have sooner suspected, that Walter and Nanny, so congenial by nature, shortly afterwards fulfilled their "manifest destiny," by appearing as principal parties together in a similar ceremony in the hospitable Virginia home of Mr. Bland.

Having selected a location in Virginia, Ernest and Walter formed a partnership in the practice of law, with every prospect of success and eminence in their profession. Anna shortly afterwards received a letter from her aunt containing the information that a large debt due Mr. Eastland's estate, as also one due Mrs. Howard, from the same source, and hitherto deemed irrecoverable, could doubtless be collected—the debtor having lately come into possession of quite a princely fortune.

At Mrs. Howard's suggestion, Ernest went immediately to Philadelphia; and after the lapse of a few days, returned home entirely successful. The timely aid thus received, with the proceeds of a very lucrative practice, soon placed our friends far beyond the fear of penury, and in prospect of wealth that would afford the opportunity to gratify their refined and cultivated tastes.

One evening Ernest told his wife that he should be compelled to leave home on important business, which would possibly detain him several days; but this was all the information he could at present give upon the subject. It was so unusual for him to leave without fully explaining the cause, that she was not a little perplexed to know what it all meant. Her various conjectures were still unsatisfied, when he returned and explained his absence by the information that he had been to purchase a farm on James river, and that henceforth their home would at Clifton.

This was indeed a joyful surprise—one that was only surpassed by the delight in which our heroine soon after found herself comfortably installed in her childhood's home, surrounded by familiar scenes, which awakened fond and hallowed memories of other days. It only remained for Ernest to fill the measure of her happiness, when he soon afterwards resolved to embrace that faith whose pure and gentle influences had long been so

beautifully exemplified in her own walk and conversation. Anna felt that now her cup of joy was brimming with bliss, for her's was a home in which dwelt not only mutual love, and mutual happiness, but the beauty of holiness too was there—and well might the angel of peace hover over it.

But it was still an earthly home, and "into each life some rain must fall," so even was a shade of sadness cast upon those loving hearts by the reception of the following letter, evidently penned by the feeble hand of the dying:—thus it ran—

"My dear cousin;—if indeed one whom I have so deeply wronged, will allow me so to address her. Yes, Anna, I have wronged you more than your gentle, unsuspecting nature has ever imagined; and now in my dying hour remorse of conscience, whose warnings have been hitherto unregarded, impels me to admit all, and implore that forgiveness which, alas! I so ill deserve, but which your lovely Christian character is, I feel assured, so ready to bestow.

"A short confession will tell but too much: It was unkind, nay cruel of me, not to have delivered at once, your note to Ernest Wentworth; but in my thoughtless, if not criminal selfishness, I neglected it from day to day until he was ready to sail for Europe. Then it was too humiliating to confess how I had acted, so I suffered him to depart in total ignorance of your having answered his letter, trying to persuade myself that you had perhaps communicated in some other way—although his strangely dejected appearance contradicted any such supposition.

"Of my own unhappy marriage, you doubtless know enough,—how I sacrificed myself upon the altar of Mammon. My husband, who had vainly flattered himself that I loved him, although he never regarded me with true affection, for his perverted heart and vicious career had totally unfitted him for such a sentiment, soon proved himself unprincipled to such a degree, that I was compelled to leave him. I will not pain you, my cousin, with all the sickening details I might recite, of my miserable wedded life;—suffice it, that after enduring as long as human nature could, and when my husband had been seized for debt, and our property all sold, I, with my infant Anna—named in my

awakened love for you—begged my way back to Richmond where, in a miserable hovel, I have been lying for the last three weeks. But in that time, through the instrumentality of my former pastor, who providentially found me, I have, I trust, repented of my sinful career, and found forgiveness of the God of mercy. Would that I could see you once again, dearest Anna, and hear the sweet accents of pardon from your own lips; but this cannot be, my days are numbered; even this effort, while it has so greatly relieved my mind, has well nigh exhausted my strength.

"And now, my dear cousin,—dearer that I have wronged you—as I offer my last earthly adieu, will you not with it let me consign to your sympathy and protection my poor little orphan Anna. Will you not receive, and be to her what your sainted mother was to you on earth? You will not refuse my dying prayer, for I know your heart to be filled with the charity that 'suffereth long and is kind.' And though your only recompense be in knowing of the joy that fills my poor heart at the thought that I can leave her with such an one to love her innocence, and who will teach her so well 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are pure and lovely.' I can ask no more. Farewell—farewell forever.

ALICE."

## VELIK' RUSSKIE BOG'!

"Great is the God of Russia!"

[*Celakovsky's Slavonian Proverbs.*]

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

### 1.

The God of all Russia  
Hath writ to the Tzar  
With his own hand, an ukas'.<sup>\*</sup>  
"Now let there be war!  
Stern war with the Turék,<sup>†</sup>  
Stern war against all  
Who fear not Nicolái,  
Who heed not his call!"

### 2.

And the Tzar took the ukas'  
Fresh written from God,  
And signed it and sealed it  
And sent it abroad.

<sup>\*</sup> Ukas', generally but incorrectly written *ukase* in English.

<sup>†</sup> Turék—Turk.

Like the white wings of angels  
It flashed where it came,  
And the soldier who heard it,  
His heart was aflame.

### 3.

Oh then from all Russia  
Great armies came in:  
The Polak' and Tartar,  
The Tcherkess' and Fin;  
And the tramp of the big boots  
Was heard from afar,  
As they marched with their muskets  
For God and the Tzar.

### 4.

In strong Sebastópol  
All waiting we stood,  
When the foe came against us—  
The Tzar said they would.  
For the Tzar knoweth all things  
Both future and past,  
And hath read in a book  
That we'll conquer at last.

### 5.

Then up leaped our Pop"<sup>\*</sup>  
Like a powder mine fired:  
All reeling with vodka,<sup>†</sup>  
Half drunk, half inspired.  
"They are happy who live,  
But more happy who die  
For God, and for Russia  
And great Nicolái.

For Heaven's his portion  
Who dies for the cross,  
There the seas are all brady  
The rivers all kvás';<sup>‡</sup>  
But as some men must live  
To maintain the great war,  
Then bear what in kindness  
Was said by your Tzar!

### 7.

There are millions of rubles—  
I know that 'tis true,  
Which the foe holds in keeping:  
God means them for you.  
If ye conquer, remember  
The Turk must be fleeced,  
If ye fall—then fall bravely!"  
(Here, down went the priest.)

### 8.

Though we perish by thousands  
Who cares if we die?  
Since the great God of Russia  
Awaits us on high.  
For our victory at last  
Must conclude the great war:  
And the foe to the dust  
Be trod down by the Tzar.

<sup>\*</sup> Pop' A Russian priest.

<sup>†</sup> Vodka—corn brandy.

<sup>‡</sup> Kvás', Quass, A sour fermented drink.

## Fragments from the Memoirs of a Spanish Nobleman.

*From the French, by Sophie Pannier*

Married!—I am married!—These words fall upon my ears like the terrible tones of the alarm bell—the distant mutterings of the coming tempest, or the angry roaring of the furious ocean! What! I am married!—I have committed my peace of mind, my *honor*, to another, and that other a woman! and that woman a *French woman*!! Malediction! This idea is terrible! That a weak, frail, imprudent being, has it now in her power to tarnish my proud name, and cover me with ridicule and infamy! Verily, I Don Salvator, de Lostenos, have strangely forgotten the dignity due to a Spanish nobleman! It is enough to drive one mad!

How was it done? I scarcely know. The memory of it is like one of those delicious phrensies brought on by the fever which then preyed upon me. We had arrived at Bayonne. I had promised nothing. I wished to see her before complying with my father's desires. From his smile, when I questioned him, I divined that she was beautiful. That idea wholly occupied my mind.

It was night when we arrived. Fatigued with the journey my father retired to rest; as to myself, too agitated to think of repose, I sallied out to calm my agitated mind, in the peaceful repose of the slumbering city. I wandered along at random, gathering in my mind a thousand arguments against this detested marriage, when from the bottom of an obscure alley, piercing cries reached me—I ran.—Torrents of flame burst from a house near me, and before it stood a group of compassionate beings, surrounding a half-clad female.

"My father," she cried, in heart-rending tones, and tried to rush through the circle to reach the burning house.

"It is too late!" was heard on all sides.

"Oh my poor father," repeated she, with another effort to get to him.

"Would you leave your children, Margarette?" said a man, coming from the crowd

with three little innocent beings clinging to him.

The revulsion was too great, and the young woman uttered a deep groan and fell upon the ground. Never will this scene be effaced from my memory. The *daughter* could not sacrifice herself to her father, because she was a *mother*. This impulse of nature, paralyzed by nature itself, is the most terrible conflict which can rend a woman's heart. Urged on by an irresistible impulse,

"Where is he?" demanded I; "where is her father?"

"On the second floor in the front room."

To rush forward, to leap over the steps, to cross the burning sleepers, was the work of a moment. Arrived at the room, the death rattle guided me,—the old man had sought refuge in the extreme corner of the chamber—the only place, not yet a prey to the flames. To get to him, I must enter this volcano—my clothes were on fire, my skin was parched and cracked, my face and hands swollen, my hair shrivelled and crisped, my brain boiling—I breathed fire, but excited to desperation by the imminent, the strength of a giant was mine. Reaching the old man I lifted him like a feather, rushed through the flames and stood upon the last burning sleeper—when I heard a crash—a horrible noise,—it was the ceiling, the walls, falling and crumbling around us: balancing myself upon the burning beam, I stood for one moment, suspended above the horrible crater, whose fiery tongues were stretched forth to lap me in their flames! I saw a woman upon her knees. I heard a cry, as if a hundred voices were concentrated in one, and the beam gave away under my feet. I fell, but clung fast to my helpless burden. How I was drawn by an iron hook from that burning hell it matters not here to tell. The old man was saved also, and that consoled me a little, for not being quite dead myself.

I was going to die—the physicians said so—and I, poor charred creature, who felt the flames in my vitals—I believed them. Although young, I never had been intoxicated with life, and cared little about leaving it; but my father, my poor father, would be left alone! This thought broke my heart. A



strange project, arising no doubt from the fever, entered into my mind. The marriage which my father wished me to contract, was, he said, a debt of honor. Clara's father had formerly saved his life; he died leaving his widow and only child in straitened circumstances. To enrich them without wounding their delicacy, was the end my father had in view, when he entreated me to marry Clara d'Aubigneux. Marriage has always inspired me with something of terror. I am tempted to take it as a presentiment of evil. If the thought had, for one instant, entered into my mind, that I could *live*—this disagreeable union would never have taken place: but in the situation I then was, what was my repugnance to me? I could bear it for the few days I had to live. To let my father have one tie to bind him to the world when I was gone, by giving him a daughter—such was my intention, when in a dying voice, I said to him—"I will marry Miss d'Aubigneux now!"

It was a sad bridal—no flowers—no songs of joy—no love! Every one wept. Wrapped in his winding sheet, the bridegroom saw, coming towards his bedside, the white form of a woman, whose features his scorched eyes forbade him to distinguish. A small, fresh, soft hand was gently placed in his, withered by the fire: he vowed eternal fidelity, believing death to be at the door; whilst she, the young bride, thought her vows were but for a day! Both, now, find themselves chained together through a long life.

How terrible was the conflict between youth and death! They wished to spare Clara the sight of my agony: she had the courage to resist them. For eight days she clung to my side, watching with the most careful solicitude, and from time to time, laying her hand upon my heart to ascertain if my heart still beat. Perhaps she was anxious to know if she were yet a widow.

At length the ninth day the physicians said, "he is saved." Then Clara rushed into my father's arms and for the first time he called her by the endearing name of daughter. I learned this from him, for still insensible to all which was passing around

me, I heard—saw nothing. A vague remembrance of a gentle, tearful voice, of a shadowy form, light as the caressing breeze, is the only pleasure that marriage has bestowed upon me.

When I recovered consciousness, my first care was to desire Clara should return to her mother's house. I could not bear the idea that my features would inspire her with disgust; and I declared to my father that never would I be reunited to her until I was restored to my former self. Three months passed by, at the end of which the physicians congratulated themselves upon having performed a wonderful cure. Certainly I no longer *suffered*—but my whole person bore the horrible marks of the burning—my hair and eyebrows were gone—my face was covered with violet splotches: my blood-shot eyes could not sustain the light—my flesh was covered with scales—in short, I was hideous—and even my fond father was compelled to confess, that it would be dangerous to my happiness, if my newly wedded bride were permitted to see me as I then was.

To escape from Clara's entreaties, who daily requested permission to come and cheer me in my hours of convalescence, I begged my physicians to order me to my native air, and set off for Madrid—after writing to *my wife*, desiring her to live in the strictest seclusion with her mother until the day I came to reclaim her. During my absence she would reside in an old chateau, saved from the wreck of her father's property. I had taken care to adorn it with all that could render it an agreeable residence for her, and on his part, my father had acted nobly towards the widow of his friend.

We set off—time, assisted by the warm, soft air of our climate, at last effaced every trace of my wounds. My hair and eyebrows and eyelashes were restored, and soon I perceived by the glances of the beautiful promenaders upon the Prado, that I was not a very repulsive object. My father often asked me when I thought of returning to Bayonne, and sighed, when I replied in a careless tone, "I did not know." "You can

reckon upon the future," said he, "but I"—alas! it was too true! I have lost him for whom I sacrificed myself. I have lost him and he had not the happiness of blessing the daughter of his choice. Before his death he exacted a promise from me that I would reunite myself to my young wife.

I shall go—Clara has been waiting for me for three years, and during that time not one complaint, not one wish has come to tell me her heart has need of me. Perhaps she accuses me of indifference—perhaps in the solitude in which I have buried her youth, she has found a consoler—a lover—Malediction! this thought sets my brain on fire! Yet I love her not: no, but she is *my wife*—it is not my *heart* that is jealous—but my pride!

In the presence of the husband desires and looks are controlled; guilty thoughts are buried in the depths of the wife's heart. How can I know if my *honor* is unblemished. An idea has come to my mind; I will act upon it. Clara married a disfigured man—a living wound—she cannot recognise me. Under a fictitious name, with the assistance of a letter written by her husband, I will introduce myself to her. In France the husband's *friend* is sure to be warmly welcomed; thanks to that absurd custom, I can be a spy upon her actions, her looks, her words. I shall search her soul, and soon know if I will ratify in life the ties I contracted in death.

A mission from my government to the court of France seconds my designs. I depart to-morrow; when I return, my fate will be decided. Marriage is an indissoluble chain, I know. Be it so; I can extend it in such a manner that one end will be fixed in the depths of the Pyrenees—and the other at Madrid.

What contemptible beings these French are! The hot sun of the south which embrowns our complexions, penetrates our souls, inspires us with all noble feelings, great actions and burning passions. But these! They are as lukewarm as their climate—Nothing profound, nothing energetic. I feel assured, can be found amongst them. They sigh for love, mutter vengeance, and talk of honor, without a change of expression.

Honor! Do they *know* the meaning of the word? Do they know that a word, a look, a breath, which tarnishes it, can be washed out only with *blood*? How often have I seen French honor wounded, and they knew it not! How do they cover themselves with ridicule as a garment, and carry infamy as a sinecure. What would kill us in Spain is laughed at in France.

The business, which brought me to Paris, detains me longer than I anticipated. My secretary can supply my place and I am going to leave for the chateau d' Aubigneux. Fernando will write when all is ready for me, I will come back and terminate it; and then I shall know, if I am to bless my fate, or drag out my future life under the burden of abhorred chains.

I have seen her! She has not the airy grace, the warm color, the sparkling eyes of our piquant Spaniards. She is a true daughter of Gaul, a virgin of Ossian, formed of mist. But she is beautiful. However, I saw not in her eyes the flashes of a strong soul, nor upon her features the traces of deep thought. Her eyes are brilliant, but are like the sun's rays upon a frozen region. From what I have seen, I know this weak-minded being will never comprehend me.

I have passed two entire days in a cottage at a little distance from the castle, exploring the mountains, or rather like a timid child, delaying to meet my destiny. The servant I took at Bayonne, knows me only as Don Alvar de Mochado, and under that name I begged permission to pay ~~my~~ respects to the ladies at the castle. The request was granted—I went. Madame d'Aubigneux was alone, and her reception was cool enough until I told her with a slight blush—that I was the friend of the Duke de Lostenos. Then, her cries of surprise, her transports of joy, her exclamations were endless. Women have no discretion—they possess either too little or too much dignity.

"You are very welcome—and my son-in-law: How is my son-in-law?—where is he?—what is he doing?—when is he coming?" And every question was followed by her ringing the bell, which of course, prevented

my replying. A servant entered—"Say to my daughter—to *Madame de Lostemos*, that I desire her to come to the saloon. How I trembled! *My* name applied to another. It seemed a theft—a kind of usurpation. But she calls herself *Madame de Lostenos*. Let her beware—if she bears it not with the dignity due to it, it will crush her. Clara entered—a willowy form, golden tresses, small, delicately cast features, and blue eyes—often looking up to heaven—complete her portrait. It will be very difficult for me to accustom myself to this kind of beauty.

I advanced to meet her, and said, "Don Salvator, *my friend*, hearing I would spend some time in the Pyrenees, had requested me to pay my respects to her. She blushed and trembled as she took the letter I presented to her. For my part, I was astonished at my own emotions. This was my wife—this the being who was to exercise so much influence upon my life, for good or evil—who had vowed obedience, fidelity, nay, sworn to *love me*, stood before me!

Notwithstanding, the care I had taken in my letter to recommend *my friend* to Clara's attentions, she has not yet left the tone of cold politeness with which she first received me. Her mother seems to have taken upon herself the exclusive charge of doing the honors of the house to me. Thanks to her assiduity I have found a temporary home with an old farmer who never tires of being astonished at Don Salvator's absence, and repeating the angelic virtues of Clara. To escape this indirect censure, I pass my mornings on the mountains and my evenings in studying the intricate character of Clara.

Yesterday I had a box of jewelry carried to the castle—sent by my friend to the ladies. Whether it was dissimulation or indifference, Clara seemed to set but little value upon her husband's gifts. But a ray of joy sparkled in her eyes, when upon a seal, formed of precious stones, she saw the united arms of de Losternos and d'Aubigneux. Like some young brides, perhaps, who delight to adorn themselves with a title. Clara, no doubt, at that moment remembered she was the wife of a Spanish duke. Vanity, not love inspired that blush. Why has she not inquired

when he will come? Why not asked about the disposition, tastes and habits of her husband? Absent and dreamy, she scarcely appeared to listen to me when I was speaking of her husband to Madam d'Aubigneux—notwithstanding I spoke of the favor which Salvator enjoyed at Court, of the honor, the splendor which surrounded his name. Decidedly this young wife has no soul—she is a block of marble—an alabaster statue.

I see her every day—and yet am no more advanced in my knowledge of her character than the first day I beheld her,—she is an enigma that I cannot unravel—never can love or sweet intimacy be established between her and myself. I believe she hates me—from instinct perhaps. She is ever ready to leave when I enter the room, and pales when she detects my looks resting upon her. She avoids speaking to me—even replying to my questions. Her soul has no affinity for mine—nothing in her speaks of nobility, enthusiasm, or devotedness. My proud and haughty ancestors—is this the mother I am to give to your descendants?

I have deceived myself—she has a living heart. Yesterday, when in the act of rising from the table, Madam d'Aubigneux was struck with apoplexy. Never did I see more tender cares or loving tears than Clara's. On her knees, by her mother's side, she prayed for death—if she should lose her mother, the only friend she had in this world. I felt it as a reproach then—but now I see it. All her affections are concentrated upon a single object—and sometimes, I think it is well that it is so. Flowers are crushed by storms—my violent love and mad jealousy, would kill her. As Madame d'Aubigneux still remained insensible, Clara cried, with all the energy of desperation, "I would give my life for a physician! who will go for one?" In hearing, for the first time, such passionate words, from her timid lips, I trembled; but, not being willing to confide to another the accomplishment of the first wish I had ever heard her express, I rushed from the castle, and taking the first one I saw for a guide, I ran, I flew, to the doctor's house. Fortunately it was but half-a-mile off. Going, the fear of not finding him in, and returning,

the dread of being too late, oppressed my heart and hastened my steps. In vain the physician, almost out of breath, begged a moment's rest. I dragged him on—I would have carried him myself rather than delay one moment. At last we arrived, breathless and exhausted. As far as she could see us Clara ran to implore our haste. "If I should lose my mother—oh my Father what will become of me?" She clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven in devout prayer. The physician went to Madame d'Aubigneux and after some absence returned, with Clara; her eyes sparkling with joy and her whole countenance lightened up with a beam of pleasure. How well happiness becomes her. How beautiful she was. "You may rest secure," said the physician to her, "this accident will be attended with no bad consequences. I will bleed your mother, and to-morrow she will be perfectly well." I took the good doctor's hands and clasped them with emotion—"Sir," said he "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but I esteem you for I know you possess a good heart. If you knew," he added, speaking to Clara, "how he dragged me here, had it been his own mother he could not have been more anxious." Clara thanked me by a look, and said in a trembling voice, Monsieur Monchado, I know you need rest. You must retire and to-morrow at an early hour, I will let you hear of my mother." I desired to remain. She was inflexible. "Why stay? has not the doctor told *us* to fear nothing?" *Us*—for the first time she has associated me with her, in her thoughts—for the first time I feel as if I could love her.

Clara flies from me no longer: the interest I took in her mother's indisposition has broken the ice her reserve had raised between us. Now, she dares to think, to speak, where I am. I am astonished at her character. Submissive without effort, she awaits her husband as one does an absent friend. She is ready to follow him—to love him. Her thoughts go not beyond this. This is well, but who will assure me that this heart will not love another? Another—God of Heaven! Another. She should fear me—fly from me. I am a man—a young man. Already her glances soften, and her manners

have become more gracious. Yesterday she chided me for being later than usual. Can it be that she is forgetting her vows? Oh, my proud and haughty spirit, how quick you are to take umbrage. Clara is a woman—isolated from society. I am an accident in her monotonous life: my admiration tells her of the power of her beauty. This is all.

—  
Yesterday was Madame d'Aubigneux' birthday. I took the occasion to send to the castle many beautiful flowers. The innocent joy of Clara charmed me. It was very perceptible she took none of this offering to herself. As to Madame d'Aubigneux, she doubted not but she was the sole object of this flattering notice. Trust yourselves to mothers-in-law. Confide your honor to them. They will give you a good account. She sees in me her son's friend: but is this title a safeguard? Does it take away my eyes? Does it prevent Clara from having a heart? And although she confides in the loyalty of a Spanish nobleman—ought she to risk her daughter's peace?

—  
What a delightful evening I have passed. Seated upon a tabouret, Clara held one of her mother's hands, softly pressing it upon her rosy cheeks like a gentle child, longing to be caressed. She kissed it and resting her head upon her mother's knees, she looked up into her mother's face, her eyes beaming with love. I know not why, but this scene did not please me.

"You love your mother too well," said I to her; "Salvator will be jealous."

She smiled.

"Salvator jealous! Oh, no, I am not so fortunate."

"His heart is very different from mine, then. If I loved my wife, I should wish her looks, her thoughts, her entire being to be wholly and only mine."

She looked at me with astonishment.

"I know," I continued, with a bitter smile, "I know the love of a Frenchman is less exacting; but in Spain we cannot conceive of love without jealousy."

Madame d'Aubigneux cried out—uttered many commonplace expressions that esteem and confidence made a husband's happiness. I took not the trouble to contradict her. Clara

was in a reverie. Was she thinking of her husband? Doubtless. For did she not say, "I am not so fortunate?" The jealousy of Salvator a happiness to her! Clara, may heaven preserve you from ever exciting it!

—  
Her mother—her blind mother—seems to take pleasure in perilling her daughter's peace. Did she not beg me, this morning, to give Clara lessons upon the guitar? To determine me to comply, she said Salvator would be most agreeably surprised to find his wife possessed of a talent so delightful to every Spaniard. Oh, certainly. To give as a music teacher, to a woman of twenty, a young and not a very ill-looking man, who has the right to touch her soft fingers and place them upon the sonorous chords—to sing in company with her words breathing of love—to move her soul by the charms of harmony, is, no doubt, to prepare a very agreeable surprise for the absent husband! I was thoroughly vexed. But I consented. Before yielding up my life for her to torture, and my heart for her to break, is it not prudent for me to try her strength?—to do *myself*, all the evil *another* would have done me?

—  
I suspected not the empire this gentle and timid woman exercised over herself. How delightful, daily, to discover some talent—some new grace—some new beauty. What can science—what can unexplored countries offer to man—richer fields of thought—than the heart of a woman, with its thousand shades, its thousand delicacies, surprising you at every moment and enchaining you by imperceptible lines? It is in vain that I determine to preserve my independence. You have conquered me, Clara—I *love you*! Yes! I love you with all the power of my impassioned soul. But the more I appreciate the treasure I possess, the more I wish it to be unsullied. If you are to be the pride, the joy of life, you must come to my arms as pure, as innocent, as when your mother first received you into hers.

—  
—She knows that I am expecting news which will take me to Paris. Yesterday, whilst walking in the willow alley, which serves as an avenue to the castle, I spoke sadly of my departure.

"We shall see you again on your return?" said she, sighing, and added—"It is strange, before you came I was happy; I wanted nothing: and when you go I shall feel as if something were wanting. We so easily accustom ourselves to a friend's presence."

Whilst she was speaking, I looked at her in silence. An ardent love rushed through my being: my heart trembled under its power. That form, those arms, those hands, that whole being belongs to me—is *mine*, thought I, and in a transport of tenderness, I was on the verge of clasping her to my heart and confessing all, when the gardener came and presented her with some flowers. Thanks to this interruption, my secret still remains locked in my breast. It shall not escape me yet. Her looks, her voice, had intoxicated me—but now, when I am no longer under the dominion of her beauty—now, when my jealousy daily demands for my name all which my love has confided to it, I tremble at the recollection of these words, which enchanted me at the time they were spoken—"Before you came I wanted nothing." Nothing—not even the presence of her husband! "*When you go I shall feel as if something were wanting.*" So the stranger is already more necessary than the husband! Imprudent Clara! True, she spoke thus to her friend—her husband's friend. But may she not be deceived? Is a young man ever the *friend* of a woman of twenty? No, Clara, no. I must know you—prove you to the heart's core. I am your lover now, and by that title you must welcome or repulse me.

—  
A deceiver! To deceive and endeavor to corrupt my wife! The words alone make me shudder. Pronouncing them my hand was involuntarily laid upon my sword—and I laughed at my madness. I feel an invincible repugnance to speak to her of love. I feel as if my declaration would tarnish her bridal crown—that she will be less pure after hearing it; and another fear, if she listens to me without indignation. Her mother's presence is in my favor. I shall dare in a thousand ways to play the part of a stealthy lover. Yesterday, whilst gathering a rose, a thorn pierced her hand; a drop of blood fell upon a flower. I plucked it and hid it in my bo-

som. Her mother did not see me—but she—in vain she affected to be looking at something else: she saw it; and I remarked neither anger nor indignation in her countenance. I even believe—yes, I am sure of it—when she spoke to me her voice was softer than usual. Does she dare to love me the perfidious wretch? If I thought so Well what, madman, what would you do? Against whom would you turn a husband's fury? Your rival? You cannot reach him but through yourself. Against your wife?—but the lover will bring her to the arms of her husband. No, no, Honor—the honor of a Spanish nobleman speaks louder than love!

— Since I have loved her so passionately, my fears and desires fill my mind with inextricable confusion. Her coldness drives me to despair, and the least mark of affection reddens my brow with blushes. To repulse me breaks my heart. To welcome me with a smile maddens me. When she looks upon me with her tender eyes, in which I think I can read *all I feel*, a transport of joy seizes me. But *honor* steps in like a thief to rob me of my joys, and make them the instruments of my torture. Sometimes I wish—yes, I long to enter that heart without the husband's knowledge. But he is *here*. That severe judge is always *here*. When she speaks to me in a tender, caressing tone, I am on the brink of saying to her—“Hush! Clara, hush! Salvator sees you—hears you. But alas! the charm, or the agony of the suspicion of her love, soon vanishes. Clara's goodness, not her heart, is interested in me: she sees that I am sad, and wishes to console me. If her mother calls, she leaves me without a moment's hesitation, without a single regret. No—she loves me not; for she fears not to speak of her husband to me.

— “Do you think?” she asked me—“that Salvator would be angry—and chide a disobedience, which would prove—my desire to go to him and seek his protection?” “Madame” I replied. “It is not without good reasons—that Salvator deprives himself of the happiness of having you near him. Honored by his sovereign's confidence, for more than a year he has been charged with important

missions, which often take him a distance from Madrid. It would be a great annoyance to him if you were to be at his house during his absence.” “Oh when will he come! When will he call his wife—she who has waited for him so long—so wearily—so patiently”—said Clara, her eyes filling with tears—and her hands falling by her side, in an attitude of hopeless dejection—“my hopes are wasted in expectation! I have been confiding every morn I awakened with a feeling of renewed hope and joy—now I have lost that bright anticipation which filled my future life with its sweetest dreams! What have I done to be condemned to such suffering! Sometimes I long to die. My soul is pure—I should then be happy and Salvator free.” These tender complaints entered into the depths of my soul. Pity and remorse seized me for the part I was acting, and who knows how far my ardent desire to console her, would have led me—if her mother had not entered. Exasperated by Clara's tears, Madame d'Aubigneux, heaped the bitterest reproaches upon Salvator—he was a barbarian—a tyrant—unworthy of a wife's tenderness—she groaned—she wept over her daughter's youth buried in a living tomb. Clara feeling all the indelicacy of this scene, endeavored, in vain to interrupt her, the stream of her wrath had burst out and nothing could stop it. Far from fearing any indiscretion on my part she took me aside, and traducing me before myself, she asked me if her daughter merited such contempt. But little disposed, to maintain a long discussion upon this head I contented myself with replying—that Salvator, would doubtless, soon come and justify his course—adding, that *justice* never condemns a criminal before he is heard.

— Clara is sad and suffering—her pallid features and dejected looks add new charms to her person—never have I seen her so beautiful! How I longed to take her in my arms and kiss away those reproachful tears. But my honor—my honor—*must* be satisfied. Plunged into a kind of ecstasy I looked upon her with all the burning ardor of my soul beaming from my eyes. She met it look of gentle dignity. To withdraw from

a position of which, perhaps, she feared the danger, she begged me to relate some Spanish legend to her. I obeyed; and for the first time, Clara heard from my lips the language of that passion, she must have read in my eyes. How her breast heaved! What enthusiasm colored her pale cheeks when I described to her, the might, the devotedness, the sublimity of true love! With what intense interest she listened to me! How eloquently her eyes were raised to mine! Yes, *Love* is the life of life! love is heaven upon earth! love is happiness unalloyed! Oh Clara—Clara—your love *must* be mine—or death.

Wretch! what guilty thoughts and feelings am I trying to instil into my wife's mind! My reason left me—I was no longer her husband—I felt—I spoke as her lover. I gloried in beholding her fall, insensibly under my fascinations, and if her mother had not been present—so lost was I to all but the passion which ruled me—I would have declared myself her lover! Nevertheless, whilst relating the legend, my reason avenged itself upon my love. I separated the two lovers; and willing to grant all satisfaction to Salvator, I caused the hero of my story to be killed by his jealous rival. At this unexpected termination, Clara was greatly moved. "I pity them not," said she, "they died, but they loved and were beloved;" and two liquid pearls fell from her eyes upon the marble table which separated us. I wiped them up with my handkerchief and pressed them passionately to my lips. Struck, as if by an electric shock, Clara arose. "Where are you going?" asked her mother, who was engaged with her embroidery in the embrasure of the window, unmindful of all that had passed. I Mamma, I don't know—I want air. I am going to gather flowers for my vases." I arose to follow her. "Oh no, no," said she, extending her hands in an entreaty manner. I remained standing by the window, following her with my soul in my eyes and pressing to my throbbing heart the handkerchief—now so precious.

[To be Continued.]

## A GROUP OF SONNETS.

BY PAUL. H. HAYNE.

I.

Thou who art moving ever in the round  
Of custom, dragging an eternal chain,  
Whose weight for thy dull spirit hath no pain,  
Deeming that thou life's secret bliss hast found:  
Whose senseless ear is ravished by no sound  
Of inner harmonies, whose eyes are blind  
To the rich splendors of creative mind,  
That make our common earth imperial ground;  
'Tis well for thee in the supreme content  
Of grovelling wordliness, to sit and sigh  
That Heaven should have fashioned Poesy, and blent  
With our base instincts, aught of pure, and high:  
Thou would'st pluck down the stars, and curb the bound  
Of Ocean, did thy Avarice gain thereby.

II.

Ye pleasant myths of Eld! why have ye fled?  
The earth is fallen from her blissful prime  
Of summer years, the dews of that sweet time  
Are withered on its garlands aere, and dead;  
No longer in the blue fields overhead,  
We list the rustling of immortal wings,  
Or hail at eve the kindly visitings  
Of gentle Genii, to fair fortunes wed:  
The seas have lost their Nereids, the sad streams  
Their gold-haired habitants, the mountain lone  
Those happy Oreads, and the blithesome tone  
Of Pan's soft pipe, melts only in our dreams;  
Fitfully fall the old Faith's broken gleams  
On our dull hearts, cold as sepulchral stone.

III.

[Suggested by a Picture of Morning.]

The darkness pales in heaven; the eyes of morn  
Unclose from out the Orient; violet bars  
Of tender sunlight dim the o'erwearied stars,  
And the wan moon withdraws her watery horn  
Lost in the Day-spring's rising; Life is born  
From the glad heart of Nature, roused anew,  
To pulse in freedom through the deepening blue  
Of tranquil skies, to bend the golden corn  
In broad savannahs, and to stir the sea  
With odorous breezes, rippling into calms,  
Where by the still lagoons, the pensive palus,  
Doth take the winds' faint kisses languidly;  
While the earth's various voices blend in one  
Harmonious jubilate to the Sun.

IV.

TO ———

Along the path thy weary feet have trod,  
O! Christian mother! do the martyr years,  
Crowned with suffering, through the mist of tears  
Uplift their brows—thorn circled—unto God;  
Most bitterly our Father's chastening rod  
Hath ruled within thy term of mortal days,  
Yet in thy soul spring up the tones of praise,  
Freely as flowers from out a burial sod:

Nor hath a tireless Faith essayed in vain  
To win from sorrow that divinest rest,  
Which, like a sunset purpling through the rain  
Of dying storms, maketh the darkness blest;  
Grief is transfigured, and dethroned fears  
Pale in the glory beckoning from the West.

## V.

To meet thee thus! oh! never—nevermore,  
I pray thee God, let me behold that face,  
Whose memory haunting universal space,  
Made mournful all the desolate years of yore;  
But now, the brooding shadow of this woe,  
A wo words may not picture, from my brain  
And saddened soul was lifted, and the flow  
Of life's freed river coursed in light again;  
Then in a moment, like a flash from heaven,  
When the mute air is stormless, thy dark eyes  
Smote my stilled conscience, and the peace is riven,  
Born of so many penitential sighs,  
And tears through whose renewed gushing, gleams  
A wan face touched by melancholy dreams.

## HAYNE'S POEMS.\*

The star of literature, ascending slowly but brightly in our southern hemisphere, gives inspiring token of better days to come. Hitherto, southern literature has lain shrouded, as it were, under a pall of almost impenetrable darkness. The southern poet, filled with the fire of his native land, yet held a silent harp, or struck its chords so irresolutely, so self-depreciatingly, that their strains were scarcely wafted beyond his own sunny shores. But a new aurora has dawned upon us; and we hail each rosy beam with a pæan of thankfulness.

This little volume, whose merits we are about considering, comes to us bearing the unmistakable seal of a true poet; one, who feeling the divine commission of Poesy, has delivered her message truthfully, manfully, and earnestly.

To review this book properly—to exhibit the under current of beauty and deepened thought that flows, like some quiet, but potent stream, through it, would require more ability than we are conscious of possessing. We therefore, simply content ourselves with selecting such gems as sparkle on the surface; and by so doing, hope to convince the sceptical, that the South *can* produce poets, who, in a large degree, possess the very essence

POEMS: by *Paul H. Hayne*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

of all true poetry; and that there is a strength among us, reserved though it now be, that will at some future day, if encouraged and sustained by proper appreciation, place southern and northern poetry on the same platform of equality.

In the first poem, and the longest, styled "The Temptation of Venus," the author has endeavored to show "that in the maelstrom of the passions, virtue and happiness are sure to go down together." Would that all poetry, speaking in its own seductive language, taught this divine moral; then indeed, would poetry, winged by celestial truth, purify and exalt the heart it sought to teach. This poem is replete with true gems, shining with a natural light, and not for the poor sake of effect, forced and radiating with false and tinsel glare. Take, for instance, a few of these selected at random.

—"the lurid sunset's gorgeous gate,"

—"the mellowed blaze,  
Like muffled beams of a thin clouded sun,"

—"the sapped soul was dead,  
Through whose dried branches to Decay resigned,  
Remorse rushed howling like a hollow wind,"

And how the very essence of poetry pervades these lines.

"So, on the dewy atmosphere, outgushed  
A world of sighs, whose amorous plenitude  
Stole to the Nightingale's green home, where hushed,  
And dreaming, drooped the minstrel of the wood,  
And set the music sleep had frozen free,  
In tropic tides of tender harmony."

"Tropic tides of tender harmony," is music that will flow melodiously into the most fastidious ear.

The closing verses of this poem are in an earnest and lofty strain. The enchantment of sin being over, and the "Palace crumbled into dust;" "Horror and Demoniac Fear," lay their mighty hands on the guilty victim. He seeks his guide

—"to ask

Fit consolation in this dread extreme;"

but her angel form has ascended into the glorious heavens.

"A solemn voice stole on him from afar,  
Like music melting from some mournful star."

"Go forth to find thy crimes just recompense,  
Go forth to meet the sorrow and the shame,  
Which to the souls who canonize the sense,  
Cling ever, like fierce serpents born of flame,  
Draw in earth's lowest air thy laboring breath,  
And learn the full significance of death."



"Yet from the ruin of thy low estate,  
A penitential patience hath sufficed  
To plume the heart for the Empyrean gate.  
And the serene benignity of Christ;  
In humbleness and prayer work out thy doom,  
Till Glory troubles from the depths of Gloom."

In quoting from this poem, we are aware that we have only given faint glimpses of its varied beauties—snatches of its melody—half uttered notes of its rich, deep harmonies. To appreciate it fully, the entire poem must be read; we have merely opened "the golden gate of song," but beyond, there is a rich parterre that will amply repay the lovers of the beautiful.

"Life and Death," which when it first appeared in the pages of this magazine, attracted much attention by its solemn imagery and lofty tone, is a sonnet reminding us of the grand old Milton, hymning sublimely.

The sonnet commencing,

"Ye cannot add by any pile ye raise,  
One jot or tittle to the Statesman's fame."

is the noble outburst of an indignant heart, conveying a deal of scorn that finds a deep a mighty echo, in every loyal heart that beats within the borders of that

—"recreant State  
Whose condemnation comes from her own lips,"

"October" is a beautiful sonnet, bringing before us a charming picture of glorious autumnal woods.

"And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,  
That raise their solemn dirges to the sky,  
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by."

For manly tenderness, and delicate fancy, the sonnet commencing,

"Beloved in this holy hush of night,  
I know that thou art looking to the South"

is preëminently lovely. "The Eve of the Bridal," is rich in delicate, true, and glowing tints, to quote from it, would mar its beauty. "Aspirations" is the fervent utterance—the deep feeling, of a true poet's heart. "The will to soar but not the wings;" this it is that makes the unconquerable unquiet—the restless craving of all intellectual aspirations. Not of those who aim low, and with meagre achievement, are satisfied; resting content with the world's poor praise, and their own easily gained applause; but they,

who seeking to win for themselves some faint tone of the "Eternal Melodies," consecrate all the energy of an earnest nation to the work, and "fixing their eyes on a starry height," cannot descend to any earthly altitude. Yet the poet tells us, even these feeble winged ones, catch a glimpse of rich poetic glory that has its reward.

"Yet I would rather in the outward state  
Of Song's immortal Palace lay me down,  
A beggar basking by that golden gate,  
Than bend beneath the haughtiest Empire's crown.

For sometimes, through the bard's, my tranced eyes  
Have caught the vision of a life divine,  
And seen a far, mysterious rapture rise  
Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine."

Perhaps the most beautiful poem in the book—certainly the most pathetic, is that which commences

"This is the place—I pray thee, friend,  
Leave me alone with that dread Grief,  
Whose raven wings o'erarch the grave,  
Closed on a life how sad and brief."

Who, of any poetic sensibility, will not be touched by the deep pathos that seems to sob through this little poem, the hopelessness of grief—the utter abandonment of sorrow that stands steeped to the very lips in woe, desolate and heart-shattered, by the grave of the beloved dead? Youth! Love! these are beautiful twin words, what impassioned thoughts—what golden visions of delightful bliss do they marshal into view. But when that Youth is severed from Love by a fate as cruel, as inexorable, as unconquerable as the grave itself, what wild waves of sorrow surge against the soul, what an endless grief goes wailing through a life time. Quieted a moment, sobbing itself into a troubled sleep, only to wake again with a fresh burst of agonized regret; aroused by memories, strong and deep. This poem may be, perhaps is, altogether ideal, but if ideal, it is so like truth, that we take it to our hearts, and enshrine it there as a beautiful picture of truthful nature. Many there are whose dim light of experience is fortunately too faint to enable them to read sympathizingly this poem; but there are others, who by the blazing glare of their own deep misery, will read and understand, how "awful" the "summer's sunshine" can "strike"

"Incongruous on the spirit's storn,"

when standing desolate by the tomb, where love, youth and hope lie buried together.

And with these observations we close our imperfect remarks upon this book of Southern poetry. We have spoken admiringly, for we have spoken conscientiously; believing that all who are capable of distinguishing the divine light of poetry from the mere *ignis fatuus* that sometimes passes for the true blaze, will agree in our estimate of these poems.

The young author is possessed of a glowing but chastened imagination; deep poetic sensibility, and a manly, earnest and vigorous intellect. He has a true eye for beauty, and a true hand for painting vividly its glowing tints. What he has done, is only the herald of what he can do; for we believe, to use his own words, that there are still in his soul

"Deaths, undiscovered, untranslated."

As a poet, we give him our sincere admiration; as a Southerner, we view him with national pride, and a prophetic hope that points proudly to an enduring and well-earned reputation.

E.

## CLOSE UP THE BOOK.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Close up the Book! it is too sad a history  
Of one unhappy, hopeless Human Being—  
Nor thou—nor I—can ever solve the mystery  
Which shadowed o'er her spirit's nobler part.  
No hand save one could—or had ever lifted  
The outer fold that veiled her inner life,  
A life full—passionate—and richly gifted  
With all rare thoughts—and earnest actions rife!

Close up the Book! albeit a common story—  
My inmost spirit thrills to each charmed line:  
The light—the gloom—the agony—the glory—  
Gives back an answer from this heart of mine.  
Clearly my own experience seems recorded  
In the deep love-love of this mournful tale,  
The hope—the faith—the loyal vow, low worded—  
The rapturous bliss the heart dream form'd to fail!

Close up the Book! a life of bondage splendid—  
Even while her feet earth's darkened pathway trod;  
Youth—Beauty, Genius, on her steps attended,  
The while she yearn'd to rest in peace with God:  
On world worn fetters pin'd the Immortal Spirit—  
And bent beneath its Burden of Unrest—  
The gift of many griefs she did inherit  
A heavy cross on her poor heart was prest!

Close up the Book! too perilously gifted  
With the wild rapture of a Human Love—  
All that fair woman-life so nobly freighted,  
Wo for the wreck that sunk with night above!  
Wo for the soul that pass'd through storm and shadow  
The Immortal, still bound to the mortal part—  
Alas! for me, my sadden'd thoughts grow sadder,  
O'er this true record of a broken heart—

Close up the Book! while the last echo lingers  
My Heart gives up its Dead, of other years—  
Rerob'd in youth, by Memory's busy fingers—  
The vanish'd Past renewed again appears:  
Each Human Heart hath its own secret History,  
A written record whereon none may look—  
Now, as of old it must remain a mystery  
Unsolved—unread—O, then close up the book!

## NOVEMBER.

November is gone. Farewell old friend,—and in bidding adieu to none of thy predecessors has my hand grown to their's with a warmer or a longer pressure. True, it was slow to relinquish the gentle clasp of the fresh young April and the blushing May, as it ever lingers long in the soft palm of the fairest maiden in the dance—to prolong the thrill of pleasure thence derived. But in bidding adieu to November, the feeling is like that of parting with our last friend as we set out on some dreary and solitary journey. For the winter months are the middle ages of the year, and their winds and frosts and snows which "the iron North pours tempestuous from her frozen caves," the Goths and Vandals, which sweep the fruits and flowers of Autumn "down the gulf of all devouring night,"—no, not all devouring, for the seeds and vital principle still remain, and when April again *opens* the year, the one shall germinate, the other renew its mysterious movement, and Nature again rejoice in flowers and verdure. May we not suppose the human intellect to have its cycles,—its Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, as Nature has? May we not imagine old Egypt to have awaked from a long winter,—the "middle ages" of that period of the world, to become in arts, science and literature, the Spring, of which Greece and Rome were the Summer and Autumn? Each cycle too may be characterized by its peculiar superiority—that last in the grand—

the beautiful and poetical,—the present in the practical and useful. That reared Thebes and the Pyramids, the Parthenon and Coliseum,—and carried to perfection, painting and sculpture, poetry and eloquence;—this has invented the press and the steam engine. That invited the gods to earth, and gave them seats upon its mountains and in its groves—on its rivers and its seas,—this boldly invades heaven itself to draw thence ministers to the wants of man. The theft of Prometheus was punished with the vulture and the rock,—that of Franklin is rewarded with immortal honor. When Phæton would drive the chariot of the sun he was hurled headlong from the heavens;—Morse drives the lightning at his will, and is crowned with glory.

To return to November. The poet has sung of “chill November’s surly blast” and every one echoes the strain. But I know at least one friend November has. Why what same surly blast was a potent ally of mine, in the days of my boyhood, and who does not remember with delight whatever contributed to his boyish pleasures? Methinks I see him now, with bag on shoulder, threading the mazes of one of those magnificent forests of the West, where part of my boyhood was spent. And now the object of my search,—the shell-bark,—is reached,—none of your saplings that a boy may climb like a squirrel, nor a tree with such low drooping boughs as Absalom dangled from of yore,—but a mighty column towering like those of Carnac, and surmounted with branches more heaven-pointing than the pyramids. On those lofty limbs hang the tempting nuts, but I might as well “seek out some bright particular star and think to win it, they are so above me.” I hear however that same surly blast approaching through the “forest aisles,” discoursing most grand and solemn music on its “thousand wind-harps,” it plays in that lofty tree top before me, and now “the sound of dropping nuts is heard,”—a tune more delightful to my ears than all the ærial symphonies above.

But the pleasure of nut gathering has departed with the other substantial delights of boyhood, and now in wandering through the forests of a November day I find one of my chief pleasures in its music. For this pur-

pose commend me to a forest of pines, whose long, thread-like leaves form admirable harp-strings while on their parent tree, and a no less admirable carpet when deposited on the earth below, in which latter capacity they have just been freshly spread for winter. On this tempting bed let us lie down and with closed eyes listen to Fancy’s interpretation of the multitudinous sounds above,—the rush of wings,—the murmur of spirit voices,—high swelling anthems of praise to heaven above,—low, melancholy moanings over earth beneath,—now ten thousand harps ringing jubilant, and ten thousand voices uniting in our ecstatic song of triumph,—now all sinking, dying to the one low, sweet tone of a once familiar voice entreating us to join the angel throng with feelings hushed, subdued,—the bodily sunk, the spiritual predominant,—methinks I feel the moulting process begin,—the mortal coil is shuffling off, and bright butterfly wings expanding, which are to waft me to those happy realms above. But ah! that twinge in the shoulder, the result of lying on this cold ground, feelingly reminds me that the spirit is yet a prisoner in its earthly tabernacle,—the Koh-i-noor destined to shine in palaces, lies yet darkling in the cave,—the gay butterfly of the air is still a worm and crawls.

I would not decry the universal favourite, October. The feelings inspired by the glories of October are, however, of a voluptuous cast. Its gorgeous foliage, its morning and evening skies flushed with every delicate and lovely tint,—the serenity of its atmosphere, all fill the soul with a sense of beauty, a feeling of luxurious repose. We would be content to remain here forever in the enjoyment of such an existence. But November excites feelings of a higher and more solemn strain. Those leafy honours which have been the delight of Nature from April’s green buds, to June’s brilliant maturity, and October’s dying splendor, have now been gathered to the quiet of their sylvan tombs—reminding us that we too must soon mingle with the dust. It teaches that love, and the pursuit of pleasure,—ambition and the toiling after honor and riches, are but the perishing flowers and foliage of existence. They form the delight of youth, the excite-

ment of middle age,—but when the November of life arrives they perish, and the fruit which springs from the culture of the soul alone is valuable.

Go thou to the house of prayer,  
I to the woodlands will repair.

and especially in the forest of November, shall have my better feelings more deeply stirred than by the most eloquent divine of them all.

*Dinwiddie, Dec. 1854.*

## JULIET.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

Fair Psyche of the Drama, loveliest child,  
Fond hearted Daughter of the sunny south,  
Whose summer passion, ardent, warm and wild,  
Yet purely beautiful and undefiled,  
Is still the wondrous theme of every month!  
O gentle story of Italia's clime,  
That like a dream of Poetry enchanted  
The heart of youth!—and as the wondrous rhyme,  
Of Fairy land, charmed in the olden time—  
How are we by your being's beauty haunted!  
Rich, rare, and radiant as a Summer Rose  
When through the colors of the prism slanted,  
And thus reflecting every hue that glows!—  
In thy clear eyes, has mirror'd every feeling  
That first found entrance in young Romeo's heart  
The fond expression of his love revealing.  
O Love! how strangely beautiful thou art—  
When bride-like wearing the transcendent wreath  
Of Youth and Hope perfumed by Passion's breath!

## Notices of New Works.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD: *with a Biographical Sketch.* Edited by *Epes Sargent.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company. New York: J. C. Derby. 1854.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COLLINS, THOMAS GRAY AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *With Biographical Sketches and Notes.* Edited by *Epes Sargent.* Saine Publishers. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

These volumes are two of a new Edition of the British Poets recently undertaken by the celebrated Boston house whose name is given on the title page. The typography is beautiful, the paper white and firm, the binding of stout muslin and the price so moderate, (one dollar the volume,) as to place the Edition within the reach of all lovers of English poetry. We need say nothing, of course, of the writers whose tuneful verses these two volumes comprise. Everybody that reads at all in this day has been affected by the pathos or the merriment of Hood,

and as for Collins, Gray and Goldsmith they are niched too high in the temple of the bards for wreaths or shafts to reach their statuesque and noble forms. But we may say that the volumes seem to us greatly enhanced in interest and value by the well-considered and pleasantly-written biographies from the pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, who, a poet himself of no mean rank, is quite capable of justly estimating the merits of poets, and who has compiled the incidents of the lives of the four, whose writings and portraits are here given, into condensed but most agreeable sketches. We commend this new enterprise most cordially to public favor.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1855. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

It has now been twenty six years since this work was first established and, although it has sometimes been disfigured by misstatements of facts and arithmetical errors, its value has become so well known that no commercial or literary man will be without it. The very great amount of useful information it contains bearing upon the industrial and intellectual progress of the United States renders it of constant service as a book of reference. We are pleased to see its neatness of appearance preserved by the new hands into which it has fallen.

THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER RINGS. By *Charles Edwards, Counsellor at Law,* New York: Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau Street. New York. 1855. [From W. A. Butters, 157 Main Street.

A curious and interesting compilation evincing a vast amount of reading, in which will be found all that relates to the particular ornament which is the subject of the volume from the days of the heavy rings which are satirized by Juvenal and were gathered by the bushel at Canne, to the present time. The lover will see by referring to its pages what significance there is in the *gage d'amour* and the *Sponsalium annulus* or ring of affiance, and to all it will prove a pleasant volume for after dinner perusal or for a wet day in the country.

THE ROSE AND THE RING; or, the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo, &c., &c. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A charming little piece of tom-foolery by Thackeray, plentifully illustrated with the most grotesque designs from the facile crayon of that eminent master, the whole having been produced for the Christmas diversion of some English children the author met in Italy. No doubt these little folks were hugely delighted with the Fairy Blackstick and her marvellous doings, and with the beautiful Betsinda, while Kutasoff Hedzoff and Hoggivarmo enabled them to "sup full of horrors." The older reader will detect under the superficial nonsense of the book, a quiet but sharp satire upon royalty and everywhere the bright wit of Mr. Titmarsh flashes through, like a blade beneath a worn and rusted scabbard. Thackeray is certainly a most industrious writer, for since his return to England, besides the monthly numbers of the *Newcomes*

and the correspondence of the Bashi-Bazouk in Punch, he has contrived to throw off this story for children and to write a new series of Lectures which we hope to have the pleasure of hearing in the United States during the current year.

"A SOUTHERN HOME" is the title of a little volume recently issued by A. Morris of Richmond. It is designed especially for children but it may profitably be read by "grown-up people" as well. The tone is singularly pure and the style distinguished by simplicity in narration and animation in dialogue. The authoress of this agreeable juvenile, (for we understand it is the production of a lady,) has rendered an excellent service to Southern readers in weaving into fiction some of the more pleasing features of our local society, and we trust the book will be extensively circulated from the Potomac to the Gulf.

Mr. Morris has also just published a work of great vigor and thought by George Fitzhugh Esquire entitled "Sociology for the South." The aim of the writer has been to show the failure of free society—not to defend slavery, but to attack other systems of labour, and his views are of far too much importance and interest to our own section of the Union to be summarily noticed. We shall therefore take occasion to examine the volume at length in the next number of the Messenger.

**HARD TIMES. A Novel.** By Charles Dickens. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1854. [From A. Morris—97 Main Street.

This work is rather hard reading and on that account may be well suited to *Hard Times*. But for the name of Dickens as the author, we think it would scarcely have been thought worthy of reprint in an American Edition. As coming from the pen of the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* it is curious as an illustration of the decline and fall of genius, but we are not willing to believe that he cannot and will not produce something better to prove himself yet a writer of power in the delineation of character and the development of human passion.

We are indebted to Mr. J. W. Randolph for several of the newest publications of that most industrious of book-men, Bohn of London. The second volume of the *Philosophical Works of Locke* embraces the famous Treatise on the Human Understanding which has rendered the author's name classic in all lands. An additional volume of the *Classical Library* presents us with an excellent Translation of the *Cyropædia* and *Hellenica* of Xenophon by two English Collegians. It will gratify the lovers of sound learning to know that Mr. Bohn has also commenced a complete Edition of the writings of Burke of which the first volume is now before us, together with the life of this great Statesman by Prior uniformly bound in muslin. We have had repeated occasions to commend to our readers the *Libraries* of Bohn for their cheapness and value in a literary point of view. We cannot call to mind a single one of these publications that does not well deserve a place upon private bookshelves as well as in the collections of societies and literary institutions. Mr. Randolph is in regular receipt of all of them from Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., the New York agents of the enterprising publishers.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.** Seven Volumes. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street. 1854.

Of the numberless editions we have seen of the poems of the philosophical bard of Rydal Mount, this is by far the most to our taste. It is beautifully printed on clean white paper, and the size of the volumes is convenient for reading by the fireside, where one best enjoys the beauties of such a writer. Volume 6 of the present edition contains the *Prelude* which has never before, so far as we know, been embraced in a complete series of Wordsworth's Writings.

**SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF UPPER GEORGIA, OF THE CHEROKEES AND THE AUTHOR.** New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A very curious volume written by an excellent and kind-hearted old gentleman, formerly member of Congress from Georgia, and at one time Governor of that State, the Hon. George R. Gilmer. The style of it is remarkably unambitious, and its arrangement somewhat immethodical, yet it contains a vast deal of information of a genealogical sort and will prove highly interesting to the numerous offspring of the original settlers of Georgia.

THE *KALIDOSCOPE* is the title of a weekly paper devoted to Literature, Temperance and Education, which has just appeared in Petersburg under the editorial auspices of Mrs. Rebecca B. Hicks, well known in literary circles as the author of numerous novellettes, and as a contributor to Putnam, Graham and other popular magazines. We are glad to see this evidence of a literary spirit among the enlightened citizens of the *Cockade*, and we cordially wish Mrs. Hicks the most abundant success in her new enterprise, feeling assured, as we do, that she will at least deserve, if she be not able to command it. The editorials of the two numbers before us are full of a hopeful enthusiasm, and indicate a determination on the part of the Editor, to work to some purpose in the fields of Southern letters. There is a variety, too, in their contents, which fully justifies the title of the paper, and at each new turn (of a leaf) we see novel and brilliant combinations of genius and fancy.

From A. Morris we have received the poems of COLERIDGE, in three volumes, and of KEATS and WATTS, each in one volume—all in the beautiful Boston edition of Little, Brown & Co., which has become so popular. The collected poems of Dr. Watts are especially acceptable, inasmuch as it has not an easy matter heretofore to procure them, and as some of his beautiful hymns are enshrined in the memory of every man and woman who has had a Christian mother. The volume contains in addition to the *Horæ Lyricæ*, a spirited portrait of the author, and a memoir from the pen of Dr. Southey, which embodies the incidents of his life in a concise and readable form. Of Keats and Coleridge we can never have too many editions, and we are glad to see these authors placed within the reach of all lovers of the "vision and the faculty divine."

**THE WESTERN HOME** and other poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Philadelphia. Parry & McMillan. 1854. From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This volume is made up entirely of poems never before published, and shows that the sweet singer of Hartford has by no means given up the office of poesy, though since her earliest flights, others have soared as high, and sung as melodiously as she. *The Western Home* which gives its name to the volume, is a poem of forty pages descriptive of frontier life, which seems to us inferior to many others of less length which follow. The subjoined bit of verse will give our readers a taste of the book's quality.

#### THE LAST JOURNEY OF HENRY CLAY.

HE passeth on his way,  
The man to senates dear,  
The silver-voiced, whom gathered throngs  
Still held their breath to hear.  
He hath no warrior's crown,  
No laurel on his breast,  
But Peace her drooping olive binds  
Amid his stainless crest.

He shrank not at his post  
Till the spoiler grasped his hand,  
And sternly chained the silver tongue  
Whose music charmed the land.  
Mid Summer's glorious pride  
With the tramp of an iron steed,  
He sweepeth on, o'er the realm he loved—  
But his closed eye takes no heed.

Our cities veiled their heads  
As through their gates he passed,  
And the mournful voice of tolling bells  
Wailed out upon the blast;  
And forth our noblest came  
To guard their sacred trust,  
And weeping woman cast her wroth  
Upon his honoured dust.

He passeth on his way  
In more than kingly state,  
And silent children press to gaze  
Upon the fallen great;  
While from the ramparts proud,  
Where his country's banners fly,  
The booming cannon speaks his praise—  
But he deigneth no reply.

There's sorrow on the wave  
As the coffined dead they bring—  
The passing ships their pennons furl,  
Like an eagle's broken wing;  
And as the rippling streams  
That precious burden bore,  
The murmuring rivers tell their grief  
To every shrouded shore.

He passeth on his way,  
To his own cultured lawn—  
The shadow of his planted trees  
That bloom when he is gone:  
And agonizing love  
Beholds with stifled moan,

A nation's tear upon the bier,  
That mingles with her own.

Bow down in reverent wo  
Beside his sable pall,  
The friend of man, who fearless sought  
The brotherhood of all!  
Strong in a Saviour's strength  
When life's frail web was riven,  
The Truth and Peace he loved on earth  
Made him at home in Heaven.

There is nothing indicating a very high order of poetic genius in this—it is good, honest, moral, descriptive rhyme, quite the same sort of versified sermonizing that Mrs. Hemans used to indulge in, by taking little historical sentences as texts and "making an application" of them for the benefit of her admirers. Yet we like Mrs. Sigourney much, even though we can not think her inspired by a lofty muse. She never trips in her metre, is always perfectly intelligible to the most ordinary comprehension, (a great merit), and she takes a pleasant domestic view of life and its affairs altogether more agreeable to us than Miss Alice Carey's, who always looks down such a vista as Poe saw "in the ghoul-vaunted woodland of Weir," at the end of which is a tomb and a *Hic jacet*.

The following poem is of a different character from the one already quoted:

#### MEMORY.

THE past she ruleth. At her touch  
Its temple valves unfold,  
And from their gorgeous shrines descend.  
The mighty men of old.  
At her deep voice the dead reply,  
Dry bones are clothed and live,  
Long-perished garlands bloom anew,  
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the *future* many a shade  
Of saddening twilight steals,  
Or the dimmed *present* to the soul  
Its emptiness reveals,  
She opes her casket, and a cloud  
Of cheering perfume streams,  
Till with a lifted heart we tread  
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends of potent Memory,  
O young man, in thy prime;  
And with her jewels bright and rare,  
Enrich the hoard of Time,  
For, if thou mockest her with weeds,  
A trifle mid her bowers,  
She'll send a poison through thy veins,  
In life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent Memory,  
O maiden, in thy bloom;  
And bind her to thine inmost heart,  
Before the days of gloom,  
For sorrow softeneth into joy  
Beneath her wand sublime,  
And she immortal robes can weave  
From the frail threads of Time.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1855.

NO. 3.

## FAILURE OF FREE SOCIETIES.\*

Mr. Fitzhugh is a singularly bold and adventurous thinker. In the midst of the denunciations of slavery fulminated from nearly all parts of the civilized world he replies to its clamorous and fanatical assailants by alleging the utter failure of the antagonistic system which they have adopted, and regarded as alone expedient, right and immaculate. In the midst of the constant repetition of apologetic excuses offered by writers in the Southern States on behalf of the institution, he abandons the common line of defence, acts vigorously on the offensive, and, as he himself says, carries the war into Africa. This great change of strategy would alone render the treatise of "Sociology for the South" which he has recently presented to the public sufficiently remarkable, even if the subject were one of less interest, and his argument less able and striking than it is. The book is in all respects both curious and interesting: it overflows with thought, and is full of startling doctrines and novel tenets. It attacks the generally received opinions on nearly all topics connected with political science, and broaches almost as many heresies as it exposes errors. Fortunately its aberrations are principally confined to the mode of statement, and to subordinate details, while the new truths which it advances, though too broadly and incautiously asserted, are in the main as correct as they are sagacious.

It is very satisfactory to find that the justification of the South is no longer limited to excuses, expediences, dialectics, rhetoric, verbal quibbles and vain recriminations, but

is at length planted on the firm basis of philosophical reasoning, historical testimony, and social experience. The discussion of the question is thus removed from the domain of sectional controversy and political warfare, and transferred to the more temperate and authoritative tribunal of sober and cautious reflection. We would not intimate that no recourse has been had hitherto to philosophy, history and experience, but they have never before been as prominently, and we might add, as skilfully employed in establishing the abstract justice and inherent propriety of Southern slavery. Even in the argument of Mr. Fitzhugh the manner of their employment is not altogether free from objection. There is a want of fullness, of precision, and of moderation, which is constantly felt, and which continually occasions imperfection, inadequacy or extravagance in the results. Any candid mind, however, will cheerfully pardon these defects in the first brief, hasty outline of a new theory, and will correct for itself the blemishes which it discovers, and which do not seriously impair the tenor of the argument, which is sometimes strained, sometimes relaxed, and often overlaid in the course of its present evolution. With the same spirit of genial appreciation, a mind, sincerely anxious to discover the truth, will make all proper allowances for the exuberance of the unnecessary speculation combined with the discussion of the main thesis, for the frequent disquisitions and want of perspicuous unity of procedure, which are as apt to confound the hasty reader as they are to betray the hasty writer. If the 'Sociology for the South' is studied in this truth-loving and truth-seeking spirit, it will be found full of valuable suggestions, and if it does not in all cases communicate the great truths by which it is inspired, it will lead readily to their discovery and recognition.

The position maintained, the doctrines expounded, and the conclusions established

\*Sociology for the South: or the Failure of Free Society. By George Fitzhugh. Richmond, Va. A. Morris Publisher. 1854. 1 vol. 12 mo.

Histoire de la Classe Ouvrière, depuis l'Esclave jusqu'au Proletaire de nos jours. Par Robert (du Var) Ex rédacteur en chef de la Démocratie. Paris. chez Michel, Éditeur. 1850. 4 vols. 8vo.

within the narrow compass of this little volume, are not to be appreciated or estimated on a hasty perusal. We know, indeed, few books which more imperatively require careful and discriminating study, and few better calculated to reward the attention bestowed upon it, in exact proportion to the degree of that attention. Every page provokes reflection, needs consideration, and reveals points worthy of continued meditation, and not to be safely accepted without it. Every tenet laid down, however true it may be in the main and in its legitimate employment, furnishes only the germ of a wide range of thought, and requires extension, restriction, development or explanation before it consents to yield its full treasure of instruction. The South should diligently master its views, and critically weigh its precepts. Whether they are accepted or rejected, in whole or in part, they should be thoroughly understood. And, notwithstanding the faithful attention it may exact, it is no unwelcome task to study a book sparkling with vivacity, abounding in novel fancies and strange extravagances, pleasantly and humorously written, and always entertaining. It should be in the hands of every Southern man—planter, lawyer, mechanic, merchant and politician—it will afford new and bright lights to all, and should they even repudiate three-fourths of its contents, we should not deem them to have committed any grievous indiscretion, provided they disentangle from the mass of its accompaniments the real argument for slavery which is intertwined with the whole work, and hold fast to it when unravelled. It should be diligently commended to the regards of Southern youth, especially in connection with their political, politico-economical and juridical studies at college, though the want of system and symmetry, and the profusion of wild fantasies render it unsuitable for a text-book, and might perhaps prove hazardous to youthful students. To the North it may be less confidently recommended: not that it is deficient in valuable instruction for that region of the country, or for considerate and dispassionate men in any part of the world, but because prejudice would disregard the recommendation, and cavil at the numerous assailable points which offer tempting opportunities for objection,

instead of being benefitted by the information and instruction which might be readily extracted from it by those who sincerely sought to be enlightened in regard to the vexed question of slavery.

This volume exhibits in a new and highly suggestive form the reasons by which the South justifies, may justify, or ought, in a great measure, to justify the maintenance of the institution of slavery, and exposes the secret causes of the agitation and distress which afflict the free societies of Western Europe, and, in a slighter degree, the Northern States of the Confederacy. It points out the injuries and oppression, not individual only, but principally systematic and legal, which descend upon the masses—the weak, the heedless, the ignorant, and the upright from that system of unrestrained competition and avidity for wealth, which, in combination with free labor, tyrannizes over other parts of the civilized world—and is often too foolishly pursued, though to a much more limited extent, even in the Southern States. It places in a clear light the condition to which the free societies in the most advanced regions of Christendom have been reduced by the concurrent action of free labour, free competition and free avarice; and illustrates the wretchedness of this condition by the frequent and precise confessions of the numerous authors in those countries who have made existing evils and their possible alleviation the special objects of laborious investigation. From these results it deduces the conclusion that the experiment of free labour has been fully tried, and has signally failed, and that consequently, so far as this testimony goes, there is no ground for censuring or abandoning slave labor, or being tempted to imitate a practice which has already eventuated fatally under the most brilliant and boastful auspices. It is a negative demonstration of the propriety of slavery, but it is very forcible, nor is a more direct proof overlooked or altogether omitted.

There is nothing dogmatic or authoritative in Mr. Fitzhugh's justification of slavery, or in his argument against free labour. He offers suggestions for the consideration of others: he states his own views to stimulate the inquiries and reflections of his fellow-citizens; avows boldly and too hastily his



conclusions ; and very rarely does full justice either to himself or his doctrines. He produces irritants to excite examination and thought, rather than results calculated to arrest and allay discussion. He has rather marked out the battle-field for a new struggle in a wider arena, than fought the fight, or claimed the victory. With utter recklessness of both statement and expression, there is a singular freedom from over-weening confidence, and a genial good-humour which may often disarm the antagonist who might be provoked by his sweeping assertions, and which must always prove attractive to his readers. Dogmatism is neither the purpose nor the temper of this book. Many persons even at the South, will misapprehend and imprudently repudiate it : but he has made a new issue, which must ultimately be tried before the tribunal of the world. Many will be incapable of comprehending it ; but either he will himself prune, correct, develop, explain and methodize his views in a second edition of his work, which ought to be soon called for, and ought to be quadruple the extent of the present volume, or others will take up the subject and present it in other and fuller lights. Many will be averse from welcoming tenets which often conflict so rudely and so unexpectedly with long cherished imaginations, but these will be either entirely discarded by the author on further examination, or will be elucidated and restricted till they are rendered acceptable. The treatise cannot be endorsed by any one who does not swallow it in the lump with his eyes shut, throughout its entire extent : it is full of the author's idiosyncrasy ; it often utters doctrines which are strained, warped, or untenable, and it does this without the least necessity. The argument requires expansion, extension, concentration, precision, illustration and modification, before it can be entirely satisfactory or altogether valid : but it is an original proposition of a new and profound view of a difficult and long agitated question : it is running over with important suggestions : and its general positions, if freed from their eccentricities and excrescences appear to us perfectly just, true and irrefragable. The first enunciations of a novel doctrine are never exempt from error, excess and extravagance, and it is no discredit to

Mr. Fitzhugh if the first draft of his theory exemplifies the operation of the general law.

It were vain to undertake a minute and detailed criticism of a treatise which treats of such an endless diversity of dissimilar but connected topics as are compressed into this volume. Where every sentence invites comment, and every paragraph broaches an unfamiliar and not wholly acceptable doctrine, any thorough or detailed examination of the text would become a perpetual commentary, would swell into an ampler volume than that which was noticed, and would be as tedious, unsatisfactory and bewildering as any essay could be rendered by multiplicity of views, dislocation of parts, repetition of principles, and prolixity of exposition. From this ominous array of unpopular vices we earnestly seek a safe and speedy deliverance ; and, as the most certain mode of avoiding them, shall separate one branch of the subject from the rest, and confine our attention almost exclusively to that alone. The division selected for examination may afford opportunities of noticing incidentally many dependent or affiliated topics, but they will be considered only when they lie directly in the path : it may illustrate the whole tenor of Mr. Fitzhugh's argument, but we shall not follow that argument through all its circumvolutions and ramifications, and shall usually pass over without notice or censure those strange fantasies which have no direct or necessary connection with the main purpose of the book.

Mr. Fitzhugh has entitled his work '*Sociology for the South, or the Failure of Free Society.*' Leaving out of view the mistake of specializing the science of a general subject—of giving to the theory of a limited portion of the phenomena the name which must embrace the consideration of all the facts and their changes if the theory is to be a science at all, we must observe that this work is not a *Sociology for the South*, but the first lineaments of such a science, and a collection of special contributions towards such a science. The second designation of the book, however, characterizes more plainly its distinctive purpose. It is by no means co-extensive with the range of the discussion, but it designates the central idea of the argument, the proposition which is most no-

vel, and which it is most essential to sustain in order to ensure validity to the new train of reasoning and secure success for the book. It is the key of the position, the basis of the operations, the ground which allows and induces the conversion of a defensive warfare into an offensive campaign. It is this particular branch of Mr. Fitzhugh's speculations which we have selected as the special subject of the present notice. For reasons, which will be sufficiently apparent, we propose to narrow the issue, and, instead of maintaining the absolute and necessary failure of all free society, we shall content ourselves with the consideration of the alleged failure of free society among the principal nations of modern times, whose industrial, political and social organization rests upon free labour as a fundamental principle. We shall thus be relieved from the dangers and suspicions to which unrestrained conjecture and abstract inferences are obnoxious, we shall have facts at all times for our guidance, principles can be traced clearly and directly to their effects; there will be no necessity for introducing such contested points as the identity of slavery, servitude and continual service; the field of operations will be limited to a convenient size; and the ultimate conclusions, besides being placed beyond the reach of cavil, will afford as efficient testimony in regard to the merits and demerits of slavery as could be derived from the most complete solution of the more general question.

Mr. Fitzhugh's want of caution is strongly manifested in his assertion of the larger proposition. He lengthens unnecessarily the line of his operations, and thereby weakens its real or apparent strength. This imprudence is partly due to his predisposition to push his doctrines to their extreme consequences, or rather to prefer extreme doctrines to moderate statements. He declares and endeavors to prove free society an absolute failure; and he intimates that slavery is a universal blessing. Neither of these positions can be readily assented to, nor was either of them necessary for the purpose in view. If an absolute choice could be made between the two antagonistic principles of slavery and free labour, slavery might claim the preference. It belongs to the infancy of

societies, to nascent industry, to agricultural pursuits, and to countries where the population is not too dense for the easy support of all. The progress of population, and the tendency to rapid multiplication of numbers and products, and to that premature activity of production which generates the vast fortunes of individuals, and swells the aggregate annual profit of nations are retarded by the existence of slavery. It tends to produce permanent well-being in societies, by rendering their present welfare assured, and by communicating a slow and regular movement towards further advancement, which is made not much faster under healthy conditions than the gradual increase of population requires. This great result of slavery—its chief social benefit in our estimation—has been too often overlooked at the South, in consequence of the impatient zeal with which Southern men have sought to equal or approach the individual gains of Northern manufacturers, merchants and tradesmen, by imitating, aping, borrowing and rivalling their practices and procedure. If these objects could be fuller attained, slavery would become useless, disadvantageous and intolerable to both masters and slaves. The institutions of the two sections of the Confederacy are entirely opposed, and they necessitate, if they do not rather spring from opposite tendencies. The interests of the two may be harmoniously combined, but their systems cannot be transferred from one to the other, and permanently conjoined with those already existing in each, without entailing ruin and disaster. Mr. Fitzhugh overlooks the essential dissimilarity of pursuits which is dependent upon the diversity of industrial organization, when he recommends the multiplication of manufactures and the diminution of agriculture at the South. We cordially agree with him in condemning uniform and exclusive industry of any kind; we agree with him in desiring variety and a sufficiency of manufactures for domestic consumption, but not foreign trade and competition. We cannot concur with him throughout, when he says:

"The South must vary and multiply her pursuits, consume her crops at home, keep her people at home, increase her population, build up cities, towns and villages, establish

more schools and colleges, educate the poor, construct internal improvements, carry on her own commerce, and carry on that if possible with more Southern regions: for the North, whether in Europe or here, will manufacture for, cheat her, and keep her dependent. She would manufacture for the far South, and get thus the same profits and advantages that are now extracted from her by the North. Do these things, and she will be rich, enlightened and independent; neglect them, and she will become poor, weak and contemptible.”\*

If she does some of these things, and does them with moderation and discretion, the South will continue to be prosperous and enlightened, and will increase in both respects: if she does all of them, or most of them with avidity, and competes with the North in trade and manufactures, the South will become North, and slavery will be speedily extinguished. The aggressions of the North may compel the adoption of this course in self-defence, but its definite establishment would almost certainly dissolve the institutions of the South, and introduce free labour exclusively.

Free society follows when slavery is no longer practicable or expedient. Free labor occupies at first the intermediate ground between slavery or serfdom and the loose, floating, uncertain condition of the labourer now so much and injudiciously lauded by the free States of Christendom. It is then voluntary service. It does not impose absolute permanence of engagement to the same masters, but it usually produces it. As long as labour continues to exist in this form it unites the advantages of slavery and freedom, and is more beneficial in the state of society which originated it, and to which it is congenial, than the prolongation of slavery would have been. But if the energies and resources of society are stimulated and strained to rapid production—if the desire of gain to the gainers becomes the ruling passion of life, and free competition is introduced and encouraged for the sake of greater gain to the gainers, without regard to the loss or decline of the losers, or to the moral and social effects on the community, then

free society rapidly degenerates into a curse. It is in this form that it is now presented in the most civilized countries of Christendom—it is thus that it is exhibited in the Northern States—it is in this type that it is exclusively considered by Mr. Fitzhugh—it is under this aspect that it is declared to be a failure. It does not follow that free society is necessarily, under all circumstances, and at all times ruinous, as he appears to allege: but that it is ultimately fatal in conjunction with free competition and the rabid pursuit of gain. Limited to his point of view, his position is correct; it is not tenable in the broader universality with which it is stated. It must be admitted, however, that, as free society is the last phase of social development, it always menaces ultimate decay, nor is there the same facility in retarding the movement and protracting the decline as is afforded by slavery, when slave communities verge towards their dissolution. It is the closing act of the drama; the course is thenceforward precipitous; the elements of society are then less subject to control; and the greater complexity of the organization, as well as the greater multiplicity and delicacy of the conditions of social existence, render any interference almost impracticable and usually fatal. But it must be remembered that slavery will not itself prevent social and national decline, or avert, though it may retard the corroding action of universal greed on the frame work of society. During the wretched degradation and corruption of the later days of Athens, as during the long decay of Roman prosperity and civilization, slavery was in full force, and was in neither case rendered inefficient or inexpedient by the pressure of population. In both instances, as in modern Europe and in the Northern States, the real distemper under which the patient languished, was the inordinate and exclusive appetency for gain which had sapped the morals and misguided the intelligence of the people. To this passion, and to its diffusion free labor ministers directly and effectually, while slavery is calculated to impede and resist its action; and therefore Mr. Fitzhugh very properly connects the examination of the philosophy which prescribes free labour, and the congenial practices which accompany it, with the

\* *Sociology for the South*, chap. XIV., p. 158.

discussion of the consequences of free labour itself.

The result of his investigations is that the theory on which the system of free societies is founded, is false in principle, immoral in its doctrines, and fatal in its effects. He arrives at these conclusions by the examination of those theories which modern practice has borrowed from the science of Political Economy, by the estimation of the moral tenets which flow from such premises, and by the testimony afforded by history and present experience to the social consequences which have thence descended. He tests the merits of the modern tree of life—Mammon's copy of the great Ash Igdrasy!—in its fruits, its branches, and its root. The first he finds to be ashes, the second rotten; and the third intoxicating and poisonous. It is no violent inference to conclude that this is a false, delusive and fatal copy of the tree of life, and that it does not afford exactly such an exemplification of social health as should characterize those who point to themselves as models of perfection, and who call others lepers for refusing to shelter themselves under the verdure of their venerated Druidical grove, and to eat of its acorns. Mr. Fitzhugh also draws the very natural inference that this is not altogether the tree which is best entitled to the worship and cultivation of every nation under the sun; and that the communities by which it has been most assiduously cultivated have made a ruinous mistake, and have failed utterly in raising those fruits of peace, happiness, virtue, prosperity, security and contentment which they expected to gather from its branches. To abandon the use of the language of metaphor, he concludes that Free Society has failed in those great communities which have spoken most loudly in its praise.

We have said that Mr. Fitzhugh examines the system adopted and promulgated by free labour communities in its roots, its branches, and its fruits—in its principles, their applications and their effects. Assuming, in some measure unwarrantably, that Political Economy is the necessary philosophy, as it certainly is the ordinary and appropriate theory of modern social action, he commits the indiscretion of assailing this science *eo nomine*, instead of contenting himself with attacking

its aberrations and condemning its misapplications. With this imprudence, as it appears to us, we shall not at present concern ourselves; but we must note in passing the justice and sagacity with which he traces the creation and ascendancy of the doctrines of Political Economy to the introduction and acceptance of the fiction of the Social Contract. They are both intimately connected together. The form which Political Economy assumed in the hands of Adam Smith and his disciples, whether true or not, was largely determined by the previous political theory of the institution of political society by the voluntary agreement of its members. This dream of political philosophy to which John Locke gave shape and currency in his refutation of Sir Robert Filmer's divine right of kings, and to which Jean Jacques Rousseau imparted new vitality and a horrible energy, was a tempting doctrine for the lawyers who guided the Revolution of 1688, and in admirable harmony with the legal fictions of an age when John Doe and Richard Roe were the champions of the courts, and the titles to lands were settled by forcible entry and ejectment. It was a figment, however, which had not seduced the cool and capacious mind of Aristotle, and had been rejected by St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Anselm and the great doctors of the middle ages. In more recent times it was repudiated by David Hume, the contemporary and friend of Adam Smith, and has been scattered to the winds in the Political Ethics of Dr. Francis Lieber. Nevertheless, it has met with almost universal favor since the publication of Locke's treatise on Government, and was in its most flourishing era towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is justly attacked, denied and refuted by Mr. Fitzhugh,\* as constituting a customary part of the philosophy of the advocates of exclusive free labour. With equal propriety he disclaims the doctrine of the original equality of men, which is closely affiliated with it, and which sometimes appears as its consequence, more frequently as its basis.† It is somewhat strange that a tenet incorporated into the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and not

\* Sociology for the South, chap. I. p. 25-7.

† *Idem*, chap. XIX. p. 177-185.

considered inconsistent with the principles of an unmitigated despotism should have been introduced into the Declaration of Independence of the United States, but it is explained by Mr. Jefferson's partiality for Voltaire, Rousseau, and their compeers.

It would lead us too far from the main purpose of this notice to trace the history and expose the fallacies of these fictions of a Social Contract, and an original equality of men. It is sufficient to have noticed their error and to have referred to Mr. Fitzhugh's refutation, and to have also acknowledged their intimate connection with the doctrine of free labour, so as to render apparent the justice and appositeness of his remark,\* that "For writing a one-sided philosophy, no man was better fitted than Adam Smith. He possessed extraordinary powers of abstraction, analysis and generalization. He was absent, secluded and unobservant. He saw only that prosperous and progressive portion of society whom liberty or free competition benefited, and mistook its effects on them for its effects on the world. He had probably never heard the old English adage, 'Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.' This saying comprehends the whole philosophy, moral and economical of the 'Wealth of Nations.' But he and the political economists who have succeeded him, seem never to have dreamed that there would have been (*would be?*) any 'hindmost.' And again: 'Adam Smith's' philosophy is simple and comprehensive, (*teres et rotundus.*) Its leading and almost its only doctrine is, that individual well-being and social and national wealth and prosperity will be best promoted by each man's eagerly pursuing his own selfish welfare unfettered and unrestricted by legal regulations or governmental prohibitions, farther than such regulations may be necessary to prevent positive crime."<sup>†</sup>

This is a harsh and too unlimited criticism of Adam Smith and his followers, but it is only too applicable to the practical results which have been exhibited in England, France and Germany, particularly in the first of these countries, as the consequence of the growing popularity of Political Economy, and the increasing energy of the social pro-

cedure which that science undertakes to interpret. It will be manifest to the most cursory reflection how both the doctrine and practice spring directly out of the fundamental principles of the essential equality of men, and their voluntary agreement to establish the existing frame-work of government and society. It will be equally manifest that if men be originally and essentially equal, if they have themselves instituted the prevailing régime, that freedom of labour, of competition, of trade, and of capital are immediate and inevitable consequences. All of these topics, and many others more or less closely connected with them are carefully and for the most part acutely discussed by Mr. Fitzhugh. He examines the principles and effects of freedom of capital under the heads of Banks and Usury,\* to which might have been very appropriately added at the present time a chapter on Panics and Monetary Crises. He discusses the freedom of trade,<sup>†</sup> and fails to recognize that under certain circumstances it may be politic and proper, and that its gradual extension has been principally instrumental in prolonging the social existence and commercial prosperity of Great Britain, although the ultimate ruin may be thereby rendered more sudden and complete. He identifies too frequently freedom of competition with freedom of labour, and considers their conjoint effects in almost every chapter of his book, contrasting the selfishness of their principles and practice with the necessary and natural benevolence and regard to the wants of labour which spring from the institution of slavery, and the care which the master is habitually compelled to take of his slaves. In the course of these investigations Mr. Fitzhugh stumbles upon many heresies, and embraces them at once, because they appear to him direct consequences of the principles which he desires to prove. But they appear so only because he has loosely stated and apprehended his premises, and has failed to discriminate between the separate consequences of different principles, and the effects of their concurrent action. Social science is the most difficult, dangerous and bewildering study

\* *Sociology for the South*, chap. I. p. 10.

† *Idem*, chap. I. p. 11.

\* *Sociology for the South*, chap. X., XI., p. 125-136.

† *Idem*, chap. I., p. 7-34. Chapter XVII., p. 169-172.

which can engage the inquiries of men, because its laws never operate singly and both causes and effects are mixed up together in changing proportions, and in an endless multiplicity of combinations. Thus the conjunction of free labour, free competition, free capital, free government, density of population, universal greed, and absence of religious restraint, has proved absolutely fatal to those countries where it has prevailed, and even to those where some one or two elements of the ominous mixture have been deficient; but it does not follow from this that none of these institutions singly can be good at any time. Mr. Fitzhugh also accepts many heterodoxical opinions because they seem directly antagonistical to the tenets which he attacks, but the opposite of an error may very frequently prove to be an error itself. Nevertheless, the criticism of the existing doctrines and practices of the anti-slavery communities in which free labour prevails is in the main just and correct, because there the conjunction of malign influences exists also in such a form and to such an extent as to produce the calamitous results ascribed to those doctrines and practices. So far we may safely agree with Mr. Fitzhugh in regarding the philosophy of free societies as speculatively unsound, and the procedure founded upon it as ruinous—in other words, that, under these circumstances, the principles of free society are fallacious.

From the principles as laid down in theory and exemplified in practice, we proceed to the effects. That religion has been undermined, morals contaminated, crime increased, misery extended, deepened and multiplied, want and starvation augmented, society agitated, and orderly government endangered by the progress of the so called prosperity of the free labour system, is evident without further proof to any one who reads contemporary literature, who pays attention to the statements of newspapers, and of Poor Law Reports, who notes the cases brought before the police or criminal courts, or is cognizant from any source of information, of the actual condition of the multitude and of the poor in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Prussia, and parts of Switzerland, and in New England and the Northern States. The connection of the results with

the causes is ably traced by Mr. Fitzhugh, but not with sufficient care, minuteness, and precision; and the actual character and enormity of the results is exhibited by him, and by an indefinite array of the most various and unexceptionable testimony. The History of the Working Classes by Robert du Var, which we have joined with the Sociology for the South, as the text for the present observations, is full of evidence to this effect with regard to France; and for the other countries specified ample testimony may be easily obtained. The Boston Papers will suffice to illustrate the wretchedness of the labouring classes in New England: the New York Herald and Tribune, the works of Stephen Pearl Andrews, and of Greeley himself, will render the same service for the other Northern States: Alton Locke, Mary Barton, Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor, the debates in Parliament, the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, and the English Reviews, will amply illustrate the condition of Great Britain and Ireland; and for Germany reference may be made to Hacklander's *Europäisches Sklavenleben*, a work which has followed the example of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and portrayed the condition of the inferior classes in Europe, as a much more legitimate object of European sympathy and consideration than American Slavery. Where the evidence is so abundant and voluminous, selection would be as unnecessary as it would be tedious. It is within the reach of every one who desires to consult it; and we need not load our pages with extracts to prove what has been frequently and sufficiently proved before, and what is so notoriously true as to be undeniable. A few quotations to illustrate the condition of free labour societies we may indeed quote at a later period in connection a different division of the argument; but they are wholly unnecessary to confirm the allegation of the wretchedness and depravity which are consuming the vitals of the principal free societies of the Nineteenth Century. They are rendered still more unnecessary by the fact that the acceptability of Socialism in all of those communities betrays the extent of both the misery and the social disease to be cured; and the confession of the multitude of recent writers on social

topics admits not merely the evils which we have specified, and their dependence on the theory and practice of free societies, but acknowledges also the truth of the general conclusion, that the free societies enumerated have unquestionably failed, they have not produced the permanent or general blessings anticipated from them, they have produced overwhelming social disaster, multiplied indefinitely the woes and the vices of the poor, threatened all society and government and national existence in those communities, and announced a future so dark that little more than its gloom and spectral shapes can be distinctly recognized.

We regard Mr. Fitzhugh's employment of these admissions by European writers and Northern reformers as constituting the most important position of his argument, and the most characteristic novelty in his defence of the South. The testimonies which he adduces are very strong and pointed, but they may be easily multiplied, and will gain an accession of strength from such multiplications. For years we have carefully collected similar acknowledgments from foreign writers, and cheerfully contribute them to the cause of the South, and the fortification of Mr. Fitzhugh's position. And let it be remembered that neither in the Sociology for the South, nor in the quotations which will be shortly introduced here, is the sole or principal obligation due to Chartists, Socialists, Communists, or Agrarians of any sort. From such authors some admissions have been received, but the chief contributions are derived from those who have been the most strenuous supporters of past social arrangements, and who, notwithstanding a great diversity of views, abilities, studies, and opportunities of knowledge, still represent the sober conservative sense of their respective communities. We regret that Mr. Fitzhugh should have extended so much countenance to the Socialists, and should have partially identified Socialism and Slavery, but the strongest part of his testimonies to the failure of free societies is derived from other declarations than theirs, and we shall imitate his example.

We begin, however, with a Socialist, but almost the only one whom we shall summon to the stand.

"The French Revolution was an abortion.

The trading classes (*la bourgeoisie*) organized themselves in the name of capital, and, instead of becoming a man, the serf became a prolétaire. What then was his situation? The most painful of all, the most intolerable which can be conceived. Like all the prolétaires, the trading classes had shouted: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' The result has been that every thing which was prolétaire—that is to say, all those who have no capital, groan under the most cruel usage (*exploitation*.) They cannot be freemen, nor brothers, nor equals. Not free, because their daily bread depends on a thousand accidents produced and engendered by the competition of capitalists among themselves; not brothers, because, with hearts crushed and lacerated by the evils which overwhelm them, they cannot love those whose greed is so fatal to them; not equals, because capital being the supreme law, it is only through it that any participation or concurrence in social power is possible."\*

An apology is due for not attempting to translate the term prolétaires in the above passage, but every one familiar with the condition of modern free societies is aware that it is absolutely untranslatable. It is an indispensable word in modern times, and the impossibility of avoiding its use is a stronger proof of the failure of free societies, than the invention of the phrase Sociology, which Mr. Fitzhugh regards in this light. It ought to be unhesitatingly introduced into the English language; it can boast of a very respectable Latin descent; it occurs in the XII. Tables, and originally signified a person of the lowest class, too poor to pay taxes, and unable to serve the state otherwise than by raising children and thus increasing the population†—a very doubtful service in modern Europe.

We return to Mr. Robert du Var.

"It must be remarked that what is called pauperism, this sore, this ulcer which infests, and more and more consumes the body social, could not exist in the same degree amongst the nations of antiquity. It is a phenomenon which could only arise as the consequence of the transformation of slavery into

\* Robert (du Var.) Hist. de la Classe Ouvrière. Dédicée aux Travailleurs. tome. I. p. X-XI.

† Aulus Gellius. Noct. Alt. lib. XVI, c. X.

serfdom, and of serfdom into free labour (*pro-létariat*.) \* \* \* In antiquity, every one, free or not, citizen or slave, was always connected with some centre which ensured at least his material support.”†

“As a result of the individual liberty, independent of any central power, proclaimed by Christianity, favoured and developed by the instincts of the Northern barbarians, legitimated and transformed into a social doctrine by the institution of Communes, was formed and agglomerated throughout Europe an innumerable population, having no material connection with the regular society, and having for itself nothing but the most naked liberty, that is to say, misery, poverty, isolation. Thence issued the poor, the beggars, the thieves, in one word parias of every description, with whom society was compelled to compound, willingly or reluctantly by the foundation of establishments intended to palliate the bleeding wound of the pauperism which had been engendered by liberty.”‡

“From whatever point the modern system is regarded, it seems impossible not to recognize that the Politico-economical rule of free competition is the negation, as its name indicates, of all ties and communion of interests between the members of society. Free competition is a free field open to every individual, provided or not with the elements necessary and indispensable to its manifestations; free competition, in a word, is liberty, but liberty without other rule than the material and moral force, of which each one may be able to dispose in the presence of the thousand causes which produce a difference in the position of individuals.”‡

“But, we say that a system which thus arms morally the poor against each other, is a barbarous system and contrary to civilization: it is barbarous inasmuch as it develops all the bad tendencies of the human heart: it is contrary to civilization, because, instead of facilitating harmonious relations among men, it inclines them to mutual repulsion and hostility.”§

\* Hist. de la Classe Ouvrière. liv. IX. chap. VII. tome. III. p. 100.

† Hist. de la Classe Ouv. liv. IX. chap. VII. p. 102, tome. III. p. 102.

‡ Ibid. No. XIV. chap. I. tome. IV. p. 285-6.

§ Ibid. No. XIII. chap. II. tome. IV. p. 247.

This is a sufficient sample of M. Robert du Var's testimony. The greater part of his work is to the same effect: and there is a singular accordance between his censures of Political Economy,\* and those uttered by Mr. Fitzhugh. They merit especial attention.

We will cite another Socialist, M. Vidal.

“The ox, the horse, the hog eat according to their hunger: their desires are even anticipated: they have their subsistence assured. It is the same thing in the case of the slave. For the ox, the horse, the hog, the slave, belong to a master, and their loss is the loss of the owner: *res perit domino*, says the Digest. But with the hired labourer it is different! He belongs to himself. His death is the loss of his family whom he maintained, and who will no longer find the means of living. What matter to an employer is the death of a hired labourer? Are there not every where millions of arms always ready to offer themselves at reduced wages.”†

Let us turn to evidence of a different character. Here is Sir Robert Peel's testimony to the condition of Ireland before 1844. previous to the potato-rot and the famine.

“It may be assured that the fourth class of houses, (according to the census,) are generally unfit for human habitation; and yet it would appear that in the best circumstanced county, in this respect, the county of Down 24 7-10 per cent., or one fourth of the population live in houses of this class: while in Kerry the population is 66 7 per cent., or about two thirds of the whole; and, taking the average of the whole population of Ireland, as given by the census commissioner we find that in the rural districts about 43 per cent. of the families, and in the civic districts, about 36 per cent. inhabit houses of the fourth class. \* \* \*

“The lowest or fourth class, remember, comprises all mud cabins, having but one room.”‡

Mr. Kay, from whom the foregoing remarks of Sir Robert Peel are quoted, thus comments upon a murder committed in open day in Ireland. The two murderers had escaped.

\* Ibid. No. XII. chap. III. tome. IV. p. 50-105.

† Vidal. *Repartition des Richesses*. ptie. II. chap. III.

‡ The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A. chap. I., vol. I, p. 314.



"Why," he asks, "were not these men apprehended? Because of the rottenness that there is in the state of society in these districts: because of the sympathy, which there is on the part of the great bulk of the population with those who, by these dreadful acts of vengeance, are supposed to be the conservators of the rights of the tenant, and supposed to give him that protection which imperial legislation has denied. The first thing that ever called my attention to the condition of Ireland, was the reading an account of one of these outrages. I thought of it for a moment, but the truth struck me at once: and all I have seen since confirms it. When law refuses its duty—when government denies the right of a people—when competition is so fierce for the little land, which the monopolists grant to cultivation in Ireland—when, in fact, for a bare potato, millions are scrambling, these people are driven back from law and from the usages of civilization to that which is termed the law of nature, and, if not of the strongest, the law of the vindictive; and in this case the people of Ireland believe, to my certain knowledge, that it is only by these acts of vengeance, periodically committed, that they can hold in suspense the arm of the proprietor and the agent, who, in too many cases, if he dared, would exterminate them."\*

A pretty result this for free labour and free competition, and abolitionism to have arrived at. But Ireland was always esteemed *un mauvais sujet*. Let us cross St. George's Channel

"The English peasant is thus deprived of almost every motive to practise economy, and self-denial, beyond what suffices to provide his family with food and clothing. Once a peasant in England, and a man cannot hope that he, himself, or his children will ever be anything better, than a mere labourer for weekly hire.

"This unhappy feature of an English peasant's life was most powerfully, and only too justly depicted in those articles of 'The Times,' to which I have referred above. It was there shown that during the last half-century, every thing has been done to deprive the peasant of any interest in the pre-

servation of public order; of any wish to maintain the existing constitution of society; of all hope of raising himself in the world, or of improving his condition of life; of all attachment to his country; of all feelings of there really existing any community of interest between himself and the higher ranks of society; and of all consciousness that he has anything to lose by political changes; and that every thing has been done to render him dissatisfied with his condition, envious of the richer classes, and discontented with the existing order of things."\*

This, too, is a pretty picture, which is not relieved by the further information that,

"In the year 1770 there were, it is said, in England alone, 250,000 freehold estates in the hands of 250,000 different families. In the year 1815 at the close of the revolutionary war, the whole of the lands of England, were concentrated in the hands of only 32,000 proprietors."†

"What is the result? The labour market in the manufacturing towns is constantly overstocked: the labourers and shopkeepers find new and eager competitors constantly added to the list: competition in the towns is rendered unnaturally intense; profits and wages are both unnaturally reduced; the town work-houses and the town-gaols are crowded with inmates; the inhabitants are overburthened with rates; and the towns swarm with paupers and misery.

"I know not what others may think, but to me it is a sad and grievous spectacle, to see the enormous amount of vice and degraded misery which our towns exhibit, and then to think, that we are doing all we can to foster and stimulate the growth and extension of this state of things, by that system of laws, which drives so many of the peasants of both England and Ireland to the towns, and increases the already vast mass of misery by so doing.

"I speak with deliberation when I say, that I know of no spectacle so degraded, and if I may be allowed to use a strong word, so horrible, as the back streets and suburbs of English and Irish towns, with their filthy inhabitants; with their crowds of half-

\* Kay, chap. II., vol. I. p. 361.

† Kay, chap. II., 2nd vol., p. 370. citing Rev. H. Worsley's Essay on Juvenile Depravity, p. 43.

\* Kay, Social Condition &c., of England and Europe, chap. I. vol. I. p. 317-318.

clad, filthy, and degraded children, playing in the dirty kennels; with their numerous gin-palaces, filled with people, whose hands and faces show how their flesh is, so to speak, impregnated with spirituous liquors, the only solaces, poor creatures, that they have!—and with poor young girls, whom a want of religious training in their infancy and misery, has driven to the most degraded and pitiful of all pursuits.”\*

“Of 1600,” pauper children in London, “who were examined, 162 confessed, that they had been in prison, not merely once, or even twice, but some of them several times; 116 had ran away from their homes; 170 slept in the “lodging houses;” 253 had lived altogether by beggary; 216 had neither shoes nor stockings; 280 had no hat or cap, or covering for the head; 101 had no linen; 349 had never slept in a bed; many had no recollection of ever having been in a bed; 68 were the children of convicts.”†

“The further we examine, the more painful, disgusting and incredible does the tale become.

“We see on every hand stately palaces, to which no country in the world offers any parallel. The houses of our rich are more gorgeous and more luxurious than those of any other land. Every clime is ransacked to adorn or furnish them. The soft carpets, the heavy rich curtains, the luxuriously easy couches, the beds of down, the services of plate, the numerous servants, the splendid equipages, and all the expensive objects of literature, science, and the arts, which crowd the palaces of England, form but items in an *ensemble* of refinement and magnificence, which was never imagined or approached, in all the splendor of the ancient empires.

“But look beneath all this display and luxury, and what do we see there? A pauperized and suffering people.

“To maintain a show, we have degraded the masses, until we have created an evil so vast, that we now despair of ever finding a remedy.”‡

We may now dismiss, Mr. Kay—this testimony is sufficiently direct and sufficiently ample: and yet it would have been easy to

have introduced many more and stronger statements made by him, which have been omitted because they were too long to be quoted. Mr. Kay is neither Chartist nor Socialist. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Barrister-at-law, and has travelled over Europe for eight years under an appointment from the Senate of the University of Cambridge, as Travelling Bachelor of the University, commissioned “to travel through Western Europe in order to examine the social condition of the poorer classes of the different countries.”\* The evidence of such a man should be authoritative, but we will continue our quotations.

“It is undeniable that morality has declined in our days with the progress of knowledge.”†

“One word more, and we have done. On many questions of practical duty, men are now affecting to be wiser and better than the Bible. Plans of social progress and improvement are rife, that have an air of transcendental refinement about them, unknown to the homely morality of the Word of God. We are becoming too sentimental to endure that even the murderer shall be put to death. And now we are for bettering God’s ordinance of marriage itself; and we see a fine romantic tender charm in an alliance of brothers and sisters, on which God has stamped his curse. What may such things betoken? Are they ominous of such unbridled lawlessness and lust as marked the days before the Flood? Are they signs of the days not unlike these that are to precede the coming of the Son of Man?”‡

“The task of restoring health and soundness to a society so fearfully diseased as ours unquestionably is, is on all hands acknowledged to be at once the noblest and the most imperative to which citizens or statesmen can now direct their energies.”§

“Society, such as it now is in England, will not continue to endure, &c.”¶

“The last battle of civilization is the severest: the last problem the knottiest to solve.

\* Kay, chap. I., vol. I., p. 372-3.

† Saissset. Sur la Philosophie et la Religion du XIX. Siècle. p. 222.

‡ North British Review. No. XXIV. Art. IX. Feb. 1850. p. 299-300. Am. Ed.

§ Edinbg. Rev. Oct. 1849. Art. VI. p. 497-8. Engl. Ed.

¶ Chateaubriand. Essays on English Literature. Paris. 1838, cited by Kay.

\* Kay, chap. I., vol. I., p. 372-3.

† Kay, chap. I., vol. I., p. 395.

‡ Kay, chap. I., vol. I., p. 452-3.

Out of all the multitudinous ingredients and influences of the past ; out of the conquest of nature, and the victory of freedom ; out of the blending and intermixture of all previous forms of polity and modifications of humanity, has arisen a complex order of society, of which the disorders and anomalies are as complex as its own structure. We are now summoned to the combat, not with material difficulties, nor yet with oppressors, nor with priests, but with an imperfect and diseased condition of that social world of which we form a part ; with pains and evils appalling in their magnitude, baffling in their subtlety, perplexing in their complication, and demanding far more clear insight and unerring judgment, than even purity of purpose, or commanding energy of will. This conflict may be said to date from the first French Revolution ; and it has been increasing in intensity ever since, till it has reached to a vividness and solemnity of interest, which surpasses and overshadows the attractions of all other topics, &c. &c.”\*

“England’s rapidly accelerating decline is a very remarkable and mournful phenomenon, it is a mortal sickness for which there is no remedy. I liken the English of the present day to the Romans of the third century after Christ.”†

The analogy might be extended to nearly all modern civilization.

“Tremendous catastrophes have come to pass, and there is no resistance, not a semblance of great men, no joy or enthusiasm, no hopes for the future, except that the time will one day come, when by means of mutual instruction every peasant boy shall be able to read. The truth of the thing is the unveiled destitution of the populace, who are resolved to bear it no longer, and this again paves the way for a revision of property ; which is not, indeed, something new under the sun, but has been unheard of for centuries past, and even now seems quite inconceivable to our politicians, who have set property, in the place of God, in the Holiest of Holies, &c. &c.”‡

We cannot venture to extend our extracts, though we have the materials before us to

increase them ten—nay, twenty-fold. We contribute these merely as a confirmation of Mr. Fitzhugh’s position, that really and confessedly free society has proved a calamitous and irremediable failure in the principal communities of Christendom. We close with an extract from the greatest of all political authors, and the wisest of all statesmen, which is not merely applicable to the question of free or slave labour, but to the whole philosophy of modern societies.

“Se voi noterete il modo del procedere degli uomini, vedrete tutti quelli che a ricchezze grand’ed a gran potenza pervengono, o con forze o con frode esservi pervenuti : e quelle cose dipoi, che egli hanno o con inganno o con violenza usurpate, per celare la bruttezza dell’acquisto, quello sotto falso titolo di quadaquo adonestano. E quelli i quali, o per poca prudenza, o per troppa sciocchezza, fuggono questi modi, nella servitù sempre e nella povertà affogano : perche i fedeli servi, sempre sono servi, e gli uomini buoni sempre sono poveri : nè mai escono di servitù se non gl’ infedeli ed audaci, e di povertà se non i rapaci e frodolenti. Perchè Dio e la natura ha poste tutte le fortune degli uomini loro in mezzo, le quali più alle rapine che all’industria, ed alle cattive che alle buone arti sono esposte. Di qui nasce che gli uomini mangiano l’un l’altro, e vanne sempre col peggio chi può meno.”\*

\* Machiavelli. Dell’ Istorie Fiorentine. lib. III.

## EXCERPTS.

It is an oriental idea, that the spider draws its venom from the rose ; and thus it is that too often from the sweetest sources comes the blight of happiness and human affections.

Il ne faut que savoir attendre, dans cette vie : sous la neige il y a de la verdure, et derrière le plus épais nuage le ciel est bleu.

Was there ever seen a smile on the lip with which the upper part of the face agrees not in expression, that was not evidently feigned and forced, to be the disguise of a mind ill at ease and a sick spirit ? The mind looks through the eyes, and the brow should smile in unison with the lip, to show the joy incere.

There is perhaps no pang so acute, no sentiment so humiliating to the heart of woman, as the consciousness of awakening distrust, when she most deserved to have inspired confidence.

\* Westminster Review. No. CXI. Art. III. Jan. 9. 1852.

† Niebuhr. Life and Letters. p. 506.

‡ Niebuhr. *ibid.* p. 528. See also. p. 525.

## IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

I walked out of Paris at evening—  
While the sun's declining rays  
Gilded the tops of the crosses  
Of beautiful Père la Chaise.

And as I passed through the portal  
'Mid the idle Sunday throng,  
A little procession of mourners  
Bore a rude coffin along.

They seemed very humble people,  
And no one turned aside  
To look on such homely sorrow,  
Or ask who it was had died.

I followed the bier to the corner,  
Where just beneath the sod  
In a trench—not a grave—they would bury  
This lowly child of God.

When they came to lower the coffin,  
A *priez pour elle* was said—  
And they sprinkled the holy water  
Over the dust of the dead.

But a holier rain descended  
From the depths of a bursting heart—  
The tears of the little orphan  
Who in agony stood apart.

Poor girl! we can offer no solace  
To soothe the anguish you feel—  
But strength from on high will be given  
As here you shall oftentimes kneel.

No shrine of the sculptured marble  
Shall rise above the spot,  
No flattering false inscription  
Shall tell what thy mother was not.

But here the lilies and pansies  
From the dewy earth shall spring—  
Here the blossoming Rose of Sharon  
Its fragrance around shall fling.

And the eye of our Heavenly Father  
Shall watch o'er the grave of *Ma Mère*,  
Since it looks on the peer and the peasant  
With ever an equal care.

Such was the train of my musings—  
In the twilight's purpling haze—  
As I walked back to Paris that evening  
From beautiful Père la Chaise.

J. R. T.

## EVENING THOUGHTS.

"This is such a common place world," said my cousin Mary E., as she laid down a newly published novel and looked listlessly out from the open window of her father's library. Her words were not in harmony with my feelings, for I was seated upon the veranda enjoying the beauty of a May sunset, in a latitude several degrees warmer than southern Virginia. The day had been one such as Herbert describes in his well known lines—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night  
For thou must die.

Wordsworth would have enjoyed it less pensively, for with him it would have been "one of those heavenly days that cannot die," and Schiller's diver breathing its air, and feeling its glory, might truly have regretted leaving "the heavenly delight of the day." The sun had just sunk in the West and his evening smile still lingered upon the landscape. One cloud, flushed with pink, of a color more delicate than that which tinges the top of ocean shells, lay just above the path of the sun, and from it to the zenith the sky glowed in living light, such as no pencil can paint, and no language picture. All about me on the earth, and in the air, was a glory warm and subduing. The flowers of the garden felt it, and they breathed out their perfumed souls a precious offering to the hour. A little bird was singing in an althea bush near by; his was not the fiery-hearted ecstasy of the nightingale, but a soft, silvery note—an evening song of love and praise. Surrounded by beauty, feeling it in my inmost soul, I repeated the words of my cousin—"a common place world." Ah! that they who call it so would open their eyes to the exceeding loveliness of nature, in form, in color, in sound, and motion. What know they of the pomp of setting suns, of the radiant dawn of the dewy morning, or of the silent majesty of the star-crowned night? Have they ever watched the beautiful life of the flowers, or seen the colors that burn and fade in the changeful clouds? Have they ever listened to the voices of nature

when the trees sigh and whisper to each other, or when mountain torrents rush down rocky steeps into the deep ravines? Do they know aught of the mysteries that lie among the everlasting hills, or have they heard what the sea says unceasingly in the ear of the earth? While I was thus musing the shadows of evening deepened, the fair, young moon hung her silver bow in the twilight sky, and a gentle breeze shook around me the odorous petals of a musk rose and the ephemeral flowers of the jasmine.

I heard my cousin's voice talking merrily with some visitors in the parlor, but as I felt no disposition to join them, I entered the house and sat alone in the library. Two candles burned upon the table making a little circle of light in the large room, but casting faint and uncertain gleams upon the books arranged in cases against the walls. Two small pictures hung over the fireplace. One was a bit of Alpine landscape by a German artist. It represented the side of a mountain with the deep gorge that separated it from the base of a neighboring peak. The rocks, the short grass, and the wildness of the narrow ravine were so like nature, that you were sure there must be such a spot in reality, and that some one must have looked upon it, and felt the grandeur of its loveliness and the awe of its unbroken solitude. The companion-picture had been purchased in St. Petersburg. It was a Russian scene in the depths of winter. In the back ground was a large and straggling village, white and cold, and half buried in snow drifts. In the fore ground a group of peasants were engaged in a barbecue. The fire was kindled in front of a picturesque looking house, at the door of which, stood a maid, with a broom brushing the snow from the steps. The faces and attitudes of the peasants were strikingly expressive. One of them cast fagots on the fire, and the ruddy glow contrasting with the snow, and illuminating portions of the group, gave them a strange and fantastic appearance.

On the right, a woman was drawing water from a well, not a well, such as we read of in ancient pastorals, shaded by palm trees, and where the dark eyed maidens of the orient came at even-tide for the refreshment of their flocks. This fountain was rudely

covered, and the huge blocks of ice that surrounded it spoke of the rigors of an almost polar winter, and the leafless branches of a stunted tree stretching its short arms over it, seemed a melancholy reminiscence of the long departed summer. Over all was a leaden, unsympathizing sky, through which no ray of sunshine pierced, and on which no cheerful beam played. I was never weary looking at this picture, and slight as its merit may have been, it served to recall to me all that we owe to the painter in revealing to us upon canvass, the high messages of truth and beauty. I thought of the long array of immortal names that have glorified art, and in all ages and countries, spoken through it to the heart of man. What depths of religious fervor it has expressed: what visions of unfading loveliness it has rendered tangible and permanent. How many of the natural beauties of God's earth have been caught by it, and transfixed in a glow of color, and a grace of form that no season can change, and no clime alter.

Then I looked around upon the written thoughts of the great and wise who have lived through all time. Before me was the recorded poetry and eloquence of Greece, the classic writings of the Latins, the expressions of the fresh literature of the modern Germans, and brighter than all, I saw the contributions that English poetry, and history, and philosophy, and science have made to the sum of human knowledge. My mind reverted to the words that philanthropy and piety have dictated, in all languages and under all forms of culture. What earnest appeals have been made to man as a responsible agent, and how, under the influence of strong emotion and imagination, has the pen opened to him the secrets of death and the grave, placing him almost within the veil that separates the transient and the earthly from the eternal and the heavenly. And this, said I, is a common place world. Surely it is only the thoughtless who call it so. They forget of what great events it has been the theatre. The very air that now visits us with balm and refreshment, once bore upon its wings the fragrance of Eden, and perhaps stirred amidst its trees, when the Lord God walked there in the cool of the day, or perchance it passed over the sacred

brow of Olivet, and fanned the cheek, and vibrated to the soul-thrilling voice of the Redeemer of the world.

The same stars that now look peacefully out from the night heavens, once gleamed through the shades of Gethsemane, and cast their sad and solemn rays upon the sepulchre in which a God was laid. Earth regarded as the outer court of eternity, can never be common place, and with reverence and awe should we walk in it, waiting until the golden doors are opened, and we are admitted to a full sight of the magnificence of the immortal temple, and to the splendors of the throne and service of Him who is there perfectly and purely worshipped.

CECILIA.

### FLOWER MINSTRELSY.

A fair young rose in a garden grew,  
With green leaves twined around,  
A queenlier never 'neath heaven blew,  
Nor lovelier was found;  
The prettiest wild-flowers nestled beneath  
And kissed its thorny stem,  
While a blossomy bower like bridal wreath  
Hung o'er the blushing gem.

The fresh morning zephyrs from scented heath  
Where golden glow-worms dwell,  
Came to gather the dew and perfumed breath  
That from its petals fell;  
And its honied bosom was dearer far  
To the wild humming bee  
Than the sweets of a thousand clustering flowers,  
Or golden-fruited tree.

And when the noisy world was still,  
And trembling moonbeams played  
In golden radiance o'er each hill  
And flower enamelled glade,  
The nightingale came with sweetest song,  
And bosom prest to thorn,  
A wooing the young rose all night long  
Till the red-mantled morn,

Through the long bright hours from thorny brake,  
The little bird did pour  
Music, from its throbbing breast, and spake  
Its love-plaint o'er and o'er;  
While the sad, soft notes were muttered around,  
In many a lonely glen,  
For the listening echoes caught up the sound  
And murmured o'er the strain.

Close by grew a delicate lily, drest  
In beauteous stainless white,  
The day-beam slept calm in its snowy breast,  
The silver dew by night.  
But it looked like a lonely thing that grieves  
In youthfulness and bloom,

For it drooped its silken, peerless leaves,  
In sadd'ning, mournful gloom.

"Ah me!" said she sighing, "I fain would die,  
No minstrel sings to me,  
The sweet wooing zephyr passes me by,  
And true peting young bee;  
The beams that cheered at morn are gone,  
A joyless thing am I;  
Tis weary to live in this world alone,  
Ah me! I fain would die!"

Through the garden a bright eyed maiden strayed,  
Her small foot, as the dew,  
Fell lightly on the glit'ring, flowery mead,  
As bright and noiseless too.  
O'er the sorrowing flow'r with dew tears gemmed,  
She bent her loveliness,  
And so fair her form, no shadow dimmed,  
The whiteness of its dress.

"Sweet flower! Whose match'les whiteness gleams  
Like diamond 'mid the light;  
More brightly than the yellow beams.  
That flood the dreamy night,  
As if 'twere to form a thing like thee  
They tarried so on earth,  
As young stars from rayless nebulae,  
In beauty issue forth.

"More beautiful still in thy loneliness,  
Thy sighs more dear to me,  
True emblem of love in thy gentleness  
And virgin purity.  
I'll love thee, the fairest these flow'rs among,  
Thy minstrel I will be,  
And summer-bird never hath poured such song.  
As I will sing to thee!"

"O maiden! I never have looked before,  
On a form as fair as thine,  
Nor ever hath music so sweet, breathed o'er,  
This saddened heart of mine!  
Oh! pluck me away from thy cheerless doom,  
I am weary and would rest—  
That I may not die in the dreary time,  
But fade upon thy breast!"

The maiden touched not the beautiful flower,  
Lest one radiant leaf should die,  
But sang to it many a moon-lit hour,  
When the glad summer-time was by,  
And the young winds clust'ring with folded wings,  
In silence round her hung,  
Then stole with their mystic whisperings,  
The listening groves among.

But the bright time passed, and Autumn's breath,  
Came chillingly o'er all,  
O'er green leaves that paled in the blight of death,  
And withered ere their fall.  
While the flow'rs that garlanded Summer's brow,  
Were gathered up, I ween,  
That their hues might blend with heaven's bow,  
Through Winter's coming scene.

VASCO.

RALEIGH, N. C., December, 1854.

## CLAIMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

*La Grange, Tennessee, May, 1854.*

JOHN R. THOMPSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir.—In the Southern Literary Messenger Vol. 20, No. 3, for March 1854, pages 45 to 49, I read, with much pleasure, a well written article, headed "Claims of the English Language," which closed with a highly commendatory notice of "a simple, concise, and comprehensive Manual of the English Language, designed for the use of schools, academies, and as a book of general reference in the language. In four parts, by Rev. R. W. Bailey." Your favorable notice of this little Manual, excited in me a desire to examine it, and accordingly, I availed myself of the first opportunity to procure one. I confess, however, that it did not come up to my expectations, and I now proceed to point out, what I consider some of its imperfections.

In the following Review, the figures refer to the paragraphs, as they are numbered in the book.

1. 2. "Adjective part of a noun."

I can see no better reason for calling an adjective, part of a noun, than for calling any word or phrase which modifies a verb, part of the verb.

8. "There are four particles—the Adverb, Preposition, Conjunction, and Interjection." Nor is there any better reason for calling these words particles, than for calling Adjectives Particles.

18. "The *Article* is that form of the *adjective* which is used to designate some person, place, or thing, either definitely or indefinitely."

This definition would seem to imply, that every adjective has a *form*, called the *article*, which form is used to designate some person, place, or thing, either definitely or indefinitely. But if the author intends it for a definition of a distinct class of words, he should remember that his 2 and 4 classes of Adjective Pronouns, (as he calls them) would be embraced in it, (27.)

21. "The possessive *form*" of noun or pronoun in the *nominative* case, or "the possessive form" of a noun or pronoun in

the *objective* case, is a solecism. Nothing can be more plain than that *mine*, *thine*, &c., &c. each stands for two words; one in the, *possessive* case, and the other in the *nominative* or *objective* case; as, "This book is *mine*," or "This book is *my book*," as shown by the author himself, (267 obs. 11.)

24. "The Relative Pronouns are *who*, *which*, *that* and *what*."

A relative pronoun, cannot have its antecedent supplied immediately after it. *Who*, is a relative pronoun, and *that* is a relative pronoun, when it relates to an antecedent, and will not admit of the antecedent being supplied immediately after it. When it precedes a noun, or a word or phrase used for a noun, it is an adjective, and when it simply joins on a clause, it is a conjunction. *Which* is always an adjective, whether used as a relative or not, and always belongs to a noun, expressed or understood. *What* is sometimes a simple adjective, but generally a compound relative, resolvable into *that which*, an *antecedent* and *relative* adjective, each of which must belong to some noun expressed or understood, and may always be supplied.

33. "In regard to its object, the verb is transitive or intransitive." Resolve this into simple sentences, and it is equivalent to saying, "The verb is transitive in regard to its object, or the verb is intransitive in regard to its object." The last sentence implies that an intransitive verb has an object.

49. The phraseology used in explaining the moods, is faulty and unphilosophical; but as it would take up too much time and space to notice them in detail, I shall notice only one. "The indefinite mood expresses an indefinite or general *form*." Certainly it is not the *mood* that expresses a *form*, but on the contrary, it is the *form* of the verb, or its manner of meaning, that gives name to the *mood*. The *form* is sufficiently definite, but the *action* expressed by the verb, may be said to be *general* or *indefinite*.

52 to 56. *Tense* means time, it does not express time, neither does the verb express time. It is the province of the verb, by means of its various modifications, to *relate* to certain portions or periods of time, and these portions or periods of time are called *tenses*.

100. "*Both*, *either*, and *neither*," are in

the list of conjunctions. These words have none of the properties of conjunctions, the connection always being made without them. A conjunction is always immediately followed by the word or member which it joins on, whether the different members are transposed or not. Those words may be omitted, or stand either before or after the words to which they relate. *Both* may be placed before, and relate to two or more words of the same sort, taken conjunctively, and the connection is always made by *and*. *Both* may also relate to two or more phrases, or propositions, taken conjunctively. *Either* and *neither* are used as alternatives, and are placed before and relate to two or more words or phrases, or propositions taken disjunctively, and the connection is always made by *or* or *nor*. Some persons may be at a loss for a name for these words, as they may appear to relate to several nouns, or adjectives, verbs, participles, adverbs, or prepositions; but if we supply an ellipsis, which we are perhaps authorized to do, they will always have the character of defining adjectives; as I saw both John and Edward, or I saw John and Edward both. He is both great and good, or He is good and great both. He (does) both (things) reads and writes. He acts (in) both (ways) wisely and prudently, &c.,

#### 171. Relative Pronouns, &c., *As* and *Than*.

"*As* is used as a relative pronoun after *such* and *so*; as, the republic honors *such* men *as* serve her faithfully."

How could any one imagine that *as*, in such constructions, is a relative pronoun? A relative pronoun, is a word that relates to a noun in an antecedent clause, and stands for or supplies the place of the same noun in the relative clause. It is true, *as* is a relative in such constructions and is nearly equivalent to *which*; the only difference is, *as* expresses comparison, and *which* does not. In the sentence under consideration, *such* means a certain *kind* or *sort*, *as* means the *same* kind or *sort*, but not necessarily the *same* men and the sense is, "That *kind* of men, which *kind* of men serve, &c.,

"*Than* when it follows *more* has the nature of a relative pronoun, and is parsed as

such, as, more *men* apply for pensions *than* deserve reward."

In this example, *than* has none of the properties of a pronoun. It is a *conjunctive-relative-adverb*. As a *conjunction* it joins on a member; as a *relative*, it always relates to an adjective or adverb in the comparative degree, for its *antecedent*, and never relates to a *noun* or *pronoun*; and as an *adverb*, it expresses comparison between its antecedent and its subsequent, which subsequent it modifies. In the sentence under consideration, the author says, "The ellipsis may be supplied, &c." I say, the ellipsis *must* be supplied, so as to make the construction regular, and make it convey the intended meaning. *Than* never was a *simple conjunction* nor a *relative pronoun*; it has a specific and uniform meaning, which meaning is never changed by supplying or omitting to supply the ellipsis. The meaning of the example is, "A *greater number* of men apply for pensions, *than* that number is *great* which deserve to be rewarded." But not necessarily the same. When we say, "*More* men came, *than* stayed," we do mean "the *same* men came *that* stayed."

"The *verb* itself, has no *number* nor *person*."

*Number* and *person* are *modifications* of certain words; and if that modification of a noun or pronoun, which denotes that it is the *speaker*, is properly called the first person, then that modification of the verb which denotes that the speaker is the actor, is as properly called the first person, and when the actor and the action both refer to the person spoken to, then they are *both* properly of the *second* person, &c. Also in regard to *number*, if that modification of the noun which denotes that there are several actors, is properly called plural, then that modification of the verb which denotes several actions, or that an action is performed by several joint actors, is properly said to be of the plural number; otherwise it would be improper to say the verb agrees, in person and number, with its nominative, for there can be no agreement between them, except in some property which is common to both.

201. "The verbs which terminate the action on an object." &c. Verbs do not act;



they denote action. It is the agent that both *begins* and *terminates* the action.

230. "Conjunctions connect propositions. If words only, these words, when properly analysed, are found to belong to different propositions." I think otherwise, as may be seen in the following examples; as *six* and *four* make ten." "A sorrel *horse* and a black *mule* compose my team." "The *King* and *Queen* are an amiable pair." "The English Parliament is composed of *King* and *Lords*, and *Commons*." It is plain that no one of these sentences, can be resolved into two or more distinct propositions.

230. "In the list of disjunctive conjunctions he gives the three words "*as well as*" for a conjunction. To me it is amusing, to hear "*as well as*" called a conjunction. Take the following example. "Cesar *as well as* Cicero was remarkable for his eloquence." *Well* is here used in the sense of *justly*, or *truly*, or *properly*. Each of these men was *justly* remarkable for his eloquence, and "Cesar was *as well* (truly) remarkable for his eloquence, *as* Cicero was well (truly) remarkable for his eloquence." In the foregoing example, the first *as*, is an adverb of comparison and modifies the adverb *well*, in the first number of the sentence, and *well* modifies *remarkable*, and *remarkable* modifies *Cesar*. The second *as*, as a conjunction, joins on the following number, as an adverb, it expresses equality of comparison, and relates to *as*, in the first number, as its antecedent, it modifies the adverb *well* understood in the second number of the sentence, and *well* modifies *remarkable* understood, and *remarkable* understood modifies *Cicero*. Nearly equivalent to the following expression. "Cesar was *that* well remarkable for his eloquence, *which* well Cicero was remarkable for his eloquence.

254 obs. 6. 7. 20—259 obs. 2. 3. It would be too tedious to transcribe all these observations. Suffice it to say, that nominatives connected by *or* or *nor* always belong to different propositions; and hence this Rule. "When several subject nominatives are connected by *or* or *nor*, each nominative must have its own verb, expressed or understood, to agree with it in person and number." "This rule will embrace all the constructions in these five notes.

254 obs. 11. "The *distributive* adjective pronouns require a singular verb." This rule seems to give the adjective the power of controlling the verb, and requiring the verb to agree with the adjective instead of its nominative. Nor is it in accordance with his Rule XIV (268) which says, "Adjectives agree in number with the *nouns*, they qualify or describe." And this rule is correct, only so far as it relates to adjectives implying *unity* or *plurality*; for when they imply neither *unity* nor *plurality*, there can be no agreement between words, except in a property common to both. In the same section, he says, "*Every* is sometimes used as a collective, and has a plural sense; as, every mountain and every island *were* moved out of *their* way. Rev. VIII. 14." If it is *sometimes* so used, what is the rule, by which to know when it is, and when it is not so used? But the truth is, these distributives always belong to singular nouns, and notwithstanding these nouns are connected by *and*, they belong to different propositions, each noun having its own verb expressed or understood, to agree with it. The example quoted from Rev. is a palpable error. If the author attempts to legalise, or bring under rule, all the ungrammatical or irregular constructions which may be found in the best, and most carefully written books, he will have an onerous task to perform.

256. obs. 1. "A noun meaning the same thing *with* another," &c. Does this expression literally mean any thing? I suppose however the author means, "A noun meaning the same thing *which* another noun means," &c.

265. obs. 13 to 18. His remarks, in these notes, may be continued without end, and should have had no beginning. They communicate nothing but what must be learned, by our daily observation, in the daily use of the language. They are nothing more than an imperfect definition of each particular proposition, for which we can consult our dictionaries, if we do not understand them without.

270. obs. 2, third part. "When the principal verb is transitive, the *nominative* becomes *objective*, and the infinitive depends on it." If there is any meaning in this sen-

tence, there is at least great want of perspicuity. One who did not know the thing to be impossible, would be apt to think that the author means, that the subject of a transitive verb can be in the nominative and objective cases, at one and the same time. But by aid of his examples which follow, and others given some eight or ten lines above, we may arrive at his meaning.

271. obs. 16. "What an adverb; as, *What* with the cloak, and *what* with the roquelaure, I was incumbered." Surely it cannot be doing good service, to attempt to legalise, and bring under rule, such constructions as this.

"Old used as an adverb; as, He grows old." In this example *old*, is as truly an adjective as in any construction in which it can be found. It does not describe the *manner* of an action, but expresses a *quality* produced by the action, and modifies the pronoun *he*. "The man grows (to be) old." Eggs boil (to be) hard." "Bread is baked (to be) done."

271. obs. 13 "Adverbs are often used for connectives, qualifying the sentence they connect; as, He governs his children strictly, *while* he loves them tenderly." In this example, *while* is a conjunctive adverb, it joins on a clause, but it does not modify that clause. It relates to and modifies the two verbs *governs* and *loves*, denoting that both verbs relate to the same portion or point of time. All conjunctive adverbs modify an antecedent and subsequent word, unless the antecedent word is modified by some other adverb.

272. Rule 18. "A preposition governs a noun in the objective case, and shows its relation to some other word." Directly the reverse of this proposition is true. A preposition connects a subsequent noun or pronoun, to an antecedent verb, participle, adjective, or noun, or a word or phrase used as a noun, and shows the relation of the antecedent to the subsequent term of relation; as, "My *hand* is *on* the *book*." Here *hand* relates to *book*, and the preposition *on*, shows the manner of that relation. If we wish to show the relation of *book* to *hand*, we make *book* the antecedent term of relation, and *hand* the subsequent term, and use another

preposition instead of *on*; as, "The *book* is *under* my *hand*."

272. obs. 6—273. obs. 5. "Satan than whom." *Than*, a preposition!!! Notwithstanding this construction is several times found in the works of the immortal Milton, yet it is a gross violation of syntax, and we are under no obligations to attempt to bring under rule, any irregular construction, merely because it is found in the works of some great author. Take this same quotation from Milton. "Which, when Pelzebub perceived, than *whom*, satan excepted, none higher sat, he rose," &c. *Whom*, should be *he*. Thus; "Which when Bulzebub perceived, he rose, &c., none sat higher than *he* (sat high) satan excepted."

Take another from Milton. "Belial came last, than *whom*, a spirit more lewd fell not from heaven." *Whom* should be *he*. Thus, "Belial came last, a spirit more lewd than *he* (was lewd) fell not from heaven."

Take one from Goldsmith. "Alfred, than whom, a wiser prince never reigned, was one of England's first Kings." *Whom* should be *he*. Thus, "Alfred was one of England's first Kings, a wiser prince than he (was wise) never reigned."

272. Obs. 7. "A participle used as a *preposition*, can have no relation to a noun, to qualify or predicate, but only to show its relation." What does this mean? Can have no *relation*, only to show its *relation*. Relation to what?

273. Obs. 8. "*Than* and *as* are sometimes used as *relative pronouns* after *such*, *more* and *as*." Now what is the character of a *relative pronoun*? It relates to an antecedent in the leading clause, and supplies the place of that same antecedent in the relative clause; as, "I saw the *man* of *whom* you spoke." The man *whom* I saw, and the man of *whom* you spoke, are the identical same person. But take such constructions as the author describes.

Take the following, instead of the examples given by the author, but of exactly the same construction. Ex. 1. "He bought *such* books *as* were burned by the fire." But not the same books. Ex. 2. "He brought *more* men *than* he left." Not the same which he left. Ex. 3. "He saved *as* many *as* he lost." Not the same which were lost. Sup-

ply the ellipsis so as to make the construction regular, and the true, compound character of these words will be apparent: viz., (Don't let me excite your risibility by the new coinage of a word) *conjunctive-relative-adverbs*. As a conjunction they join on a relative clause, as a relative, they relate to an antecedent verb, participle, adjective or adverb, and as an adverb they modify the same word, understood in the relative clause, to which they relate in the antecedent clause.

291. Example 2. "He is *as* good *as* his word." In this example, the author calls the last *as*, a preposition, in the sense of *like*. But neither of these words can be made to perform the office of a preposition. See remarks under 273. Obs. 8. In this sentence *he*, is used in a figurative sense, the *actor* for the *actions*. "His actions are *as* good, *as* his word (is good.)" The first *as* a simple adverb, and modifies *good*, the second *as*, a conjunctive adverb, joins on a clause and modifies *good* in its own clause.

292. Example 3. "He is *as* true *as* the sun." This sentence he construes correctly, if in supplying the ellipsis, he had put one more word; Thus, "He is *as* true *as* the sun (is true.)" In a direct comparison of either the qualities or actions of things when either the positive or comparative degree is used, the things compared belong to different propositions, and are in the same case.

293. Example 4.—Here are similar constructions, explained in a manner equally as objectionable, which, any one who wishes, can examine for himself. I will only here add, that "to construe an elliptical sentence, we must take the text precisely as it stands, without dropping or altering any word in it, and without substituting one word for another; then supply the ellipsis, so as to make the construction regular, and at the same time convey the obvious meaning of the writer or speaker." If this cannot be done, the construction is irregular and anomalous, and we are under no obligations to manufacture a rule to suit it.

The author's mode of treating those examples, under the head of "Idioms," is calculated to confuse the mind of the learner, and make him think there are no fixed rules by which he should be governed.

On page 177, the author says, "No iron

rule can be prescribed for the solution of all grammatical difficulties, unless it be the general rule, that the sense in which the word is employed shall determine its grammatical construction."

This rule is good, and to it I most cordially subscribe, and by it I determine the character of *so*, *as* and *than*, in the foregoing and following constructions.

294. Example 5.—"He is more eminent *as* a soldier, *than as* a statesman." In this example the author calls *as* a preposition. I call it an adverb. Let us supply the ellipsis according to my rule, and thus determine the sense according to his rule; *as*, "He is more eminent (considered) *as* a soldier (is considered) *than* (he is eminent, considered) *as* a statesman (is considered.)" An adjective or adverb in the comparative degree, is always followed by a clause, joined on by the conjunctive adverb *than*, expressed or understood, and the things compared are always in the same case. In the foregoing example, *he* is compared with himself, considered in two different characters, first as a soldier, then as a statesman; and according to the premises laid down, *soldier* and *statesman* are in the same case, and belong to different propositions; and furthermore, that the propositions are precisely similar in form. He is eminent to a certain degree considered in the character of a soldier. He is eminent to a certain degree considered as a statesman. These degrees of eminence are different in the same person, considered in different characters. In the first number of the sentence let the adverb *more* modify *eminent*, and let the conjunctive adverb *than* connect the two clauses and modify *eminent* in the second clause. The adverb *as* in each clause modifies the verb *considered*.

302. Example 13.—"You have rights *as well as* I." The author says, the first *as* qualifies *well*, and that these two words taken together qualify the second *as*, and the second *as* qualifies *have*. Let us supply the ellipsis, and then examine the construction. *Well* is here used in the sense of *justly*, *truly* or *properly*. The sense is, "You *as well* have rights, *as well* I have rights." Each *as* modifies *well*, expressed or understood, in its own number, and each *well* modifies *have* in its own number. The numbers are similar,

and the things compared, that is, the pronouns *you* and *I* are in the same case as before.

308. Example 19.—“*As* is a relative pronoun when it follows *such*.” (See remark under 171.)

313. Example 24.—“To save himself and household *from amidst* a world, devote to universal wreck.” The author says, “*From* governs the succeeding clause.” A great mistake. It governs some noun understood. It may do to supply the word *wreck*, as, “To save himself and household from (the wreck, which wreck is) amidst a world devote to universal wreck.

“He looked *from above* the storm.”

“He looked *from below* the precipice.”

“He fell *from off* the crag.”

These prepositions the author calls double prepositions, and I suppose he would say that each one governs all that follows it. This however, would be taking quite a superficial view of the subject. The first preposition in each line has an object understood, which may be supplied thus.

“He looked *from* a position *above* the storm.”

“He looked *from* a position *below* the precipice.”

“He fell *from and off* the crag.”

In the last example, each preposition relates to the same noun for its object. “He fell *off* the crag. He fell *from* the crag.” Each preposition expresses a different and distinct relation to its object.

314. Example 25.—“*Ida* stands *over against* Troy.” *Over* qualifies *stands*, and *against* governs *Troy*. *Mirabile!* I know not what particular object lies between *Ida* and *Troy*, to which the preposition *over* relates; but for the sake of illustration, I will suppose a river. Then the example may read thus: “*Ida* stands *over* the river *against* *Troy*.”

I have passed over much of this manual which I think is obnoxious to valid objections. It takes only few words to state a proposition, but many to state objections to it; and finding that my remarks have extended to at least three times the length that was intended, I will proceed no further with them.

COURTNEY.

## GONE WITH THE DEAD.

### I.

Time of the budding thought,  
Hour of the Holy prayer,  
Moments that never brought  
Sorrow or carking care,  
Time when full royally,  
Hope conquered despair,  
And my heart loyally  
Never dreamed of a snare—

Oh, where have ye fled?

Gone, gone with the dead.

### II.

Time when young fancy flew  
Free as the eagle's flight,  
And o'er creation threw  
Flashes of golden light,  
While on my youthful head,  
Distilled the balmy dew,  
Intellect's morning shed,  
Ever fresh, ever new—

Oh, where have you fled?

Gone, gone with the dead.

### III.

Hopes of my sunny years,  
All gorgeous and glowing,  
Drowned now in blinding tears  
That scald in their flowing;  
Hopes that so sweetly hushed  
Each trouble and sorrow,  
While my cheek gayly flushed  
With a brighter to-morrow—

Oh, where have ye fled?

Gone, gone with the dead.

### IV.

Friends of my student years,  
Friends of my inner soul,  
Ye whose consoling cheers  
Brightened the shining goal  
To which my heart aspired  
With ardent devotion,  
And my ambition fired  
With noble emotion—

Oh, where have ye fled?

Gone, gone with the dead.

### V.

Offspring of early loves,  
Who with your angel smile  
Came like two gentle doves  
Seeking my home awhile,  
Awaking a new sense  
Within my parent heart,  
Growing yet more intense  
As I saw ye depart—

Oh, where have ye fled?

Gone, gone with the dead.

### VI.

Thou, too, who art to me,  
Memory's morning star,  
(Still gazing after thee  
In thy bright home afar,  
I pine to behold thee  
In thy sweet spirit life,

Again to enfold thee  
 With thy children, my wife!)  
 Oh, thou too hast fled,  
 Gone, gone with the dead.

## VII.

What then is life to me  
 But a ghoul-haunted plain,  
 Wherein I nothing see  
 But the bones of the slain,  
 While gold, fraud and power  
 All triumphantly reign,  
 And human souls cower  
 Before the mighty God—*Gain*.  
 But soon 'twill be said—  
 Gone, gone with the dead!

RICHMOND, January, 1855.

A. J. C.

## WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

The College of William and Mary—the oldest except Harvard University in the United States, was chartered in 1692, by King William III and Queen Mary, who gave out of their private means nearly 2000 pounds sterling towards erecting the necessary buildings.

This with 20,000 Acres of land, the office of Surveyor General in virtue of which one sixth of the fees received by public Surveyors in the Colony, and the sole power of appointing them, were given,\* and one penny a pound in all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland—granted in the charter 2000 pounds raised by subscription in the Colony and a gift of 200 pounds from the House of Burgesses constituted the endowment of the College.

The House of Burgesses in 1693 laid a duty on all skins and furs exported, to be applied to the current expenses of the college—and in 1726 on liquors, partly for the same purpose and partly for "founding scholarships."

In the year 1759 a grant was made of the proceeds of a tax imposed on pedlars.†

The sum of 1000 pounds was appropriated in 1718 by the House of Burgesses for the purpose of maintaining and educating at the College "ingenious young men, natives of this Colony."

Scholarships or "Foundations" were also

\* Among the Surveyors appointed by the College were George Washington and Zachary Taylor of Orange, Grandfather of the late General Taylor.

† The annual value of these duties before the Revolution, was about 2300 pounds. In 1776 they did not exceed 700 pounds.

endowed in the first half of the eighteenth century, by the following individuals—Col. Hill of Shirley and Robert Carter of Corotoman the Secretary who together gave 200 pounds—Mrs. Bray, widow of Capt. Thomas Bray of New Kent, 200 pounds—Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison of Surry 300 pounds, the Rev. Dr. James Blair 500 pounds, and Phillip Lightfoot Esq. of Sandy Point 500 pounds.

Mrs. Philarity Giles of the Isle of Wight left by her will, dated 1717, her reversionary interest in from three to four hundred acres of land on the Black water in the same county to the "Royall College of William and Mary."

These are the only donations known to have been made to the College before the revolution, a gilt cup and Bible presented by lady Gooch of England, a portrait of the Honorable Robert Boyle, the gift of his brother the Earl of Burlingham, one of Dr. Blair and some additions to the library,\* made principally by Dr. Blair. After the revolution the General Assembly gave to William and Mary College the Palace lands and the houses on them, a tract of land known as the Vineyard near Williamsburg, and a few acres not far from Jamestown.

But little is known of the history of the Institution previous to the Revolution. The records of the proceedings of the faculty are still extant, extending from 1729 to 1783, and from 1790 to the present time. The early records are very meagre, relating mostly to pecuniary transactions. The site was purchased in 1693 and the foundation of the building laid shortly afterwards. The building, designed to be an entire square when completed, was unfinished in 1700, two sides having been built. From this time the House of Burgesses in which the College was allowed a representative, held its sessions in it, till 1705, when, together with the library and Philosophical apparatus, it was destroyed by fire.† Measures were immediately taken to rebuild it, but owing to the want of available means, and the scarcity of workmen, the present building was not finished till 1723.

\* A few books were presented by Governors Spotswood and Dinwiddie.

† The first building stood about 200 feet in rear of the present.

The first President was Dr. James Blair, a native of Scotland, and an Episcopal clergyman, who, at the instance of the Bishop of London, came to Virginia, as a missionary in 1685. In 1689 he was appointed Commissary or representative of the Bishop in the Colony. He revived the project of establishing a College, entertained as early as 1620, but defeated by the Indian massacre of 1622.\* This gentleman may with justice be termed the founder of William and Mary College, his acts, exertions, both in this country and in England, contributing most largely to its success. He died in 1743, having filled the office of President for half a century.

Previous to the Revolution the College consisted of a Divinity school, a school of Philosophy, in which Natural Philosophy and Mathematics were taught, a grammar school, for instructions in the Ancient Languages, and an Indian school, supported by the proceeds of a fund left by the Honorable Robert Boyle,† for the diffusion of Christianity among the infidels, in which were yearly maintained and educated from the early part of the eighteenth century until 1776 from 8 to 10 Indians.

The trustees of this fund purchased with it a landed estate in England known as Brafferton Manor, the rents‡ of which were, with the exception of 90 Pounds paid annually to

\* As early as 1619, 1500 pounds were raised in England, by virtue of letters issued by the King to the Bishops, for founding a College in Virginia to educate and train Indians. During this year it was "moved and obtained" by Sir Edwin Sandys President or Governor of the Company in England, "that 10,000 acres of land be laid off for the University at Henrico," intended not only for the Indian College, but also to "lay the Foundation of a Seminary of Learning for the English," and that 100 men be sent from England as tenants for these lands. Out of the rents, worth it was supposed 200 pounds a year, the buildings were to be erected and the Masters supported.

Mr. George Thorpe a gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber came over to be the Superintendent of the College. In 1621 a subscription of 125 pounds was obtained, and 1000 acres of land, with 5 servants and an Overseer, were allotted by the Company, to endow at Charles City a Collegiate school, where scholars were to be prepared for admittance into the College at Henrico.

On the 22nd of March 1622, Mr. Thorpe and 340 of the Colonists, including a number of the College tenants, were killed by the Indians.

This caused the lands to be abandoned, and the establishment of a College to be delayed, till William and Mary College was chartered.—*Stith's History of Virginia.*

† Mr. Boyle died in 1691.

‡ These rents were worth about 370 pounds sterling a year.

the "Society for propagating the Gospel in New England and parts adjacent," expended in support of the School.

After the war the organization of the College was changed. The Divinity school was superseded by the Law School; the Indian school was abandoned, the funds by which it was sustained having been diverted by the English Courts of Law unto a different channel, and the Grammar school at a later period gave place to the Professorship of Ancient Languages in the College.

The number of students in 1703 was about 30. From that time to the Revolution the average number was not much below 60. Of this number from 10 to 15 were received on the Scholarship or "Foundations." There were more than 70 students at the beginning of the war of the Revolution.\*

Near the close of the war three of the Professors and more than thirty of the students joined the army, among the latter was James Monroe, afterwards President of the United States.

In 1781 the exercises of the College were suspended, and the buildings were alternately occupied by the British and American troops, the summer before the memorable siege of Yorktown.

While occupied by the French troops the College was injured, and the President's House destroyed by fire. The latter was subsequently rebuilt at the expense of the French government. How long the College was closed does not appear from the Records; probably not more than one year. In 1790 there was a respectable number of students.

It is much to be regretted that a full list of Alumni cannot be made out.

Imperfect as it is, it contains such names as Theodorick Bland, Peyton Randolph, Carter Braxton, George Wythe, Thomas Jefferson, John Page, Edmund Randolph, James Monroe, John Marshall, James Barbour, Phillip P. Barbour, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, Chapman Johnson, John Randolph of Roanoke, Spencer Roane, Littleton W. Tazewell, William C. Rives, John J. Crittenden, William S. Archer, John Nelson, John Tyler, and Winfield Scott, among the most distinguished in American History.

\* The present Society of the "Phi Beta Kappa," was organized at William and Mary College as early as 1776.

## Fragments from the Memoirs of a Spanish Nobleman.

*From the French, by Sophie Pannier.*

(CONCLUDED.)

How sad are the only rewards of that love, which is my life, that I now possess, tears and unhappiness. Heavens! if it is a fatal presage—a horrible presentiment fills my soul with terror. She will be miserable—miserable by my mad jealousy. I fear I possess not that within, which will make the happiness of a wife. Oh Clara! Dear Clara! are these the only fruits of that union, contracted under the auspices of death? I ought to speak; it is imperative upon me to tell her who I am to close that abyss, which my jealousy has dug beneath her feet—but—but—the repose of my entire life will be utterly destroyed—for doubt—gnawing doubt—more terrible, perhaps, than certainty will pursue me even in her arms.

—  
Clara returned; desiring to bring her back to our accustomed positions, I addressed some careless question to her. She looked upon me with such an expression!—astonishment—anger—contempt. To look upon me with contempt! Clara beware. I can bear your anger—can glory in it—but your contempt, never! For an instant my fury was aroused, and I felt it sparkle in my eyes. Clara turned away, but she was pale—pale as the shadowy bride of my fevered imagination. She took a seat near her mother, and in a dreamy, bewildered state, she suffered the flowers she had just gathered, to fall from the folds of her white dress—her soft, white hand buried in her golden ringlets—her eyes seemed looking into the future, and her soul withdrawn into that world which lives within us. Satisfied with her presence, looking upon the treasure I knew was all *my own*, I was happy—a silence, teeming with thoughts, had established between her and myself, a nameless, mysterious, and sweet relation—when her mother cast me from heaven to earth by saying, “Are you still thinking of *Salvator*?” *Salvator*! That name has awakened my slumbering honor. Clara trembled as if she had committed a fault. No it was

not of her husband she was thinking—it was of her lover. It was of that infamous being, who outraging hospitality, comes to tarnish her purity and destroy her peace! How I hate him! Can it be that Clara hates him not? Where is her virtue? Where is her honor, if her whole being revolts not against this degrading treachery? What! He who calls himself her husband’s friend, dares to regard her with love, and indignation glitters not in her eyes! He dares to gather up her tears, and is not shamefully driven from her presence! Doubtless she awaits his vows. Perhaps desires them. Madness! The thought kills me. But I shall speak, I will say to her, “*I love you!*” Yes Clara! you shall read the innermost depths of my soul. You shall hear the devoted, deep, exacting love I bear you; but tremble whilst you listen: for every favor which you grant your *lover*, your husband will call you to a terrible account!

—I must go. Fernando writes to me that the negotiations which brought me to Paris cannot be terminated without me. Never was duty so painful—to leave without knowing if the memory of a husband be a sufficient guarantee for the dangers of absence. But no! no! Before I leave this place I must read the depths of her soul.

—Hearing of my precipitate departure, Clara manifested but little emotion. More free in the exhibitions of her feelings, Madam d’Aubigneux protested the country would be intolerable after my departure, and exacted a promise from me to spend some time on the mountains, on my return to Madrid. Clara added not a single word to her mother’s entreaties, but she blushed when I replied in a decided tone “Certainly I will not cross the mountains without calling to receive your commands for Spain.”

—This evening has been charming. In a dreamy reverie Clara spoke but little. Her mother, on the contrary, was more officious than ever. When I arose to leave, Madame d’Aubigneux was moved. “I will soon return,” said I to her—and turning to Clara, whose extreme coldness revealed her sensibility, by the care she took to conceal it, I murmured a few unintelligible words whilst bending over the hand she held out to me. For myself, at least, the moment for my

adieux to her, had not arrived. No, it is not thus I leave her. My fate must be decided.

—Every morning, by the order of her physician, Clara goes for warm milk, to a farm but a short distance from the castle. Having rendered some service to the owner, I will go to-morrow under the pretext of offering my assistance to him again.

—I have spoken! and all the torments of hell are burning within me. I have spoken, and I am the most miserable of men. Love, jealousy, regret, fear, remorse, every passion tears my heart in its fury, and my soul is in a storm of passions. Oh Clara! ungrateful, insensible Clara, did I merit this?

When I arrived at the farm, she had just gone into a lower room, and hidden by a green curtain, I could look upon her without being seen. Fool! I imagined it was my departure which caused the profound sadness upon her features. Encouraged by these deceitful indications, I dared to enter the chamber where she was alone. She was terrified on beholding me.

“Don Alvar! you here!”

She arose to fly, but her strength failed, and she fell back upon a chair. “Yes madame, it is I, Don Alvar, who about to leave you, perhaps forever, finds it impossible to leave with those cold adieux. Whatever be the fate which awaits me, I need your commiseration. I long to impress upon my heart once more, that voice, those features, that smile, whose memory will never leave me.”

“Don Alvar—this language”—

“Is that of the truest, tenderest love. Oh fly not from me. Listen to me Clara. So long have I loved you and been silent!” and unable to control myself, I fell at her feet and poured out my love, my idolatry! At that moment, I swear by Heaven, all idea of proving her faith and virtue, had vanished. I had but one desire, one feeling, one thought! To be loved by Clara. To be loved for myself. But strong in her indifference, and still stronger in her virtue, she arose proud and commanding, and with a voice trembling with indignation said,

“Don Alvar, arise.”

I arose, with my heart frozen by her coldness.

“Leave me.”

I left, humiliated, confounded, despairing.

Where did that timid woman learn those looks, those tones, which subdued and awed me? I trembled at her indignation. My horse stood before the door, and leaping upon him, I rushed furiously from the hateful spot.

—She does not love me. What is life to me now? Fool! you would try her strength, and like a drivelling idiot, you now weep over it. Yes, weep! weep tears of blood. Oh the inconsistencies, the waywardness of the human heart! Alas! the frenzy of my love has stifled the madness of jealousy—my honor is saved, but my happiness is forever lost. Oh Clara, my adored wife, how can I give you up? She does not love me.

—I am on the road to Paris. Every turn of the wheel which takes me farther from her, increases my dejection. There are moments when I am tempted to turn back. Distance, like the future, we dare not trust. But why there, instead of here? To expose myself to her anger, her disdain? I know well, it would require but one word for her to receive me as her lord. But Salvator, have you fallen so low, that you are content to be loved by contract? To reclaim that plighted faith, that duteous love, would be wise, perhaps, Clara's pride would be appeased. But my love, my heart, which dreamed of the happiness of heaven. Oh nothing but her *love* will content me—I will abjure my rights forever, rather than assert them by authority.

—For more than two months, I have been chained here by vain forms, and still nothing advances—my life seems suspended. How I long to break these golden chains, which now press me to the earth. Cold, silent, and reserved—how would these chattering French be amazed, if they could see the fire which consumes—the concealed fires of the volcano which are known only when they explode. How these malignant mockers would laugh, could they read my haughty soul. I know that it was imprisoned by a thought—that I who looked with pity and contempt upon their little intrigues—loved to madness, and whom? my wife! They would brand me a fool, madman. No matter. Say to the ambitious, who dream of power: to the savant, who sees in the future, a place in the academy; to the student inventing a new theory, their aims were false—they would



never attain to what they aspire—would they listen? Not a moment, careless of your opinion, they would still pursue their designs, and they are right, for they only know and feel the mighty impulse which urges them on. Thus it is with me.

—Thank heaven all is terminated. Tomorrow I set off. Fernando will bear my despatches to Madrid and return to await my orders at Bayonne. Once more, I will quaff intoxication from her eyes and voice. I shudder to think the few days which may be granted to me, may be my last—for my resolution is irrevocable. If my return causes her no emotion, if she is indifferent to my dejection, if she shews no interest, no sympathy for me, I will depart in silence, and Clara shall never know that I had a right to exact a love, I could not inspire.

I strewed gold and rushed with the speed of lightning along the road. Accustomed to my Spanish phlegm Fernando is astonished at the irritation the least delay causes me. He knows not that my life, more, my happiness or misery rests at the end of this journey.

I have seen her, and heaven permitted our interview far from all others' eyes. I have seen her, and tremble still at the emotion I felt when I saw her, as I turned in the foot path which winds around the mountain, on which the castle is situated. Wishing to take her by surprise, I had not announced my arrival. I was walking on occupied with but one idea, recalling every look, every tone, every emotion, longing to draw from them some hope. Suddenly I saw a slender, elegant woman, sitting upon a green slope of the mountain, reclining upon a bed of flowery heath, she was writing upon her tablets sad thoughts, for her attitude was dejected. I softly approached her, I could not distinguish her features, but the blond ringlets flowing over her snowy neck, her graceful form, the little foot peeping from the folds of her dress, all told me it was Clara, *my Clara*. Palpitating with hope and fear, I threw myself at her feet. Oh happiness, it is not disdain I read in her eyes, it is surprise, pleasure.

"Is it you Don Alvar, come at last? I did not hope to see you again?"

She bent her head and hid her blushes upon my shoulder. Oh moment to be eter-

nally remembered. The woman whom I adored, was in my arms, her heart throbbed against mine, she repulsed me not. Now I can die, *for I have lived!* Confused ideas of heaven opening, and an angel coming down, of an eternity of love, rushed into my mind. My happiness was too overwhelming, a cloud veiled my eyes. I was falling, when her voice recalled me back to life.

"Don Alvar, what is the matter, speak I pray you."

I looked up to her. "Is it indeed you, Clara? Do you look upon me without anger? without overwhelming me with your contempt?" These words recalling the day of my farewell, dashed out the joy which had sparkled in her eyes, a cloud passed over her brows, she arose with dignity. She opened her lips to speak. "Speak not Clara, I implore you! destroy not utterly my happiness. Illusion or reality let me still believe myself pardoned, still believe you compassionate me, still!"—

"Why recall a moment of error I wish to forget? Don Alvar, you know I am not my own, but, if I repulse a love which offends me, I still attain for you a sister's affection. Why reject my hand? Cannot you appreciate the charm of that pure friendship, that holy tie I offer you? I have long desired a friend, Don Alvar be that friend, be that mentor my weakness so much needs."

And whilst she spoke, the virtuous confidence of innocence beamed over her features, her eyes raised to heaven, as if calling upon it to witness her innocence, her purity of heart. Something of holiness calmed the impetuous feelings which agitated my soul. I respected her. "But Clara," said I sighing, "this friendship which you describe so sweetly, may suffice for angels, but think you a man can be satisfied with it?"

"Why not? men should give us an example of courage. Noble Alvar, you will not destroy my hopes, you will stifle a sinful love, you will be worthy of the esteem, the friendship I offer you. If you knew the pure joy I feel at this moment, how calm my soul, how peaceful my heart, you would not hesitate to exchange your reproving conscience for a peaceful one."

Desiring to lull her alarm, and strengthen her security, I promised all she desired. To

overcome my love. To love her as a *brother*. To advise her as a *friend*. But whilst promising, I covered her hand with kisses, and I felt my looks belied my words. She arose.

"Let us return to the castle, my mother will be happy to see you."

I obeyed. Satisfied by my submission, Clara leaned upon my arm with a confidence which seemed to say, "I trust in you." She spoke not, but many things were asked and answered in our silence. To be near her, was happiness enough for me then. The servants seeing us at a distance, apprised Madame d'Aubigneux of my return, she ran to me with open arms. I heartily embraced her, and the pleasure and interest with which they listened to the events of my journey, gave me a foretaste of that delightful charm, which I one day, hope to realize in the bosom of domestic happiness.

Who can flatter himself that he understands a woman's heart. Clara's confusion, her artless joy, her promises of friendship, ever the prelude to love among women, filled me with the hope of being loved. I reproached myself for not repaying by a frank confession, the smiling welcome which she gave me. My happiness lasted but a day. Alas! it is not me she loves. She has made to herself a hero, a god, whom she adores under the name of Salvator—and she will never love Don Alvar!

Chance furnished me with this fatal knowledge. This morning before visiting the chateau, I desired to see the place where I first met her yesterday, in all her childlike simplicity and loveliness, and gently rocking myself in the cradle of my hopes, I promised myself a happiness near at hand. I struck against something, it was Clara's tablets, which, in her confusion she had left. I trembled to think I held my fate in my own hands, that I now had it in my power to read the secrets of her inmost soul. I hesitated some moments. My delicacy forbade me to pry into her secrets, but the hope of stealing that avowal of love, without which I could not live, overcame my scruples, and I opened the tablets. Never was indiscretion more bitterly punished.

EXTRACTS FROM CLARA'S TABLETS.

"My love for Salvator, began by his bed of suffering, his noble endurance, his patience,

his tenderness for his father, won my love. Yes I am proud, I am happy to be the wife of Salvator. Where is he? whilst I call for him and await him why comes he not? They tell me he will come—come to reclaim the vows I gave him—and I will love him so devotedly, he will repay me with his own.

"Don Alvar has been here for some days. His presence should have enlivened our solitude, but I am sadder than before he came, he is young, handsome, but the authority of his voice, his noble features, the dignity of his mien, inspires me with something of fear. His look seems to plunge into my soul, intimidates me, freezes me. Is he commissioned by Salvator to study my character? What brought him here? I know not—but I tremble—a presentiment tells me he will exercise a fatal influence over my destiny.

"Don Alvar is generous, but he relieves me more than he consoles; he is proud, but has no forbearance for pride in others. He brooks no contradiction, and his slightest word is law. I believe he is a superior being—but I feel ill at ease in his presence—he appears to dominate over me—to subject me to his will. What right has he? He is Salvator's friend—but Salvator has not delegated his authority to him. To my husband I owe love, submission, obedience. To Don Alvar nothing.

"For some days new feelings have agitated, tormented me. Enthusiastic in the praise and glory of his country, Don Alvar has related to me the romances of the Cid—his sparkling eyes, his enthusiasm filled me with emotions I do not understand. I long to be blessed with that love Don Alvar describes so well. Oh my Salvator, when will you come to bestow upon me that life I dream of, without comprehending it! Delay, coldness, is killing me—my sad days are falling off like the petals of a rose. Don Alvar is gone. My presentiment has not deceived me—he loves me! I can be loved. Oh, Salvator, why will you expose me to the danger of hearing another say, 'I love you.' His neglect will kill me—my health suffers—my mother is anxious. She often asks what is the matter with me. Alas! my illness arises from my heart—it agitates, it torments me. Don Alvar comes not. My fate is to be

abandoned by all I care for. But to be the object of a sinful love—I, the wife of Salvator. But I repulsed him—Salvator has nothing to reproach me with. Why will he not come to tear me from myself. Is it hope or fear which causes my heart to throb so wildly when I think on seeing of him? Don Alvar delays his return. Perhaps I am wrong in wishing it—but I desire a friend so much. A friend, you understand Don Alvar. No more of that love which frightens me. I will feel so compassionate—will sympathise with you so tenderly, that you cannot be unhappy.”

Whilst reading these unfoldings of my wife's heart, I felt by turns irritated and appeased, wounded and touched. Clara's soul, like the beautiful spring tide, is full of hopes. How inexpressibly dear it would be to be her's alone, her only thought joy, hope, happiness. But that phantom of her imagination, Salvator, that imaginary being, she has adorned with every virtue. It is him she loves. Imperious and haughty, Don Alvar can be nothing to her but a friend, a confidant. I the confident of her love for another. The idea is insupportable. No—I play no second part to another—her friendship is an outrage. I *must* have her *love*.

—I know it may appear base, barbarous in the extreme, to wish to inspire this pure woman with a love for which she will reproach herself as a crime. But this thought lulls my accusing conscience. Whilst attacking the rights of a husband, I maintain that I protect them, for it is certain that if she does not love me now, she never will, and what will become of her, when she finds in Salvator the defects of Alvar? Besides, should I not fear that deceived in her hopes she will elsewhere seek the type of that perfection which exists only in her imagination? The thought is madness—I know it is an outrage to her. But this fiendish jealousy which devours me I am not accountable for. It is a vice of my nature—an infirmity of my soul. Clara alone can cure me of it. Will she do it? What untold joy, could I see her jealous, exacting. Yes, I could draw the poignard from my heart and kiss it with transport if *her* hand struck me. My thoughts, my life, my soul is her's—her's only, and I ask from her nothing but what I have given.

Impelled by the irresistible force of my feelings, I find it impossible to control them. Clara's coldness fills me with indignation—not the least favor, the least look to sustain my sinking hopes. Madame d'Aubigneux begins to suspect the cause of my sadness—her friendship is not altered by it, but she observes me with an attention which fatigues me, and never leaves me alone with her daughter. Your prudence comes too late. Can you extinguish the volcano with your breath? You should have crushed the first spark. If my pride only were concerned, I could speak—but my happiness hangs upon this event, and my *will* is indomitable—I *will keep silence* and pursue my designs in spite of your watchfulness.

At last I was alone with her. Sent for, in haste, by a sick person—Madame d'Aubigneux could not refuse the call of charity, Clara wished to go, but her mother fearing contagion refused. Some words seemed to invite me to offer my arm, but I feigned ignorance and she left, casting upon me a singular glance of prayer, compassion and reproach. But where had I time to analyze all this? Clara was alone with me, troubled confused, she appeared absorbed in the contemplation of a picture, which I felt convinced, she saw not. I approached her—I took her hand and kissed it fervently. “Don Alvar is this your promise?” she demanded, withdrawing her hand. The gesture cut me to the soul. “In what have I failed?” I asked with a little smile. “Am I not calm, tranquil, happy? Have I not loved you as a brother?” If you are happy, why that mocking smile? why those touching words which tear my heart. Why these looks and sighs which disturb my peace; oh Don Alvar—is this the friendship you promised? “No! no!” I thundered. “It is love, anger, misery. You remain indifferent to my torments, that indifference fills me with indignation. Clara you must love me or I die.” “Am I not your sister?” “Curses on that word!” Leave these subtle distinctions, say you love me. I ask no more.” “You forget another is my husband!” “Your husband! No Salvator is a monster—a tyrant unworthy of your love. Mistrust him, mistrust me. I *hate* Salvator, I hate my-

self, and at times I hate you, poor victim who know only to suffer and weep?" "Don Alvar you frighten me, there is delirium in your eyes, madness in your words. My friend, Don Alvar, recollect yourself." "You are right," I interrupted her. "My brain is maddened, my mind is lost, my reason is dead. If you knew all. But hold, only say, '*I love you.*' and that one sentence will assure you and myself, untold happiness." "Can happiness dwell with remorse?" "Why do you speak of remorse?" "Why he asks me why. I am Salvator's wife!" "Still Salvator! still that phantom betwixt you and me? Go—love him, and in vain will you await his return! Love him and you will know, as I do, all the agony of a hopeless love!" I will no longer hear your cruel predictions, and whatever may be the feelings of my heart, I would a thousand times rather die unhappy than live guilty," and in the agony of her soul, she murmured, in low, imploring tones "Oh my husband why will you not come to save me?" I could scarcely resist the appeal. But she must love me. "Insensible woman. Proud of your virtue you are as cold as the grave!"

"Insensible!" replied Clara, "are you blind? See you not what I suffer? There is a sorrow more bitter than despair. Grief is not to be most commiserated when it is expressed but when it is silent, concentrated, when it kills!" She hid her face, covered with tears, in her hands and left the room.

Since our conversation, I see Clara has become more dejected, paler, more shadowy. Her voice is like a soft, gentle sigh. Good heavens! If this pure soul should fly from remorse. If this outraged angel should return to heaven without knowing the happiness I had in store for her! Clara I implore you—dare to love me, and I will give you back your peace of mind, dare to love me and happiness unutterable will be ours. You will then bless me for not wishing the loveless marriage chain to crush us with its weight. The proof is over, you have conquered, Clara, as virtuous as tender, you have convinced your lover of your love and yet remained pure in your husband's eyes. It was yesterday, seated near Clara, I meditated upon the means of obtaining an incontestible proof of her love, of that devoted

spontaneous love, which comes not from fear, duty or obedience. Seeing her so calm, so quiet, I thought to myself, is there sufficient passion in that soul, devotion in that heart, strength in those arms to enchain me through life?

Placed at some distance, Madame d'Aubigneux, also meditated, her eyes resting upon her daughter. Suddenly, as if continuing her thoughts she said "has it been long Don Alvar since you heard from the duke?"—fixing her scrutinizing eyes upon me. At this abrupt question both Clara and I started. I overcame my emotion. "Madam," replied I, "he has not written to me since my arrival." "It is very singular," replied Madame d'Aubigneux. "If he were actuated by no other motive, it seems that curiosity alone, would make him desire to know how his wife supports the eternal exile, to which he has doomed her." "What would you have Madame?" said I affecting a low tone. "Salvator is savage, unsocial, capricious. He is a honorable man, but eccentric, exacting. I have recently learned that he has renounced the world, broken off all intercourse with his most intimate friends, and it would not be very astonishing to me, were he to sacrifice the bright future which awaits him, in the fear sacrificing his independence." "Don Alvar" said Madame haughtily. "If that is, indeed Don Salvator's character, all can be arranged, the ties which bind my daughter are not so strong but they can be broken, and if Clara consents." "Never! never!" cried Clara, starting up. "What! I accuse my husband! I proclaim my indifference and my misery! No mother, no, Salvator might fly from me, but he shall never have cause to look upon me with contempt." "Unhappy child. You will die of grief. Listen to me Clara. For three years I have suffered much, but, you know, stifling my sorrow—I forced myself to uphold your hopes, now my fortitude, my endurance is gone, and sooner than see you perish as a victim, I will do my duty." "Mamma, you terrify me. What will you do? What do you hope for?" "Your fate must be decided. Salvator must either renounce, or reclaim you." "Mamma you make me shudder. Do not, I pray you, compromise my peace by an act I shall be forced to disavow." "I so little expected, to dis-

agree with my daughter in a circumstance where her happiness is at stake, that I have not waited for her consent to act," replied Madame, bitterly. "So write this moment, Clara, to Don Salvator that it was against your wishes, your mother demanded for you a husband's protection. Hasten, for my letter has been gone some time and if there is a spark of justice or honor in Salvator's heart, he will not delay in bringing a reply himself." "He here! He, Don Salvator, come here! Oh mother what have you done?" "My duty, my daughter, and I hope you will do yours." Madame d'Aubigneux left the room with a solemn air, and Clara cried out, in a terrified voice "All I love assemble to conspire against me. Salvator coming to reclaim me! Oh Don Alvar, what will become of us," and falling under this unlooked for weight of agony, she threw herself in my arms. I locked her to my heart, calling her the most endearing names, and covered her pallid cheeks with burning kisses. In despair she arose. "Don Alvar, have pity upon me, upon a poor defenceless, feeble woman. Think what will become of me. I am *his* wife." "No, Clara, no, a thousand times no, my Clara. I truly am your husband, for your heart has throbbed with mine, my lips have pressed your virgin cheeks, my rights are more sacred than his." "Oh say not so, I shall die of shame." "Of shame? you my angel. But Clara, tell me, can you escape from my love? Can you so gentle and tender withdraw from that passion, which *will* reach you, through my looks, my sighs, the very air you breathe?" "Oh agony! It is too true, I love you. But I implore you, in the name of Heaven, to take that avowal far hence. It is my misery." "Leave you! never! never!" "And when Salvator comes." "Why do you speak so constantly of Salvator? Love me as you should, Clara, and that hateful Salvator will be nothing to you. When the soul is in paradise, the body feels no longer its chains." "Yet they still remain and drag us back to earth." "The powerful hand of earth can break them." "Break them? what do you mean Don Alvar." "That you belong to me. That you are *mine*, wholly, only mine?" "Don Alvar I could not have believed this. You would dis-

honor me!" "Dishonor! think you to frighten me by a word? Yes. You must love me enough to trust your honor to me! Clara beloved Clara, on my knees I beseech you, drive me not away from you. It is my life, yours I implore you to grant! Can you live without me?" "Better death than dishonor!" "You cannot love me if you resist my prayers, my despair." "I can die, what more do you wish?" "To throw yourself into my arms, to deliver up your fate to me, to confide in my honor." "Your honor! How dare you breathe that word, when it is your purpose, to destroy, disgrace me." "Disgrace you Clara. Heavens! If any other being had dared to say so, every drop of his blood would not have sufficed to wash out his offence! I swear to you, my love will not disgrace you! Oh think of the self-sacrifice, the noble devotion of ardent love. Far from dishonoring you, my love will be your crown of glory. You will rejoice to possess it. You will be blessed in proving it. You turn from me. You give me no answer. Clara do you love me?" "What oaths could convince one who doubts all, even virtue." "Virtue! believe me Clara, pure love is virtue. But I read your woman's heart. You expect Salvator. You want to love him. You *will* love him. Now speak openly to me. Say you *will* love him, and I leave you instantly forever." "Salvator! would to heaven!" "Would to heaven, you desire, then, to love him? I go. Will you bid me stay? You say nothing. Adieu. I leaving you I go to death!" "Oh! no! no! You will not, you cannot, leave me alone in the world, to bear my remorse and my despair. Don Alvar you cannot do so!" "My life is in your hands. Take it or give it back to me." "Alvar it is frightful to drag me into this abyss through terror." "You are right love only should be heard. Listen to me Clara. I shall now leave for Bayonne. I shall stay there three days. Sound the very depths of your soul. If you can live without me, leave me to continue my journey without troubling yourself, *where* it will end. But if you feel that my soul is your soul, if you feel that my life is your life, if you love me as I *must* be loved, write but one word to me, '*Return*!' and I solemnly vow, here, by all

that is sacred, you will never grieve for placing your love, your honor, your confidence, in my keeping!" "Don Alvar before you leave, swear to me." "To love you unto death, is all I promise," and rushing from her, I left the castle with my brain on fire. I ordered post horses and leaving some written directions for my servant, I took the road to Bayonne, uncertain, irresolute, a storm of passion raging within.

It was a long and painful combat I had with myself. Irritated at her resistance I accused Clara of coldness, but in the depths of my heart I heard that of her soul. "*Alvar what will become of us!*" Wounded by her refusal, I tried to think her indifferent, but I felt upon my quivering lips, that first sweet timid kiss she left there. She loves me—she said it—I feel it. But, she repulsed my prayers. She suffered me to leave her, and by turns I am maddened, by her feeble passion, and proud in the strength of her virtue, now a ray from heaven, has suddenly dispersed the chaos, of my mind. I feel I am a wretch, a barbarian. She is an outraged angel. Clara, my wife, can the entire devotion of my life, suffice to expiate the wrong I have done you?

—Fernando knows all my happiness. He is gone to Madrid to prepare the brilliant fêtes which will welcome my *bride*. What luxury, what grandeur will I lavish upon my Clara. What honors will the court pay to the *duchess de Lostenos*. Proud of her love—her matchless beauty, her impregnable virtue, I will consent for her to be seen one instant by the world, then, far from all envious eyes I will take her, to enjoy, in solitude our inexpressible happiness. In the depths of Estramadura. I possess an old castle, situated among the mountains, the shepherd and wild fawn, alone, know the paths leading to it. There, in an atmosphere, warmed by the sun and redolent with the odor of flowers, I will conceal my treasure. There Clara will be all to me, and my wearied soul will, at last, rest in that heaven of peace, after this terrible conflict of my turbulent passions.

Justin my servant has orders to wait for letters from the castle. Whatever may be Clara's fortitude, I know it will be impossible for her to bid me *adieu*, without one ten-

der expression, and then. How will I fly to her? How will I implore her forgiveness? for the seeming wrong I have done *her*, and nothing shall ever separate us more. What a moment of ecstatic bliss, when I will say to her. "Weep no more Clara, I am Salvator. Weep no longer, one guilty thought has never tarnished your purity. Your heart has never throbbed but for your husband."

Justin, here he is, he holds a letter, he comes, take this gold, leave me, let me devour, far from all eyes, the first words of love, I ever received from Clara.

It is the sentence of death. I have no right to murmur. I deserve my fate. But oh Clara, how I loved you. I will avenge you. For several days her mother had known my secret, a letter from my agent, in reply to one she had addressed to him, informed her of my residence in France, other circumstances served to enlighten her—and when Clara, in all the agony of remorse and despair, threw herself into her arms after my departure Madame d'Aubigneux revealed to her my unmanly conduct.

*Letter from Clara to Don Salvator de Lostenos.*

"I know all! He who should have been the guide of my youth, tempted me from the paths of virtue. He who should have defended my honor, was base enough to tarnish it. He who could have claimed a husband's rights, has stooped so low as to play the part of a vile seducer. Placed by your jealous selfishness in a lonely position I shall preserve, spotless, the name you gave me. But I renounce you forever. I cannot separate Don Alvar from Don Salvator, and whichever name it may please you, hereafter, to assume, I could never make you happy, for my husband will have a right to reproach me, and the lover will be dissatisfied. Wounded, outraged, contemned, for me there is no longer repose. You have taken from me, even, my peace of mind, spare me the humiliating shame of blushing before you. Wife and widow, free and bound, I shall remain with my mother, until death comes, to free me from my hatred—my love for you!"

What a fate is mine. What! There lives one woman virtuous enough to resist the most ardent passion, generous enough, to conceal from all eyes a husband's wrongs, noble enough to repulse with scorn the wretch

who would offend her! and that woman is *my wife*, and I had lost her, lost her, at the moment when repentant, I had opened my soul to the sweetest hopes, lost her. Clara, can it be, that you have renounced me? Yes, she has acted right. Even in my agony, my haughty pride is gratified to see her dignified resentment of an injury. She who could so proudly repulse Salvator's love, is worthy of his name. You shall preserve it Clara. This will, by which I have bequeathed you all my wealth, will also impose upon you lasting widowhood. Wretch, from the tomb you will still pursue her with your selfish jealousy. Yes, Salvator's wife, must be no other. I feel the unworthiness of the act, but an irresistible impulse urges me on. Appeased by my death, Clara will be faithful to her first love. Oh could I but see her once more, hear her sweet voice pronounce my pardon, floating around me in softest music, as my departing spirit takes its flight, but it can never be. I feel now I could not have made her happy, this hellish jealousy is rooted within me. Virtue, gentleness, tenderness, failed to eradicate it from my heart. I should make her miserable. Clara miserable! better infinitely better, to die at once. Clara, beloved one, I immolate myself to your repose. Living I merited your hatred. Dying, I will deserve your love."

Thus finished Salvator's manuscript. He wrote some business letters, wrapped in the same envelope a handkerchief with one drop of blood upon it, the tablets and a few lines expressing the tenderest adieux to his adored Clara. His determination was irrevocable. Maddened by remorse and despair, he is determined to die, and prepares to execute his purpose, with coolness and courage. Even his rank and dignity are not forgotten. He decorates himself with all the insignia of his station, and the weapon is pointed to his heart, that his noble, and beautiful features may even in death remain unscathed. The instrument of destruction is in his hands, a pistol which never fails. Clara's letter was wrapped round the ball. Poor Clara! what will become of you, when you learn that the fatal letter, dictated by your mother, pierced your husband's heart. You think the guilty one is even now coming to ask that pardon you so ardently de-

sire to grant. You do not know Salvator. He will die rather, than abjure his jealousy. The pistol is cocked. Standing at the foot of the bed, which will receive his lifeless body. Salvator points the mouth to his indomitable heart. He is on the point of drawing. Steps are heard flying along the passage. The door bursts open. The pistol falls. The astonished, exultant Salvator sees his wife, his Clara, rushing to his arms. Claspings him with convulsive agony, and burying her beautiful head in his loving breast, she murmurs, "I am thine. My life, my peace, my happiness, I give to you, do with them as you will."

SOPHIE PANNIÉR.

## IRELAND.\*

BY M. LL. W. H.

O land of beauty thou art far away,  
Sleeping upon the ocean's heaving breast;  
The kingly eagle and the wild osprey,  
Upon thy beetling crags exalt their nest,  
And scream their wild war-music to the blast,  
Which urges on the wave more foamingly and fast.

How mighty are thy marvels—whose the hand  
That shaped and reared with wondrous power on high,  
Those basalt columns side by side which stand  
In desolate grandeur between sea and sky?  
Towering in height, in skill all unsurpassed,  
A barrier impregnable and vast.

Is it a record of the cunning power,  
Of giant nations passed away from earth?  
Ere man immortal breathed in Eden's breast,  
These palisades of wonder had their birth.  
The first born sun shone on them, and the flood,  
Swept earth from pole to pole, yet still they stood.

The power which calls and guides the stormy cloud,  
The bow of promise pictures in yon heaven—  
Which wakes the thunder-pealing long and loud,  
Which sendeth forth the quiet stars at even.  
This power Almighty into being called,  
Thee and thy strange wild beauty ocean's Emerald.

The pride of Wicklow's wooded hills and fall  
Of rushing light,<sup>(1)</sup> is beautiful to see,  
And where the fragments of Saint Kiven's wall,  
Stand 'mid Glendalough's lone serenity,  
I've watched the harvest moonbeams on the pile,  
Descend in semblance of an angel's smile.

Where the old Kings of Munster held their court,  
In Cashel's palmy days of power and state.

\* Sequel to "The Dream of Nations."

(1) Waterfall of Powerscourt.

The peasant children gaily now may sport,  
In all their reckless gleefulness elate.  
For the bright morn and evening sun is shed,  
O'er roofless dwelling of the crownéd dead.

But with less lightsome mien their steps they trace,  
Where on the rock precipitous arise,  
The crumbling ruins of the Holy place,  
Of their own land's religious mysteries.  
For every little heart hath thrilled at tale,  
And fairy legend of the Lia Fale.

Spirit on which yet the days of brightness be,  
E're hunger's iron fingers grasp the heart,  
And all secure in helpless infancy,  
In toil and torturing care they have no part—  
Nor portion in the bitter thoughts which try,  
The elder-hearted with fierce agony.

Where are the Lords, the owners of the soil,  
Who should the shelter of their vassals be?  
Their rescuers from misery and toil,  
Imposed by the oppressor's tyranny.  
Alas! though Erin's voice is one of wail,  
What ear is open to her piteous tale?

But many a gallant spirit yet is thine,  
Green Isle of loveliness, the brave, the good,  
The noble and true hearted round thee shine,  
"Like lights within a temple," and a flood.  
Of hallowed memories thou well mayst claim,  
With the loud echo of each patriot's name.

As to the aged Prophet's wistful eyes,  
Over India's parched and suffering land,  
In ancient days a little cloud did rise,  
A little cloud as it had been a hand—  
Blest harbinger of life reviving rain—  
So read I joy to Ireland comes again.

A purer, holier joy than that of yore—  
A brighter honor, a more fair renown.  
Joy which dispels the anguish of the poor—  
Honor which hath salvation for its crown,  
Fame whose green laurels bloodless all shall be,  
A glorious wreath of immortality.

(2) Holy Stone of Muuster, on which the ancient Kings were crowned.

\* The county of Wicklow is celebrated for picturesque beauty. Among a number of beautiful sites the domestic of Powerscourt is pre-eminent, the waterfall descending 360 feet amid vast hanging woods. The interior of the county presents features of a very different description, glens between lofty mountains naked and desolate. Among these is Glendalough, which is surrounded by a most majestic circuit of mountains, and contains some remarkable ecclesiastical monuments attributed to St. Kiven, a great patron saint of Ireland in the seventeenth century. One of his disciples founded at Glendalough, a little city long celebrated as a seat of religion and learning. Only its site can now be traced, but there are distinct remains of seven churches, the cathedral and St. Kiven's kitchen are the most entire.

(3) Cashel is in ancient times the capital of the Kings of Munster, of whose palace some remnants may still be traced. Noble fragments remain of the ancient cathedral majestically seated on the summit of a precipitous rock. Here was deposited the Lia Fale, or fatal stone on which the Kings of Munster were crowned.

*Encyclopædia of Geography.*

Till then let children raise their hands and bless.  
In humble adoration, God who here.  
A haven opens wide to which distress.  
And desolate poverty may safely steer  
Their frail and sinking barks, aye let them come,  
Unto our forest land, the exile's refuge home.

O would that I could all unlink the chain,  
Of wretchedness, and set the Erin free,  
Wipe from thy annals every darkening stain,  
Light up thy heart with fire of Liberty.  
And then beneath the sky no ocean gem,  
Were brighter in old Neptune's diadem.

## MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.

*A Translation from the French of M. François Arago.*

### II.

—And we arrived at Algiers the third of August.

Our looks were directed anxiously towards the port in order to discover what sort of a reception awaited us. We were reassured by the sight of the tri-colored flag floating upon two or three vessels;—but we were deceived; the vessels belonged to Holland. Upon our entrance into the harbor, a Spaniard, whom we took, from his tone of authority, for a high officer of the Algerine government, approached Damian and asked him:

"What have you on board?"

"Four Frenchmen," replied the coxswain.

"Re-embark instantly. I forbid your entrance."

As we showed no signs of obeying the order, the Spaniard, who in fact was the constructing engineer of the Dey's ships, armed himself with a boat pole, and commenced dealing out heavy blows on our devoted heads; but immediately a Genoese sailor, standing in a boat near by, seized an oar and gave battle to our assailant. During this combat we went ashore without opposition. We had conceived a singular idea of the police regulations on the coast of Africa.

We repaired at once to the house of the French consul, M. Dubois Thainville; he was at his country residence. Escorted by the Janizary of the Consulate, we went to his villa, one of the ancient palaces of the Dey, situated not far from the gate of Baba-



zonn. The consul and his family received us with great hospitality.

Transported thus suddenly upon a new continent, I was awaiting the rising of the sun, the next day, with some anxiety, in order to enjoy the novelties which Africa would present to a European. In the midst of these anticipations, I was suddenly alarmed at seeing through the dim twilight of the morning, a very ugly animal moving about on the foot of my bed. I gave a kick and the motion ceased for a time: after a few moments I felt it moving under my legs; finding this rather serious I commenced a series of more violent evolutions, when I heard loud bursts of laughter from the Janizary who was sleeping on a sofa in the same chamber. He had been amusing himself with the practical joke of putting a hedgehog in my bed. The consul obtained for us the next day, berths in a vessel of the Algerine government, which was about to sail for Marseilles. He procured for us Mr. Berthémie and myself, two false passports which transformed us into two travelling merchants, the one from Schevekat in Hungary, and the other from *Leoben*.

The moment of departure arrived; the 13th August, 1808, we were on board; the crew had not yet been shipped; the Captain Rai Braham Ouled Mustapha Goja, perceiving the Dey upon the terrace, overlooking the harbor, and fearing a summary punishment if he delayed to set sail, completed his crew at the expense of the by-standers upon the mole, the greater part of whom were not sailors; these poor fellows begged as a favour the permission to go and inform their families of their sudden departure and to obtain some clothing for the voyage. The Captain was deaf to all entreaties. In a few moments we raised anchor.

The vessel belonged to the Emir of Seca, director of the mint. Her real commander was a Greek Captain named Spiro Calligero. The cargo consisted of a number of different groups. Among the passengers were five members of the family to which the Bakir had succeeded as kings of the Jews; two merchants of Ostrich feathers from Morocco; Captain Krog from Norway; two lions which the Dey was sending to the Emperor Napoleon and a great number of monkey. The

first part of our voyage was prosperous: as we were passing the island of Sardinia we met an American vessel coming out of the port of Cagliari. A shot from one of our guns (we were armed with fourteen pieces of small calibre)—ordered the captain to show his colours. He came on board with his ship's papers all right, and was not a little astonished when I ordered him in the name of Captain Braham Ouled Mustapha Goja, to furnish us some tea, coffee and sugar, he called us robbers, pirates, thieves; Captain Braham admitted all these titles, but insisted none the less on having tea, coffee and sugar. The American driven then to the last pitch of exasperation, addressed himself to me who acted as interpreter; "You scoundrel of a renegade!" exclaimed he, "If ever I meet you again I will send you to the devil." "Do you believe them," I answered—"that I am here for my pleasure and that in spite of your threat, I would not go with you if I could?" These words calmed him; he brought the sugar, tea, and coffee and both vessels again set sail without the customary *farewell*.

On the 16th August we had already entered the gulf of Lyons and were approaching Marseilles when we met a Spanish privateer from Palamos, armed with two twenty-four pounders; we set sail with the hope of escaping him, but a cannon ball through our sails told us that he sailed faster than we did. We obeyed the command thus expressed and awaited the boat from the privateer. The Captain declared us prisoners, although Spain was at peace with Algiers, under the pretext that we were violating the blockade under which the whole coast of France had just been placed; he added that he would carry us to Rosas, where the authorities would decide our fate. I was in the cabin of the vessel; I had the curiosity to cast a stealthy glance at the crew of the privateer's boat, and perceived to my great discomfort a sailor of the brig commanded by Don Manuel de Vacaro. This fellow, who bore the name of Pablo Blanco, had often been my servant during my geodesical operations. My false passport was utterly useless if Pablo recognized me, I got into my berth, covered my head with the blanket and lay as still as a statue.

During the two days which elapsed between our capture and our entrance into the harbour of Rosas, Pablo came often into the cabin and would point me out, saying, "There is a passenger whose face I have not seen yet."

When we arrived at Rosas, they decided that we should be placed in quarantine in a dismantled windmill on the route to Figueras. I took care to disembark in a boat to which Pablo did not belong; the Corsair set out on another cruise and thus relieved me from the disagreeable presence of my old servant.

Our vessel had a rich cargo; hence the Spanish authorities were very anxious to declare her a prize. They pretended to believe that I was the proprietor of it, and wished to interrogate me in order to hasten matters, even without waiting until the quarantine was ended. Two ropes were stretched between the mill and the shore, and a judge placed himself in front of me. As the examination took place at a considerable interval; the numerous by-standers who surrounded us took part both in questions and answers. I will try and give the dialogue which ensued as faithfully as possible:—"who are you?"

"A poor travelling merchant."

"Where from?"

"From a country where certainly you have never been."

"But what country?"

I feared to reply, for the passports were in the hands of the judge and I had forgotten whether I was from Schevekat or from Leonben. I answered, however, at random.

"I am from Schevekat."

My answer agreed luckily with the passport.

"You are about as much from Schevekat as I am," answered the judge. "You are Spanish, and from the kingdom of Valencia, as I see by your accent."

"You are going to punish me, then, sir, because nature has given me a talent for languages. I learn with ease the dialects of the countries in which I trade; I have learned for example, the dialect of Ivica."

"Very well; I take you at your word. Here is a soldier from Ivica: he shall talk with you."

"I consent to it!"

"I will even sing you the song of the goat herd."

The lines of this song are separated two and two by an imitation of the bleating of the goat.

I commenced, with an audacity which astonished myself, to sing this air sung by all the mountaineers of the island. The Ivica soldier, on whom this air had the same effect as the "*Ranz des Vaches*," upon the Swiss, declared with tears in his eyes that I was a native of Ivica. I then told the judge if he would find a person speaking French, he would discover that I spoke that language equally well.

An emigrant officer of the regiment of Bourbon offered immediately to make the experiment, and after exchanging a few sentences with me affirmed without hesitation that I was a Frenchman.

The judge growing impatient exclaimed: "Let us put an end to these experiments which decide nothing—I command you sir, to tell me who are you—I promise you your life if you answer me with sincerity."

"My greatest desire is to give you an answer which will satisfy you—I will try then; but tell you beforehand that I am not going to tell the truth. I am the son of the hotel-keeper in the village of Mataro."

"I know the man: you are not his son."

"You are right, I have told you that I would vary my answers until I found one to satisfy you. I am then a puppet-player and keep my puppets at Levida." The by-standers received this answer with bursts of laughter and put an end to the interrogation. "I swear by the devil" exclaimed the judge—"that I will find you out sooner or later"—with that he withdrew.

The rest of the passengers, the Arabs, Jews and Merchants, from Morocco were witnesses of the examination, but had understood nothing; they had seen only that I did not allow myself to be intimidated. At the end of the entertainment they came to kiss my hand, and from this moment gave me their entire confidence. I became their secretary for all the complaints which they believed they had a right to address individually or collectively to the Spanish government:

the right was certainly incontestable, so I was occupied every day with inditing petitions, especially in the name of the two merchants of Ostrich feathers, one of whom declared he was a very near relation of the emperor of Morocco. Astonished at the rapidity with which I wrote, they imagined without doubt that I would write just as fast in the Arabic characters. They besought me earnestly to become Mahometan in order to make a fortune copying passages of the Koran for the use of the faithful.

Not at all reassured by the last words of the judge who examined me, I began to seek safety in another quarter. I had in my possession a safe conduct from the English Admiralty: I wrote a confidential letter to the captain of an English vessel, (the Eagle, I believe,) which had cast anchor several days before in the harbor of Rosas, explaining my situation.

"You can demand my release," said I, "since I have an English passport. If that step is too much for you, have the kindness to take my manuscripts and send them to the Royal Society of London."\*

One of the soldiers, who guarded us, and whose favour I had won, carried my letter for me. The English captain came to see me; his name was George Eyre. We had a private conversation on the shore. Monsieur George Eyre had fancied, perhaps, that the manuscripts of my observations were contained in a register bound in morocco with gilt edges: when he saw that these manuscripts were composed of isolated leaves, covered with ciphers, which I had hid under my shirt, disdain succeeded to interest, and he left me abruptly. Returning to his vessel, he wrote me a letter in which he said to me—

"I cannot interfere with your case; address yourself to the Spanish government; I have the *persuasion* that it will do justice to your demands and will not molest you."

As I did not have the same *persuasion* that Capt. George Eyre professed to have, I took no notice of his advice.

I ought to say here, that long afterwards

I related these facts in England to Sir Joseph Banks, and the conduct of the captain was severely blamed; but when a man breakfasts and drives to the sound of harmonious music, can he really take much interest in a poor devil lying on straw, eaten up with vermin, although he has manuscripts under his shirt?

The report that I was a Spanish refugee and owner of the vessel, gaining more and more credit, and that being the most dangerous of all positions, I resolved to put an end to it. I begged the commandant of the place to come and receive my declaration, and announced to him that I was a Frenchman. In order to prove the truth of my assertions I demanded that Pablo Blanco, (who had returned a few days before from his cruise,) be sent for. It was done as I desired. As he was coming down upon the shore, Pablo, to whom they had said nothing about me, cried out with surprise: "What! you Don Francisco mixed up with all these scoundrels." He proceeded to give the governor detailed accounts of the mission which I had been fulfilling with two Spanish commissioners. My nationality was thus confirmed.

The same day the commandant was replaced by an Irish colonel of the regiment of Ultonia; the Corsair set out on a new cruise taking Pablo Blanco with him and I became again the travelling merchant from Schevekat. From the windmill, where we were in quarantine, I could see the tri-colored flag floating over the fortress of Figueras. Reconnoitering corps of cavalry came sometimes within 500 yards of us; it would not then have been very difficult for me to escape. Nevertheless, as the sanitary laws of Spain inflict the pain of death upon him who violates the quarantine, I determined not to make the attempt until the evening before our days of quarantine were numbered. The evening arrived; I glided on all fours along the brushwood and had nearly passed the line of sentinels when a noise which I heard among the Arabs caused me to return. I found these poor people in a terrible state of uneasiness; they believed themselves lost if I left them; and I remained. The next morning a strong picquet of troops presented themselves before the mill;—their manœuvres excited greatly our apprehensions.

\* Note. These manuscripts contained the results of the most important meridional measurements ever made. The same which are at the foundation of the present system of weights and measures in France.—*Trans.*

"What are you going to do with us?" cried out the Norwegian, Capt. Krog.

"Alas! you will see but too soon"—replied the Spanish officer.

This answer made us all believe that we were to be shot. The obstinacy with which Capt. Krog and two other fellow passengers of small stature stuck behind me rather confirmed me in this opinion. The order "make ready" convinced us that we had but a few seconds to live. In analysing the sensations which I experienced at this solemn moment, I am persuaded that a man led to execution is not altogether so unhappy as the public imagines. Fifty ideas rushed nearly simultaneously upon my mind without attaining tangible form;—I remember only the two following which have remained graven upon my memory; in turning my head towards the right I perceived the national flag floating on the bastions of Figueras and said to myself—"a few hundred yards and I would be surrounded by comrades, friends, fellow citizens, who would warmly grasp my hand; here without any imputed crime, I am going to be shot at twenty-two years of age." Another idea impressed me still more deeply: in looking towards the Pyrenees I could distinctly see the peaks and I reflected that perhaps my mother, in this the last moment of my life, was gazing calmly on the same.

The design of the authorities was however only to frighten us; having discovered that even to purchase my life, I would not declare myself the proprietor of the vessel, they caused us to be conducted to the fortress of Rosas. We were placed in a casemate, where we hardly had room to lie down. In the windmill, provisions were brought to us from time to time, from our own vessel; in the fortress, the Spanish government provided our food and reduced us to dry bread. This did not seem to us a very substantial support, especially as we could see from the casemate a market woman selling grapes and fried herrings. But we had no money: I determined therefore, though with much regret, to sell a watch which my father had given me: I received about half its value for it. Possessors of sixty francs, Mr. Berthémie and I were enabled to satisfy the hunger we had so long suffered; we divided

likewise with our fellows in captivity. Though this sale of my watch brought us some relief, it was the cause of great sorrow to my family. The town fell into the hands of the French a few weeks afterwards. The garrison were sent as prisoners into France and passed through Perpignan, my native place. My father on the search for news of me, entered a coffee house, where several Spanish officers were collected; while in there an officer drew from his pocket the watch which I had sold at Rosas—the good old man saw in this the proof of my death as the officer who received the watch from a third person could give no account of my fate.

The French attacked the town of Rosas and we were consequently removed from the casemate of the fort to give place to its defenders. We were removed first to a small church in the town, which was however soon converted into a hospital for wounded soldiers. They transported us thence the 25th of September to a citadel situated on a hill at the mouth of the harbour called the "*Bouton de Rosas*;" here we were plunged in a dungeon which the light of day never penetrated. We did not stay long in this infectious place; not because they had pity on us, but because it afforded a safe retreat to a part of the garrison of the town. We were made to descend in the night to the sea-shore and were carried to the port of Palamos. At this latter place we were shut up in a hulk; but enjoyed a sort of liberty; we were allowed to go ashore several hours and display our poverty and rags in the town. It was there that I made the acquaintance of the duchess-dowager of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe. She had left the town of Figueras where she had resided for some time, because, she told me,—thirty-two bombs sent from the fortress had fallen into her house. Her plan was to escape into Algiers and she requested me to bring the captain of our vessel to see her in order that she might ask his protection when he should be set free. I related to Capt. Braham the misfortunes of the princess and conducted him to her house. On entering he took off his slippers through respect, as if he had penetrated into a mosque, and holding them in his hand he proceeded to kiss the skirt of Madame D'Orléans dress. The princess was

frightened at the sight of this masculine face covered with the longest beard I ever saw; she soon composed herself, however, and everything passed off with a mixture of French politeness and oriental courtesy.

The sixty francs which my watch brought us had been expended. Madame D'Orleans would gladly have assisted us, but she herself was without money. I was, however, full soon richer than she. The Spanish government, after the insurrection had broken out in Spain, in order to save the French living in the different towns, who had escaped the first massacres, sent them into France in small vessels. One of these cast anchor near our hulk. One of my unfortunate countrymen on board of her recognized me and offered me his snuff-box; on opening it I found therein an ounce of gold, sole remnant of his fortune. I returned the box to him with many thanks, with a piece of paper enclosed containing these words. "My fellow citizen the bearer of this note has rendered me great service; treat him as one of your children." It was through this piece of paper that my family learned that I still lived and my mother, a model of piety, ceased to have masses said for the repose of my soul. Five days afterwards one of my bold fellow countrymen arrived at Palamos after having passed both the French and Spanish lines; he brought to a merchant of the town who had friends in the Perpignan the request to furnish me with everything which I should need. The Spaniard showed himself disposed to grant the request, but I did not profit by his good will by reason of the events which I will now relate. The Spaniards cherished the idea constantly that the ship and its cargo could be confiscated; a commission came from Gironne to examine us. It was composed of two civil judges and an inquisitor. I acted as interpreter. When Mr. Berthémie's term came I sought him and told him, "To pretend to speak the language of Styria and be at his ease as I would not compromise him in translating his answers. It was done as we agreed; but unfortunately the language which he spoke did not present a great variety, and the '*Sacrement der teufel*' which he had learned in a German campaign occurred too frequently in his answers. The judges soon discovered too great a con-

formity between his replies and those which I had before given and thought it unnecessary to interrogate him farther. The desire of terminating the conference became still more urgent on the part of the judges when it came to the turn of an Arab sailor to be examined. Instead of making him swear upon the Koran to speak the truth, the judge insisted on making him place his thumb on his forefinger so as to form a cross. When the Arab perceived the meaning of this sign he commenced spitting thereupon with great indignation. The Court was immediately adjourned. The next day the state of affairs was totally changed; one of the judges of Gironne came to declare to us that we were free to set out and that our vessel would be restored whenever it should seem fit to us. What was the cause of this sudden change? During our quarantine in the windmill of Rosas I had written to the Dey of Algiers in the name of Capt. Braham giving an account of the unlawful detention of the vessel, and the death of one of the lions which he had sent to the Emperor. This last circumstance rendered the African monarch furious; he sent for the Spanish consul immediately, demanded payment for the loss of his dear lion and threatened immediate war unless his vessel was immediately given up. Spain was then engaged in too many difficulties to undertake a new one; hence the sudden order to release the vessel.

We soon made preparations for our departure and the 28th of November we had arrived in sight of the Cape off Marseilles. But it was recorded above, as the Mussulmen on board the vessel said, that we should not enter this town. We could see the white buildings which crown the hills around Marseilles, when a violent Mæstral (North West wind of the Mediterranean) carried us far away to the South. I do not know what route we followed, for I was suffering from sea sickness in my berth; I can then as astronomer avow without shame that at the moment that our unskilful seamen thought we were near the Palearic isles, we went aground near a village on the coast of Algiers. There, it was maintained, that during the three winter months all communication with the town of Algiers by the little barques called '*Sandales*' would be impossible, and

I resigned myself to the prospect of a residence of three months in this desert place. One evening I was promenading on the deck of the ship when a shot from the shore struck the sheathing of the ship very near me. This determined me to make my way to the capital by land. I went the next day with Capt. Spiro Calligero to the Caïd of the village. "I wish—said I to him—to go to Algiers by land." This man in a great fright exclaimed; "I cannot permit you; you will certainly be killed on the way; your consul will complain to the Dey and I shall lose my head." "But I will give you a discharge." This was immediately indicted in the following terms. "We the undersigned certify that the Caïd of Bougie endeavored to dissuade us from going to Algiers by land; that he has assured us that we would be massacred on the road; that in spite of his representations twenty times repeated, we persisted in our plan. We beg the Algerian authorities particularly our consul not to render him responsible for our deaths if we should be killed."

Signed, ARAGO & BERTHEMIE.

Having given this declaration to the Caïd we believed ourselves at quits with him; but he approached me without saying a word, untied my cravat, took it off and put it into his pocket. On coming out from this audience thus singularly terminated, we made a bargain with a Marabout (Mahometan Priest) who promised to conduct us to Algiers for twenty dollars and a red cloak. The day was spent in disguising ourselves; the next morning we set out accompanied by several sailors belonging to the vessel and our Marabout, whom we convinced that we did not have a sou about us so that if we were killed on the road he would lose inevitably his salary. The last thing which I did before setting out was to take leave of the only lion still living on the vessel, with whom I had formed quite a friendship: I wished also to say adieu to the monkeys who had been our companions in misfortune. These monkeys in our misery had rendered us a great service which I hardly dare mention. They relieved us of the vermin which tormented us, displaying remarkable skill in finding the hideous insects which lodge themselves

in our hair. The poor animals appeared very unhappy, shut up in the narrow space which they occupied on the vessel while on the neighbouring shore their uncaptured brethren were performing numberless feats of agility on the trees. At the commencement of the journey we saw '*en route*' two Kabyles like the soldiers of Jugurtha, whose desperate mien moderated vastly our wandering humor. In the evening we were witness of a terrible tumult which seemed to be directed against us. We ascertained that the Marabout, was the object of it being attacked by two Kabyles whom he had caused to be disarmed on one of their trips to Bougie. This little affair, which it seemed probable would be renewed, inspired us with the thought of returning, but the sailors insisted and we continued our hazardous enterprise. As we advanced, our troop was increased by several Kabyles who wished to go to Algiers in order to get work on the shipping and did not dare to undertake the dangerous journey alone.

The third night we camped at the entrance of a thicket. The Arabs kindled a large fire arranged in a circle, and placed themselves in the middle of it. Towards eleven o'clock I was waked by the noise which the mules made in their endeavours to break their ropes. I inquired the cause of this disturbance, was told that a *Sebâa* was prowling in the neighbourhood; not knowing that a '*Sebâa*' was a lion I fell asleep again. The next day the arrangement of the Caravan was changed. We were all compressed in the smallest space possible; one Kabyle was in front with his gun in readiness, and another behind in the same attitude. I inquired of the proprietor of my mule as to the cause of these unaccustomed preparations; he answered me that the attack of a *Sebâa* was feared and that if it happened one of us might be taken off before we had time to place ourselves on the defensive. Discovering that a *Sabâa* was a lion, I said to him; "I wish to be looker-on and not actor in the scene should it occur, and I will give you two dollars more if you keep my mule constantly in the middle." My proposal was accepted. The lion did not make his appearance however.

Each village was a small republic whose territory we could not traverse without ob-

taining the permission of the President Marabout; our guide would often leave us on the road and go to a village at a considerable distance to obtain the permission without which it would have been dangerous to continue our journey. Once we found a village with the streets barricaded because they feared an attack from a neighboring one. The advance guard of our caravan removed these obstacles, when a woman rushed out of her house and attacked us furiously with a pole. Strange to say she was a blonde with a most brilliant complexion and very pretty. On another occasion we slept in a lurking-place dignified with the name of *caravanserai*. In the morning at sunrise, loud cries of *Roumi! Roumi!* announced to us that we were recognized. One of our sailors, Mehemet, entered our lodging place with a sad countenance and gave us to understand that these cries were equivalent to a condemnation unto death. "Wait here—said he—there is one means of saving you." He re-entered soon afterwards and informed us that his plan had succeeded, telling me that I must join the Kabyles in prayer. I went out, prostrated myself towards the east and imitated servilely the gestures which I saw them making around me, pronouncing the sacramental words: '*Ga elah il' Allah! ona Mohammed racoul Allah!*' It was the scene of Mamamouchi in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" of Molière, except this time it did not make me laugh. I was ignorant until I reached Algiers what might have been the consequences of my performance. After having made the profession of faith before the Mahometans; 'There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet;' if I had been denounced to the *Mufti* I would inevitably have become Mussulman and not been permitted to leave the kingdom. I must not forget to relate how it was that Mehemet had saved us from inevitable death. "You have rightly guessed," said he to the Kabyles; "there are two Christians in the *Caravanserai*, but they are Mahometans at heart and they are going to Algiers to be adopted by the Mufti into our holy religion. You will not doubt this when I tell you that I was a slave amongst the Christians and these have purchased my freedom." "God is great," cried the Kabyles with one voice—

and then took place the praying scene which I have described.

We arrived at Algiers the 25th of December. On entering the town we learned that the Dey, who had sent our ship out and to whom we owed our deliverance from captivity, had been decapitated. The guard of the palace before which we passed, stopped us and inquired whence we came. We answered, 'from Bougie by land.'

"That is not possible!" cried the janizaries with one voice; "the Dey himself would not dare to undertake such a journey." Arrived at the house of the consul we were received very cordially as before. We had a visit very soon of a dragman sent by the Dey, who inquired if we still persisted in maintaining that we came from Bougie and not from some nearer point of the coast. We affirmed again the truth of our story, which was confirmed the next day by the arrival of the proprietors of our mules.

In 1807 the tribunal of the inquisition existed still at Valencia, and performed at times its horrible offices. The reverend fathers did not indeed burn any one, but they pronounced sentences equally ridiculous and odious. During my stay in that town the holy office found occupation in dealing with a pretended sorceress; they made her ride through all parts of the town astraddle on an ass, her face turned towards the tail; from her waist up she was without clothing; only, to appear to obey the most common rules of decency, the poor woman had been covered with honey and feathers, in such a manner that the victim resembled a chicken with a human head. The procession stopped sometime on the cathedral square, where I lived. I was told that the sorceress received besides a given number of blows with a shovel on the back. These are the shows which were given to the people at the commencement of the 19th century in one of the principal towns of Spain, the seat of a celebrated university and birth-place of many citizens distinguished for their learning, their courage and their virtues. Let the friends of humanity and civilization never be disunited; let them form on the contrary an indissoluble band, for superstition watches ever, and but waits the moment when she may seize again her prey.

One of my stations was near the convent of "Desierto de las Palmas," from which two Carthusian monks came secretly to visit me. Some details will give an idea of what certain monks were, in the Peninsular in 1807. One of these two, the father Tirvulee, was old; the other on the contrary was very young. The first had played a part at Marseilles in the counter revolutionary movements, of which this town was the theatre at the commencement of our first revolution. One could see in the wounds which furrowed his breast, that he had played a very active part. He came first to see me; on seeing his young comrade approaching, he concealed himself, but so soon as the young man had entered into conversation with me, father Tirvulee showed himself suddenly. His apparition had the effect of Medusa's head.

"Compose yourself," said he to his young brother. "We will not denounce each other, for our prior is not the man to pardon us for coming here to break our vow of silence, and we would receive, both of us, a punishment of which we would preserve the remembrance a long time."

The treaty was immediately concluded, and the two Carthusians came very often to see me. The younger of our two visitors was Arragonese, his family had forced him to become a monk against his will. He gave me some details one day in the presence of Biot, which, to believe him, proved that there was no longer in Spain any thing but the pretence of religion. These details were borrowed moreover, from the mystery of the confession. Biot showed very roughly the displeasure which this conversation gave him; there was even in his words, something which caused the monk to think that Biot took him for a sort of spy. The moment this suspicion crossed his mind, he left us without saying a word. The next morning I saw him ascending the mountain at an early hour, armed with a gun. The French monk preceded him some minutes, and whispered to me what danger menaced my colleague.

"Join me," added he, "in dissuading the young Arragonese from executing his homicidal scheme."

I need not say that I entered with ardor into this negociation, and had the good fortune to succeed. It may well be seen, there was

stuff here for a captain of "guerilleros." I would be much astonished if my young monk did not play a part in the war of independence.

In order to succeed in our geodesic operations, it was necessary to obtain the concurrence of the inhabitants of the villages near our stations. To do this, required to be well recommended to the different curates. We went then, M. Lanusse the vice-consul, Biot and myself, to pay a visit to the Archbishop of Valencia, and solicit his protection. This Archbishop a man of fine stature, was then general of the order of Franciscans; his costume more than negligent, his grey robe, covered with snuff, contrasted greatly with the magnificence of the archiepiscopal palace. He received us politely, and promised us all the desirable recommendations; but at the moment of taking leave, we came very near spoiling the whole affair. M. Lanusse and Biot left the hall of reception without kissing the hand of Monseigneur, though he presented it to each one very graciously. The Archbishop revenged himself upon my unfortunate person. As I kissed his hand he made a movement which nearly broke my teeth, a gesture which I could justly call a blow of the fist, and which proved to me that the general of the order of the Franciscans, notwithstanding his vow of humility, had been shocked by the want of ceremony of my two companions. I would have complained to him of his "brusquerie;" but I had before my eyes the necessities of our geodesic operations, and was silent. Besides, at the moment that the closed fist of the archbishop was applied to my lips, I was thinking of the beautiful optical experiments, which could be made with the magnificent stone, which adorned his pastoral ring. This idea had pre-occupied my mind in fact, during the whole visit. Having finished our operations in Valencia, we repaired to Formentera, (the southern extremity of our meridional arc,) of which we determined the latitude. M. Biot left me here and returned to Paris, while I connected the island of Majorca to Vica and Formentera by triangulation. I went then to Majorca, in order to measure there the latitude and azimuth. At this epoch the political fermentation, engendered by the entrance of the French into Spain.



commenced to spread itself throughout the peninsula and the islands which depend upon it. This fermentation had not yet reached any one in Majorca, except the ministers, the partisans and relations of the Prince de la Paix. Evening after evening I saw the mob drag in triumph on the public square of Palma, the capital of Majorca, the carriages of the minister Soler, all in flames, then those of the bishop, and even those of private individuals, suspected of being attached to the party of the favorite Godoi. I was far from suspecting that my turn would come soon.

My station on the island, the "Clop de Galazo," was a very high mountain, precisely above the port where "Don Jayme el Conquistador" debarked, when he took the Balearic isles from the Moors. The report was soon spread, that I had stationed myself there, in order to aid the approach of the French troops, and that I made signals to them every night. These reports did not, however, become dangerous to me, until the arrival of a young officer of ordnance of Napoleon's army at Palma in May 1808. This officer was M. Berthémie. He was carrying to the Spanish squadron at Mahor, the order to repair in all haste to Toulon. A general outbreak, which placed the life of this officer in danger, followed the news of his arrival. The captain general Vivès, could only save his life by shutting him up in the strong castle of Belver. The mob then remembered the Frenchman established on the "Clop de Galazo," and formed an expedition to capture him. M. Damian the coxswain of the vessel which the Spanish government had placed at my disposal, took the initiative and brought me a dress in which to disguise myself—I then started for Palma in company with the noble sailor, and met the mob going in search of me. They did not recognize me, as I spoke the Majorcan language perfectly. I gave them to understand that they would certainly catch the Frenchman on the mountain, and made the best of my way to Palma. That night I repaired on board my vessel, commanded by Don Manuel de Vacaro, whom the Spanish government had placed under my orders. This Don Manuel, who up to this time had been very obsequious to me, became now rude and defiant. There was a tumultuous movement upon the mole where

the vessel was moored, which he assured me was directed against me.

"Don't be afraid," said he, "if they penetrate into the schooner, we will conceal you in this chest."

I made the experiment, but the chest was so small, that my legs stuck out. I understood then perfectly what he meant, and demanded of him immediately to have me shut up in the castle of Belver. The order of incarceration from the Captain general soon arrived, and I descended into the boat, where the sailors received me with great evidences of pleasure. As we were crossing the harbour to the castle, the populace perceived me, and was soon in pursuit, it was not without great trouble that I reached Belver safe and sound. I escaped with a slight dagger wound in my thigh. Prisoners have been seen to run full speed from the dungeons! I am the first perhaps who has had the pleasure of reversing the process.

The governor of the castle Belver was a very extraordinary personage. If he is still living, he can demand of me a certificate of priority of invention in modern hydropathy. He maintained that pure water, fitly administered, was a cure for all diseases, even for amputations. I got into his good graces by listening very patiently to his theories, without even interrupting him. Upon his demand for our greater security, the Spanish garrison of the castle was replaced by a Swiss one. I learned from him one day, too, that a monk had proposed to the soldiers who purchased my meals in the town, to pour poison into my food.

All of my old Majorcan friends had abandoned me from the moment of my imprisonment. I had with Don Manuel de Vacaro a very sharp correspondence, in order to obtain the restitution of the safe conduct which the English Admiralty had given us. M. Rodriguez, the Spanish commissioner, alone dared to visit me by day, and bring me all the consolations in his power. In order to beguile the ennui of my prison hours, he sent me from time to time the journals which were then published in different parts of the Peninsula. In one of these journals I found one day an article bearing this title: "Relation of the execution of M. Arago and M. Berthémie." This narrative spoke of the

two criminals in very different terms. M. Berthemie was a Huguenot, and was deaf to all priestly exhortations. He had spit in the face of the priest who attended him, and even upon the image of the Saviour. As to me I had conducted myself with much decency, and allowed myself to be hung without raising any scandal. The author of the narrative expressed his regrets that a young astronomer should act so traitorously in coming under the pretence of science, to aid the entrance of a French army into a friendly kingdom. After the perusal of this article, I took my resolution at once.

"Since they are speaking of my execution," said I to Rodriquez, "it will not be long ere that event happens; I would prefer drowning to hanging; I will escape from this fortress—it is for you to furnish me the means."

Rodriquez knowing better than any one else, how well founded my apprehensions were, set himself to work. He went to the Captain general and convinced him of the dangers of his position, if I disappeared in a popular émeute or even if he were compelled to get rid of me. His arguments were all the better understood, from the fact, that no one could foresee the issue of the Spanish revolution.

I will promise you—said that officer—to give the commandant of the fortress the order to let M. Arago and the two or three other Frenchmen who were with him pass out when the right moment has arrived; but I will have nothing to do with the preparations necessary for escaping from the island; I leave that to you." Rodriquez soon made an agreement with the brave coxswain Damian. It was settled between them that Damian should take the command of a small barque which the wind had driven ashore, and equip it as if he was preparing to fish; With this he would carry us to Algiers, after which his re-entrance into Palma with or without fish would excite no suspicion. All things being placed in readiness, on the 28th July 1808, we descended quietly the hill upon which the Bclver is built at the very moment when the family of the minister Solter entered the fortress in order to escape the fury of the populace. Arrived on the shore we found Damian, his barque and three sail-

lors. We embarked immediately and set sail; Damian had taken the precaution to place on board his frail boat the valuable instruments which he had brought from my station on the 'Clop de Galazo.' The sea was running high, and he thought it best to stop at the little isle of Cabaera. There a singular incident came near compromising us all. Cabaera is quite near the southern extremity of Majorca, and is often visited by fishermen from that island. M. Berthemie feared very justly that the rumor of our escape would soon be spread and boats be sent for our capture. He considered then our delay inopportune; I maintained that it was necessary for us to rely on the prudence of the coxswain. During this discussion the three sailors whom Damian had employed saw that M. Berthemie who passed for my servant, maintained his opinion against me on a footing of equality. They said at once to the coxswain, "We agreed to take part in this expedition only on the condition that the French officer Berthemie should not be among the persons we took away. We wished only the young astronomer to escape. Since it is otherwise you must either leave this officer here or throw him overboard." Damian communicated to me immediately the disposition of his crew, and M. Berthemie agreed that I should bestow on him sundry kicks which could be tolerated by a servant only, so all the suspicions vanished. We set sail full soon, however, from the island and arrived at Algiers the third of August.

V.

## THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

'Twas Spring; a little snowy bud  
I plucked and placed in Mary's hair,  
At midnight as a lonely star,  
It lay upon the darkness there.

'Twas Summer; and a full blown rose,  
Replaced the gift I gave before,  
Liking, had blossomed into love,  
My heart I gave her more and more.

'Twas Autumn, and the winds and rain  
Beat the sweet blossoms into dust;  
I decked her brow with berries red  
And whispered, "Mary can you trust!"

'Twas Winter from the gloomy North,  
The storms were coming cold and keen;  
I pressed her gently to my heart,  
And crowned my love with evergreen.

V.

PETERSBURG, VA., December, 1851.

## THE LATE JOHN LOCKHART.

The late literary editor of the *Times*, Dr. Samuel Phillips, who died in September last, has been succeeded by a writer of scarcely less facility of composition and vigor of thought. The following sketch of Lockhart will serve as a specimen of his style, at the same time that it recalls something of the obligation the world owes to the author of the *Life of Walter Scott*. [Ed. *Messenger*.

The hand of death, though most conspicuous of late in the battlefield, has not been idle in the walks of science and literature. Some, indeed, of the men of note whom we have recently lost are of so great eminence that we look around among the rising generation with something like despair to find any capable of filling the gaps which have been left.

Such a one was John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, who now lies in the same grave with him at Dryburgh. Mr. Lockhart was the second surviving son of a Scotch clergyman, of gentle descent and old family in the county of Lanark. He was born 1794, in the manse of Cambusnethen, whence his father was transferred, 1796, to Glasgow, where John Lockhart was reared and educated. The inheritance of genius (as in many other instances) would appear to have come from his mother, who had some of the blood of the Erskines in her veins. His appetite for reading, even as a boy, was great. Though somewhat idle as regards school study, he yet distinguished himself both at school and college, outstripping his more studious competitors, and finally obtaining, by the unanimous award of the Professors, the Snell Exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was entered, 1809, at the early age of 15. Dr. Jenkyns, the present Dean of Wells, was his tutor. Before leaving the University he took honours as a first-class man. After a sojourn in Germany sufficiently long to enable him to acquire its language and a taste for its literature, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1816; but, though endowed with perseverance and acuteness sufficient to constitute a first-rate lawyer, he wanted the gift of eloquence to enable him to shine as an advocate. As he naively confessed to a party of friends assembled to bid him fare-

well on his departure from Scotland for London, "You know as well as I that if I had ever been able to make a speech there would have been no cause for our present meeting." His wit, his learning, and extensive reading found, however, a ready outlet through his pen. In 1818 Lockhart was introduced to Scott, who in 1820 evinced his esteem and affection for him by giving him in marriage his eldest daughter. At Scott's death in 1832 he was left sole literary executor. Many of the cleverest things in *Blackwood's Magazine* (established in 1817) were written by Lockhart in concert with his friends John Wilson, Captain Hamilton, Hogg, &c., and much ill-blood was caused among the Whigs, who, from assailants, now began to be assailed by opponents of no mean skill in fence. Party warfare then ran high in Edinburgh; much ill-blood was engendered. Unfortunately, the strife was not confined to squibs, and at least one fatal catastrophe was the result. These events left a lasting impression on Lockhart's mind, and when, in 1826, he was invited to become editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he quitted Edinburgh without regret, with his family, as he received from the Government of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington the post of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The management of the *Quarterly Review*, to which he contributed many valuable papers, chiefly biographical, continued in his hands for 28 years, down to 1853, when his failing health compelled him to resign the labor. The latter years of his life were mournfully darkened by domestic calamity. The deaths in succession of his eldest boy—the pet of Sir Walter, the "Hugh Littlejohn" for whose instruction he wrote *Tales of a Grandfather*—of his wife, and all the other members of Sir Walter Scott's family, were followed and wound up by that of his only surviving son, under circumstances of poignant grief to a father's heart. The vials of sorrow seemed to have been emptied upon his head. With broken health and spirits he betook himself to Rome, by medical advice, with slight hope on his part of benefit. Having little taste for foreign travel, he returned home in the spring of the present year. He made a partial rally on his arrival in Scotland, but a very severe attack of di-

arrhœa in the month of October shattered his already enfeebled frame; he was removed from Milton Lockhart, the house of his eldest brother, M. P. for Lanark, under the care of his old friend, Dr. Ferguson, to Abbotsford, where he breathed his last, on the 25th of November, in the arms of his daughter, the sole survivor of the line of Scott in the second generation.

It is not in the first few days of regret for Mr. Lockhart's loss that the extent of it can be best defined. Long will it be before those who knew him can admit his life and his death into the same thought; for, much as he had suffered, mind and body, and precarious as had been his state, there had been no decline of that which constituted Lockhart—the acuteness, the vigour, the marvellous memory, the flashing wit, swift to sever truth from falsehood—the stores of knowledge, ever ready and bright, never displayed. Although his reputation has been confined to literature, and although, by early-amassed knowledge and long-sharpened thought, he had reared himself into a pillar of literary strength, yet the leading qualities of his mind would have fitted him for any part where far-sighted sagacity, iron self-control, and rapid instinctive judgment mark the born leader of others. Nor did he care for literary triumphs, or trials of strength, but rather avoided them with shrinking reserve. Far from seeking, he could never even be induced to take the place which his reputation and his talents assigned him; he entered society rather to unbend his powers than to exert them. Playful raillery, inimitable in ease and brilliancy, with old friend, simple child, or with the gentlest or humblest present, was the relaxation he most cared to indulge, and if that were denied him, and especially if expected to stand forward and shine, he would shut himself up altogether.

Reserve, indeed—too often misunderstood in its origin, ascribed to coldness and pride when its only source was the rarest modesty and hatred of exhibition—with shyness both both personal and national, was his strong external characteristic. Those whose acquaintance he was expressly invited to make would find no access allowed them to his mind, and go disappointed away, knowing only that they had seen one of the most in-

teresting, most mysterious, but most chilling of men, for their very deference had made him retire further from them. Most happy was Lockhart when he could literally take the lowest place, and there complacently listen to the strife of conversers, till some dilemma in the chain of recollection or argument arose, and then the ready memory drew forth the missing link, and the keen sagacity fitted it home to its place, and what all wanted and no one else could supply was murmured out in choice, precise, but most unstudied words. And there were occasions also when the expression of the listener was not so complacent—when the point at issue was not one of memory or of fact, but of the subtler shades of right and wrong; and then the scorn on the lip and the cloud on the brow were but the prelude to some strong, wiry sentence, withering in its sarcasm and unanswerable in its sense, which scattered all sophistry to the winds before it.

Far remote was he from the usual conditions of genius—its simplicity, its foibles, and its follies. Lockhart had fought the whole battle of life, both within and without, and borne more than its share of sorrow. So acute, satirical, and unsparing was his intellect that, had Lockhart been endowed with that alone, he would have been the most brilliant, but the most dangerous of men; but so strong, upright, and true were his moral qualities also that, had he been a dunce in his attainments or a fool in wit, he must still have been recognized as an extraordinary man. We will not call it unfortunate, for it was the necessary consequence of the very conditions of his life and nature, that while his intellect was known to all, his heart could be known comparatively to few. All knew how unsparingly he was to morbid and sickly sentiment, but few could tell how tender he was to genuine feeling. All could see how he despised every species of vanity, pretension and cant; but few had the opportunity of witnessing his unfailing homage to the humblest or even stupidest worth. Many will believe what caustic he was to a false grief; few could credit what balm to a real one. His indomitable reserve never prevented his intellect from having fair play, but it greatly impeded the justice due to his nobler part.

It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality that, wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by poet, man of business, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious, or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet, as he stole stiffly away from the knot which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realized what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. To this impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered as a separate cause. Endowed with the very highest order of manly beauty both of feature and expression, he retained the brilliancy of youth and a stately strength of person comparatively unimpaired in ripened life; and then, though sorrow and sickness suddenly brought on a premature old age, which none could witness unmoved, yet the beauty of the head and of the bearing so far gained in melancholy loftiness of expression what they lost in animation, that the last phase, whether to the eye of painter or of anxious friend, seemed always the finest.

As in social intercourse, so in literature, Lockhart was guilty of injustice to his own surpassing powers. With all his passion for letters, with all the ambition for literary fame which burnt in his youthful mind, there was still his shyness, fastidiousness, reserve. No doubt he might have taken a higher place as a poet than by the *Spanish Ballads*, as a writer of fiction than by his novels. These seem to have been thrown off by a sudden uncontrollable impulse to relieve the mind of its fulness, rather than as works of finished art or mature study. The *Ballads* first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; the novels without his name. They were the flashes of a genius which would not be suppressed; no one esteemed them more humbly than Lockhart, or, having once cast them on the world, thought less of their fame. So, too, in his other writings of that period. The ice once broken, the waters went dashing out in irresistible force; his exuberant spirits, his joyous humour, his satiric vigour, his vehem-

ent fun, when the curb was once loosened, ran away with him, he himself could hardly see whither. These outbursts over he retired again within himself. Except in two short but excellent pieces of biography, written each for a special purpose, and as by command—the *Life of Burns*, yet unsurpassed, and that of *Napoleon*—no book appeared under the name of Lockhart till the *Life of Scott*. This was a work of duty as of love.

Lockhart is only known as a poet (with the exception of one or two clever and happy epigrams which have hooked themselves to the memory of his friends) by his *Spanish Ballads*. Those ballads (the unanswerable proof of excellence in ballads) caught at once, and live in the general ear. They have every characteristic beauty of ballads—life, rapidity, picturesqueness, suddenness, grace, quaintness, simplicity without baldness, energy without effort. We will not vouch for their fidelity to the original poems, but they have a better fidelity to the spirit of the wild, romantic, and chivalrous times, when Moor and Christian met on the borders to fight and make love. They are Spanish to the very heart.

Of his novels, two, in their different ways, are of a very high order. Lockhart was a well-read Greek and Latin scholar. He attained the highest classical honours at Oxford, and that rather under the usual age.\* *Valerius* contains as much knowledge of its period, and that knowledge as accurate, as would furnish out a long elaborate German treatise on a martyr and his times. It is as true, as lively, as poetical as Chateaubriand's boasted *Martyrs* is dull, artificial, false. Lockhart did not read up the times to write *Valerius*; but being full, from his enjoyment of the authors, of the times, dashed out *Valerius* boldly, freely, seemingly without study. It is, in our judgment, incomparably the best

\* Even then his uncontrollable fun would over-master him. More laborious and less free-spirited youths of his day heard with amazement that the bold young Scotchman, in the very hour of trial, had scrawled over his loose papers with caricatures of the awful examining masters. Other tales could be told of the temptations and occasional lapses of his academic life in this way. He sternly cut off in after-life this kind of gratification of his love of fun; he would not indulge his remarkable talent for caricature drawing.

work of fiction founded on classical manners. *Adam Blair* was a strange, bold experiment to carry human passion, not, as in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, into the family, but into the very heart of the pious occupant of a Presbyterian manse. The kirk stood aghast. We remember that on the Scotch side of the Tweed clerical countenances looked grave. We remember, also, a true story of a very pious English bishop being caught in his carriage in a flood of tears; he was reading *Adam Blair*.

Lockhart was designated at once, for no one else could be, the biographer of Scott. His strength lay in biography; his best papers in the *Quarterly Review* were full and rapid condensations of wide-spun volumes on the lives and works of authors or statesmen. But while his relation and singular qualifications gave him unrivalled advantages for this work, they involved him in no less serious and peculiar difficulties. The history must tell not only the brilliant joyous dawn and zenith of the poet's fame, but also the dark sad decline and close. It was not only that Lockhart, as the husband of his daughter—as living in humble and happy Chiefswood with his charming wife, (in some respects so like her father,) and his promising children, under the shade of aspiring Abbotsford, enjoyed the closest intimacy with Scott, saw him in all his moods, with veneration which could not blind his intuitive keen observation of human character, read his heart of hearts; in some respects there was the most perfect congeniality between the two. In outward manner no men indeed could be more different. Scott frank, easy, accessible, the least awful great man ever known, with his arms and his heart open to every one who had any pretension, to many who had no pretension, to be admitted within them, as much at ease with the King as with Adam Purdie. Lockhart, slow at first, retiring, almost repelling, till the thaw of kindly or friendly feelings had warmed and kindled his heart, then, and not till then, the pleasantest of companions. But in tastes, in political principles, in conviviality, in active life, in the enjoyment of Scottish scenery and Scottish sports, in the love of letters for the sake of letters, with a sovereign contempt and aversion for the pedantry of authorship,

warm attachments, even the love of brute beasts—in admiration of the past, in the enjoyment of the present, in bright aspirations for the future—there was the closest sympathy, the happiest fellowship. So nothing can be more delightful than the life in Edinburgh, the life on the Border, the life in London; but stern truth, honour, faith with the public, commanded the disclosure of the gloomier evening of this glorious day, the evening of disappointment, embarrassment, noble powers generously overtaxed, breaking down in a death-struggle with the resolute determination to be just, honourable, free.

Lockhart's was a singularly practical understanding; he had remarkable talents for business, and read men with a sharper and more just appreciation than generous Scott. No one could discern more clearly the baselessness of his father-in-laws's magnificent schemes, by which his own unrivalled successes were to be the ordinary rewards of the book-trade. With a strange chivalrous notion, Scott was to be at once the noblest and most munificent patron of letters, to force good books on an unprepared and reluctant public, and, at the same time, to achieve such riches as had never crossed the imagination of the most fortunate bibliopole. All this error Lockhart had long seen through; and we are persuaded, that if Scott had thrown his affairs into Lockhart's hands, we will not say that they might have been retrieved, but the blow would have been mitigated; something less might have been necessary than the vital, the fatal wrestling with unconquerable circumstances. But in the *Life* how was this to be told? Too much was known, too much was surmised for suppression or disguise. Lockhart resolved boldly, fairly, to reveal the whole; for Scott's fame we think he judged wisely, even though the book may have been in some degree weighed down. If there were those who suffered by the exposure, we cannot but think they deserved to suffer. All that was sordid and grasping in trading speculation seemed to fall off from the majestic image of Scott; he rose like a hero in the old Greek tragedy, doing battle to the last with destiny, nobler in his sad and tragic end than at the height of his glory. All this must have been in the keen and far-sighted view of Lockhart;

and must redound to his praise as a wise, as well as faithful and masterly biographer.

Lockhart was called on to fill, and filled for many years, the very difficult position of the avowed and ostensible editor of that which was long one of the two accredited journals of literature. Here, too, he derived extraordinary advantage, while doubtless he laboured under some disadvantage, from his peculiar manners and habit of mind. In the midst of London life it was not amiss that one of the prime ministers of letters should be somewhat unapproachable. About the secrets of his state there was necessarily some mystery, it might be as well some repulsiveness, to keep back the busy and forward—those who are perpetually seeking—if they had dared to do so, pertinaciously soliciting—favours—places for their works—with due amount of praise by the *Review*—places for their own articles in the *Review*. Unhappily, too, in some respects, perhaps happily in others, the two great literary journals at the same time represented the two great political parties. It was war to the knife, a war deeper than the gashes of the knife, for the pen wounds more acutely, wounds far more noble parts. If Lockhart in this strife did not always control himself, far more often did not control others, put yourself, reader, in his place, arm yourself with his wit, point your lips with his power of sarcasm, give him credit for the honesty of his political principles (right or wrong,) for the strength of his political passions. Adversary, it may be! if wounded by that hand, or through that hand, be assured that, if he did you wrong, you yourself have not felt it more deeply than did Lockhart. Remember that you were at war—perhaps you struck first, you or your friends. Whiggism, Liberalism, may be in the ascendant—his Toryism in the decline; but do not do him or yourself the injustice to believe that Lockhart was not an honest, conscientious Tory. Cast your stone, then, not at his fame, but upon his grave, like the warriors of old, who, after mortal combat, on whichever side they were, conspired to do honour to the illustrious dead.

There was one thing which set Lockhart far above common critics; high over every other consideration predominated the genial love of letters. Whatever might be the fate

of those of more doubtful pretensions, (even to the humblest, the lowest of authors, there was one kind of generosity in which Lockhart was never wanting—if his heart was closed, his hand was ever open,) yet if any great work of genius appeared, Trojan or Tyrian, it was one to him—his kindred spirit was kindled at once, his admiration and sympathy threw off all trammels. We have known, where he has resisted rebuke, remonstrance, to do justice to the works of political antagonists,—that impartial homage was at once freely, boldly, lavishly paid. We sincerely believe that Lockhart had no greater delight or satisfaction than in conferring well-merited praise, hailing the uprising of any new star, and doing just honour to those whom after ages will recognize as the leaders of letters in our day. Suffice it to add, that no unloveable man could have left a dreary blank in the hearts of so many friends; that he was one whose friendship was more valued the more intimately he was known; that English literature had never a more fervent lover, and that, whatever place may be assigned to him by posterity, none would acquiesce more entirely in that verdict than Lockhart himself.

### LINES.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE; by JAMES BARRON HOPE, literary executor of the late "Henry Ellen."

Fair is the picture, I will paint it thee.

Down on the floor my gentle mother sits;  
Upon her placid face the mellow light  
From yonder lamp falls softly. Oh! how fair—  
How beautiful to me that brow of hers!

Beside her nestles close a boy, whose face  
In solemn wonder gazes on her own—  
He tried to pluck yon gaudy carpet flower  
And now demands of her with his large eyes  
Why 't would not come.

How grave he is; you see he tried to think,  
Asking my mother's help with those large eyes.

One little hand rests on the sleepy cat,  
The other hides itself in the dark folds  
Of my dear mother's robe.

Apart there stands  
The mother of this boy who smiles to watch  
His solemn glances. Now my mother speaks,  
And at her bidding, down his little face  
Goes to the cats: she bade him "kiss poor puss;"  
Then he looks up, and tries so hard  
In his soft baby tones to talk to her.

And he, the child with whom my mother plays  
Is swarthy—black his little face, and yet  
Methinks he's happy—gay as tho' his brow  
Was white as lily sick from infancy—  
And there his mother smiles, her face proclaims  
Nothing but happiness—her mistress and her boy  
Sport thus each night and he doth know her face—  
Her sad, sweet face as well as on as myself.

## GEORGE GOODMAN.

"How much can a human mind endure, without experiencing insanity?"

It was not so much the question, as the manner of the speaker, that froze the mirth in our souls, stayed the jest upon our lips, and drove the smiles from our faces.

There was not a man among us, but had known George Goodman from his early childhood. He had shared our childhood's joys, been partner of our schoolboy sorrows, rejoiced in all our early triumphs, and mourned with us over early disappointments. He was indeed then a master-spirit among us. Did we abound in mischief—he in mischief more abounded,—and wherever the spirit of sport led the way, George was the foremost follower.

So passed the years of boyhood, and the boy became a man. It was not surprising, that as maturity deepened upon his brow, the buoyancy of spirit which characterized his boyhood departed. A similar change had passed upon others of the group that stood about George Goodman upon that festive eve. They too had felt the foot of care pressing down upon their souls, and casting a shade of sadness upon their countenances. It was natural, that as they laid aside the garments and sports of childhood, they should assume the insignia of manhood and responsibility. The days of unaccountability were over and it was fitting that their faces should tell the story.

Why then did the query put by George Goodman produce such a thrill in the throng? Why did each man as he involuntarily looked at the cold, calm countenance of the speaker shudder, as he thought of the change which had passed upon it? It bore no traces of some deep sorrow, which coming suddenly upon the soul crushing and bruising its sensibilities, wrote its import upon the open page, where all men might read it. Such things have happened but it was not apparent here.

There was nothing that told of hopes blighted, plans defeated, affections crushed, or spirits saddened. If there was anything remarkable about that face, it was the want of expression. It was blank. There was no

soul irradiating the eyes and streaming over the face like sunlight on the landscape. There was symmetry in the arrangement of the features, there was all that constitutes manly beauty, except the light of intelligence, the genial rays of a noble soul. It was like a marble statue, cut by the hand of Phidias, when his inspiration was wanting—faultless in its mechanical execution, but destitute of that divine quality, which genius always stamps upon its productions.

It was this that gave such terrible emphasis to the question, "how much can a human mind endure, without experiencing insanity?"

It was no whim that prompted the inquiry. Poor fellow, it was a momentous issue, which he had been for many months attempting to resolve. I knew it not at the time, though I learned it all subsequently, how he was that very night upon the point of having his interrogatory answered. Even then, he was enduring all that the mind can endure without experiencing the most dreadful experience that ever befel a human being. At that hour, he was grappling with the demon of insanity, and struggling as only men struggle who seek to escape from death. Beneath that cold exterior, there was hidden a burning grief that was slowly giving over his intellect to the wild phantasms of derangement. The shadows of a swiftly coming doom had fallen upon his soul, and the words which he uttered in our hearing were but a prophecy already on the eve of fulfilment.

It was perhaps ten days subsequent to the evening we stood together in that hall of feasting, when I was summoned by a servant, to visit my friend at his residence. Hastily laying aside my portfolio, and snatching up an umbrella and my thick dreadnought overcoat, I pressed my way through the tempest and darkness, anxious to learn the reason which caused the summons upon such a night and at such an hour. A brisk walk of a few minutes duration brought me to the house, from every window of which the glow of the gas lights poured out into the night. It was as if a party had met to enjoy themselves with good cheer, notwithstanding there was storm and discomfort without; and I expected nothing less than an uproarious greeting from a dozen jolly fellows, as I



pushed open the door and stepped upon the threshold.

Nothing of the kind awaited me, and I glanced into the room with something of surprise. My friend was alone. An easy chair without an occupant, was drawn up to a table, upon which lay an open writing desk, covered with manuscript scarcely dry from the pen, which stood in an ink-stand near at hand. George had been writing. At the moment of my entrance, he was standing at a window on the opposite side of the room, apparently watching eagerly for the approach of some individual and muttering words which indistinctly reached my ear. The noise I made on entering attracted his notice, and he turned to ascertain its origin, when his eye fell upon me.

"And you have come at last," he began as he started towards me, "I have waited for you long and wearily enough heaven knows, and had well nigh concluded that you would never come, but I see my fears were traitors."

There was in this enough to startle me, but I should have regarded it as a freak of friendly folly, but for a wildness in the manner of the speaker, and an unusual and uncalled for eagerness in his approach. I was about to reply, when he prevented my utterance by resuming.

"Now that you have come, you must promise me never to leave me more. I cannot live without your presence, and when you are not with me, the day brings me no joy, and night is naught but silence and sadness. I rise up in weariness and lie down in sorrow, and in the watches of the night, when the stars are shedding their radiance upon the sleeping earth, I water my pillow with my tears and weary heaven with my complainings. I am not myself without the soft influence of your gentle soul looking out upon me through your azure eyes, and I grow sullen, without the music of your voice, which lulls my senses, like the rippling murmurs of the silver streamlet, that glides through the meadows in my old ancestral home."

This was enough. I understood it all now. My friend had obtained the answer, which he desired to have given only a few days before. He had learned how much mind

can bear, without experiencing insanity. I humored his whims and soothed him with assurances that I would not leave. And through that long night—the longest I have ever known—I watched over the harmless madman, and when they bore him away to a distant asylum, I read the following lament which I found upon his table the night that I answered his summons. He wrote it during that evening, and when it was finished he was no longer as he had been. His glorious intellect was gone and he was INSANE.

It may be proper to premise that George Goodman was always subject to seasons of great depression and melancholy. That from a child he occasionally grew sad and withdrew himself from society, and that even in the periods of greatest mirthfulness, while others were laughing at the sallies, he has been known to hide his face and weep. His sad fate, at an early age, and when those who knew him best were anticipating success and honour as the reward of his exertions, invests the following pathetic lamentation with a mournful interest. It bore the following inscription written in a firm, bold hand.

"The Transcript of a Mind, just launching into Insanity. *Miserere Mei.*

"I am weary—very weary. This ceaseless strife and continual craving after the unrealized,—this endless search after an imagined good which ever flees at my approach,—this intense longing for something which I cannot attain unto,—has crushed my spirit and shrouded it in deepest sadness.

"I have never known the joy of success, nor yet the calm contentment of an unambitious mood. I cannot as others, summon the sunshine of childhood, to brighten the dark and dreary present. Childhood, I never had. Childhood lives to day and takes no thought of the morrow. Childhood has no graspings and longings and yearnings. No such season brightens my past. I have always been a toiler in the vineyard of life, without the compensating clusters. An eagle pining for the freedom and sunlight of the zenith, in the narrow confines of an earthly prison.

"I was but an infant in years, when the dream of hope and ambition came, which dried up the springs of mirth and made me prematurely old. There was a strange flut-

ter about my heart, a solemn stillness stole over my soul, a cold chill possessed my being, and I turned away from the playfulness of my little sister, hid myself in a graveyard and sat down to muse. It was a singular scene. A mere babe alone among the graves, thoughtfully looking into the future, and summoning the spirits of its dark domain to counsel. They obeyed his invocation and the proud smiles which wreathed the boyish features, showed that they were teaching him to hope and desire. The brow contracted, the pulses throbbed with a vigorous impulse, the veins on his forehead became swollen and a purpose to achieve fired his whole being.

"Slowly the boy arose and went his way a boy no more. There was no more dallying with the sports and toys of children. A vision had appeared unto the child and endowed his soul with an immortal thirst. *A name* became the highest aspiration of his soul—a name that should live forever.

"Years passed away and he was a man, with the same burning desire and lofty imaginings, that matured his powers in an hour. Often had he been cast down but never was he dismayed because of the hope in his heart which lured him on. A voice was ever urging him to rouse all the manhood within.

"That vision of his early years, like the cloud and flame, had accompanied all his wanderings.

"And now came an epoch in his life. Hitherto, he had been preparing the way for future conquests, but now he was to enter upon the battlefield of life. The hour of decision was at hand and the old emotions were still strong within him. His attendant Angel pointed to the radiant prize and bade him on to its acquisition. Obedient to the signal he sprang forward confidently firm in the faith, that the goal would soon be gained. Why should he doubt the issue. It was the price of effort and if he toiled manfully it would be won. Toil he did. No galley slave ever wrought with such tremendous energy. Hercules never wielded the power that was put forth by this arm. Difficulties did not deter, dangers did not dismay him. Through all he pressed like one who strove for more than life.

"His efforts were inspired by hope. It

nerved his soul, gave freshness to his thought and vigor to his arm. The voice still whispered, 'it shall be yours,' and he relied upon its teachings. Passion came, and wooed him to her arms, but he had no time for dalliance with the sweet enchantress. When she told of love and the joys of home, where kindred hearts hold fellowship, he turned coldly away, and would hearken to none of these things. Men called him cold, yet he was not. No heart beat more wildly than his, when forms of grace and eyes of brightness flitted before him and beamed upon him. But there was ever present, even at such moments as these, the visitor of his early days. It bade him labor on, and wait and hope. Time enough for these things, when the work is done. Now toil, for the end draweth nigh, and then sit down in quiet repose and enjoy all the bliss.

"He harkened to no other voice than this and sought not for other happiness. To overcome, to rise, to win a name above any other name, to be a giant among his fellows, whose power should be felt and acknowledged, this bounded the horizon of his hopes and desires. Every thought, emotion, purpose, energy and action was made subservient to this. Health could not charm him, nor pleasure turn him from his course. Life had but one object and that to win a name.

"So wore away the years of his early manhood. The shadows were deepening and yet all his efforts proved unavailing. Age was coming upon him, but his early dream had not been realized. His longings were still unsatisfied. Often had he been upon the eve of attainment but never had he quite accomplished his desires. Life had been spent in vain exertion and there came an hour when the man felt the vanity of his pursuit. He was ready to give over the fruitless chase, but Hope whispered again and painted the future with brilliant tints. Again he was cheered, again he was strong, again he toiled. Again he pressed to the prize and failed to secure it. Then did his spirit die within him. Looking upon the past filled his soul with pain, and the present was cursed by disappointment. Others around him were happy. They had toiled, not so manfully and powerfully as he, yet they had succeeded. Their joyous laughs

rang in his ears as if in mockery of his woes and he scowled upon them from the depths of his despairing soul. What were they but mere muck worms, cast by a wave of fortune upon a giddy height, where their littleness was exposed to all the world, while he, more nobly endowed, was doomed to die from disappointment.

"Then a phantom tall and terrible dogged his footsteps in the pathways of life. It was never absent. The mysterious presence sat like a Nightmare spell upon all the energies of soul and body, and paralyzed all the promptings of ambition and the ardent teachings of desire. It was no reality, but it was far more powerful. It was the creation of a diseased fancy, rendered morbidly sensitive by repeated checks and failures and discouragements. Yet the spell it wove, could not be broken.

"Hope charmed not now, for the dream of childhood had departed. The struggle had been too protracted, the emotions had been too intensely excited and the over wrought brain grew faint and powerless.

"There remains for him, the grave and the great beyond. All else is gone. Life has no charm or beauty now. Its flowers are all withered, its bright plumaged birds have all flown to other skies, its gushing, purling streams have ceased to flow, its music tones have ceased their murmurings, and the monotonous beatings of a despairing heart like the chimes of an inexorable destiny, tell the man, 'HOPE NO MORE.'"

## LEONI DI MONOTA :

A LEGEND OF VERONA; BEING A POEM FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE HENRY ELLEN.

### CANTO I.

Each heart the carnival delights  
With gala show and splendid sights,  
And sumptuous festival invites  
Verona's damsels and her Knights;  
For Prince Monota bids them all  
This night to revel in his hall.  
And dames and maidens now require  
Their richest gear and best attire;  
Their coronets begirt with plumes—  
And every knight and every squire  
Demands attention from his grooms.

And Beatrice Vicenza sits

Beneath the hands of Linda, now,  
While she, her favorite maiden sits

The golden circle on her brow.

And Beatrice looks well to night,

Her silken hair's rich, perfumed curls,  
All decked with gem and crowned with pearls—

But Linda is—a dream of light

The fairest of her household girls.

Monota was the lady's sire,

His features and his heart her own—

The heart of more than mortal fire

That longed to throb upon a throne.

Vicenza waits till Linda's task

Is done to squire his Lady fair,

Unto the revel and the mask

And leans upon her gilded chair :

As, thus above her form he lent

His locks with Linda's tresses blent.

And Linda shrank not from his side,

Nor closer drew her robe's loose fold,

Nor to repress his glances tried

Which were too lover-like and bold.

In sooth 'twas wrong that such as he

With one so fair should make so free,

In sooth 'twas wrong and scarcely wise

To gaze with such impassioned eyes.

Obliquely stood a mirror broad

Reflecting Lady, Maid and Lord.

Like some still lake's unruffled wave

Its surface faithful picture gave.

It showed the Lady in her pride,

Her perfumed tresses floating wide,

Darker than any midnight tide ;

Her scarlet lips, her snowy brow,

Her cheeks flushed like a sun set sky—

And never did unspoken vow

Gleam from a more resplendent eye !

And Linda, with her golden curls,

Her girlish form and eyes of blue

Was fair as lily that unfurls

When starlight trembles on the dew—

The Cyprian sculptor's statue-bride,

When life woke in each marble limb,

In all her matchless beauty's pride,

By Linda had look'd cold and dim ;

But still her loveliness was rife

With all the vivid charms of life :

Contrasting marvellously well

With the dark beauty 'neath her hand,

She, formed to wield love's magic spell—

Vicenza's wife, cold, proud and grand.

Love was to Beatrice the sand

Beside the sea of her command ;

Where foot-prints frequently have been,

But only for a moment seen.

Love, too, to Linda was as sand,

But in life's hour glass held each grain,

That glass, once empty in her hand

Could never be refilled again.

And both were beautiful, but oh !

Their beauty differed far and wide,

As rosy sunlight on the snow

From blushing summer's vintage pride.

And he, Vicenza, leaning there

Upon his lovely Lady's chair,

Had all the lines of lordly race

Blent in his proud patrician face,

Which varied with a flush uncertain,  
 As that, which in the window place  
 At night falls thro' some crimson curtain—  
 With haughty lip, whose dark beard made  
 Still deeper red the other glow,  
 As holly leaf with darksome shade,  
 Relieves the berry hid below,  
 Tricked out in velvet slashed and laced,  
 He stood beside the Lady's chair,  
 One jewelled hand upon it placed,  
 The other, (long and slim and fair,)  
 Was wrongfully disposed—elsewhere.  
 And well might Beatrice feel proud  
 Of one marked out in every crowd,  
 As famous with the sword and lance,  
 As graceful in the festive dance;  
 And he who on her carved chair lent  
 Was loved as well as she could love,  
 A passion in which pride was blent—  
 More of the eagle than the dove.

The mirror like a tranquil wave  
 From its bright surface picture gave—  
 A picture life-like in its truth  
 Of these three lovely in their youth.  
 The Lady gave a side long glance—  
 She thought upon the fête perchance;  
 Upon the mask, upon the dance.  
 If these her thoughts why should she start  
 And press her hand upon her heart?  
 She started, Linda started too,  
 Vicenza hastily withdrew  
 The circling arm which had been placed  
 Too boldly round the maiden's waist.  
 "My Lady wife, what, frightened sweet!  
 I hear your very heart's quick beat  
 Like sound o' fairy damsel's feet—  
 'Twas nothing, save that Linda's hand  
 Had pressed the circlet down too much,  
 And surely she should understand,  
 It was by far too rude a touch.  
 And that was all the lady said.  
 The pressure on her faultless head  
 Explained the beating of her heart,  
 Gave good excuse for that wild start.

The blood flowed back thro' Linda's veins,  
 Thro' every art'ry in her form,  
 Like torrents when the winter rains  
 Have swelled them from some mountain storm.  
 Her face, a moment all so white,  
 Resumed its hue, her eye its light,  
 And the deep breath her bosom gave  
 Made e'en her Lady's tresses wave.  
 Upon Vicenza then she turned  
 The eyes that late were all affright,  
 Which now in tremulous delight  
 With too much liquid lustre burned—  
 One white hand pressed the circlet's clasp,  
 The other trembled in his grasp,  
 With motion sudden, strange I wist—  
 The maiden turned, Vicenza kissed,  
 And Beatrice with side-long glance  
 That seemed the look of dream, or trance,  
 Gazed in the burnished mirror's plate  
 With eyes that spoke terrific hate.

The tiring woman's task complete  
 The Lady started to her feet.  
 Strange that she could obliterate

That look of more than human hate!  
 But now in gems and silken shewn  
 She smiling stood a very queen;  
 The regal brow, the flashing eye,  
 The lip, the cheek of crimson dye;  
 The sable tresses show'ring down  
 Beneath her pearl-enamelled crown—  
 Her form of glory and of pride,  
 Which sculptor hands had oft defied,  
 When but to mimic it they tried,  
 Seemed that of one half defied.

When to her noble Lord she spoke  
 In accents soft as breath of June;  
 Or sil'ry string of lute when woke  
 To thrill some soft, liquescent tune  
 In serenade beneath the moon:  
 These were her words, "Vicenza, wait  
 Anon my love I'll seek thee out"  
 (A good hour hence, 'twould scarce be late)  
 Then for the revel and the rout!  
 And Linda," (here the Lady smiled)  
 "Perchance my hot words gave you pain—  
 About the coronet my child,  
 Such you shall never hear again."  
 She gathered up her silken gown,  
 He held the door with stately grace  
 Nor saw a shadow, or a frown  
 Upon his Lady's radiant face.

The Lady vanished, what then passed,  
 'Tis scarcely meet I should tell o'er,  
 But they I ween had stood aglaze,  
 Had they behind yon draped door  
 But known of her who silent took  
 With eager ears and gleaming eyes  
 A burning mem'ry of each look—  
 His vows, her passionate replies.  
 Close to his side the maiden pressed,  
 Pillowed her head upon his breast,  
 Nor recked she, that each throb within,  
 Was one of guiltiness and sin.

And Beatrice saw his caresses  
 Heard each impassioned word and vow,  
 Saw him now kiss her floating tresses—  
 Her crimson lips and burning brow.  
 She marked her eyes of tender light,  
 That softly burned like lamp at night,  
 When, thro' its shade it glows, and starts,  
 And dying, never quite departs.  
 She heard him say, within an hour,  
 That he would leave the masque and dance,  
 To seek his Linda in their bow'r,  
 Where, scarce the quiet stars could glance;  
 He cared for nought on earth but her,  
 The heart she heard, which she had won,  
 Was that of Persian worshipper,  
 And fervid as the Persian's sun.  
 And Linda listened to these vows  
 As tho' she were a new made spouse,  
 Her fingers 'mid his long locks played,  
 Pressed closer to him all the while;  
 Then her arms white, stole round the Knight  
 With such a blush, and such a smile,  
 And such a woman's winning wile,  
 That had he been an anchorite  
 In place of Peer for feast bedight.  
 He still had kissed her all the same  
 And whispered brokenly her name.

A moment more the Lady gazed,  
 And tho' her dark eyes fairly blazed.  
 Yet, cautiously her dress she raised,  
 Lest the faint rustle of her dress  
 Should break the chamber's silentness :  
 Then the proud lady tripped away,  
 A moment more, they heard her coming,  
 And sooth, it was a roundelay  
 That she so merrily was humming !  
 With one long kiss they drew apart,  
 And Linda took a velvet spenser,  
 That folded up with woman's art,  
 She fitted anew the golden censer.  
 The Lord snatched up a 'lumined book  
 And bolding it reversed the while,  
 Turned on the girl a loving look  
 Which she repaid him with a smile ;  
 Kissed her small fingers (white as snow)  
 And sportive, strove the kiss to throw.

Then, with a slide, and glide, and bound  
 The Lady stood within the room,  
 But on her brow there was not found  
 A solitary shade of gloom.  
 Still holding up her brodered dress,  
 She stood one little foot advanced—  
 A foot which could as lightly press  
 As those which in Calypso danced.  
 Aye! she was full of loveliness  
 As any vision that e'er glanced  
 On opiate dreamer when entranced—  
 When on his golden slumber gleams  
 A thousand soft, celestial dreams :  
 The hand that held her rich robe blazed  
 With gems that glittered in their sheen,  
 And with her splendid brow upraised  
 She stood and looked a very queen,  
 She gave her Lord a melting look—  
 Said: Ladies never were in time  
 And wondered if his painted book  
 Was not some dreamy lover's rhyme.  
 'Twas time, too, to be gone, in sooth,  
 Her own Leoni would be there,  
 And would upbraid her silly youth  
 The moment that she should appear.

Leoni was Monota's son ;  
 Her brother ; twins they were, and few  
 Were they who had not deemed them one,  
 So very like they were to view.  
 He had been exiled, but his fame  
 Had wiped the outlaw from his name,  
 And he to night, from other lands  
 Was coming, so his courier said,  
 With honors crowned, reap'd by his hands,  
 On fields where lay the new mown dead.  
 And wildly, passionately well  
 She loved that second self of hers,  
 And now she longed to hear him tell  
 How he had won his knightly spurs.  
 And she was very, very proud  
 Of his high beauty and his strength,  
 And when secluded from the crowd,  
 Would praise his soft locks, wondrous length—  
 Call him her glass, say that his face  
 Had all his sister's wondrous grace.  
 A thousand sportive things like these  
 Would say when seated on his knees.  
 O'er others she might sternly reign.  
 With him she was a child again.

Now with her crimson cloak and hood,  
 Fair Linda by the lady stood :  
 And still the proud dame talked the while  
 With radiant look and sunny smile—  
 All fair above, all flame below ;  
 The tide beneath cold Hecla's snow,  
 Thus spoke she to her noble spouse :  
 " I claim this night as all mine own  
 But dread not that I'll list to vows  
 Breathed in the very sweetest tone."  
 Vicenza, tho' well pleased, in sooth!  
 Made her a gay and gallant speech,  
 Such as the " world" in early youth  
 Will to its polished votaries teach :  
 He said when absent from the side  
 Of her his life, his light, his pride,  
 Of her more loved than new-made bride ;  
 That his fond heart ebb'd faint and slow—  
 The moments were but sad and slow—  
 His spirits but an unstrung bow.  
 As speaking thus, he glanced aside  
 The Lady knew the noble lied ;  
 But, 'twould have been scant courtesy  
 To tax him with inconstancy.  
 The Lady listened all the while  
 With tranquil look and dazzling smile,  
 Then crossed her hands upon her breast  
 And looked him in the face,  
 Then courtesied low, as if in jest  
 To show her matchless grace.  
 To Linda then the Lady spoke,  
 Patting her cheek with playful stroke,  
 Said: that she need no vigil keep,  
 And prophesied a dreamless sleep.

The flambeau flared with ruddy glow,  
 And forth the Lord and Lady go ;  
 Each lacquey followed with his light,  
 That shone on ancient palace walls  
 Round which the gloom of moonless night  
 Fell dismally, like funeral pulls—  
 They gain Monota's palace proud,  
 The lady leaves his side—  
 Vicenza mingles with the crowd,  
 Nor long will he abide.  
 To him the scene is poor and tame.  
 He cares not for the dance,  
 Nor for the slumbrous music's swell,  
 Nor for your haughty high born dame  
 Who tries to throw love's wizard spell  
 Upon him with her glance :  
 He thinks of one who waits for him  
 Where stars are peeping pale and dim ;  
 Of one, who, tho' alas! not wed  
 Still listens for his well known tread

### TRIFLES.

True wisdom like true dignity,  
 Heeds not Life's petty jars,  
 Her eyes shine forth all luminous,  
 Clear as the Northern stars,—  
 Which light the Polar World and give  
 Their beauty unto ours.  
 Just as the rainbow throws its hues,  
 Alike o'er clouds and flowers.

M. L. J. W. H.

## DR. S. H. DICKSON'S ADDRESS.\*

*Mr. President and Gentlemen**of the New England Society:*

I CANNOT but feel and acknowledge the compliment offered me in the invitation to be present here, as your guest, at your annual festival, and to address you on the occasion. It is not my privilege to be one of you by the accident of birth, but my academical education was completed in "the land of steady habits," and within the time-honoured walls of Old Yale, where our beloved Stephen Elliott, our much esteemed Grimke, and South Carolina's most cherished statesman, Calhoun, were also pupils. And, although I did not, perhaps, profit as much as I ought, by the strict lessons of precision and morality which I received in my Connecticut Alma Mater, yet it is impossible that a youth, brought up "at the feet of Gamaliel," under the eye of the venerable Timothy Dwight, should not have been in some degree moulded and impressed by the circumstances in which his ductile adolescence was passed. The early friendships there and then built up too, have stood firm amidst all the changes of time and place, and all the new relations which have been established in the course of my varied life.

These brief allusions are not made with any egotistical purpose, but simply to show with what consistency I occupy my present position among you. A Charlestonian and Carolinian first, and above all; and next an American—a National Unionist—prompt to affiliate with my brethren of the East and of the West; of the Northern, Southern and Middle sections of our common country, from California to Maine; from the great lakes to the Atlantic; and when the time shall have arrived, and "manifest destiny" shall have unfolded itself, from the Sandwich Islands to Cuba, Hayti and Jamaica, and from the City of Mexico to the storm-beaten shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Nor can I help felicitating myself upon the opportunity of joining you, with full sympathy, in the celebration of a day so remark-

able in the world's history. Hero-worship, one of the most universal of human instincts, has never selected objects more worthy of its best incense than the noble men and women who, abandoning all that their souls held dear in home and country for a principle, entered with unwavering faith and unconquerable endurance, upon a course full of toil and suffering, from which there was no return, and no escape; and, "building better than they knew," commenced amidst the snows and blasts of inclement winter, the construction of an empire, against which "the storms shall beat and the rains descend in vain," for it is founded upon a rock.

I do not rise here, nor do you expect me, to repeat in your ears the language of fulsome eulogy. The sons of the Pilgrims do not need to be told of the stern virtues of their forefathers. Their fame has gone forth into every land, and their deeds, more eloquent than all words, have been so fruitful of uneffaceable results, that oblivion of them is as impossible as it would be undesirable. The past has been so often trodden and retrodden, the events of their romantic history so often recited, and painted, and sung, that I will rather turn your attention and my own, for a few moments, to the teeming present, and to the probable future, impending and rapidly approaching.

Abroad, the civilized world is in tumultuous agitation. Wars and rumors of wars prevail extensively; and the dark cloud which hangs over Central Europe, threatens our tranquility, even thus far away, with its lightnings and muttering thunder. As a commercial community, the convulsions of war, any where and every where, distract us and affect our financial interests, disarrange and impair our most familiar and material comforts, and diffuse on all sides, with wide radiation, a host of diversified evils. Our human sympathies too become enlisted, we shudder to think of the indescribable miseries inflicted and endured by the hostile armies upon each other and all concerned; and as we read or listen to the sad details, we echo in our hearts the constant cry of the melancholy Falkland—Peace! Peace!

We may, perhaps, have little to fear, nationally, from these remote volcanoes and earthquakes. But is it certain that we shall

\* Address delivered (in substance) at the dinner of The New England Society, of Charleston, S. C., on their anniversary, Dec. 22, 1854. By Samuel Henry Dickson.

escape entirely the danger of shock and collision from some of the jarring bodies now in vehement motion? Will the cock and the lion, when they have subdued the bear, retire peacefully to their den and roosting place, or will they seek and provoke an encounter with our broad winged eagle, sharp of talon and terrible of beak?

For my part, I cannot avoid the apprehension that if the present interference of the great powers in a quarrel in which they repudiate all purposes of conquest and aggrandisement and avow the lofty and magnanimous disposition merely to protect the weak against the strong, and maintain alleged right against might—if, I say, this grand movement be found to enure to their permanent benefit, and the result, when reached, prove advantageous to them ultimately, whether by its direct or indirect consequences, it seems to me but too probable that the doctrines of the Hungarian orator, the eloquent Kossuth, will prevail; the rule of national intervention obtain the ascendancy, and wars of opinion become universal. Then, if we fall into conflict, no matter how unavoidably, with Spain or Mexico, we shall be constrained to submit to the arbitration of these great powers, already jealous of our growth and vigour, who will again take up the cause of the weak against the strong, and pronounce, from a different and, as they will deem it, an impartial standpoint, upon the question of right, as between us and the inferior governments at issue with us.

I am, therefore, disposed to enter an early and earnest protest against all interventions, saving and excepting a friendly offer to mediate, at the mutual agreement of the parties concerned, and so obtain a peaceful compromise and settlement of matters in dispute. The obnoxious doctrine is especially dangerous to us of the South, against whose "peculiar institutions" there is one universal outcry, and should meet here with stern and unchanging reprobation.

The oppressive calamities which now cover with a dark pall of grief and dismay the finest and otherwise most prosperous and happy countries on the face of the globe, derive their origin from the perpetual collision of the four great powers of Europe,

in the endeavour to obtain, each for herself, a paramount influence in the Councils of the Sultan, and to exert a principal or exclusive protectorate over the affairs of the Sublime Porte, too prostrate, imbecile and effete to defend herself or to expel the interlopers, and allowed, after all her struggles, only a choice of advisers and dictators. There is, indeed, no imaginable safety for nations and states, no other possible guarantee for peace, but in the peremptory rule and practice of total abstinence from intermeddling in each other's concerns. You will pardon me, I am sure, for employing this opportunity of making a direct and, as it were, domestic application of these remarks.

Our family of North American States has increased in number with prodigious and most unexpected rapidity, and has spread itself over a vast extent of territory. Separated thus widely, some of its members, seeing little of the others, have imbibed certain prejudiced and oblique notions of each other's condition and character, which tend to foster unfriendly sentiments, and may lead to dangerous consequences unless corrected or restrained. Anxious to make converts, or, failing in this, to carry out views which they conceive to be just and right, and in accordance with the "higher law," to which it is the fashion, in certain districts, to refer, they eagerly seek for every possible method of effecting their persistent determinations. Our true defence here is to meet the difficulty at the very threshold; to repel all inquisition, all intermeddling, all interference, all intervention. Each of us must be absolutely uncontrolled and unquestioned in the management of our own affairs. Let us permit no false issues to be made between us. We must take our stand upon the impregnable ground of constitutional rights, of unalienable personal and commonalty rights. Within these, if attacked, we are in no danger; holding this position, victory is ours before a blow is struck. A temporary madness may, from time to time, lead to assaults upon us; mob fury and demagogue denunciation may be directed against us; religious bigotry and infidel impiety may unite to excommunicate and anathematize us; but it is all in vain. A little piracy, an occasional robbery, now and then a murder or



two will decorate the insane leaders of this wild uproar with a dark and quickly fading crown of mingled laurel and cypress. But in the masses there is no intentional injustice; no, nor even any culpable indifference. There is only ignorance and consequent error. "Father, forgive them! for they know not what they do!" must be our reverent prayer, for these, our misguided brethren.

In the meantime, those among us who, like you and me, know each other by free communion, familiar intercourse, visiting and interchange of residence, can see the mistakes, folly, injustice and absurdity of the unenlightened and misinformed, and are bound to set them right. Let us, in the performance of this great duty, be patient while we are firm. Disregarding the minute items of inefficient effort and imbecile performance, as beneath the notice of sovereign States, let us contend only for fundamental principles and rights put in actual jeopardy. The thief and plunderer who carries on his proceedings underground and in the dark, confesses by his very evasions the sacred rights of property, and confirms them by his indirect and involuntary admission.

What is it to us if your brethren and mine, living far away upon the shores of Long Island Sound, Narragansett Bay and Cape Cod, the St. John's and the St. Lawrence, misunderstand and revile us? We will invite them to come and see us, and bring their wives and children, or find wives among us, as many of you have done, and they will discover—will they not?—that we are men like themselves, upright, high-minded and honourable; and that our women, God bless them! are as bright, as pure, and loveable as the universal sisterhood of Angels everywhere, whether winged or wingless.

What is it to us if our dearly beloved and once loving sister, Massachusetts, lashed into fury by the wild declamation of some sincere enthusiasts, and some knavish fanatics, has once or twice scolded us in a most indecorous manner, and even raised her hands in threat of actual conflict with the law and the constitution? I trust that ere this she has become cooler upon reflection, and is ashamed and sorry for the outbreak, and would gladly have it forgotten. Let it,

then, be no longer remembered by us. But suppose that she had prevailed and gained the barren victory which she, or a riotous mob within her limits, contended for? What then? A slave, originally of no great worth, whose value was greatly lessened by the mere fact of his evasion, would have been released to that idleness which his race considers freedom. The right of his master, trampled upon by brute force, would not have been, in any degree, weakened; nor would the existing relation between any other master and any other slave have been at all effected thereby.

Many have feared, and some, alas! have hoped that a spirit of disunion would grow and become predominant from these occasional eruptions of unfriendly sentiment. I trust that this danger has been exaggerated. Divorces *a vinculo* are indeed sometimes sought upon slight pretexts; but this occurs only where great and protracted animosity has previously existed. Between parties closely connected, there must be built up a community of interests, [the strongest of all bonds. Collisions must also take place where there is nearness and contact; but unless there exist some incurable ground of hatred, there will be a preponderance of the feeling of common interest on a large scale. And how can this feeling be generated between us? Whence should it arise? No; by all the memories of the past and all the hopes of the future! By the recollection of common resistance to tyranny, common sufferings in the field, common triumphs won together in many a hard fought battle! By the names of Hancock and Rutledge, of Warren and Laurens, it is impossible! Why, in the very last report of "the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts for the Blind," one of those noble establishments of which that great State has so many and so admirable, conducted chiefly by the true hearted, but hot headed, wrong headed and fanatical Howe, the champion of philanthropy and progress, worthy, amidst all his numerous and dangerous errors, of our regard and respect, I find our beloved and much abused South Carolina named along with her sisters of New England, and with them alone, as entitled to and enjoying, by friendly arrangement, the right of gratuitous



admission for her afflicted children to this world-renowned school.

And here in our dear old city, and in every Southern town and community, are mingled many of you—sons of New England; in most of our large cities, in great numerical proportion; forming every where an impressive and important element, incorporating yourselves with us, without cutting yourselves off from your connections by birthright, mediums to convey thought and feeling from one end of the continent to the other; thus uniting us, as the Siamese twins are united, by a living bond, through which flows common blood, and along which, with more than telegraphic certainty and promptness, common sentiments are propagated.

We, too, like birds of passage, many of us, migrate Northwardly every summer, and jostle intimately with all classes, in your enormous hotels—towns, as Chambers calls them—your crowded thoroughfares, and your dissipated watering places. We, too, subserve the same purpose of intercommunication. This very season past I have been enjoying the warm and kind hospitality of a Yankee poet, one of the brightest stars in our country's constellation of undying names, and of a Yankee millionaire, with a heart large in proportion to his fine athletic person and his immense wealth; and lounging amidst the pleasant society to be found on your lakes, and in your sweet fertile valleys, and I have returned strong in the faith, that not all the powers of darkness, be they blacker than Hayti or Congo, are destined to prevail against the strength of this glorious Union.

In this recent visit, I entertained myself with drawing contrasts and comparisons of the present aspect of things with the past; the past such as I have myself seen it at different intervals, and the long-ago of the Pilgrims and their immediate descendants. I was amused to imagine the horror of the old Puritans, if they could have foreseen what I saw, when sitting in the theatre, among the "solid men of Boston," looking at the piroettes of a danseuse, who, balancing on the toe of one foot, raised the other considerably higher than her head. What would they have thought or said, riding with me along the noble Corso, lately made at New Bed-

ford, the most magnificent in the world, of the motley crowd of sportsmen, with their trotting sulkeys and other gay equipages, congregated almost within sight—as one might say—of the consecrated Rock of Plymouth! In the midst of all this gorgeous show, this ostentatious enjoyment, how little there is left of their grim asceticism, their unworldly simplicity, their self-complacent self-denial.

Guizot says somewhere that France seems to have regarded herself as the devoted subject of varied experiments in government and political economy, to be made for the benefit of mankind universally. Something of the same nature may be affirmed of New England, though her experiments have been less explosive, and the changes wrought less abrupt and less revolutionary. No people or body of men ever existed among whom opinion has been of such mighty power, or thought been allowed so wide and forcible utterance in action. Her history is full of outbursts of speculation and eccentricity, which, however irregular, are as fully indicative of the irrepressible intellectual activity of her people, as the infinitely numerous inventions, useless and useful, perpetually issuing forth among them. Progress depends upon ceaseless and restless action. Nothing is so much to be dreaded as stagnation; all movement must ultimately tend, in this enlightened age, to elevation and advancement.

As an instance of such advancement, let me record, with unqualified pleasure, the fact, that in the farthest East I rode in a rail car, in which not only smoking, but spitting was absolutely forbidden, and the prohibition efficiently carried out, and the *unclean abomination*, for the first time in my large experience of public travel, entirely got rid of. There, too, I witnessed with exultation the good results of that LAW which has given rise to so much angry and bitter controversy. I do not sanction or endorse all its more stringent enactments, and I admit the necessity of its modification to adapt it to different communities; but I regard it as destined to extend itself in substance throughout these United States, and to effect changes in our social condition not inferior in value to those which have followed the most impressive reformatations and revolutions. All honour to

our young Down-East sister, Maine! for her daring experiment in thus legislating for the weak-minded, the sensual, the too yielding; for thus protecting them from temptation and from themselves. May her example be followed speedily among us, where its influence is so much needed, and spread rapidly every where over the world!

So much for the present; what of the future? I am ever anxious to propitiate the Clergy, and shall, therefore, be cautious in what I am about to say. I will not question or deny the unity of the race, in any sense in which they are disposed to make it a religious dogma, a test of soundness and orthodoxy. But I believe it is permitted us to affirm that both physiologically and socially, there is a great and striking difference between the several varieties of men now existing, no matter how this difference is to be accounted for. What I desire you to notice is this: that no race of marked, or strongly pronounced exclusiveness, or purity of blood, has ever risen greatly or permanently—at least within the historical era. The mixed tribes—the Hybrid races—to use that phrase in a descriptive, and not in a controversial or scientific sense—the Hybrid races are uniformly those which have become dominant. They always supersede the purer masses, and reign triumphant, until displaced or overthrown by better Hybrids than themselves. Certain varieties are unfit for amalgamation with each other; and so their offspring is destined soon to pass away and perish. There can be, thank Heaven! no permanent tribe or nation of Mulattoes. Other varieties, whose affinities are better suited, more consonant and harmonious, produce by their union a better and higher race than either. The Norman was an improvement upon the original Scandinavian; the Scotchman better than the Dane; the Englishman, more composite than either, was the highest product hitherto known of this great physiological experiment. The pure Celt is everywhere subject and inferior; the black, debased and semi-savage; the red man, on the way to extermination. Now, in our own beloved country, this process of hybridism is going on to an extent beyond all former example. Knox affirms our actual degeneracy, and foretells our progressive deterioration from this cause,

ascribing to it, as DeTocqueville does to our democracy, all the evils which afflict us, personal, social, pecuniary and political; our lank hair, our bad teeth, our sallow complexions, and our nasal enunciation. They are both wrong. Neither democracy nor hybridity have as yet done us any harm; and it does not require one to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to enable him to predict confidently from them both, results as glorious and magnificent as it shall ever be allotted to the denizens of earth to witness.

Happily, as I have said, it is a law of nature that the inconsonant mixtures that give deteriorated products are incapable of transmitting tenacity, fertility or permanence to their offspring: it is only when the affinities are harmonious and the product an improvement, that the new race takes strong root, and flourishes and expands. The Spaniard and the Indian and the Negro—the Spaniard himself, perhaps, already deteriorated by his long enforced intimacy with the Moor—these have mingled in Mexico. Contemplate the sad results. In our most heterogeneous population, within the United States, the principal elements of combination are furnished by the Teuton, the Anglo-Norman, the Irishman, the Scotchman and the Frenchman. The Puritan and the Cavalier, the Huguenot and the Hibernian, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, and the cold common sense of the Englishman; when these have intermingled long enough, the product will be Titanic in animal vigour, Grecian in force and subtlety of intellect. Will be, did I say? I should be false to my opinions and recreant to the truth, if I hesitated to declare my belief that the solemn prophecy of Bishop Berkley is already accomplished, "Time's noblest offspring is the last!" and that the North American white is now the highest type of man. In physical strength and endurance, in general or special intelligence, in the faculty of invention, in the arts and sciences, so far as he has had opportunity for their cultivation, or has directed his attention to them, in what, I pray you, is he not equal or superior to any or to all other men?

With the permanence of our political institutions let it never be forgotten, this element of progress is obviously connected in the most direct and closest way; upon it, in-

deed, depend all our future destinies, as well as the rate of that advancement by which we are to rise in the rank of nations, and take our true and undisputed place at the head of them all.

The peculiarities of every section of our Union being marked by a preponderance of some of the known elements to which I have above referred, it becomes a very interesting point to appreciate them properly, and consider the effect of each upon every other when brought into contact and interfusion. The qualities, good and evil, of "the Universal Yankee Nation" are both prominent and familiar, and are so deeply interwoven with your very vitality, as to make themselves felt wherever you go, while they are so intense and concentrated as to allow with decided advantage the dilution of intermixture. It seems to me, however, that sufficient stress has nowhere been laid upon your miraculously plastic facility of accommodation to circumstances, derived undoubtedly from hereditary constitution, but enhanced by habit, and exhibited in a degree truly marvellous. The simplest psalm-singer of a village choir when transferred to the desolate prairies of the West, takes on at once all the characteristic features of a wild hunter of man and beast, becoming more acute than the Indian, and fiercer than the grizzly bear. The quiet country schoolmaster, the very Ichabod Crane of Washington Irving, seduced from home by the hope of collecting nuggets in the mines of California, soon learns to wield his trenchant bowie-knife, and cracks his ready revolver with a skill and dexterity, that make him formidable to all comers.

In your constant migrations you first encountered the Dutchman, and New York—no contemptible offspring—has grown out of the collision and fusion. You have not made much impression upon the Quaker and the German of Pennsylvania, but you coalesce well in Baltimore with the high-minded and liberal Catholic of that middle region. With the Virginian you have overrun and built up the great West in a sort of Daniel Boone and Natty Bumppo partnership, and the half-horse, half-alligator man of that region is the result of the intermixture. He is, indeed, a giant; but as yet unformed and unsymmet-

rical, and somewhat eccentric in his constitution and his propensities. A son of excess and exaggeration in every way, all his proceedings are like his domain, on a large and unlimited scale.

Farther South, as here in the midst of us, your influence is felt in the infusion of energy, and activity, and variety of enterprise. The Cavalier and the Huguenot, originally refined and self-indulgent, had become indolent and inactive under a sky so genial and on a soil that required so little labor, especially when that labor is of necessity performed by proxy, and even the lesser toil of supervision may be deputed to an agent.

But we shall both be weary of further detail, if, indeed, I have not already wearied you. Let me, in conclusion, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Society, congratulate you upon your ancestry—upon your nativity—upon your birth-right, and upon your countrymen and their achievements. Sons of the Pilgrims! children of New England! free-men of Massachusetts and her illustrious sisters! compatriots of Warren, and Adams, and Webster, and Everett! endowed with the glories of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill! and though last not, in my regard, least among the subjects of congratulation—citizens of South Carolina! you occupy a position in every way truly enviable, and elevated far, far "above all Greek, above all Roman fame!"

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## THE TEAR.

BY THE REV. WM. LOVE.

Behold the lovely infant lie  
Upon its mother's breast;  
And mark the little sleeper sigh,—  
Though happy in its rest;  
The parent's look of love and joy,  
Would read the cause of fear,  
When smiling on her darling boy,  
She kisses off—a tear.

Behold the youth of graceful mien,  
The cause of fervent prayer,  
Upon whose smooth, white brow is seen,  
Nor grief, nor toil, nor care;  
Yet as within the half-blown rose,  
The crystal drops appear,  
His bright and sparkling eyes disclose,  
The fount of many—a tear.

Behold proud man, in all his prime,  
 With smiles of fortune blest,  
 Who seems to mock at changing time,  
 Whose blessings seem the best :  
 Steal softly on his footsteps, when  
 No friend or foe is near,  
 And on his burning cheek, you then,  
 Shall see—a scalding tear.

Behold the meek and thoughtful sage,  
 Who well his course has run;  
 Who sinks to rest beneath his age,  
 As sinks the setting sun ;  
 His tott'ring step, his stooping form,  
 So faint, so worn and sear ;  
 The parting breath of the dying storm,  
 Is watered by—a tear.

In infant smiles or boyish plays,  
 In youth, or man, or sage,  
 In pleasure's paths, or wisdom's ways,  
 Should peace or war engage,  
 When either friend or foe is nigh,  
 In joy, or hope, or fear,  
 'There's something starts to every eye,  
 It is—A HEAVEN-SENT TEAR.

## Editor's Table.

In venturing to lay before our readers entire the address of Dr. Samuel Henry Dickson, of Charleston, S. C., before the New England Society of that city, we are aware that we have taken a liberty with a published work, which though not defended by copyright, might yet be regarded as the property of the accomplished author. But marking the address in pencil for the purpose of quotation we found that the extracts we desired to select were so copious as almost to amount to a republication of it, and we therefore determined to present it complete, feeling assured that the author will pardon us for the wish to give as extended a circulation as possible to sentiments breathing such enlarged patriotism and expressed with such genuine eloquence.

*The Family Christian Album* is the title of a new monthly periodical from the press of Clemmitt & Fore of this city, the first number of which has been kindly sent to us by the editress, Mrs. E. P. Elam. It is a work addressed especially to the young, and its high aim is to be instrumental in the Christian Education of children by affording them something to relieve the severer studies of the school room. We trust it will be universally welcomed into the family circle, and that the gifted lady who has undertaken its management

will be rewarded with the most abundant patronage of the lovers of Christian literature.

From the Virginia sculptor, Mr. Barbee, (whose beautiful statue of the Coquette we had the pleasure to see while in Florence in October last) we have received the following letter which the reader will find of interest, as giving the impressions made upon the mind of an artist when first he treads the classic soil of Italy—

FLORENCE, December 30, 1854.

Dear Sir—A moment of relaxation from the studies which have engrossed my attention during my sojourn in Italy, enables me at last to redeem, partially, my promise of writing to you. But my occupation being other than that of a letter writer, at present, and having no ambition, apart from the beautiful art which now absorbs me, I hope you will be content to know that I make no further effort in this, than a mere friendly letter would exert. You desire to hear of Florence, and of our countrymen here. Both have been the subjects of frequent communications, which you have doubtless seen. Indeed, who has not seen Florence through the columns of some newspaper? Yet, how imperfect the medium, and how unsatisfactory the idea! To see it properly, one must look with his own eyes. He must walk through her labyrinth of narrow streets, and gaze upward at her lofty palaces, as they reach out their heavy heads to kiss each other above him. He must place his foot upon his mosaic floors, and wander through her galleries, and hear the silent voices of her statues and her pictures tell their own tale of the genius of departed ages. He must do this, else half the tale of this great old city will never be told to him. But let no one imagine that Florence, because it is in the land of the "blue sky and the bright sun," is an enchanted city—that her streets are paved with gold and her towers and domes blaze in dazzling beauty upon the beholder's eye. It is a city built of such rough materials as stone, brick and mortar—with the mould and dust of centuries blackening and darkening her whole exterior. Nay, indeed, I must say that many of our American cities will present to the eye of the stranger quite as prepossessing an appearance. Yet there is grandeur in her dusky bosom. But it is a foreign, gloomy, melancholy grandeur, which leaves the mind to hesitate, whether to express more of awe or admiration. It is a vast storehouse, wherein are garnered up the relics of mind, whose enlightening influence is no longer felt. It is a great mirror, through which we see what Italy *was*, and what she *is*. The comparison is sad. All we behold in the camera of the past bespeaks mind educated to the highest degree of refinement. But in her present condition, much of political, moral and mental degeneracy may be apparent. My sympathies, however, are with the Italian people. A vampire is sucking their hearts' blood, and without power to remove it, they live in patient consciousness of departing vitality. The home of the great, is the land of the beggar. The same bright sun that added splendour to her day of glory, now points us to the gloomy contrast of the joyous heavens, and the head bowed on the sufferer's bosom. But it is Italy still—lovely in all the vestiges of her native beauty. Her flowers seem to bloom evermore. Her earth is ever green. Her music still fills the air with sweet sounds, as her flowers with fragrance. Her climate is mild, healthy and lovely. But let it be remembered that he who visits Italy expecting to see an un-



clouded sky, and an ever unvarying, warm and genial atmosphere, may perhaps become a sufferer by experiencing a contrary state of facts. Vicissitudes there are, of climate here, in winter, both frequent and trying. And whilst it is not so cold as southern Virginia, yet there is a searching, penetrating chilliness that finds its way through every fibre. Florence is a delightful place to live in. The market supplies the table with every luxury of our own country, and at prices more moderate. Almost every article of clothing may be purchased at little more than half the expense. Rents are low, and the society accomplished and elegant. Our countrymen here we have much reason to be proud of. Those of them who have come as travellers and temporary sojourners, I am happy to say, bear with them the polish, the intelligence, the chivalry of our proud and honoured nation, and reflect credit upon her as her sons and daughters. Our artist brethren are too well known already to require any additional tribute from me. Power's studio abounds in works of interest which never to elicit the admiration of his many visitors, and furnish abundant proof of his great ability. Hart, in addition to the beautiful works of his chisel, has now nearly in a state of completion, a most extraordinary instrument, designed to facilitate the labours of the sculptor, and give mathematical accuracy to his work. Its utility has been most satisfactorily tested, and reflected great credit on his mechanical genius. Through its agency he thinks he will be able to produce a more perfect work for the ladies of Virginia, in the statue of Clay, which he is preparing to execute. Read's studio is the resort of the lovers of poetry. They find upon his canvass a portion of the beautiful mind that gave existence to his late pastoral poem, and his other exquisite verses. He has a double fame. I can only hope my own State will evince her appreciation of his genius, by an extensive circulation of his poetical works, which will be found, I believe, second to none, from the poet pen of America. Gould, Kellogg, Tait, are alike using their pencils to the credit of themselves and their country. I trust they will continue to receive such patronage, as may be commensurate with their abilities. Recently we have had an accession to our department of Art, in the person of Mr. Ball of Boston. We are glad to find in him existing assurances of genius in his line of art. We are all, I believe, doing whatever we can to elevate the character of our common country, and add consequence to her name among the nations of the earth. As for myself, I will only say that, I have modelled a little mischievous "*Coquette*," which I wish to send over some time next summer, and will leave her to tell, both her tale of herself, and of me.

Thus I have fulfilled my promise. I am sorry I have not time to devote in such a way as to enable me to give you a letter of greater interest. As it is, you will excuse the homely style and unaffected manner in which I have referred to the matters herein contained, and believe me,

Yours truly, B....

Mr. Barbee alludes, with the modesty always associated with true genius, to his own work which has been highly applauded by some of the best judges of art. We confidently predict for him a brilliant success in his vocation, and when Galt shall have reinstated himself in his old quarters on the Arno, to bring out from marble his statue of Jefferson (the bust of which in plaster now finished is a triumph) we may not be ashamed of Virginia's representatives in the city of sculpture.

Will somebody tell us who wrote the following very beautiful baby-poem which we have seen sometimes attributed to Chambers' Journal and again to an obscure western newspaper? It seems to us full of the poetic vision, and we could desire to "see more of" the author—

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my King!  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's regal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With love's invisible sceptre laden;  
I am thine Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-hand maiden,  
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a wooing,  
Philip, my King!  
When those beautiful lips are suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
'Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there  
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,  
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my King!  
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,  
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.  
My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
Let me behold thee in coming years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my King!  
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way  
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gay:  
Rebels within thee, and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch! 'till angels shout  
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,  
"Philip, the King!"

Among the *ou dits* of the literary world we may mention, as likely to interest our local readers, that two new works are looked for from two lady authors of Richmond. One of these is from the pen of the gifted Miss SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY, many of the graceful utterances of whose genius have adorned the pages of the Messenger, and the other will bear the name of Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE, which, though changed since she last appeared in authorship, will give assurance everywhere of a delightful volume. What these books will be, whether fiction or essay or poems, has not yet transpired, but we feel a gratifying certainty of an intellectual treat when either of them appears.

## Notices of New Works.

**THE NEW PASTORAL.** By *Thomas Buchanan Read*. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan, Successors to A. Hart. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Mr. Buchanan Read, as most of our readers are aware, is by profession an artist and one of the most honored representatives of American genius in that delightful city of studios—the capital of Tuscany. The Muse of Painting not of Poesy is his mistress by adoption, but we very much fear young Miss Calliope is the sweet custodian of his dearest affections, for the manifestations of his regard for her are more frequent if not more eloquent than those he has made for her severer sister. Every volume of verse Mr. Read has published has increased an already fair reputation as a poet and he will have to give us some magnificent creations from his easel to prevent his literary from overshadowing his artistic fame.

"*The New Pastoral*" is a work of some six thousand lines of blank verse, relieved here and there with snatches of rhyme, all as smooth in its flow as a river of honey. The best feature it has is its American individuality, the whole being informed with the distinctive spirit of our native land and breathing the very air of our hillsides and meadows. The story is extremely simple. A Pennsylvanian family emigrate from the banks of the Susquehanna to the far west and, after some years spent in that distant region, return to the *natale solum*. The old story of "love's young dream" is interwoven with the narrative which embraces spirited descriptions of many things peculiar to our civilization and our country—election day—a camp meeting—the Fourth of July—a flat boat launch—the prairie on fire &c., &c. But as it is our design to review this poem more at length with the view of laying some of its beauties before our readers, we forbear to say anything more of it at present.

We are again indebted to Messrs. Bangs Bros. & Co. of New York, for several of the latest publications of Mr. Bohn, received through J. W. Randolph of this city. *A Hand-book of Proverbs* is the title of a new volume of the *Antiquarian Library* which would have been of infinite service to Mr. Tupper in the preparation of "Proverbial Philosophy," and which any one curious in such interesting lore will find a pleasant and useful work of reference. The *Standard Library* has been further enriched by a new edition in two volumes of the *Life of Richard Cœur de Lion*, by G. P. R. James. This work has been commended by critics as one of the best of Mr. James' historical studies, and may be considered as the only authority worth consulting on the subject of the great crusader. The cheap form in which it is now issued will render it easily procurable by every body. The *Decameron of Boccaccio* makes another of the Bohn series of *Extra Volumes*. The translation is a good one, and the typography, like that of all Mr. Bohn's issues, is excellent.

**WOLFERT'S ROOST and Other Papers Now First collected.** By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 12 Park Place. 1855. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.]

Most of the papers composing this volume—if not all

them—have been already published in the pages of the Knickerbocker and other magazines, but we are grateful to Mr. Irving for having rescued them from the possible oblivion of the anonymous, and given them to the world in a form for library preservation. They bear the indubitable evidences of their authorship, and are marked with that peculiar charm of style which has made Irving a classic name in English literature. We need say nothing more.

**AVILLION AND OTHER TALES.** By the author of "the Ogilvies," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

A lady, whose opinion we hold in great respect, assures us that we may commend this collection of novellettes very warmly to public favor. We have read but one or two of them, but these impressed us so favorably that we did not hesitate to adopt our fair critic's opinion, and we therefore advise any one who would enjoy sentiment in story to procure the book and read it.

**CONDENSED LAW REPORTS.**—Not long ago, we noticed favorably a condensation of the Virginia Reports, commenced by a Lawyer of the State, and to be published by A. Morris, of Richmond.

A similar work is in progress, and has been so for several years, upon the Law Reports of Pennsylvania. The condenser is TH. J. FOX ALDEN, Esq., of the Pittsburg Bar. The publisher (Robert H. Small, of Philadelphia) sends forth a circular, containing very strong commendation from every lawyer of that commonwealth. The fullest of these, from Thomas A. Williams, Esq., of Pittsburg, well sets forth the merits and the need of such condensations. He says to Mr. Alden:

"The plan you have announced and partially executed, is one which, I think, will not fail to secure the approbation of the profession in this State. It has been foreshadowed by the frightful secundity of our Reports, which, encouraged as it has been by the occasional redundancy of the Bench, has, by embarrassing the unexperienced, and placing our decisions beyond the reach of the beginner, created a necessity for such a reduction, as will bring the whole mass within a reasonable compass.

"The latter volumes of our reports are luxuriant to a fault; and the adjudications which they embody may be also invariably abridged, without prejudice, by compressing the statements, and perhaps still more by lopping off the innumerable *dicta* interspersed throughout, which, like false lights, only serve to dazzle or mislead. You have not stated whether your plan extends to the latter. It would involve a bold operation, and would require a dexterous and delicate hand; but I doubt not its practicability, if you should think proper to essay it."

There are 75 volumes of Pennsylvania Reports; of which Mr. Alden proposes to condense 37: the State's copyright, perhaps, preventing his action upon the rest. Of the Virginia Reports, there are 52 volumes, of which, for the like reason, our Lawyer's plan embraces but 27, or 29.

The latter does propose what Mr. Williams desires Mr. Alden to essay, a compression of the Judge's opinions, as well as of the Reporter's statements. And the Virginia plan has another feature, which (with submission) we think Mr. Alden would do well to adopt; the appending to each case, of clear references to subsequent enactments and decisions on the same subject.

"The frightful secundity of our reports!" How applicable the phrase, to the Law-factories of all the States!

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1855.

NO. 4.

## The History of the Working Classes.

To trace the current of human industry from its faint beginnings to its modern triumphs; to detect the successive stages of progress, and decline, and renewed energy, by which it has at length arrived at the variety and perfection of its present results—would be an inquiry full of curious information, and rich in unsuspected suggestions. It would afford, indeed, only a partial outline of the course of human advancement, but that outline would be a sketch of its most significant lineaments, and its most practical achievements, and would give to the other lessons of history a novel aspect and a larger interest than they naturally possess in their ordinary mode of exposition. How many forgotten arts would be brought to light! How much ingenuity, which we consider the peculiar distinction of our own day, would be discovered dimly developing contrivances similar to our modern devices, under more arduous circumstances, in ages complacently regarded by the multitude as rude and barbarous! The very names of many of our fabrics suggest the remote origin from which they sprung. Our damasks and muslins speak of Damascus and Mousoul; our Cashmeres and China point to the distant East; our bayonets tell us of a period when arts thrived at Bayonne, and invention was active in Spain. What a fund of interest is contained in even such limited and imperfect treatises as Beckmann's *History of Inventions*! What a variety of strange and unimagined lore is to be found in Panciroli, *De Rebus Deperditis*?\*—or in the too conjectural work of Duteris, *Recherches sur l'origine des découvertes attribuées aux modernes*!† The art of printing has been ascribed to the Athenians; and locomotives

and railroads have been supposed to have been both known to the ancient Egyptians. Our own investigations in this direction have been pursued to only a very inconsiderable extent, but they have enabled us to gather up a cento of curious facts, well calculated to surprise the conceit and presumption of our own times. Carpets, perhaps originally brought from the borders of India or China, were unknown apparently to the Romans, until discovered in the Fifth Century of the Christian era, by a Byzantine ambassador, in the camp of Attila.\* So ancient is this luxury, which was a stranger even in the royal palaces of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Book-binding of some sort was practised at Athens in the early part of the Fifth Century,† and, in the same age, Artesian Wells were in habitual use in the Theban Oasis.‡ Clocks were also then manufactured,§ though there is nothing to vindicate that they were not set in motion by water, like those attributed to Boethius and Cassiodorus.|| Newspapers were first established by Julius Cæsar,¶ but were soon suppressed by Augustus, to be revived again apparently by later Emperors of Rome. In the early part of the Seventeenth Century, Submarine Vessels, Diving Bells, Cork-Jackets, Smoke-Jacks, Spirit-Lamps, Cooking-Stoves, corresponding with Soyer's portable apparatus, and sundry other useful or curious inventions, are described as having been devised by Rosius, the founder of the Rosian College, not of the Rosicrucians, who lived shortly before that time.\*\* Some of these inventions may have been earlier known or must have been rapidly disseminated, for the diving bell is described by Lord Bacon, and an instance of its use, as early as 1538,

\* Prisci Panitæ Hist. p. 197. Ed. Bonn.

† Olympiodorus, apud Photii Excerpt, De Legat, p. 462. Ed. Bonn.

‡ Olympiodorus, p. 462-3.

§ Olympiodorus, p. 463.

|| Beckmann. Hist. Inventions. Vol. i. p. 342. Ed. Bohn.

¶ Suetonius. Vit. Julii Cæsaris. c. xx.

\*\* Morhofii Polyhistor. Ps. i. lib. i., c. xiii., pp. 49-50.

\* It was originally written in Italian. It was translated into Latin by Henr. Salmuth, and published Amberg 1599. An English translation was issued in London in 1715.

† Published at Paris. 2 vols. 8vo. 1766.

is cited by Beckmann.\* Examples of the earlier anticipation of inventions, usually regarded as recent, are endless ; but this is not the place to enumerate the long list of such as have casually come to our knowledge.

Each of these and similar discoveries has its own history, and its own chapter of accidents. In every case there were difficulties to be encountered and overcome, vain dreams that could never be realized, hopes deferred, and crushing disappointments, gradual successes and sudden triumphs, and all those alternations of poverty and plenty, misery and rejoicing, in the career of the discoverers, which form the constant accompaniment of the efforts of human ingenuity. There is scarcely any important advancement in the history of art or science, which does not enclose its own volume of untold or obscure romance. There is none which does not serve to illustrate the times in which it occurred, and the general story of the human race.

But, though such details might be welcomed with the liveliest interest, they form but a small and subordinate portion of the history of industry and the industrial classes. They constitute the poetry of the narrative, not its prose :—the occasional episodes, not the staple of the tale. There is a much broader, more comprehensive and sober view to be taken of the fortunes of human industry. Independent of such details or enlivened by their exposition, the history of labour requires to be treated in connection with the changes in the condition and characteristics of life, which befell the large bodies of men engaged in its ordinary avocations, as well as of the few occupied with its extraordinary achievements. To delineate the varying fate—too often only the modifications of misery—of the classes actively and continuously employed in industrial pursuits ; to follow them through successive ages, in the sunshine and in the shade, in the trial and in the triumph, in the hope and in the agony ; should teach to both poor and wealthy, to the successful and to the despondent, a more genial and liberal wisdom than can be readily derived from the hasty and enforced experience, and the interested observation of that daily life into

which we can scarcely ever enter but as partisans and competitors.

Such a study, if diligently pursued, or its results, if candidly and skilfully exhibited, might teach to those, whose destiny it is to labour, cheerfulness, contentment, and persevering endeavour ; and to those who live principally by the fruits of others' labour, a larger charity and benevolence, and a juster sense of the onerous and continual duties which their greater prosperity imposes. To all it would render evident and familiar the necessity, which we often vainly strive to ignore, that the large majority of human kind must always live by the sweat of their brow and the daily labour of their hands. It would impress ineradicably the conviction that the condition thus prescribed, being inevitable, can only be rendered more irksome and galling by the entertainment of Utopian dreams, and by futile efforts to throw off the yoke, and seek an imaginary equality, or an unattainable ease. Thus the delusions of the Socialists and similar reformers would become innocuous, as their fatuity would be promptly apparent to those who are now so readily beguiled by their treacherous imaginations. "The poor ye have always with you : " and such must be the case while the nature of man remains the same, and the earth still retains her bounties as the rewards of sagacity, enterprise, perseverance and industry. It is vain to contend with a necessity : it is madness to ignore it when it exists. All that can be prudently or properly done is to submit with fortitude to the destiny, and lighten its burthen by such submission. When the inevitable difficulties of life are encountered in this temper, their magnitude is wonderfully diminished, and their severity strangely reduced. Adversity is hard to be borne ; but its bitterest hardships are invariably those conjured up by our own imaginations, or evolved in the fumes of morbid feelings and malignant passions. It is ridiculous to fancy that the obligation of daily labour, as the daily price required for the procurement of the daily bread, can be transmuted by any theoretical or practical alchemy of ideal politics into a pure gratification : but it may be made to generate a satisfaction of its own, neither small in amount, nor mean in degree, and it

\* Hist. Inventions. Vol. i. p. 114.



is not incompatible with such happiness as humanity can grasp, whilst it is often favorable to the manifestation of those virtues which are of more importance to man than either happiness or pleasure. Every condition of life has its own trials, its own temptations, and its own sorrows; and these are scarcely as severe or as hazardous in the case of the upright and industrious labourer, as in the career of his more fortunate neighbour. With regard to the enjoyments of either, more depends upon temperament and principle than upon fortune. It was a wise precaution of the Jews, which has been imitated by the Turks, and displayed an equally just appreciation of the mutability of human conditions, and of the equability of the enjoyment attainable under all the vicissitudes of fortune, to require every man, from the peasant to the prince, to learn some handicraft by the exercise of which he could command an honest support in the event of the entire loss of property. This practice elevated the dignity and the estimation of labour more than all the reveries of the Socialists could do.

In reading a candid and thorough history of the Working Classes, we should learn moreover a simple but important truth, which is too often overlooked, and which is as frequently disguised through design as misapprehended through ignorance;—and that is, that the burthen of labour is not essentially an hereditary curse under ordinary circumstances, but that the toil of one generation is usually a stepping stone to the increased comfort or even prosperity of the next. This remark is of course not applicable to Slavery, which has its own peculiar features, and gives rise to a distinct class of considerations. But, in common parlance, when speaking of the labouring classes, as if they constituted a precise and definite aggregate, we are often deceived by the vagueness and generality of the expression into supposing that the miseries and burthens of life devolve habitually and necessarily on a certain doomed race, represented, age after age, by the successive generations of the same families. Nothing, however, can be calculated to lead us more certainly from the truth. Plausible as the doctrine appears to be, coincident as it is with most of our experience, and readily as

it is accepted, it has nothing but an accidental and transient reality for its foundation. The son of the pauper often becomes the millionaire, and his grandson may rise to be the companion of princes and rulers, himself perhaps a ruler, and the most arrogant and exacting oppressor of the class from which his lineage was drawn. On the other hand, the beggar whom we meet to-day in the streets, and whose repeated importunities we avoid by an abrupt turn, may be the son or grandson of some haughty aristocrat or wealthy sybarite, reduced to present need by the ostentation, imprudence or extravagance of his ancestors, or of himself. The labouring classes still remain, and will remain as long as humanity endures:

*Sedet, æternumque sedebit*

*Infelix Theseus.*

But the elements of which those classes are composed are constantly undergoing change. Industrious and fortunate individuals are continually emerging from the mass, and new members are absorbed from the other classes to assume their places. An incessant stream of ascending and descending atoms links together the extremes of human fortune, and in some degree apportions to idleness and industry its just penalty or reward. Thus, even should it happen—which is very far from being uniformly the case—that the labouring classes are hopelessly in want, and irretrievably miserable, there is such a continuous change of the constituent atoms, as to entail neither hereditary iniquity on the lot, nor hereditary misery on the members who form those classes. It is true that both these incidents may occur in particular stages of society, or under particular political organizations, as when castes are a prevalent institution, or feudal usages are in force. But, very fortunately, and in strict accordance with that law of compensation which operates so largely in human affairs, it is not at such periods, or under such influences that the condition of the labourer is the most painful and anxious, but the chances of escape from the difficulties of the position, (at least in a healthy constitution of the society itself,) increase in even a more rapid proportion than the difficulties themselves. Thus, at the present day, when the condition

of the labouring poor so justly engages the attention of thinking men, and the sympathies of the benevolent in the Old World, and presents a grave social problem to the consideration of the reflecting in a new and still untroubled community, we find, along with the multiplication of the hardships of the masses, and the prolonged continuity of their affliction, that the alternations of fortune are more numerous, various and sudden than at any previous period, if we except the occasional vicissitudes which occur under Oriental despotisms. The transformations of Louis Napoleon, one day a loafer in New York, or a special constable in London, another the Emperor of France, are only a brilliant illustration of the characteristics of the times.

It may be a premature inference, but it appears to us that the healthy tendency of modern influences is to render poverty and distress more and more transient calamities, except as the penalty for vice, indolence or improvidence, and to require the application of the same energy and ability in the management and conservation as in the acquisition of fortune. The time seems slowly and doubtfully approaching when there will be no assurance of prosperity to any but the active and industrious, and no perpetuation of misery except to the idle or dissolute. This result may, indeed, be long retarded, and perhaps actually frustrated in certain localities by the lingering remnants of ancient social organizations, and the difficulties incident to so great a change in the bosom of antiquated communities. But, notwithstanding the unfavorable influences which may disguise, delay or pervert this tendency, its existence is manifested in the fluctuating and evanescent character of modern fortunes, and the rapidity with which they may be again accumulated. The pressure of population, and the co-incident exactions of capital, together with the crimes, vices, and penury which these conflicting elements generate in the Old World, may render the operation of this tendency uncertain, and may ultimately prevent its accomplishment. Yet, amid all the degradation of the large European cities, and all the misery of the manufacturing districts, many notable instances exhibit the opportunities afforded to an hon-

est and intelligent man of rising by industry, economy and perseverance, from the lowest rank of life to comfort and independence. Hitherto, this tendency has had to contend with many impediments, the relics of an antiquated system which is at variance with the tone and action of modern society, but if it has been possible to surmount these obstacles, and push onward to success, a much easier course may be opened hereafter for the amelioration of the condition of the labourer, when the agencies of society are once more brought into harmony with the progressive movements and aspirations of the civilized world. This process has only recently commenced; and the parliamentary reports of England, with the reports of special commissions in France, show how urgently, but awkwardly the initiative in this task has been assumed by the Government in both countries. Independent, however, of the political authorities, special associations and combined enterprize are gradually succeeding in satisfying those urgent wants of the multitude which are either wholly neglected, or are inadequately, carelessly and expensively supplied when left entirely to the unaided and uninstructed efforts of the individual action of the labourers. Should these various attempts of the Government and Societies be crowned with full success, and extended to the full range of their apt applicability, it may be hoped that even the social diseases of Europe, and the widespread misery of the poor, may yield to the curative treatment, and enable the tendency which has been signalized to manifest itself in its most favourable type.

Another occasion of much fallacy and often of much misplaced philanthropy, is that no precise or definite idea is ordinarily conveyed by the expression, the Working Classes. Many different and distinct bodies of men, engaged in dissimilar occupations, encountering diverse trials, and experiencing all shades of fortune, are confessedly mixed together, and spoken of as if they all presented the same phenomena. Thus remarks which may be true of the day labourer are extended to the skilful artisan, whose thoughts, feelings, pursuits, and social condition present no analogy whatever with those of the peasant or the hodman. Such promiscuous

generalization can only lead to error, and provoke sophistry; for it proceeds entirely upon the supposition that the phenomena which may be exhibited by a portion of the labouring class are equally characteristic of the whole; and thus it frequently results in converting a special proposition, which may be true, into a general one which is altogether unfounded. It claims also the charity and sympathy, which may be due to the inevitable misfortunes of a part, in behalf of the whole class which requires no such compassion: and it transfers to the estimation of the destinies of that part a suspicion of injustice, which springs chiefly from the consideration of the calamities deplored as the essential incidents of the career of nearly all the members of the entire class. Thus, too, the visionary or fanatical historian of the race is enabled, with much appearance of justice, to depict the chronicles of labour, as if misery was a constant accompaniment of an industrial life, by selecting in each age just that fragmentary exhibition of the general history which serves his purpose, and by passing without order, method or reason from one corner of the field to another exactly its opposite. He sees nothing but wretchedness and oppression in the fate of the labourer, because he is determined to see nothing else; and with every turn of fortune he deserts the more sunny aspects of the landscape to concentrate his regards on those portions which are shrouded by darkness or night. For him there is no chance of discerning any amelioration of the condition of the majority of the human family. He seeks only for wretchedness, and he turns away from the recognition of any improvement. The idea of the Working Classes is a pure abstraction, not even homogeneous in the elements of which it is compounded, yet always attributing to the whole mass those attributes which appertain only to the inferior portion. There is a constant succession of waves in the sea, but the same particles of water do not continuously occupy the same positions, or experience the same fortunes. At one time they roll over the surface, at another they are lashed into foam, at another they repose tranquilly in the depths of the Ocean. So in regard to the Working Classes, all its constituent parts are at all

times undergoing changes in their relative positions, and there are only very few phenomena which are coincidentally manifested equally by all the elements which enter into their composition. Thus, though it may be perfectly true that the Working Classes in the loose generality of the ordinary acceptance of the term, attempt the futile labour of Sisyphus in their pursuit of ease, comfort and independence; and in vain strive to roll to the summit of the hill of fortune the stone which constantly recoils and throws back its burthen upon them, yet it is a changing race or class on which the calamity descends, and the other divisions of labourers who are included under the general designation have attained meanwhile different elevations and different degrees of security on the side of the steep hill.

These considerations expose the irrationality and the fallacy of much of the misplaced philanthropy, and indistinct philosophy which have been recently expended over this fruitful topic. They do not, however, reveal the most dangerous of all the forms of sophistry in which the subject has been involved.

The large majority of the historians and philosophers of the Working Classes in late years enter upon their enquiries with a predetermined theory to maintain—a regularly constituted heresy to promulgate—and with prejudices which permit them to take only a narrow and partial view of that inquiry, and prevent them from seeing all the bearings of the difficult problem and from rejecting those impractical issues which so readily suggest themselves to fanatical and enthusiastic dreamers. This is pre-eminently the case with the prolix, tedious and voluminous production of one Robert (Du Var)—as he announces himself on his title-page—a member of the Institute—a *ci-devant* Professor of Philosophy—an ex-editor of a Parisian paper—and a disciple of Peter Leroux. M. Robert diligently, and with that peculiar ingenuity which belongs as distinctly to sophistry as cunning does to insanity, avails himself of all the illusions which springs from the undefined and almost undefinable lubricity of the term—*la classe Ouvrière*, and from the commencement to the close of his four imperial octavos, sees nothing but what serves

his purposes by furnishing the successive grades of the ascent to his grand climax of the humanitarian socialism of his great prophet Leroux. History, and the lessons of history are cramped, tortured and perverted by the inevitable misconception and misrepresentation which attends this unwarrantable procedure: and from such a narrative, notwithstanding its occasional sagacity, we can derive no other assistance than to be systematically misled. The advantages, the entertainment, the instructions, the practical guidance which might be afforded by a judicious, thorough and dispassionate account of the changing conditions and progress of the industrial classes are thus sacrificed to a feverish love of innovation, accompanied with malignant prejudices and narrow or distempered views. According to M. Robert, and other writers of the same kidney, the agents by whose direct and personal instrumentality the productive energies of nature and humanity have been developed, so far as the manual effectuation of the result has been concerned, has been always deliberately oppressed and crushed down by unnecessary, unreasonable and malevolent severities. In their estimation, the miseries of poverty and the exactions of labour are not due to the inherent discrepancies between man and man, combined with a very complicated array of fortuitous circumstances which prolong their effects through successive generations—they are in no respect due to the ordinances of providence and the natural imperfections of human society—but they are the results of a wanton and arbitrary exercise of power. Yet, if these consequences resulted principally, not to say solely, from any such cause, it would be unintelligible how any power could be competent to accomplish the alleged effect: for it is very evident that the supposed coercing force was always inferior to the aggregate force coerced, and could not therefore have succeeded in instituting the systematic inequality murmured against, unless aided by the spontaneous tendencies of human society, the general requirements of social organization and action, and the conscious submission of the masses from the dim recognition of the necessary expediency of such subalternation to themselves.

That the powerful have oppressed the weak, and that the rich have trampled upon the poor since the world began, is undoubtedly true, and such will indubitably be the case as long as humanity exists, and in despite of M. Leroux' Humanity. But this is a truth of individual rather than of general applicability. There have been notable exceptions at all times: and so far as it may be justly applied to distinct classes, it has admitted of intension and remission in different periods. As a general principle it is undoubted:

'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

But the evil is not removed by the inversion of society; nor could it be eliminated even if any theoretic revery of perfect equality between men could be realized, so far as such equality falls within the possibility of human conception. In the former case the character, mode, and direction of the oppression would alone be changed. In the latter the struggle for ascendancy would be renewed in the bosom of society, and the old and rejected order of things would be again re-established, and very speedily. It is not this or that constitution of society, this or that institution, this or that system of legislation, which produces inequality amongst men, or leads to the abuse of feebleness and need by force and wealth. But it is due to the joint operation of the imperfections of human nature and of the inevitably varying conditions of human life. It springs from the nature of things, and not from factitious circumstances. Human devices may indeed and have usually aggravated the miseries attendant upon the distinction of classes. Sometimes they have made the subordination permanent and hereditary; often they have aggravated both the amount and the consequences of dependence; still more frequently they have exercised authority after a capricious, tyrannical, and ruinous fashion. All these vices, however, are incident to the possession of power of any sort. Similar excesses, but in a more licentious form and degree, are committed by the naturally and habitually weak, and by those ordinarily poor, whenever accident places in their hands the reins of power or the command of wealth. Nay, more, whatever may be the offences practised by the classes of the



powerful and the rich against the weak and the needy, they are less frequent and less grave that would flow from the transposition of the influences of the two classes. The burthen of the complaint must be charged upon the nature of man and the constitution of the universe ; it cannot be avoided by socialistic or other schemes ; it must always be borne, though it may be very materially mitigated by prudent ameliorations, and by the wide dissemination and encouragement of human charities.

The preverse misconception of the accidents and possibilities of social existence, which forms the substratum of the whole philosophy of Socialism in all its various types and modifications, necessarily prevents M. Robert, as well as all others of the same or similar schools, from exhibiting either a reliable or a comprehensive picture of the fortunes of the industrial classes. In his historical outline, the Working Classes admit of indefinite expansion or contraction ; the miseries of the *proletaires*, or of those who are occupied with the lowest departments of manual labour, are continually present to his mind, yet the tenor of his work attributes the phenomena incident to this order to the mass of labourers. His essay is dedicated generally '*Aux Travailleurs*;' and thus artisans of all grades and labourers of all sorts, are indiscriminately invited to regard as a gross outrage and injustice to themselves that condition of affairs which tolerates, and which is represented as producing the calamities which only the most unfortunate or negligent of their members experience. To say that some men are wretched, and that wretchedness is a wretched condition, is a very empty platitude ; yet the premises on which M. Robert builds his four stories of superstructure amount to more than this. But to add that this wretchedness is the result of deliberate injustice, and that this injustice is systematically inflicted by the more prosperous classes in society upon all who are inferior to them in fortune and power, is erroneous in point of fact, and pernicious in its tendencies, because it infuses malignant sophistries into the minds of men, arrays class against class, and renders social amelioration in any form an impossibility by introducing univer-

sal discord into the bosom of society. Such is the character of the socialistic philosophy ; and this is the fallacious philosophy which M. Robert intermingles with the whole procedure of his historical relation.

Where the internecine feud between capital and labour is least violent, and where extrinsic influences least of all impede a satisfactory conciliation between these two great elements of all production, it is an arduous problem to determine the respective rights, the relative duties, and the most favourable association of the two. But when outward circumstances are most menacing, and starvation lingers by the side of riotous living, this great problem can expect an adequate solution only from the most careful investigation, and the most dispassionate appreciation of all the complicated elements which enter into the composition of the difficulty to be relieved. In such a contingency—and it is chiefly in exactly such contingencies that works of this character have been promulgated—none but the fool-hardy, the insane, the fanatical, the impatient, the turbulent, and the narrow-minded would endanger the public tranquillity and the peace of mind of great and agitated communities by the dissemination of crude and chimerical speculations on a topic of such deep interest and such difficult appreciation. But the sin is more than doubled, when, as in the case of M. Robert du Var's fiction, history is dwarfed, perverted, and travestied so as to borrow from it a dishonest support for a dangerous and deceptive doctrine.

This course necessarily leads the inquirer far from the true path in which such investigations should proceed. Of the true history of human industry, and of the orders, classes, and generations of men by which it has been maintained and promoted, nothing but isolated or improperly concentrated details can be gathered from such publications. The points of greatest interest are either overlooked or placed in a delusive light. In these volumes of M. Robert the different ages, conditions, and civilizations of the world are neither fully nor correctly characterized. The stream of history and of human progress is turned aside from its natural channels that it may dribble through the little side-ditches and runnels that he has diligent-

ly scooped out for the misdirection of its waters. The genetic development of the successive phases of human society is of course misrepresented and in other respects treated very unsatisfactorily; and the relations which the several elements of diverse organizations bear to each other, to the requirements of the times in which they appeared, to the antecedent and consequent manifestations of humanity, are exhibited in a manner calculated only to mislead.

After this criticism, which is appropriate with only trivial modifications to all histories or theories of this type, it is needless to examine specifically into the particular errors which are the consequences of the erroneous principles of the general procedure. We need not show how each separate age has been transformed by amplifying special truths into universal characteristics, and blending these with the reveries of a dreamy philosophy. We need not show how the history of an imaginary class—imaginary from the defects of its conception and determination—has been distorted into a long bill of indictment against the whole career of humanity, and against the whole tenor of human history. Gross as are these transgressions, they are only floating islands in the vast ocean of error by which they are surrounded. It is useless to point out the absurdity of the details, after exposing the fallacy of the principles which have regulated their apprehension. Were it otherwise, there would be no end to the task of refutation or the ministry of censure. Whatever hopes may be raised by the title of this work, or of others prefixing similar titles to the developments of similar delusions, they are all frustrated by the execution. A wider and a healthier range of speculation is suggested by the title-page than is supplied by the context.

We can readily conceive the outlines of a history of the Working Classes, or rather of a history of human industry, production and the condition of the generations of those who toil, which should illustrate the course of human advancement, illuminate the mysteries of the past, guide and inform the present, and suggest such gradual changes and modifications as might increase the aggregate amount of human happiness and prosperity

in the future. Eschewing all vain theories and utopian schemes, it would appreciate the difficult and complicated conditions of the problem which every age has had to solve more or less satisfactorily for itself. It would demonstrate by the irresistible evidence of facts that calamity, suffering, and distress were inevitably attached to every phase of human existence, and irremediably aggravated in the case of the weak, the poor, the less instructed, and the less intelligent. But it would show at the same time that the humbler classes had enjoyments of their own; that their miseries might be peaceably alleviated, though they could not be entirely removed; that all changes of social organization brought along with them evils as well as benefits; that no modification of their lot could be permanently advantageous which was not in harmony with the general progression of society; and that although misfortune and penury might be the heritage of the larger portion of the class, yet these inheritances were not necessarily entailed on particular families, and that even their extent and pressure might be diminished by a prudent direction of social tendencies, but never by wild, hasty, and inconsiderate innovations.

Such a history would exhibit the intimate and appropriate connection of every phase through which the industrial classes had passed with the coincident and corresponding civilization of which they formed a part. It would exemplify the manner in which they participated in the blessings or shared the curses of the different alternations of human advancement; and it would afford irrefragable assurance of the fact that their interests could be promoted only concurrently with the moral improvement and the general welfare of society. It would thus establish the broad doctrine that the most thorough and sympathetic union of all the elements of any social system was essential to the well being of each portion; and that all innovations which contemplated the amelioration of one class without embracing all the rest, were necessarily disorganizing, subversive, chimerical, and calculated to aggravate the distempers which they might aspire to relieve. The tranquillity which would be diffused through communities by the general

acceptation of this important truth would tend materially towards the preservation of order, and the augmentation of the comforts of all the members of the social body, which can only be realized in the highest degree where good order is habitually and voluntarily preserved. It would simultaneously facilitate the chances and the success of any progressive movement, expedite the achievement of the blessings desired, and tend to perpetuate and to amplify them when achieved.

Those delusive schemes of sudden and universal social reform, which have been so numerous, so clamorous, and so pernicious for the last half century, and which have agitated the nations of Europe to the core, proceed in entire ignorance or disregard of the laws of human nature, and of course eventuate in the frustration of the very aims which they seek precipitately to realize. It is for this reason that we so decidedly reprobate these fantastic schemes of social renovation: they impede the natural and healthy course of improvement by leading it astray into devious paths and impracticable short-cuts; they prevent the suggestions of cautious and sober investigation from being carried into effect by discrediting them on account of their alleged tardiness and timidity, and by offering in their stead a speedy, brilliant, but delusive remedy; they raise high hopes which must be disappointed; they indispose the minds of men to submit to the gradual march of practical and efficacious reform; hopes already beguiled fester into dissatisfaction and bitterness; and under their dangerous impulsion no project of improvement will be entertained which does not promise the hazardous chance of immediate ruin or a brilliant but chimerical triumph.

Quid enim? concurritur; horre  
Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

Of such a result there is no valid prospect. The triumph may be obtained, but its fruits are worse agonies and greater afflictions. The immediate ruin may, indeed be effected; and would certainly follow any such victory; but it would bring no quick death to the insurgent classes, but would only protract through a long succession of ages the mischiefs of anarchy, and the daily deepening

miseries of a disintegrated and demoralized society.

It is in consequence of the distinct perception and apprehension of these results that we so strenuously censure such works as that produced by M. Robert du Var, and such deceptive reveries as those which he advocates. We sympathize—as every right feeling man must sympathize—with the leading aspiration of the Socialists, to improve the condition of society and reduce the amount of suffering experienced by those who toil from day to day for their daily bread. But we deplore the error, the inefficiency, and the impracticability of the means which they recommend: and regret the fantasies which only tend to a speedier destruction. Some of their suggestions merit approbation and have met already with partial acceptance; for, after undergoing slight modifications, they harmonize with the general current of events, and are available for urgent requirements when applied under the superintendence of a more sober and a safer spirit of reform. It is the universal schemes of reorganization which we deprecate—the proposal to build new towers of Babel by which men may ascend at their option to the skies that we reject;—but we do not condemn in one sweeping and indiscriminate censure every thing which has proceeded from the Socialists, or is in any manner connected with them.

Much of the acerbity displayed by modern reformers, and much even of the extravagance of their views may, perhaps, be attributed to the unwise and ungenerous manner in which their doctrines have been repudiated without examination and without distinction. A different course, while it would have been more just and prudent in itself, would in all likelihood have been attended with important benefits to all parties, which have been hitherto almost entirely lost. The Socialists might have been more patient and dispassionate in the construction of their novel dogmas; they should have been less urgent in their desire to force the early realization of their chimerical projects; and the advocates of the existing order of society might have caught from these reformers the contagion of their generous enthusiasm for the relief of present miseries, and might also have learnt sooner from them to recognize

the real and serious evils incident to our present civilization, and which now confessedly demand an early alleviation and ultimate redress, or must end in the complete and hopeless disintegration of modern society. That its entire but gradual renovation, and a thorough revolution in modern sentiments, usages, modes of thought, and social institutions, are imperatively demanded as the sole means of preserving and perpetuating the integrity of modern civilization, admits of no question to our mind; it has been of late years recognized in the most various forms throughout Europe by those least inclined to favour Socialism, and is coming to be more and more generally felt even in this country. But the means to be adopted, except in rare instances of detail, are very different from those which Socialism would urge. The reform to be efficient must commence in the religious character, the morals, the sentiments, and the aims of communities, and can only proceed availably to other re-organizations, after this success has been won. Healthy animation and an operative spirit of Christianity must be restored to the body of society before administrative changes, constitutional modifications, or novel arrangements can produce any permanently beneficial effect, or any thing else than the spasmodic convulsions which may be excited by galvanic and extrinsic forces.

These several topics would be fully elucidated in any just and comprehensive history of the Working Classes, and the various shades of Socialism which have been proposed for the acceptance of mankind, from Hippodamus of Miletus, Phales of Miletus,\* and the Republic of Plato, down to St. Simon, Fourier, and Leroux, would be exhibited as the delirious aberrations of diseased and impatient ages. M. Robert is altogether judicious in appending to his work a notice of the recent schemes of Socialistic reform; they throw much light on the history and feelings of the working classes, and, if duly estimated, even on their requirements; but in a more correct history they would not have been exhibited as approximations to human perfectibility; nor would the previous speculations of the Greek communists and the unsuccessful experiment of Ploti-

nus\* have been passed by without notice or appreciation. Every Socialistic dream, and every Socialistic tentative would have been explained with due relation to the wants and sentiments of the periods when they respectively appeared, and the causes of their inefficiency and failure with the theoretic and practical consequences which flowed from them would have been diligently set forth.

It is a necessary consequence of the erroneous principles which guide M. Robert, and his fellow heretics, that they represent the past history of the Working Classes under false lights and under a mutilated form. An unsound philosophy always infects with its own fallacies every investigation to which it is applied. It sees the world through stained glasses, and gives to every object of contemplation the hue of the medium through which it is seen. M. Robert has a theory to confirm, a conclusion to establish; and of course the evidences of the past are made to converge towards the predetermined point.

This inherent defect renders him incapable of appreciating any period of history, or of representing without distortion any aspect of the condition of labour. Ancient times, mediæval civilization, and modern centuries are all imperfectly and incorrectly represented. He sees every where only the gloomy side of the picture, dwells exclusively upon horrors, enormities, and incidental oppressions, and delineates only these, as if thus a truthful or sufficient knowledge could be obtained. He understands neither the slavery adopted by the Greeks and Romans, nor the present attitude and requirements of free labour. The intermediate phases of serfdom and of apprenticeships are not much more satisfactorily explained. He traces the progress of labour through these four forms of development; he fancies a more direct descent and a closer affiliation between them than ever existed, and yet he regards them all as nothing better than gradations of iniquity. Yet this historical succession might have suggested to any philosophic historian, a natural progression, a natural origin, and, consequently, a natural

\* Aristot. Pol. lib. II. cc. VII—VIII.

\* Porphyrii. Vit. Plotino. c. XII. Permission was granted him by the Emperor Gallienus and the Empress Salonina, to rebuild two cities of Campania, to be governed by the Laws of Plato.



propriety for the whole series of changing types. It is utterly vain to expect sound views or cogent reasoning from those sociologists whose minds are so straightened, narrow, and mole-eyed that they cannot look beyond the current sentiment of their own age, country, and circle, and cannot refrain from applying as a universal canon for the estimation of all times the fancies, feelings, or convictions of the hour. Every generation and every variety of condition must be estimated by its own separate tests; the folly of yesterday is the fashion of to-day; the misery of the past age makes the blessing of the present; and the sentiments of humanity adapt themselves to its fortunes. Slavery, serfdom, apprenticeships, and free labour, though never exempt from their own peculiar trials, have each in their own time and place been compatible with as much happiness as was consistent with the current condition of life, and have each ministered efficiently to the great cause of human advancement. They have done so heretofore, and will continue to do so wherever and whenever the stage of social development attained may be suitable to each of them respectively. It is a delusion to suppose a complete chronological succession between these phases of labour in the history of mankind; they exist contemporaneously, they melt into each other, they are relaxed or intensified according to the particular requirements of diverse societies. They represent successive stages of civilization—slavery being always the concomitant of its infancy and free labour presenting itself with the condensation of population, the competition of industry, and the multiplication of products. It is a vain option to select between them in the abstract, inasmuch as their existence is determined by circumstances independent of choice, and is allied with political and social conditions which cannot be arbitrarily disturbed without ruin.

A history of industry and labourers which should be conceived and executed in the spirit which we have endeavoured to indicate, would be full of instruction, value, and entertainment. It would follow the growth and development of humanity and production through the long descent of time, linking the highest intellectual manifestations of

each age with the humblest fortunes of contemporary life. If it pointed out the ills incident to any peculiar condition of the Working Classes, it would with equal fidelity dwell upon the compensating advantages. It would show how the evils were remedied or might have been mitigated; and how the blessings were or might have been augmented. It would reveal the integrity, the patience, the perseverance, and the contentment which were sheltered in cabins and cottages, when they were exiled from castles and palaces. It would inculcate the often neglected truth that improvement comes from unsuspected quarters and in unanticipated modes, and is rarely conquered by violence, never by arbitrary devices. It would make the great volume of history blaze with the light of a healthy and comprehensive philosophy, which, recognizing and explaining the intellectual and other triumphs of illustrious men, would also recognize and explain the more urgent but obscure triumphs of the legions of active labourers throughout all time. The terror of this grand chronicle would be diversified and relieved by the due commemoration of industrial inventions and contrivances, and the whole narrative would blend into one organic system the united family of man. But these anticipations run to an indefinite extent. The task has never been undertaken in a proper spirit. When may we hope for its satisfactory achievement?

## LEONI DI MONOTA:

A LEGEND OF VERONA; BEING A POEM FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE HENRY ELLEN.

### CANTO II.

'Tis scarcely dawn, yet up each street,  
The citizens all rush amain,  
Making with the incessant beat  
And patter of their heavy feet  
A sound like winter rain.  
Why rise the people with the sun?  
'The carnival has long been done—  
Why throng these artizans and churls,  
These men and matrons, youths and girls?  
Why to the Ducal palace proud  
Should press to-day this mighty crowd?

It is to see a gallant show,  
Verona's Duke his court will hold;  
And can it be, that thus they go,  
So early, only to behold  
An old man 'dight in crown of gold—  
And courtiers with their nodding plumes,  
And knights and soldiers, squires and grooms?

They go to stand without, the while  
Their Ducal sovereign takes his throne;  
For all within each marble nise,  
The noble claimeth as his own.  
And well the people love display,  
Of martial pomp or civic pow'r;  
And, on such grand, eventful day  
They mutter if the sky but low'r,

And swear outright at mist or show'r.  
Onward they struggle to the square,  
Happy indeed if foremost there—  
There on embattled walls they hung  
And to the sculptured columns clung,  
And swore, and pushed, and tugged amain,  
Each one a better place to gain.  
What then had brought this noisy rout—  
Simply to gaze, and gazing shout?  
No! 'twas a banquet rare and sweet,  
A banquet suitable and meet  
To which they pressed with hurried feet.  
They longed to gaze upon the face  
Of one, renowned for deeds afar,—  
Who in his beauty and his grace  
Might shame the very "morning star."  
Young in his years, old in renown,  
Of deeds in field; or, 'leaguered town—  
But more than deeds in any clime,  
He bore the potent charm of crime;  
For which he was to be arraigned,—  
To feast each speculative eye,  
To see a noble felon chained,  
Anon perchance to see him die—  
Such spectacle as this they sought,  
For this they struggled, and they fought;  
And as the people gathered fast  
Full many a plumed noble passed.

Alas! that e'er it should be so—  
That princely born—that high and low  
Are ever eager for such show.  
And darkest guilt and deepest crime  
Will win attention, when, alas!  
Heroic deeds, grand and sublime,  
Writ in the chronicle of time,  
Unseen, unnoticed pass.

There is a darksome spell in guilt,  
We listen, tho' we may now pale,  
And scrutinize the blade and hilt  
Where still the blood which it hath spilt  
Tells murder's ghastly tale.  
Now, on this very day 'twas said  
A seer would answer with his head,  
For a mysterious deed, so stark.  
That when men whispered of his crime,  
They said: it was by far more dark  
Than any done within their time.  
Its very mystery but lent  
New charms unto the frightful tale,  
For vainly was conjecture spent,  
And keenest wit of no avail.

By Bacchus! (thus a goldsmith swore;  
His age was near upon three score)  
He ne'er had known the like before.  
And whether guilty of the deed,  
Or innocent he knew full well,  
The noble was a noxious weed—  
A very imp escaped from hell;  
For did he not in that same town  
Three years ago ride Marco down?  
And drive his lance thro' Cola quite,  
Because he spattered the gay knight?  
With this, his mind was well imbued,  
'That he would hardly 'scape his crime;  
For, there had been a deadly feud  
Between the Duke and Knight sometime.  
The tumult broke his story's thread,  
(Or more the goldsmith sure had said)  
For now the wild, excited rout  
Sent upward a protracted shout—  
And flung their caps towards the sky,  
And shouted never thinking why.  
Oh! man, when in thy brutal glee  
Thou flingst thy bonnet in the air,  
Dost never think, the joy to thee  
Is but another's dark despair?  
And when the scaffold, dark and grim,  
Attracts thy ever curious eye,  
Shout not, but waft a prayer for him  
Whose doom it is thereon to die.

Within the white plumes wave and flow  
Until the gazer might presume,  
That there had been a fall of snow  
That morn upon each dancing plume.  
The nobles grouped together stood,  
They spoke in low and cautious word;  
For he was their of brotherhood,  
And tho' of guilt they all concurred  
They scarcely deem'd it fit or good  
When listening to the hooting crowd  
To punish one with name so proud.  
And yet the oldest noble there  
Could well recall some bitter sneer—  
Some biting jest, some venom'd dart  
That long had rankled in his heart.  
And younger ones some dark eclipse,  
Of Lady worshipped as the sun—  
Some memory of rifled lips  
Which they had sought but had not won;  
And but for the rude crowd without  
They glad had heard his doom pronounced,  
For crime of which there was no doubt—  
For crime which each and all denounced.

And now the air is rent with cries,  
The men-at-arms and guards in sight  
Without attract the vulgar eyes  
And fill the people with delight;  
Not that they care now for such show  
As soldiers stepping grave and slow  
Beneath their waving pennons' flow.  
They scarcely note the plumes that dance—  
The trembling gleam of casque or lance  
To-day win no applause—no glance.  
For one alone the people look,  
The criminal, if such he be,  
And now by mass and holy book,  
He is a gallant fit to see!

One, seeming scholar by his words,

Said, as the Knight came full in sight  
That like the falcon among birds,  
The noble was 'mid men.  
And the stout Burgher shouts and smiles  
Because, within the serried files  
He sees the proud patrician form  
On which to day must burst the storm.  
And e'en yon giddy, tip-toe boy,  
Exulting shouts for savage joy,  
Nor reckes he that the gallant show  
Is bought by blood, and guilt and woe.  
And Portia—yonder dark haired maid  
Forgets to ply her floral trade;  
And mark ye, sirs, the dainty girl  
Avails herself of that stout churl,  
Lest she by sudden slip or fall  
Should lose her footing on the wall—  
Nor cares that his grim hand is placed  
With freedom on her slender waist.  
The day before his cheek had paid  
For such acquaintance with the maid.

On one alone the people look—  
The criminal, if such he be,  
And sooth! by masses' holy book,  
He is a gallant fit to see!  
They shouted and they stared, but soon  
Began to change the human tide,  
Like that which underneath the moon  
Obeys her on the ocean wide.  
Had he been poor and old and bow'd  
Hisses had met him from the crowd,  
But high and beautiful and proud,  
No curse was breathed at least aloud,  
And the fair flow'r girl's lips avowed  
In accents clear, and sharp and loud,  
That such a proper Knight indeed  
Should never on the scaffold bleed;  
That is, if prayer to Mary mother  
Could in his place thrust—any other.

The noble gazed on man and girl,  
On ruffian, artizan, or churl,  
Who drew away and backward shrank  
As when the spur is red and dank  
With blood drawn from the charger's flank,  
The steed will swerve and back recoil  
So swerved each swarthy son of toil.  
Before that glance, that "evil eye"  
They cross themselves and fain would fly;  
And as he thus the people eyed  
Perchance he thought what sport 'twould be  
With lance in rest thro' them to ride  
In blood up to the charger's knee—  
To hew them down with gleaming steel—  
To see them stagger back and reel  
Under his charger's iron heel,  
For fierce is he (though fair he seems  
As hero of romantic dreams)  
And he armed ranks can well divide,  
And such as there could dash aside—  
Could from his pathway, dash and fling  
Like yielding reeds from heron's wing.  
Then comes this thought with bitter blight  
Thou art without thy sword proud Knight—  
Whatever his thoughts his burning glance  
Hushed deep in stillness that vast crowd;  
And many a man, as if in trance,  
With mingled fear and reverence bowed—  
And almost breathed a prayer aloud.

He knew not why—he could not tell  
But sure he was of some dark spell,  
And strange it was, that each man there  
In after years were heard to swear,  
(When that bright glance was cold and dim)  
That the proud Knight, so fair and stern  
Had with a meaning dark and grim  
That morning looked alone on him.  
The noble's brow told not of care  
As proud and high and debonair,  
With calm, and cold, collected air,  
He mounted up the marble stair,  
The stair that led to certain doom;  
A felon's death and nameless tomb,  
But had his regal brow been crowned,  
And royal purple's sumptuous fold  
His stately shoulders clung around,  
He scarce had looked more proudly cold.  
And can such mien and such proud eye  
Be that of one so soon to die?  
He gained the very topmost stair,  
Then for a moment slowly turned  
And gazed around him with the air  
Of one who had but late returned—  
Who looked upon familiar view  
That still was what of old he knew.  
Then passed he slowly in the door,  
But even then no loud uproar  
Uprose from lip of churl, or boor.  
There rose no shout, no curse, no cry,  
The charm of that large liquid eye  
Still held them with its subtle spell—  
Restraining; why, they could not tell.

Within the hall, the velvet seats  
Are ranged in many circles round,  
And in the aisles that stretch like streets  
Scarce any place can now be found.  
Up in the galleries, below  
The waving feathers float and flow;  
And many a veiled Lady there  
Is seated in her sculptured chair;  
The air within hath caught the scent  
Of perfume from the floating dresses,  
Or, from luxuriant, drifting tresses;—  
A thousand odors blent?  
While he, on whom all eyes are bent  
With the same look of grand repose  
Right onward to his place he goes.  
Sombre and sad his velvet suit  
In color like the fig's ripe fruit,  
Well his fair countenance doth fit  
With the dark, solemn hue of it;  
A woman's face was his in cast  
And few had dreamt from its soft mould,  
That he, scarce twenty summers passed  
Could in iniquity be old,  
And passionless, and calm and cold  
You well had deemed him, but his eye  
Gave to assumption such, the lie.  
And could that hand fair as a girl's,  
That quietly put back his curls;  
Could that fair hand bedecked with rings  
Be that of him whose deeds had won,  
Applause from potentates and kings,  
For knightly deeds which he had done?  
And as his glance roved o'er the scene,  
Each thought of what he might have been,  
For in his eyes of liquid light  
There gleamed that stern, unwavering might—

That will which cannot quail nor bend—  
 That liveth proudly to the end—  
 The will which seen in holy eyes  
 Before some dark Agrippa's bar,  
 The Mother Church doth canonize  
 And trumpet to the world afar;  
 But he such tribute ne'er can win  
 His glance is but a glance of sin.  
 Altho' as tranquilly it gleams  
 As star light on a fountain's streams.  
 As he looked round no whispered word  
 Was spoken, not a white plume stirred,  
 For every Lord and Lady there  
 Felt something of that mystic fear,  
 That strange, that chill, abnormal dread  
 We feel when watching with the dead.  
 When underneath the ghastly sheet  
 We see the outlines of the clay,  
 The crossèd arms, the rigid feet,  
 That lay not as the living lay.  
 For well they knew that certain doom  
 Awaited him they gazed upon,  
 And that a felon's nameless tomb  
 Would close on him by set of sun;  
 For added to the fierce Duke's hate  
 A rumor had been noised abroad  
 That treason 'gainst his native State  
 Hung also o'er the gallant Lord.  
 The Duke his enemy, two crimes  
 Of legal brand now held the hilt,  
 And sure were they, that vesper chimes  
 Would see him expiate his guilt.

## THE SIRE OF TERRIDES.

FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ.

In the department of Arriege by following a road bordered on each side with hills over which may be seen from time to time the blue tops of the Pyrenees, you may perceive, just before you, pencilled upon the horizon, a tall and graceful tower, carved from the summit to the base with the most delicate and artistic skill. It is the tower of Mirepoix, my native city, the place where first I learned to lisp my mother tongue, and toddled half naked from the garret to the cellar, beating the oaken doors and steps of the grand stair case with my wooden-hammer, and filling the paternal house with my uproarious music. When you approach my native city by the route just described, you will pass under a gothic gateway, still in perfect preservation, although centuries have passed since its construction, and you go right on, and disdaining to stop under the couvert, an old square formed by wooden

houses, with projecting piazzas, to shelter our promenading citizens, in turning to the left, you will come to a bridge. If you have faithfully followed my directions, you will find yourself upon one of the most elegant bridges in France, a flat bridge, as flat as the one at Jena, and built long before its great rival of Neuilly, whom, from this day I will deprive of the right of eldest born—which she has arrogated to herself, and restore it to my native city—doubtless a little faded and dowager like, but still swept often enough, and dotted with fountains and lamps.

Once upon this admirable bridge, of which I have just spoken, you will see in front of you, encrusted upon the flank of a hill, an immense and formidable ruin. The Llers, a stream winding around the city, runs at the foot of this hill, and formerly served as a defence to the chateau, to which these prodigious walls and indelible constructions pertained. This was the castle of Terrides. At Paris, where our traditions so quickly succeed each other, that with the exception of the aristocracy, not a family has a history extending farther back than fifty years—at Paris, I say, when we wish to frighten naughty children into good behaviour, we threaten them with the very common name of old man Croquemitaine. In our place, we have a more terrible one, a name which sends the blood freezing to the stoutest heart. It is the *Sire of Terrides*! Think not that the memory of this name which has survived through ages, is nothing but a simple nurse's story, it is still the terror of the people. And it is a remarkable circumstance, that during the terrible retribution of the revolution, this name alone, effaced as it had been long since from the pages of history, moved the people with greater indignation against the castles, than the present possessors themselves.

For such terror and such hatred to survive so long after the destruction of him who gave rise to it, there must have been a deep and fearful cause. I had often sought to find the true history of the formidable being, and at last began to think my knowledge would extend no farther than the popular traditions of our countrymen, where the barbarity of the Sire of Terrides is related in the most brutal forms, when one day, turning over the leaves of a vast folio, I stopped and



leaped with joy on reading the fatal, and gothic name of Terrides. I thought I at last held the key which would unlock the mouldering doors of time and reveal to light the dark and terrible skeleton of the past. I turned on and saw but eight or ten good, or passably good, knights of that name joining the courts of Foix, and fighting for them against the house of Toulouse, and that of Armagnac, from generation to generation and never once came to an ogre, a tyrant or a man-eater, which could justify the strange chronicle current in our department. I was so certain that my labor would be useless and nothing repay me for this close research, that I felt a little humor and was quite willing to believe that this popular belief was one of the silly stories inherited from the middle ages, when at the bottom of a page my eyes accidentally fell upon a note, written in small text and horrible Latin, containing the following story. In the year 1443, the queen Mary of Anjou followed King Charles VII, her husband, to Toulouse. They made a solemn entrance. The dauphin, her son, carried her "en croupe" upon his white charger. They marched under a dais of the arms of France and Anjou, held up at the four corners, by the Mayor and officers of the city: the queen was dressed in a long blue robe lined with ermine, and a head dress of white gauze raised at each side, and forming a cross upon her forehead. The sheriffs were covered with their flowing robes and dalmatiques, having upon each shoulder three red bands, and behind a cowl which reached the waist. This entrance is described, as I have just related it, in the manuscript annals of the city of Toulouse. Behind the queen and the sheriffs rode two knights upon Arab steeds, and clothed in tunics fastened at the waist embroidered with gold and falling in graceful folds down to the knees. Their sleeves were very full and closed at the wrists, their caps resembled turbans, with a piece of the cloth hanging over to shelter the back of the head. The first of these knights was Guy des Bastides.

Guy was a man about 35 or more, a brave officer, who had not failed in the frightful wars between France and England to uphold the throne by his trusty sword and still

more by his fidelity. He followed Mary of Anjou, utterly regardless of the imposing spectacle around him. They had arrived at St. Cyprian's gate, where the sheriffs had provided a missal, a cross, and a canon for the mass, that the queen and dauphin might take the customary oath to preserve the customs and liberty of the city, before they put their feet in it. Neither the magnificent dresses of the assembled multitude, nor the joyful cries which prevailed, could distract the care worn looks of Guy, or from his broad and manly brow unfold the deep wrinkles which sorrow, more than time, had cut there. Sometimes, indeed, he glanced upon the broad ramparts, which they had to cross, as if he remembered them, but never had thought to see them again. He seemed with his melancholy glance to pierce through the walls of brick, and within the enclosure, gather up such broken fragments of memory, as made his heart ache with sorrow and bitterness. He was, therefore, in the most profound meditation, when he entered the city; he saw not the ceremony of the delivering of the keys, nor heard the words of the dauphin as he returned them: "I command you to guard them." All these solemn forms, of this "*joyous and noble entrance*," being accomplished, eight ladies of the highest quality, not only of the city, but of the province, came to queen Mary and offered her the gift from the nobility. Guy had no sooner cast a glance upon them, than he became deadly pale and shivered like a leaf on seeing a young girl, scarcely fifteen, among these ladies, and who, surprised herself at the emotion she caused, cast down her dark and modest eyes before this singular attention. Convinced by her being among these noble ladies, that she would appear at the banquet given by the city of Toulouse to the queen, at the City Hotel, Guy delayed his enquiries until that time. I shall not fatigue you by relating the magnificence of the banquet which was served, I shall only tell you what Guy learned of the young lady, whose appearance had so singularly and so painfully struck him. Her name was Colombe and she was the daughter of the lord of Cairman and Catherine de Coarare. Her father had died a few years after her birth and her

mother had retired to the convent of the Hospitallers of St. Cyprian, where very soon—thanks to her austere virtue and rigid observance of the most painful duties of this order—she had become the Superior of the house. The result of this was that the young heiress of Carmain, confided to the mercenary cares of hirelings, had never known the delightful joys of a home, nor the endearing tenderness of parental love, also, she had married when but a child, and at the time of which I speak was the wife of Raoul of Terrides. Whilst one of the company was giving these details to Guy, his eyes were fastened upon Colombe, and many times he murmured to himself; “Yes, she is indeed the daughter of Catherine; there is the grave beauty of the features; there is the shining black hair, the brown tint of her complexion, and the lightning glances of her cold black eyes, but with this exception they possess not the hard ferocity of her mother’s.” And during the whole course of this long and fatiguing feast, Guy totally unmindful of all around him, ceased not to gaze upon Colombe, murmuring, it seemed, in spite of himself, “It is she! Oh my torn and bleeding heart, it is she!” On her part, the lady of Terrides wished very greatly to know what lord of the court of Charles VII. was so intently watching her: she learned no more of Guy than what we have already narrated, with this exception, that neither he, his family, or his country were known to any one. From that day, without approaching any nearer to each other, both remarked in the other sufficient to desire a closer intimacy, and very soon Guy, profiting by the prolonged stay of Mary of Anjou, introduced himself into the familiar companionship of this lady, and when the queen left for Paris he did not follow her. During the whole of this time, Raoul of Terrides was at his castle at Mirepoix, chastising the impertinence of the townsmen who had declared that he infringed upon their rights, by exacting toll at the gate, through which they generally passed going to the neighboring fairs. If at any time there came to him faint whispers, of the intimacy established between the Sire of Bastides and his wife, he without doubt believed it not, for it hastened not his return. To those who knew well the character of Raoul of Terrides, this course of conduct presented nothing extraordinary. Accustomed from his earliest infancy to overthrow every obstacle which opposed him, to destroy, to crush all those who crossed his path, or thwarted his inclinations or interests, it could not easily enter the mind of such a man, that a young and defenceless woman, and a man upon whom he looked as an adventurer, could have the temerity to insult him as insolently as they said. At last the rebellion of the townspeople being repressed, the near return of Raoul of Terrides to Toulouse was announced. To the great astonishment of all, this news did not cause the intimacy of the lady of Terrides and him, who was publicly named her lover, to cease. It appears that so much brazen effrontery excited the anger of the good people. This audacity, in what they termed a criminal intercourse, so deeply wounded the self-respect of some of the most considerable people in the city, that they felt themselves authorized to call upon and tell Colombe of the dreadful suffering her imprudence might draw down upon her. But this affectionate interest, which they at first felt for her welfare, and this desire to shield her from her husband’s cruelty, soon gave place to their openly expressed indignation, when it became known that she had replied to the prudent advice of her friends, by saying, that she had found with Guy the only happiness on earth to be envied, and she would never sacrifice him to base and unjust calumnies. The result of all this was a kind of general contempt, and indignant anger, which urged the people on to calculate upon the chances of misery, or even death itself, which threatened Colombe, and rather to wish for it, instead of pitying her. Very soon each one thought it his duty to participate in this vengeance, and when the Sire of Terrides at length came, there were not wanting angry and indignant voices to reveal his dishonor to him and counsel him to vengeance. However, the well known violence of his character and his brutality withheld the most violent and determined; and Raoul must judge for himself of the crime or innocence of Colombe. He welcomed Guy des Bastides—most nobly: and by an unheard of charm, a cordiality, the

cause of which not even the most fiendish soul could suspect, the same intimacy was granted to Colombe and Guy when he was there that existed during his absence.

Then came a storm of *puns*, *bon mots*, and sarcasms, addressed to all three of them, but particularly to Raoul. It rushed through the city to the suburbs, and raised the laughter and indignation, even of the assembled parliament, penetrating the holy sanctuary of the church, and thrusting between the worshippers and their Father. Nevertheless, as Guy and Raoul were famed for their bravery and skill in the exercise of the sword, all took care to deliver themselves to the pleasures of slander and calumny during their absence. But it seems, at last, that even this could not satisfy the public malignity, or else they wished to be assured if the conduct of Raoul was the result of complaisance or blindness. One day therefore, as the Sire of Terrides was entering his chateau, he found written upon the door, the following—

“If the dove of the haughty Terrides has not been frozen to death, it is because she has flown from her nest, to seek shelter in the Bastides.”\*

At the sight of this fatal insolence, which had been written for several hours upon his door—thus serving for food to the mocking raillery of those who had passed—at the sight of this, I say, the madness and phrenzy Raoul were uncontrollable. He gnashed his teeth, foamed with rage, and with the spring of a tiger rushed to the door and burst it open with one lick of his powerful fist, swept up the stairs like a whirlwind crying in a voice trembling with fury—

“Furies! has it come to this!”

On he went, dashing down and tearing up every obstacle which impeded his progress until he came to the room where sat Guy and Colombe.

“Come, miserable wretches—come and see what you have done!” and without waiting one instant for a reply, he dragged them down to the door, and pointed to the terrible words. Colombe appeared less frightened at this insolent inscription, than she should have been, and Guy said in a tone of indig-

nant manliness, he would nail the hand of the infamous writer to the wall.

“No! no!” thundered Raoul rushing upon Guy, “it is not thus, such an outrage can be effaced, neither the blood or the hand of the miserable coward who wrote this can repair my outraged honor”—and drawing his poniard, he sprang like a wild beast at Guy, but before he reached him his wife rushed between them, and some persons at that moment passing took hold of Raoul, and forcibly drew him into the house, and to the inexpressible surprise and astonishment of all present, Guy and Colombe followed him in. As soon as they were all three together, and the citizens had gone, Raoul said to Guy, every word falling upon his ear with fiendish hatred.

“Now what can you give for that you have taken from me, my honor is lost—*Lost*—do you hear? and I swear that I will not be the object of the whole province’s derision. Think well and deeply upon it, I will give you twenty four hours respite—twenty four hours—not one moment more. Then all shall be told, or I will act becoming a nobleman upon whose escutcheon no spot or sully has ever yet rested.”

Saying this he left Guy and Colombe stupefied and silent: they afterwards had a long conversation together. At the end of this conversation, the young wife of Terrides wrote to her mother to come to her, and sent it immediately. From the tenor of the note her mother judged that some important and pressing affair required her attendance at the chateau, and without a moment’s delay she set off. As soon as she arrived she locked herself and daughter in a room, and this is the conversation which passed between them.

“Oh mother, mother!” said Colombe falling on her knees before her, “pity me—help me—protect me! Save my life—save my honor!”

“Speak,” replied Catherine in cold and passionless tones, she, whose beauty, withered by the painful exercises of the cloister had given place to that hard, unfeeling expression, which tells the suppliant too well, “Hope nothing from me”—“Speak in that humiliating posture, so well becoming a woman lost to honor, a wife violating every

\* Bastides is also the name of a sheltered country house in the south of France.

duty!" The lady of Terrides had in the depths of her heart—if not her mother's harshness—at least a large share of her pride and blood; and she suddenly raised herself and cried, while the confidence of virtue flashed from her eyes.

"Then I speak standing, for I am more innocent than those who accuse me; more innocent than those who condemn me."

"I wish it indeed, my daughter," said the Superior, "and I hope you will prove it."

"I can by one word," replied Colombe; "It is in the name the Sire Guy des Bastides bore sixteen years ago."

"What was it?" asked Catherine looking fearfully.

"*John de la Garde!*" said Colombe.

"John de la Garde," shrieked the Superior. "John de la Garde!" and incapable of motion she became rigid as a statue.

"Yes! my mother. It is he whom your young heart once loved—he, who, for a moment's weakness and happiness, you cruelly banished from his country and revenged yourself by giving your hand to the Sire de Carmain. It is he who loved you so tenderly and faithfully, so truly and devotedly!"

"He is here!" said Catherine, her eyes flashing and lips compressed in wrath; "he is here!" and she raised to heaven her skeleton hands, then cast them down in submission. "One proof more of my penitence, oh my God thou now requirest of me! Oh mercy! mercy! He is here!"

"Yes dear mother. After sixteen years passed in the painful toils of war, he has returned to Toulouse: not with the intention of finding you, for he has ever regarded your command as sacred; not to know me, for he was ignorant of my existence: but, dear mother, to take a last look at his country, and yours! It was not to be so; we were brought together. John told me his secret. And he, poor exile who had no love in the world but you, no other happiness but a remembrance—and I, a hapless orphan, notwithstanding you yet lived, I, too early given to a husband who dreams only of war and blood, knowing no resting place for this poor lonely heart, which never felt the trusting peace and happiness of parental love;—both were left to find in each other that happiness so many years denied us. Often

have we laughed together, still oftener have we wept."

"Oh miserable, miserable being, whither shall I fly!" incessantly groaned the wretched Catherine—shaking her head in the hopelessness of despair.

"And now," added Colombe, her voice broken by heart broken sobs—"do you know what they say? That he is my lover!"

"Infamous slander!" cried Catherine drawing Colombe tenderly to her breast and winding her meager arms around her, "*He is thy father!*" forgetting that before she heard this explanation, she herself had believed the tale. But the moment Colombe was pressed to her bosom, she pushed her off convulsively and uttered a shriek of agony.

"Dear mother, what is it?" said Colombe.

"Nothing!" replied the Superior instantly recovering her cold and measured tones: "nothing! continue your story." Colombe obeyed.

"Now that you know he is my father, will you not declare it and give me back my honor?"

"Yes!" bitterly replied Catherine, "I can attest it—I can say that the wife of the proud and haughty de Carmain has dragged his noble name down into the loathsome slime of a shameful love! I can say it. Call your husband, call him, I command you—and with the forehead of the proud Superior grovelling in the dust with shame and ignominy, I will tell him my lasting shame and dishonor—then both can spurn me with your feet, for well have I deserved it!"

"But mother," said Colombe rapidly, "he knows it, knew it long ago—it is not he you must convince."

"Who then?" cried Catherine impetuously, "who?"

"Mother," added Colombe in utter despair, "the whole province has sullied my name with the infamous accusation!"

"The whole province!" replied the Superior devouring her daughter with glaring eyes—"The whole province! must I stand up before the whole province and tell them that the Superior of the convent of the Hospitallers, who by twelve years of fasting, scourging, penitence and prayer, acquired the renown of a saint, is *that thing* too loathsome to be named. No, no, if you hoped for



that, you have deceived yourself, I will *never* do it."

"Oh Great and dreadful God, what will become of me!" cried Colombe in the agony of despair.

"You will suffer!" replied her hard and stony mother—"daughter of crime you will also inherit its misery! If you knew what I have suffered!"

"But I am innocent!" said Colombe.

"And I guilty! guilty of a great and dreadful crime; but however great it may be, this must be some expiation for it, or God is not just. Behold!" said she, and drawing aside her veil, she tore open her nun's robe and revealed to Colombe the sackcloth with the sharp points dyed with blood. They had pierced her lacerated breast when she pressed her daughter to it and drew forth that shriek of agony which filled Colombe with horror. She started up, gave one despairing look, and felt her fate was sealed.

At this moment Guy and Raoul entered; Raoul approached his mother in law and in a solemn tone: "So madam, you will not publicly confess what you have just said here?" Catherine drew her veil over her face, and without looking at either—left the room, uttering "*never!*" with such concentrated determination that gave the knell to all earthly hope. "Oh what can be done," cried Guy, in the deepest despair. "I know," cried Raoul with ferocious calmness. He immediately called a dozen armed men whom he had concealed near the room, and without one sign of emotion, at the speechless astonishment which held Guy and Colombe immovable before him, he gave to the chief the following orders: "James," said he, "you will set off with this man and this woman, and conduct them this very night to my chateau of Terrides. There you will tear out the tongues of this man and this woman, and then chain both of them in the large iron cage, in which the bear died, that I dashed to the ground with one lick on mount St. Bartholomew. You will then put this inscription upon the cage: 'Thus the Sire of Terrides, revenges himself on all those who offend him.'" These orders resembled so much a madman's, that neither Colombe or her father had courage to interrupt them, so transfixed were they by sur-

prised amazement, and when this feeling gave place to indignation, they found themselves alone in the hands of the terrible soldiers of Raoul, who had learned from such a master nothing but a stupid and ferocious obedience.

That same evening, Raoul related how he had punished the outrage done to his honor, and some were found who did not think the punishment beyond the insult, and every husband should thus act towards abandoned wives and their guilty lovers. Some years after Catherine died in the odor of sanctity. Raoul at his last moments confessed his great and dreadful crime, long after Guy and Colombe had expired in unheard of torments.

And this event it was, which to this day fills the minds of my countrymen with fright and horror for the name of the "*Sire of Terrides.*"

S. S. C.

Columbus Ga.

## EMOTION.

It was upon a summer night  
Not long ago; I had been ill,  
And feeling somewhat languid still,  
I lay reclined beneath the light

Of brilliant stars and star-like eyes—  
So gently breathed the evening air,  
It hardly stirred the dark-brown hair  
Upon her polished cheek that lies.

She sat beside me, filled with thought,  
Her thought went forth to future days,  
And we, to that prophetic gaze,  
Were in each other interwrought.

I lay reclined, but spoke no word;  
Her hand met mine; I felt the thrill  
Rush to my heart; then swiftest chill  
Swept o'er the impulse hotly stirred.

How narrowly we miss the road,  
That might our future life decide!  
So many paths are vainly tried,  
So many but the right one trode.

The slightest thing shall turn the scale;  
The music of a distant chime,  
The visions of an older time,  
The weariness of things that fail.

Pass on thy way, thou dark-eyed one!  
I may not love thee; love me not!  
Thou passion-hearted, choose thy lot,  
And I my lonely course will run.

MARTIN.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. R.]

The following story was translated in the village of Santa Barbara, Upper California, to while away the leisure hours of a soldier's life. It was originally written in French by Florian and from that language translated into the Spanish but I believe has never before been rendered into English. It is a chaste and beautiful production founded upon a very exciting though somewhat hackneyed passage in Spanish history. I trust that all its beauties have not been lost in even so poor a version as mine. The translation is not strictly literal, for that the idioms of the two languages would not permit, but I believe that every idea has been faithfully conveyed and clothed in the same style of language as in the original. It is proper to say that though the work is translated from the Spanish as before mentioned, it has been carefully compared with the French and such corrections made as were necessary.

### BOOK FIRST.

Ye chaste Nymphs who bathe the tresses of your golden hair in the limpid waters of the Guadalquivir, and weave beneath the cool shades of the leafy poplars, garlands embellished with the sweet scented flowers which bloom ever in the green fields of Andalusia, come, teach me to celebrate the heroes of your shores—record the bloody combats which the walls of Granada saw—the victories of Gonsalvo, his love and his misfortunes—relate how the prudence of Isabel and the valor of Ferdinand wrested Spain from her ancient Usurpers—how the breath of discord prepared the ruin of the Moors. Adorn, beautiful Nymphs, your words with that touching grace and elegance,—with that poetic imagery, which have their home on your own native soil—cover the austere brow of truth with the garlands which encircle your own temples, but while you relate to tender hearts the pains and the pleasures they will one day feel, remind all the

Kings of the Universe, that the only props of their thrones, are justice and virtue. Generous Spain, valiant and magnanimous nation, Mother of affectionate lovers, eternal models of sensitive and constant hearts, whose invincible warriors have made thee the mistress of an extended empire, upon which, the sun never sets;—accept my tribute. I consecrate to thee, in this humble offering, the two sentiments of sacred honor and ardent love.

Isabel reigned in Castile, and Ferdinand ruled over Arragon. These two sovereigns, joined in a happy marriage, had united their crowns, without confounding their dominions. Both in the flower of their age, both equally inflamed with the ardent desire of glory, beheld with indignation the most beautiful provinces of Spain under the dominion of the Mussulmen. Eight centuries of victories had not sufficed to wrest from the hands of the sons of Ishmael all the conquests of their ancestors;—at times vanquished, but never overthrown, they still possessed the delicious provinces laved by the Afric Sea, from the columns of Hercules to the sepulchre of the Scipios. Granada was their Capital, and the States of Granada alone made Boabdil a powerful Monarch.

But the fierce Boabdil had provoked the anger of Isabel. His contempt of treaties, his excursions into Andalusia, accelerated the day of vengeance, and the trumpet of war resounded from the mouth of the Betis to the source of the Ebro. All Spain was in commotion. Ferdinand pressed on with the spirited Aragonese; the fiery Catalanian, the lively Valencian, and the cunning Balearian, followed the example; the pastoral Asturians rushed from their rugged mountains. Ancient Leon assembled her phalanxes;—the faithful Castilians flew to arms, and the royal couple, now possessed of every place which impeded the approach to Granada, laid siege to its walls. Never before had one city been menaced by so many illustrious Captains, never in the same field, had been collected so many heroes; among them might be distinguished the Mendozas, the Nunez and the Medinas, Guzman, the fiery Guzman, proud of his royal descent; Aguilar, who believed virtue more honorable than noble birth: Hernando Cortez, who, scarce-

ly out of his childhood, wielded for the first time the steel destined to subdue Mexico; the amiable prince of Portugal, Alfonso, son-in-law of Isabel, Alfonso, the cause of so many tears to the unhappy wife who survived him; the invincible Lara, friend and support of the oppressed, Lara, honor of his nation, dear to his country, dearer still to friendships of which he was the faithful model; the venerable Tellez, glowing with youthful spirits, for fifty years at the head of the indomitable squadron of the Knights of Calatrava, and a multitude of other warriors, the flower and glory of Spain, all of whom recognized the happy spouse of Isabel as their Chief, all of whom swore to conquer or die under the command of Ferdinand.

The monarch restrained the ardour of his Captains, and desired to postpone the assault. Consummate in the profound art of distributing authority, in order to reign secure, of preparing the victory before fighting the battle, he had fomented in Granada the dissensions which agitated and weakened the people he designed to attack. Impenetrable in his designs, and constant in pursuing them, he silently took measures to bring about a happy result. Obstacles did not irritate him, because his prudence had foreseen them; the future could not surprise him, for his wisdom had made all secure. Active, patient, indefatigable, rival of the bravest in war, without rival in council, his arm would have fixed fortune if his penetration had not enchained it.

The spirited Isabel, wished only to conquer. Animated by an ardent love of her religion, and her people, she perceived in the Moor the irreconcilable enemy of her nation and her faith. Honor bade her to fly to the combat, and honor was her only prudence. Her great soul never concealed its sentiments. Accustomed to give account to God of her inmost thoughts, she little feared the eyes of men, supported in her virtue, she carried a serene front. Generous, magnanimous, sensitive, severe with herself, just to all, the example and idol of her vassals, her counsellor was her duty, her strength was in her spirits, and her hope in the eternal being.

The blood of both parties had already moistened the plains, and since the begin-

ning of the seige, the sun had run half his course, and nothing yet announced that Granada had been weakened; on the contrary, it appeared to have recovered new strength, since Gonsalvo, who had not yet completed twenty five years, whom the oldest Captains respectfully consulted, Gonsalvo, whose terrible arm had encountered no adversary, who could even place victory in doubt; whose virtues the conquered themselves revered—was absent. Born in Codova, and nursed amid the continual wars which Granada waged with her neighbors; battles were his pastimes, and the spoils of the Moor his patrimony. Prodigal nature had lavished her gifts upon him; from early youth, he had learned the art both to conquer and to please; clothed in armor, his brow girded with his morion, his stature, his noble bearing, his strength more than human, his valor superior to his strength, rendered him the dread and terror of warriors. Unarmed, his elegance, his sweet and penetrating expression, his features beautified by affability, carried away all hearts. His rivals, far beneath him, dared not come into his presence, and the desperation of envy was changed into the necessity of love.

Gonsalvo was at that time the sad victim of a most detestable treachery. Seid, the King of Fez at the solicitation of the Granadians, had menaced with war the shores of Andalusia. The Spanish King desired peace with the African, that he might not be distracted from his meditated conquest. Terms were offered, but the name of the great Gonsalvo, having reached the ears of Seid, he demanded that that Castilian should be sent Ambassador to his Court, and refused to treat with any other except that celebrated warrior. Isabel hesitated long, but fear of her near enemy, and hope of the quick return of the hero, determined her at last. Gonsalvo, previously instructed in the Arabian language and customs, set out charged by his Sovereign to secure peace at all hazards. A ship bore him to Fez, where the perfidious Seid, at the entreaty of Boabdil, detained him under various pretexts, delayed to sign the treaty, and thus gave time to Granada to resuscitate.

Incapable of suspicion, but irritated by delay, Gonsalvo complained of the honor

which rendered his valor inactive. It was not alone the thirst of glory which made him unhappy; another passion had taken possession of him. Love, dreadful love, had taken possession of that fiery soul, and the hero had felt its power in the midst, even, of combats and of victory.

A short time previous to the siege Gonsalvo had advanced to the ramparts of Granada, even entered the city in triumph, carrying terror and death. The Moors fell and fled before him. A rivulet of blood marked the path in which he passed. That day would have been the last of Boabdil and his empire, if the Castilians could have followed him. Zulema, sister of the King, and daughter of the virtuous Muley Hassan, Zulema, who from youth, excelled all the beauties of Africa and of Spain, went out in the midst of the terrified people, and dismayed at the sight of the butchery, fell on her knees before the steps of the royal palace. She extended her arms towards heaven, and with face bathed in tears, implored the all powerful to turn aside that terrible Warrior whose path was strewn with death. At that moment Gonsalvo appeared, sword in hand, and covered with blood, opening his road across the bodies of victims and fugitives. He hastened to the Princess—his sword remained suspended, his hand reined up his fiery steed, and filled with admiration, he contemplated that enchanting face, rendered more beautiful by grief; those lovely eyes whose brilliant blue now melted into tenderness, now burned with fire;—that noble brow uniting majesty and modesty;—those long tresses of ebony, floating disordered, bathed in tears, as they fell and reposed on the marble. All the elegance, all the attractions with which virtue is adorned by nature, adorned the beautiful Zulema. Such, and perhaps less beautiful appeared the tender Jemina when she went to implore the aid of her King against a hero she adored. Gonsalvo, struck by an arrow whose wound was eternal, inhaled the sweet poison of love. He trembled, he sighed, he burned, and his entire soul was consumed with the devouring flame. Forgetting for the time, Granada, the war, his own danger, he leaped from his horse to reassure the princess, but his enemies rallied,

came upon, and attacked him on all sides. Blows in quick succession received upon his armor, forced him from his tender thoughts; he recovered and continued to fight but his first ardor was gone. He yielded to the multitude and retreated gazing on Zulema, parrying with a weak hand, the threatening sabres, and setting at nought glory and life as he again looked upon her he was so unwilling to leave, upon her on whom depended his destiny for the future; conquered and subdued, he departed, at last from the city, which but a short time before, he had entered as a conqueror. From that sad day, Gonsalvo cherished in misery and bitterness, a love without hope. Not knowing even the name of her he loved, he trembled to think she might be the wife, or the betrothed of some hero, but even if the fear were vain, how could he hope to be himself beloved, he, the greatest enemy of her religion—of her people—the scourge of Granada, and bathed in the blood of its defenders. He had not raised his visor, and Zulema could not read in his eyes his love, his profound grief and contrition for his bloody deeds. He scarce dared to nourish the hope of again seeing her; but her image occupied his thought continually. In the combat, in repose, in the tumult, in solitude, he saw ever her adored form; he contemplated that celestial beauty kneeling before the palace, raising her hands and eyes to Heaven; he heard her mournful voice; he distinguished its tender accents—and fancied he saw the tears, which bathed her face.

Fortune conceded to Gonsalvo a consoling friend in his misfortunes. Lara—the tender Lara—loved Gonsalvo more than life—loved him as he loved glory. United from first infancy, reared in the same city—or rather in the same fields of battle—together they learned to fight, and pursued, with equal steps, the career of heroes. They had no feeling not common to both; the interests and anxiety of the one, occupied and tormented the mind of the friend, more strongly than his own. Lara knew no pride, except when he spoke of Gonsalvo—Gonsalvo was ever modest, except when relating the deeds of Lara. Their souls were always in common, and neither possessed



all his faculties, but when associated with the other. Secrecy was a burthen, superior to their strength, and they hastened to relieve themselves of it by communication. As two tender oaks, that bud from neighboring stems which support each other, grow together, wind their wide-spreading branches and rule over the neighboring woods.

Ah! what tears were shed, when the time to part had come! How tender their separation! Enfolding each other in their arms, they separated and again embraced; and their hearts—strangers to fear in the most terrible dangers—dreaded the slightest circumstance which threatened the friend. Gonsalvo demanded of Lara that he should expose himself to no perils in his absence: Lara besought Gonsalvo to moderate his natural quickness of temper in the Court of a perfidious and cruel King. Both requested of Isabel permission to go together; but the Army—already too weak—required the services of one of the heroes. Gonsalvo found himself under the necessity of departing, and, from that sad moment, Lara, discouraged, and depressed, believed himself alone in the midst of the camp. He was no longer roused by the sound of the trumpet—whom was he to conquer, if his friend did not enjoy the victory? Gloomy and sad, he avoided the King, his companions, and sought the silence of solitude. He climbed the rugged mountains to extend his vision to Africa. There breathed Gonsalvo; there, more worthy still of compassion, exiled from his country—far from his friend—far from her he loved, Gonsalvo sighed, irritated himself, counted the moments which he could not accelerate and tormented, without cessation, a heart whose wounds time had not healed. Every thing around him increased his unhappiness. On an arid and burning soil, interspersed with palm trees, he saw a nation of slaves, subjected to a ferocious despot. In vain the unhappy African watered with the sweat of his brow the furrow, which nourished his family. Scarcely do the crops begin to ripen, when thick clouds of locusts appear and devour them in a single day, or, if they escape this terrible plague, the Viziers—the royal governors,—passing rapidly from the throne to the scaf-

fold, from the diadem to the gallows, hasten to fatten upon the blood of the people, and accumulate sufficient treasures to purchase impunity. The sovereign of these petty tyrants, reposing in unworthy idleness, or intimated with brutish lusts, remembers not that he is King, except to order an unjust execution. The most unbridled desires—the most atrocious caprices, in his mouth, are the sacred laws of the Empire. His vassals destined to misery, suffer and die at his wish. Their property, their wives, their children, belong to him. On the slightest pretext, they are robbed—on the least suspicion, their heads leap from their bodies. In these barbarous regions, the blood of men is held of less value than the rain, of which the Heavens are so sparing; and the Monarch himself delights to exercise the horrible functions of Executioner.

Such was the Court in which the most feeling—the most generous of men—was compelled to pass the days he would rather have blotted from his life. To no purpose was he indignant—in vain did he threaten and complain to Seid, with the haughty freedom of a great soul. Seid feared him, fled from his presence and concealed himself in the bosom of his Seraglio. The Viziers, accustomed to fraud and cunning, appeased the hero with homage, deceived the Ambassador with oaths; and the invincible Gonsalvo—to whom all yielded in the battle—whom no rampart could resist—was frustrated by vile ministers, and made a captive of by a king he despised.

The moon had twice renewed her light, since Gonsalvo had landed on the shores of Africa. Wearied with so many perfidies, he resolved to compel Seid to break that offensive silence; and having informed himself of the day when the monarch was accustomed to repair to the Mosque, he waited for him alone on the roadside. He discovered himself and approached. The appearance, the air, the boldness of the hero, intimidated the guard and they drew back. Stopping in front of Seid, holding the treaty in one hand, and a naked sword in the other, in a loud and firm voice:—

“King of Fez,” said he, “I give you peace or war, choose on the spot; a hundred thousand swords equal to mine wait but one word

from my mouth to come, and overturn in rivers of blood thy throne and thy walls. They are suspended over thy head; if you hesitate, the blow will fall."

Seid looked at him confused—he trembled at the sight, and lowered his pallid brow. His courtiers quaked—his people fled—and his soldiers prepared to abandon him. The King of so many slaves, frightened at the aspect of a freeman, signed the treaty without reply. Gonsalvo, satisfied, retired and prepared for his departure.

But the viziers of a despot too often persuade him to commit crimes; and those of Seid, more irritated than the monarch himself, urged him to revenge. Gonsalvo had despised his power—Gonsalvo merited death. By chastising a rash man, whose pride had offended the King, Gonsalvo would be delivered, and Spain would lose her firmest support. Policy and revenge exacted it. The death of the hero was just, from the moment it was useful, and the wicked counsellors determined the monarch to become an assassin.

Orders were given to waylay the roads, along which Gonsalvo would have to pass. A thousand men seemed scarce enough to put to death one single warrior. Cunning was joined to strength—the place of attack was selected—communications cut off—the preparations carefully considered, and those barbarians showed more address in directing a base assassination, than they had ever employed in fighting their enemies. Night had already extended her mantle, and Gonsalvo unsuspecting, had resolved to depart from Fez at the break of day. Tranquil in his palace, he enjoyed the sweet hope of soon embracing his friend, and pouring into his tender heart the pains he had suffered. He would approach the beleaguered city, where dwelt the object of his affections, he might again penetrate its walls—encounter her near the palace—defend and save her life—compel her gratitude, before declaring his love. These chimeras, which lovers cherish and look upon as probable, occupied Gonsalvo, when suddenly he heard the sound of a Spanish lute, which, bringing to mind his country, enchained his attention. He listened, and a tremulous voice sang in Castilian the following words:

\* Warriors brave and lovers dear  
Listen to the words I sing,  
Prudence whispering in your ear,  
Breathes in echoes from the string.

Silently vile traitors move,  
Vengeance seeks a warrior brave.  
Hearken to this lay of love  
Glory falls beneath the glaive.

Stranger! List this humble note  
Treason spreads its meshes near,  
Speedily may warnings float  
Zephyrs waft them to my ear.

Gonsalvo surprised at hearing his native language, attentive to the sense of the words which were seemingly directed to himself, cast his eyes over the plaza on which his palace was situated, and discovered by the light of the moon an old man whose white beard flowed to his waist, clothed as a captive, dragging the chains of slavery and fleeing before a party of Moors attracted by his voice. The heart of the hero was moved at the sight: he left his palace, approached the captive and inquired in Castilian if Spain was not his native land.

"I am a Spaniard," replied the slave: "if Gonsalvo loves his country and is not unwilling to save it from a frightful calamity let me repair immediately to the Garden of Palms."

The old man left him and disappeared—Gonsalvo remained motionless and hesitated what resolve to make. He knew the perfidy of the Moor, he was alone unarmed, and it was night. Should he follow an unknown slave? "How can the fate of Spain be in my hands? But the slave is an old man—a Spaniard and unhappy." This determined Gonsalvo and mingling in the multitude, he directed his steps to the Garden of Palms, a solitary and desert place in the heart of the city.

The old man was waiting at the entrance: when he perceived the hero he ran towards and threw himself at his feet.

"Oh glory of my country," said he almost void of breath, "valiant son of my former lord, to me it is granted to preserve your precious life. Ah! pardon my joy and permit me to bathe your victorious hands with tears of affection. But you regard me with cold surprise, while I so much rejoice that again I see you. You do not recognize me

\* These verses are the translation of another.

and I have loved you so long. I am Pedro, I am the old servant of your father, the Count; I served him for forty years. I followed him in a thousand battles; I was present at your birth Gonsalvo and held you in these feeble arms; you were still in your cradle when I was taken captive by the Moors. I have been for twenty years a slave, and in this long period not one day has passed but that Pedro has shed tears to the memory of your father, but that he has sought news of his worthy son from the Spaniards who have been brought to these Moorish dungeons. They have told me your glorious deeds, they helped to support my life. At last I see you, at last I kiss the feet of Gonsalvo, and I am about to deliver him from impending death. Eternal God be praised! This blessing alone makes me forget all the ills I have endured."

In saying this, he pressed the hand of the hero to his lips, and Gonsalvo, deeply affected, embraced him, recalled the sad memory of his father, and demanded to know what was the danger which threatened.

"Sir," said the captive, "I know it from themselves; these monsters have revealed in my presence their detestable secret; condemned to labor in the gardens, I sat down wearied under a bower of musk roses, when the King, accompanied by his vizier, stopped at the bower."

"Are you certain," said the Monarch, "that this bold Castilian will not escape with his life?"

"I swear to it by the Prophet," replied the atrocious minister, "a thousand blacks are already placed in the two paths which lead from the prison, and his servants only, can approach his palace. Death awaits Gonsalvo, and within a brief period, great King, I will place his head at your feet."

"Trembling to hear these horrible words, but animated by my zeal, I have resolved to save my lord. God, doubtless, has guided this difficult enterprise. In the few hours which remain to me I have prepared your flight, and unable to approach you, my song in our native language has brought you to me. The rest is in your hands, sir; but I beseech you, I conjure you, in the name of our beloved country—in the name of your august father, to forget for one day—only

one day—that intrepid valor which now would be fatal. Abandon yourself to my fidelity and follow my counsels; all means are proper, which will free you from vile assassins. But if my prayer move you not—if your valor require you to confront certain death—useless, mournful to your brothers and your country—first shed the little blood that remains in my veins, and thus, you will avert the horrible torments to which these barbarians would condemn me, and the profound grief of surviving you—though but for a moment."

The hero reassured him, and promised to follow his counsels. The old man guided him into the depth of a solitary grove, where he had concealed a turban, a Moorish dress, and an African sword.

"Pardon me, pardon me," said he, "but these vestments alone can deceive the sentinels who guard the gates. Surrounded by enemies, distant three days' journey from the sea, we could not else reach your ship; but whenever you are free, your followers would be respected, and your vessel could convey them to Spain. This disguise is indispensable, and, if your great heart be repugnant to it, but recollect you are going to Granada where Gonsalvo can show himself to the Moors and the Castilians."

The hero vacillated, notwithstanding his promise: he was afraid to disgrace his brow with the turban and debase himself by wearing the Moorish dress; but urged by Pedro, certain that the roads were taken, desirous of returning to his country, he yielded, but with shame. His long hair was concealed in the turban of a Moor; he preserved his warlike bearing, and girding on the scimitar, examined its temper; and, preceded by the captive whom he had freed from chains, they departed together from the "Garden of Palms."

Unknown and unobserved, they passed through the gates of Fez in the midst of the guard. They accelerated their pace, and in a few moments reached the banks of the river Subur. Gonsalvo found there an open boat, in which Pedro had placed a sail and a supply of water and provisions. He had expended in these preparations the small amount of gold he had amassed in twenty years of servitude. They entered the boat

and the old man taking now the oar and now the rudder, felt his strength increase when looking upon the hero. Favored by a gentle zephyr, the bark flew over the rapid waves. In twelve hours they reached the mouth of the river, entered upon the open sea, and when the land had faded in the distance the captive fell upon his knees, gave thanks to God and then threw himself at the feet of his master and bathed them with tears of joy. In a brief time, they had neared the heights of Arraix and the delicious fields, where in other days the Lejos watered the famous provinces conquered by Hercules. Ázilia founded by the Phœnicians shone upon and disappeared from their view. They doubled Cape Spartel, left the ancient Tangièrs to the right, where repose the bones of Anteus and crossing the straits they arrived at midnight in front of Mount Calpe. The stars emitted a feeble light from the serene blue of the heavens, and the waves reflected the silvered rays of the moon. Gonsalvo seated on the prow, discovered the shores of Spain and unable to contain his joy, he arose and exclaimed,

“Oh, dear country! Oh Lara! again I shall see you—again breathe the air breathed by her I adore, among my brave companions—near my King and under my own standards! Oh Love! Oh Friendship! Oh Virtue! Ye inflame my heart when I gaze upon these beautiful shores.”

At this moment, the old man pointed out the signs of a terrible tempest. The stars disappeared—the moon lost her light—groups of black clouds gathered in the southern sky—the waters became agitated by the breath of a breeze, which flew rapidly before an impetuous hurricane that followed. Profound darkness covered the waves—lightning flashed from the clouds—thunder roared from afar. The noise augmented—the waves foamed—the winds howled—the billows were raised to the skies and the bark now suspended on a mountain of foam, now precipitated in the abyss below, at one moment touched the clouds and at another the profound depths of the sea.

Tranquil in the midst of the tempest, Gonsalvo cheered up the old man—gave him hopes which he did not himself entertain, and enfolded him in his arms. Pedro thought

of Gonsalvo only, and for him alone poured out a copious flood of tears. “Oh, my Lord, after all, I have not been able to save you—all nature conspires against a hero. Oh, Gonsalvo, if I could . . . the land cannot be distant . . . Come, my lord, I will swim with you to the shores! God will grant me my former strength—I trust that I will not expire until I have left you on the beach.” At this moment the feeble bark was precipitated from the summit of a wave with the rapidity of an arrow, and from an immense distance was dashed against a ship exposed to the same tempest and broken into a thousand pieces. Gonsalvo and Pedro were immersed in the bitter waves—did not quit each other—arose again to the surface, seized a floating cable and climbed to the deck of the ship. What a spectacle was presented to their sight! By the flashes of the lightning Gonsalvo discovered a woman bound to the mast of the ship, her face bathed in tears, her hair scattered to the wind, surrounded by black soldiers, with drawn swords—unable to raise her hands bound with disgraceful thongs, with head thrown back and eyes fixed on heaven, she invoked the All-Powerful to permit her to perish among the waves, rather than abandon her to the mercy of those cruel pirates. On hearing these accents, the heart of Gonsalvo was touched with compassion—a prolonged flash of lightning discovered to him, surprised and transported, her he adored—her whose image had been graved on his soul since first he saw her in Granada. Still doubting his felicity, he ran, he flew towards her and was about to throw himself at her feet, but fury suffocated his joy. He drew his sabre—broke the chains of Zulema, sustained her promised vengeance, and menaced with angry looks the horrible troop around her. The barbarians at first surprised, became reassured, muttered and ground their teeth. Their chief, a ferocious Ethiopian, with hideous head, enveloped in a white turban, leaped upon Gonsalvo and wounded him with a dagger. The hero immolated him on the spot with a single blow of his sabre. Clamours resounded through the ship; soldiers and sailors blaspheming God's name, rushed upon Gonsalvo and filled the air with frightful cries. In like manner, on



Mount Caucasus, a cloud of crows may be seen to attack an eagle, who solitary braves their fury.

Supported against the mainmast, sustaining the princess with one hand, his sword in the other, the hero calmly awaited them. The foremost fell at his feet—others rushed forward and filled their places. Gonsalvo quickened his blows and his scimitar scattered afar their armour and their limbs. Rivulets of blood flowed through the ship; the groans of the wounded, the cries of Zulema, and the shouts of the assailants were mingled and confounded. Tumult, death and terror surrounded the hero. The lightning, the darkness, the roaring of the wind—peals of thunder, added to the horrors of the bloody combat.

Gonsalvo environed with enemies, could not parry every blow. More occupied with Zulema than his own defence, he left himself exposed and received several deep wounds. The loyal Pedro fighting by the side of his lord, was instructed by the Princess to liberate the prisoners then confined in the hold of the ship. Unobserved he ran below, broke their chains, and the captives already armed, hastened to the assistance of Gonsalvo. Pedro returned, placed himself in front of Zulema and the hero now freed, rushed forward like a lion who had broken his chain. He struck down, slaughtered and dispersed the vile troop of assassins, pursued them to the stern, presented death to them between the sword and the wave and with the aid of the captives, he forced, at length, the remnant of the barbarian band to rush headlong into the sea. Gonsalvo triumphant, but almost dead, ran through the ship and finding no other enemies, returned to the Princess, commenced speaking and fell exhausted at her feet.

The sea was now calm—the winds were lulled—the waves were at rest, and through the clouds appeared the brilliant blue of Heaven. Night had fled and the orient was red with the rays of day. The deserted ship, without sails or rudder, remained motionless in the midst of the waves.

Zulema, the good old man, the captives he had released, all approached Gonsalvo and endeavored to restore him to life, but their efforts were vain. He lay immovable

near his victims, with pale face—head inclined on his breast, and eyes apparently closed in death. Pedro weeping, raised him up; the captives sustained him on their knees, the princess grasped his hands in her own, tore off her veil to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounds and tenderly gazed on the face of her liberator. Gonsalvo, at length half opened his eyes—again closed them and uttered a profound sigh. Zulema and Pedro filled with joy gave themselves up to hope. They proposed a couch for the dying hero, using prodigally all the means which their zeal, their gratitude and their friendship could invent. Gonsalvo recovered his senses, perceived the princess near him, and made useless efforts to speak to her. “Are you . . . . Are you” . . . . were the only words his lips could utter. Zulema administered a draught to invigorate him—entertained him with conversation and desirous that sleep should repair his lost strength, retired with Pedro. The captives recognized by the old man to be Bereberes, examined the condition of the ship. Of the rudder only a small piece remained—the masts were without sails and the waves broke upon the deck. Pedro from an elevation in the ship, discovered land, pointed it out to Zulema, and as they approached the princess recognized it to be Malaga. “Enter the bay without hesitation,” said she, “I am the sister of the King of Granada, and the daughter of Muley-Hassan. My orders there will be obeyed. In the palace you see in the midst of the grove, I will receive the hero to whom I owe my life, where I may show the gratitude so dear to my heart. But relieve my impatience and tell me, who is that generous warrior. Is it an African prince? If I can believe my presentiments, he is the greatest of men.” The old man, attentive to her words, was grieved to discover the danger to which his lord was exposed and desired to flee from that hostile land where Castilians encountered only chains—where the name of Gonsalvo would excite to vengeance a people he had so often vanquished. But the prompt assistance which the hero required—the deplorable state of the ship—the presence of the liberated Bereberes—compelled him to obey. He hesitated and considered what answer he should

make to the princess. He blushed to deceive her, but replied—"You are right, this hero came from Africa—illustrious birth is the least of his qualities. Emulous of the exploits of the warriors who have distinguished themselves in the siege of Granada, he was repairing to that city to rival or eclipse them. The tempest destroyed his ship and yours has preserved us. The rest you already know, and your generous heart will doubtless instruct you as to the duties you are to perform."

He ceased; Zulema sighed, and believing that Gonsalvo was on his way to render aid to her country, her gratitude increased beyond bounds. She was carried away by her imagination and thought that such a warrior would be the liberator of Granada and could protect her against her persecutors. The deeds he had already performed in her behalf—the few words he had spoken—the hand that grasped her own during the terrible combat—all were pictured in her memory and caused a secret joy. Zulema experienced a sweet sensation which she could not define, yet dared not yield to her thoughts.

In the mean time the ship approached and cast anchor in the roadstead. The people on the Mole recognized the young princess and saluted her with joyful acclamations. Zulema would not leave Gonsalvo, and gave orders that he be confided to the care of two old men, skilful in the curing of wounds. Surrounded by the prisoners liberated by his valor, he was borne by slaves towards the palace, under the guidance of the princess.

*End of Book First.*

## LINES

*To the memory of Miss Sallie Garthwright,  
and respectfully dedicated to her Mother.*

BY THE REV. WM. LOVE.

The rose in its bloom,  
Full of beauty and grace,  
Which charms every eye that beholds it,  
Soon droops to the tomb,  
In its love-cherished place,  
When death in his cold arms enfolds it.

Though the strong ties of love,  
Like the wild vine would creep  
Round their tendrils to clasp them forever;  
Yet the angels above,  
From the earth—though we weep—  
For their Lord our sweet roses will sever.

Beyond the blue sky,  
The bud we would blight,  
When from this cold world they release it,  
To Heaven they fly,  
With sweet songs of delight,  
On the bosom of Jesus to place it.

Thus, here we must all,  
Through glimpses of joy,  
In sorrow and anguish be buried;  
Yet from the black pall,  
Of earth, to the sky,  
On angels' wings shall we be carried.

And though our souls pine,  
When the dear ones depart,  
And heart-strings will bleed when death-riven:  
Our affections may twine,  
Round the loved of our heart,  
As they shine midst the roses of Heaven.

Yes, shine brighter by far,  
Than the gems of the sea,  
Which sparkle beneath its green water;  
Or, yon pure golden star,  
Which points me to thee,  
As you sit by your Saviour—MY DAUGHTER.

## REPRESENTATIVE CITIES.\*

UNEXPECTED circumstances have so changed the venue of my affairs, that this present spring morning, instead of (as per promise) chatting with Bob St. Priest in his back parlor, over a cosy coal-fire, about the opera, art, Europe, and the oriental war, I find myself away down upon the cypress-shadowed borders of the Etomba-ah-Eckobie.†

\* From a very capital forthcoming work in the press of the Messrs. Appleton entitled "The Summer Land, a Southern story."

† This beautiful Indian name, which means "wooden gun maker," and commemorates an old Chickasaw fabricant of bows and blow-guns who lived on its banks, has, by the peculiar Anglo-Saxon fashion of philological whittling, been reduced to Etoneckbie—Tombigbee—Bigbee; or, as it is sometimes burlesqued, "Thomas M. Bigbee, Esq."

Tom is a queer fellow, too, and a genuine Southerner: deep, sullen, sluggard, its dark, quiet currents floats sleepily along its channel of rich alluvium, scarcely wider than a noisy New England brook, that any school-boy could wade across, and yet it is deep enough to float a seventy-four.

Steamboats, so large that their paddle-boxes seem al-

Having subsided into my normal condition after the toss and tousel of stage-coach travel, and my ideas becoming somewhat reconciled to the novelty of Southern plains, after the higgledy-piggledy hills and dales of Western Virginia, I shall endeavor to give you a brief sketch of my journey from T——, Alabama, to A——, a charming little village in the north-western part of Mississippi.

You recollect the story of the Fisherman of Bagdad, in the Arabian Nights, and the city in the lake, which, when disenchanted, was found a year-and-a-day's journey from the poor fisherman's home.

He could have scarcely felt more bewilderment when the magic sword changed the dead and desert scene into one of thronged life, than did I, when, upon suddenly emerging from the wilderness of swamp, and forest, and cotton-fields, I came to an elegant village with steepled churches and handsome shops, stately mansions, and broad streets thronged with stylish equipages, and every thing betokening wealth, luxury, and refinement. Steam is the enchanter that has wrought this wonder.

You will not find A—— put down on any maps but those of recent date; yet it is a county town of four or five thousand inhabitants. I dare say you never heard of it, nor did I until I unexpectedly stumbled upon it in the heart of this vast region of pine hills, prairies, and canebrakes.

It is a mushroom, sprung up in a night, in the fertile mud of this valley of the Etoneckbie. Although not quite equal to its classic namesake,—being but a fledgeling city, whose oldest inhabitant, to the manor born, is a youth of one-and-twenty, who remembers when the Indian's bark canoe floated on the deep Etoneckbie,—yet it is worthy to be recorded in our category of representative cities.

It was the dimmest of days, when I boarded a diminutive steamer at the muddy wharf of Noxatra, the hilliest, dreariest, and dirtiest of villages, for a voyage Southward,

most within jumping distance of either shore, come up this river for hundreds of miles: and, lazy and insignificant as it seems now, a few days rain will swell it to a *freaket* that deluges a perfect sea of water over thousands and thousands of acres of lowland.

down that romantically beautiful river, the Tennessee.

"How are you pleased with our city?" asked a queer little personage, clerk at the inn where I had stopped, who accompanied my cloak and myself to the steamer, and seemed evidently anxious to satisfy himself that I was duly impressed with the importance of Noxatra to the world. He said that when some three or four thousand additional miles of railway, now hatching in the brains of the Noxatran worthies, were completed, the city would be in the centre of the great route of travel from Hong Kong to Sing Sing, and of course every body would come to Noxatra. So when he asked me how I liked it, I duly considered a moment and not venturing a rash opinion, said—*hum!*

Noxatra is a splendid specimen of the sham grandeur we Americans so extensively indulge in—the inflated fashion of calling little things by big names. It is styled a *city*—a rowdy-dowdy village of three or four thousand inhabitants, including free negroes, pigs, and puddles—and General Jenkins, the clerk above mentioned, who is at once the *cicerone* and cynosure of the city, and the embodiment of all the dirtiness of the whole concern.

The General seemed to be a clever, kind-hearted sort of person, whose weakness consisted in an inordinate vanity, an inordinate love of the ladies, and a miraculous uncleanliness. He was so exceedingly civil and attentive, his manners so whimsical, and his appearance so unique, and withal so marvellously dirty, that I will gratify myself, himself, and the world, with a brief sketch that I commend to Mr. Darley.

He wore a swallow-tailed coat, doubtless at some ancient epoch blue, but now quite a chromatic phenomenon, and so saturated with dirt and perspiration that its complexion, though endued with a brilliant lustre about the collar and cuffs, is of a most indefinable hue. His hat might have been originally a bell-crowned black beaver, but now a lintless nondescript, soaked through around the band with grease, and seamed, and sewed, and whitened about the edges—a weather-beaten veteran, bent and battered into the most reckless and dissipated of

shocking bad hats ;—a shapeless and dilapidated waistcoat, and brogan shoes, completed his attire. This beauty was a great ladies' man, and had, I was told, quite a respectable fortune, which he dealt with as eccentrically as his habiliments.

Noxatra was a city of "two-penny splendor," to use an expression of Mr. Thackeray. It was an Esopian frog blowing itself up into a bull.

All that I know about it personally was a transient observation of its filth and dreariness ; but I encountered on the little stern-wheeled steamboat a young Yankee schoolmaster with pop-eyes and spectacles—quite an intelligent young gentleman, who was flying the country. He had fallen among the Philistines there, having gone out as a teacher among those "Enchanted Apes of the Dead Sea," and, demi-demolished thereof, was making all speed for Down East.

My interest in Noxatra having been excited by its relation to Hong Kong and Sing Sing, I diligently inquired concerning it of the fugitive Yankee, and was enlightened on this wise : There was a sham society, with "broom-straw" aristocracy, whose wealth, refinement, and education the schoolmaster estimated as a mathematically minus quantity.

A sham university, with a sham faculty and sham trustees—students there were none—though there was a show of giving a smattering of the Humanities to half a dozen country bumpkins or so.

There was a spirit of Progress on the humbug principle—a progress that never progressed ; a sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting religion, that was all gammon and flam.

There was a railroad, that had neither cars nor capital ; a glass factory, that made no glass ; a market-house, with no produce in it ; a town-clock, that kept no time ; street lamps, that gave no light—the gas evaporating in other illuminati ; a navigable river, that was only navigable three months in the year, for little stern-wheeled nuisances, that were *puffed* as splendid light-draught steamers in the Noxatrian newspaper—the shame-fullest sham of all.

There were "Mansion Halls" and "City Hotels," that were in reality only the mise-

rablest of fourth-rate country taverns aping city ways.

The Great Swan and Lion Brass Mining Company, and the Great Pewter and Dross Foundry, had their famous establishments here.

Such puffy gas-bags of lawyers, such sobby-souled merchants, such ignorant, inflated, would-if-you-could society generally, the schoolmaster thought, could never be found anywhere else.

Poor youthful Yankee of genius, he seemed to have been an incomprehensible Columbus to the natives of Noxatra—but they did not worship him as a god—and I should rather say that he was like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, galled and gyved by a thousand petty stings and strings.

So I have given my young friend's account, as a memento of their kind appreciation of his genius and gentle nature, and because it is such a true type of its class—a Representative "City."

The Tennessee River is the Rhine of the South : minus castles in ruins, quaint and antique villages, vineyards, châteaux, and bridges, but with hills as grand, and beetling headlands, cliffs, and coves wilder by far. vistas and islets as beautiful, and withal the sublime aboriginal forest every where.

Nothing is more painful than to traverse scenes of beauty with a heart full of wretchedness and discontent.

Since then, I have made a voyage upon that river on the dreamiest and balmiest of spring days, with gifted and genial companions ; and "Kelly's Ferry" and "Painted Rock" are associated in my mind with the most delicious day-dreams of all my journeyings in Dreamland.

But now I was glad that the weather was cloudy, and the blue firmament murked with a gloomy mist. Such a lowering dismal sky was less a contrast to the turbulent chaos of my restless and feverish brain.

The boat rushed down the narrow, swollen current of the "Suck"—the gap in the westward sweeping range of Apalachian Mountains where the river pours out of the valleys of Tennessee into the broad plains of the Low Country—and the wild, rugged hills come beetling up to the river-brim, and narrowing its margin, as though they would



bar our passage altogether. And then the rains came pelting and pattering over the boiling surface of the muddied water, and pricking it into a painful murmur; and I stood upon the fore-castle, wrapped in my long cloak, and watched the spray fly from our prow as we shot through the Suck; and the rocks, trees, water, sky, were all gray, wet and dismal, and the misty rain veiled the prospect before, and shut out the horizon behind, like a ground glass shade; and I listened to the harsh, monotonous throbbing of the high-pressure engine, like a pair of great iron lungs panting fiercely, and every stroke relentlessly driving me farther and farther from the dream of peace which I had been indulging.

The pent-up river rushed like a mountain torrent in its rocky bounds; but my life's stream was rushing as turbulently, and my soul was shrouded in mist as chill and dismal as the sky, and my heart throbbed with a purpose as iron-stern and relentless as the motion of the engine-beam.

Landing at D——, we took the railroad to Tuscumbia. Here you begin to find the characteristic features of the Kingdom of Cotton; here you come upon the vast alluvial lowlands which extend from Tennessee River, at the base of the Apalachies, southward to the Gulf of Mexico.

From D—— to Tuscumbia, we traverse, with the rapid flight of the railway train, a broad, level, planting country, and you pass a succession of immense estates; broad, almost boundless, cotton-fields, a dim skirt of forest in the distance; groups of white cabins constituting the negro quarters; here and there, in the recesses of some aboriginal park, a lofty collonaded mansion, or a vine-verandahed cottage, gleaming amid evergreens; these become the characteristic features of the landscape.

This is the Valley of the Tennessee, once the most flourishing and promising part of Alabama; but its palmy days are over; a sad illustration of the folly and sin of the reckless fever-thirst for making haste to get rich, which caused so many planters to overtask their lands, and, by an unintermitting draught upon its generous energies, to impoverish and exhaust it; and a severe monetary crisis coming upon the very apex of

the tide of prosperity, a revulsion ensued, from which it has never recovered; and Tuscumbia, once the flush and flourishing metropolis of the valley, is now a shabby-genteel village, quite decidedly out at elbows.

Another representative city.

But, thanks to the miraculous renovant power of our Southern soil and climate, the rest obtained from the ruin and decadence subsequent to over-production, has had its effect; the land is giving signs of rejuvenescence, and there is hope that under a wiser and more careful system of culture, the beautiful Tennessee Valley will regain and surpass its former prosperity.

As we journeyed on the railway, my friend, the young Yankee of genius, whose name was probably Smith, was characteristically struck with the peculiar fact that the greater part of our passengers were ladies, nine-tenths of whom were dressed in black.

"Is it merely a fashion," asked the victim of Noxatrian civilization, "or is it in reality mourning; and, if so, why such a preponderance among the fair sex?"

"They say," I replied, smiling somewhat ironically, "that the climate of the South agrees better with females than males; and, I dare say, their less exposure to the influence of the sun and swamp, and their greater abstinence and uniformity of life, would make the ratio of mortality in their favor; but I suspect that the prevalence of the pistol and whiskey system among the men has a good deal to do with it."

The Valley of the Tennessee was the first instalment of the Southern lowlands; but just below Tuscumbia there was an interloping chain of spurs from the general Apalachian range, called the Bear Creek Hills, and the post road from T—— to A——, running through them, is just the most abominable that could possibly be. Hills dreary and desolate, with not even backgrounds to which any possible "distance" within the vanishing point could "lend enchantment." In East Tennessee I had complained that though there were in that mountain land glorious vistas and magnificent background views, the foregrounds were tame and meagre; but here, in these Alabama hills, there is nothing—barren pine hills, rough-roads, a

sparse and barbarous population, and a desolation of wild, scraggy woods.

It was from these primeval hills that we emerged into the swampy bottom-land, through which wended the sluggish Etoneckbie, and across it we obtained a view of a glorious forest—a forest of trees of tremendous size—Arcadian trees—and a wild luxuriance of vines, and creepers, and parasites, and splendid intersperment of dark rich evergreens—and the gravel road struck sheer into this wondrous tropic wood with a picturesque and pleasing sweep and vista, and then unexpectedly broke out upon a great green glade, which melted into the lofty woods again, or cut sharp against it, or ran into its bosom in the most enchanting nooks, and coves, and thickets. And then we came suddenly to a cotton-field, and a queer-looking screw and gin-house; and the soil is rich black loam, and every spot that is untouched by the hoe is flushed with the rank exuberance of vegetation. And the sky above you is so deep and purely blue, and the sunshine so gloriously bright, so voluptuously warm, and the mocking-birds sing so sweetly, and there is every where such a lavish wealth of life and beauty, that you begin to realize that you are in the Summer Land—the clime of the sun.

It is early in March; but the holly, the bay and laurel, which grow to be large trees here, give a luxury of summer green to the landscapes that you could not conceive in your stern and sterile climes. The dark pine towers its giant form aloft, and the wand-like, tall and taper canes wave their green graceful leaves over the murky margin of the lazy Etoneckbie.

There is no such thing as stone or rock in this diluvial land; but the deep banks of dark brown earth are clad with richest moss, tall ferns, and over-drooping vines innumerable, whose glossy, dark green leaves are beautiful indeed.

I wish you could see yonder grand old cypress. Its lofty limbs spread their feathery foliage against the sky: a thousand vines and creepers sweep from every branch in a mass of wild-tangled drapery to its stalwart knees.

The bittern and the king-fisher waft their lank forms, with lazy-lapping wings, down

the dark arches of some bough-embowered bayou, debouching from the canes, rushes, flags and forests, into the Etoneckbie.

And there!—we turn to the left, and behold a line of ugly brick warehouses, suffocated with cotton bales, which a herd of ugly Africans are rolling down a slope to the loud snorting high-pressure steamboat, whose enormous paddle-boxes gleam white through the trees, and whose smoke curls among the pine-tops; and the banks excluding the river from view, it seems quite a land in the woods.

Another turn to the left, and you descry the gay village of A——, the “Queen of the Prairies,” on a broad table-land, over which it spreads in clusters of foliage, and white cottages whose green jalousies and numberless verandahs produce quite an oriental effect. In the midst rises a square embattled tower, near a thick tufted pine, whose velvety green masses of picturesque foliage, beglint with a golden glow of sunset, gives a rich relief to the warm umber tint of the tower.

## MARCH.

Blow wind and crack your cheeks.—*Lear*.

Having, in bidding him adieu, had something to say in favour of November, it may not perhaps be amiss, in saluting another much abused member of the family of months, to say a few words by way of apology for him. I say by way of apology, for it must be confessed that the largest charity can have but little to say positively in favour of March.

But *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, that is to say, let March have his due, though he does upset the elements. We must admit that he is sometimes the father of untimely snows, which, though they fall not “in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,” yet fall on as tender an object, and as blighting, the new-born lamb, and are an awful circumstance to those ancient cattle, whose days are in the sere and yellow leaf, and who stand “chewing the cud of bitter fancy,” and looking with desponding eyes on their empty racks. Talk about the ides of March! To an old

Virginia farmer the *hides* of March are a matter of much greater concern. But these disastrous seasons are not of frequent occurrence, and as later spring has its nipping frosts, and summer and autumn their destructive storms, we must e'en let March off lightly, nor be too severe upon him for his unwelcome snows.

Then again he is such a boisterous fellow, blowing as if he had rolled the big stone away from the mouth of the cave of old Eolus, and let all the imprisoned winds loose on a spree. But all this blowing is quite essential in the economy of nature, and March should not be blamed because he performs a disagreeable office. During the year there have been tradings and borrowings going on between the equatorial and polar regions, and of course pay day must come round at last, and the debtor party has necessarily "to raise the wind." March is wisely selected as the time for that purpose, for if those winds occurred in winter, they would freeze us all up; later in spring they would blast the young vegetation; and in summer and autumn they would prostrate the growing and ripened crops of the husbandman. Let not the other months then look with contempt upon March and his boisterous winds, for in so doing they will imitate the folly of which the various members of the body were once guilty in rebelling against that other worthy member,—the seat of digestion.

But your roaring March wind has other redeeming qualities,—for though it rattles the windows, bangs the doors, and prostrates the fences, yet it clears away the clouds and cobwebs from the heavens, and how deep, how pure the blue of the unfathomable ether it discloses! Then is the time for astronomers to point their glasses in search of those yet unobserved planets which besprinkle infinite space, like "motes that people the sun-beam."

Then is the time for the keen eyes of mortals to survey the beauties of heaven, for it is the best opportunity many of them will ever enjoy.

March is accused too of a want of steadiness in his attentions to the fair sex. First, he dons his mantle of snow, and makes up very lovingly to that chilly, blue-nosed old maid February. Anon, he wreathes himself

in sunshine and violets to await the coming of the coquettish young April, who is soon to be upon the carpet. But ten to one, before her arrival, he is off and making fierce love to February again.

If this be a sin, all I can say is, every sinner sooner or later receives his punishment, and such being the case, I dare say he will finally marry one of them.

After all, March is rather to be loved as a harbinger of the "good time coming" than on account of any peculiar merits of his own. Enshrine yourself on the side of some pleasant meadow, where the warm sunshine can have free access, and the thick woods effectually ward off the winds, and you will begin to realize the agreeable truth that "the winter is over and gone and the time of the singing of birds is come."

The notes of the blackbird tell of the coming of the mocking-bird, and the thousand other feathered songsters that are soon to make the groves and fields vocal with melody;—while "peeping from 'neath its mossy stone," that most poetical of flowers, the violet,

That comes before the swallow darts, and takes  
The winds of March with beauty,

gives earnest of the approach of that world of vegetable beauty in which they are soon to be clothed;—the season so beautifully and poetically described in the words of "glorious John:"

"When first the tender blades of grass appear,  
And buds that yet the blast of Eurus fear,  
Stand at the door of life and doubt to clothe the year;  
Till gentle heat and soft, repeated rains,  
Make the green blood to dance within their veins.  
Then, at their call, emboldened, out they come,  
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room.  
Broader, and broader yet their blooms display,  
Salute the welcome sun and entertain the day.  
Then, from their breathing souls, the sweets repair,  
To scent the skies and purge the unwholesome air,  
Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song,  
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along."

*Dinwiddie, March, 1855.*

As the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the  
tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strength-  
ens a strong one.

## THE IMAGINATION;

ITS SEAT, ITS DISPOSITION, ITS PLEASURES, ITS PAIN,  
ITS POWER.

Man is a complex being, composed of two parts—mind and matter. The mind is characterized by a union of three, and the matter of four, peculiar properties. The Intellect, the Sensibilities and the Will are qualities of mind. Extension, Divisibility, Impenetrability and Color, are qualities of matter. The Imagination, which constitutes a broad line of distinction between man and the lower animals, is an attribute of the Intellect. These, as far as we are able to judge, are continually occupied with the objects of present perception; but he can withdraw his attention from the objects of sense and enjoy those intellectual banquets which it is the prerogative of the Imagination to prepare and spread.

As the Latin word *imago*, from which its name is derived, implies, this is the faculty by which the *image* of objects is formed upon the mind, and there viewed, as it were, with an inward eye. Shakspeare calls it "the mind's eye." It bodies forth the forms of things unknown and unreal, and creates new thoughts and new combinations of ideas from the hoarded stores of faithful memory. It is free to transcend the limitable world and humor the mere conceptions of the mind, regardless of their correspondence to reality. Its appropriate and congenial atmosphere is found in the regions of the conjectural and conceivable.

Doubtless the chief office of the Imagination is to minister to man's happiness, and it does this in a large degree. Hence, Addison, Akenside and others have treated extensively of its "pleasures," while they have dispatched its "pains" in a few short sentences. But whether it will be productive of the one or the other depends wholly upon its cultivation. A refined Imagination has few pains—a distorted one, few pleasures. As long as reason holds control over the Imagination, it is a contributor of good, but when itself predominates, reason runs riot and madness takes the reins.

We have said that the chief aim of the Imagination is man's happiness. It supports us under the distresses incidental to life and

cheers and animates all our labors. It adds a zest to every enjoyment, and blunts the edge of every suffering. Many an hour it beguiles by the new situations and bright pictures it paints; and many a pang of the heart it alleviates, by diverting our attention from ourselves and fixing it upon the greater woes of others, lulling us into sweet forgetfulness of our own. The poor man leans upon his hoe-helve and casts his eyes forward ten years, and beholds himself, resting from his toils and enjoying all the appurtenances and appliances of wealth. The unmarried, though they may have been old maids and old bachelors for a score of years, have never imagined themselves divested of a single charm, and they have as high hopes as when they were in their eighteenth year. The unfortunate receives consolation from the thought that it could have been worse. The miserable places himself in the situation of one more miserable, and this latter one finds another who has suffered still more than he: for it matters not how low we descend the ladder of human suffering, our Imagination never lets us reach the bottom round. The sick, though parched with fever and racked by pain, looks forward to the day when he will be himself again. Childhood thinks of boyhood, boyhood of manhood, manhood of old age, each with a cheery heart; and even old age, hoary with cares and pains, contemplates the panorama of his future life with a complacent smile. "No one ever was so old that he did not *imagine* he would live a day longer." The boy anticipates with delight the time when he will be introduced into the walls of a College, and sees the rostrum covered with bouquets in honor of his graduating speech. The student rests his throbbing temples on his desk and dreams of Senates enchained by his eloquence, until he is awakened by the thunders of rapturous applause. The affianced are happy in their mutuality of love and plighted faith, yet they see in the bright future the time when their present happiness will be but a cipher, and thus they are *always* approaching the goal of happiness; for no matter how high we ascend the ladder of human felicity, our Imagination never permits us to stand on the topmost round.



We are indebted to the Imagination for those splendid creations of Poets and Painters, Sculptors and Architects, that will be admired so long as an uncorrupted taste shall last. It created More's Utopia, and furnished it with the anomaly of perfect laws and perfect government. It has perpetuated, through the mouth of Homer, those glorious names of gods and men, which the man is proud to record, with their deeds and words, which will forever remain to remind posterity of their insignificance. It enabled the Blind Bard of England's isle to behold and transcribe the beauties of "Paradise" that had been "Lost" for five thousand years. By it, he heard men, angels and devils speak "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It has placed a "Raven" upon every mantle that will be croaking forevermore. It gave Rome her Titian and Rafaele, and us, a Trumbull and a Leutze. It formed and fashioned in the mind of Michael Angelo the magnificent and sublime church of St. Peter's—the eighth wonder of the world—long ere it was rendered visible and tangible by the utensils of labor. Clark Mills saw the Hero of New Orleans astride his careering war-horse of bronze long before he was reared upon his pedestal at Washington, though rider and horse, both, had crumbled into dust. In obedience to the Imagination, the chisel of Greenough struck Washington into a second and undying life from the imbedded quarries of Italy, and thus the grave of the tyrant hero became the second mother of republican Washington.

But we have said that the Imagination has its pains—is productive of evil. We are indebted to the Imagination for those hideous creations of hob-goblins, ghosts, "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimeras dire" that stalk about in the dark and dwell around graveyards and in uninhabited houses. There are many persons who are not satisfied with the ill; they have, but go out of their way in search of others. They meet trouble more than half-way—sometimes before it has started. The farmer prophesies drought, pestilence and famine, before he has sown his seed. The well man is haunted by the fear of sickness, disease and death. The mother, when she has placed her darling

boy on board a ship that is about to start on a long voyage, imagines him visited by fevers, storms and ship-wrecks. The miser will not hide his nakedness and still the cravings of appetite, his gold the meanwhile rusting in his coffers. John Elwes died worth £800,000, and yet he used to eat meat in the last stage of decomposition and he would not clean his shoes, lest they would wear out the sooner. And why? Because he feared he would die of penury and want. We knew a man whose clothes were made of nankeen the year round, and we once heard him say that he would like to eat a wild-duck to find out its taste, if he thought he could afford it. And this man's property was worth \$15,000. He was afraid of dying in the poor-house! A man gifted with wealth, by some of those freaks in which fortune delights to indulge, is suddenly reduced in his means. How does he act? Does he bear it with good cheer and say: "Its all right. 'Every cloud has its silver lining, and He who wove it knows when to turn it?'" No! His mind falls a prey to trouble, fear and apprehension. His distorted Imagination dwindles a competency to poverty—poverty to beggary, beggary to repulsion—repulsion to death of a broken heart. So he repairs to the nearest tavern and seeks that relief which only the wine-cup and the gambling table can give. The man in good circumstances does not compare himself with the poor, but the rich, and envy immediately enters his hitherto peaceful abode, and lo! all is repining and discontent. The Imagination peoples the world with dyspeptics, who always look at the dark side of life's picture—who go about moody and brooding, with pills in their pockets, and poisoning the mirth and enjoyment of all who come within their sight—who think it a sin to smile and dance, and who frequently wind up the tragedy by dyeing their hands in the suicide's blood.

"The Imagination of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse."

The hungry man is tantalized with sick banquets; the cold sees others sitting by bright and genial fires; the sick thinks how he will enjoy himself when he gets well, and be-

comes eager and restless; the discarded imagines the pleasure he would have experienced, had he been accepted, and the bleeding wound is opened afresh; and the boy, under his mother's imprisonment, thinks of his brother who is playing at bat, and the tear glides down his soft cheek.

The imagination should not be tampered with. A student of William and Mary College visited the Lunatic Asylum frequently. Once in jest he selected a cell for himself and playfully remarked that he wished that to be his dwelling-place, should he ever go mad. He was often heard to regret that he had used such language. He subsequently became an inmate of the Staunton Asylum. Miss Letitia E. Landon, the justly admired poetess, is said to have died as she made a prominent character in one of her novels die; "by drinking the juice of almond blossoms." Montaigne says; "I myself knew a gentleman who having treated a great deal of good company at his house, three or four days after bragged in jest—for there was no such thing—that he had made them eat a baked cat; at which a young gentleman, who had been at the feast, took such a horror, that falling into a violent vomiting and a fever, there was no possible means to save him." Medical men, in all ages, have admitted the imagination has much to do both in curing and inducing diseases. Hence they usually try to flatter their patients, each day impressing them with the belief that they are better than they were the day before, and ridiculing the idea of death. "A man in a burning fever, leaning over his bedside, pointed with his finger to the chamber door, desiring those who were present to let him swim in that lake and then he should be cool. His physician humored the conceit, the patient walked carefully about the room, seemed to feel the water gradually ascending to his neck, and at length having said that he felt himself cool and well was found in reality to be so."

Montaigne says, "a woman fancying she had swallowed a pin in a piece of bread, cried out of an intolerable pain in her throat, where she thought she felt it stick. But an ingenious fellow that was brought to her, seeing no outward tumor or alteration, supposing it only to be conceit taken at some

crust of bread that hurt her as it was going down, caused her to vomit, and cunningly, unseen, threw a crooked pin into the basin, which the woman no sooner saw, but believing she had cast it up, she presently found herself eased of her pain."

We read the following incident, which affords us a fine illustration, many years ago—so many that we have forgotten when and where. A young lady had a fist-dog (we cannot find the word in our dictionaries, and a friend tells us it is not in Webster's unabridged, but we spell it *fist*, because they are not much larger than a man's fist,) to which she was very much attached. Once the little dog playfully took its mistress' hand in its mouth and chanced to stick its teeth in the skin. The lady thought nothing seriously of it. But in a few days the cry of "mad-dogs" was raised, and lo! and behold the fist was missing! The lady apprehended the worst, and on the ninth day after the bite, took to her bed. Physicians were called in but to have their skill baffled. Unmistakable signs of hydrophobia developed themselves. She had to be tied down to the bed-posts. The room was crowded with sympathizing friends and weeping relatives. A scratching was heard at the door and it was opened. In ran the little dog and jumped upon its mistress' bed. She ejaculated: "This is my saviour," and it proved true.

The imagination is the most illimitable monarch that reigns. Every man is his subject. His power is contracted by no pent-up Utica, and he sometimes exercises it with most despotic sway. Fienus relates a singular instance of one whose delusion represented his body so large, that he thought it impossible for him to get out of the room. The physician, fancying there could be no better way of rectifying his imagination than by letting him see that the thing could be done, ordered him to be carried out by force. The struggle was great; and the patient no sooner saw himself outside of the door, than he fell into the same agonies of pain, as if his bones had been broken by being forced through a passage too small for him, and died immediately.

There is an account in a foreign Journal of a young lady who attended for the first time the music of an orchestra, with which

she was exceedingly pleased. She imagined she heard the sounds distinctly and in order, for weeks and months, till her whole system becoming disordered in consequence of it, she died.

During the American Revolution a soldier, who had committed some crime, was condemned to be shot. He was finally pardoned, but the knowledge of the pardon was kept from him, since it was thought advisable that he should be made to suffer as much as possible from the fear of death. Accordingly he was led at the appointed time to the place of execution; the bandage was placed over his eyes; and the soldiers were drawn out, but were privately ordered to fire over his head. At the discharge of the muskets, though nothing touched him, he fell dead.

"A criminal was once sentenced in England to be executed, when a College of physicians requested to make him the subject of an experiment connected with their profession. It was granted. The man was told that his sentence was commuted and he was to be bled to death. On the appointed day several physicians went to his prison, and made the requisite preparations in his presence, the lancet was displayed; bowls were in readiness to receive the blood, and the culprit was directed to place himself on his back, with his arm extended, ready to receive the fatal incision. When all this was done, his eyes were bandaged. In the mean time a sufficient quantity of lukewarm water had been provided; his arm was merely touched with the lancet, and the water poured slowly over it, was made to trickle down into the bowl below. One of the physicians felt his pulse and the others frequently exchanged such remarks as—'He is nearly exhausted—cannot hold out much longer—grows very pale,' &c.; and in a short time the patient actually died from the force of imagination." What an evil the greatest good may become by its perversion! What a pity that man should thus trifle with one of the greatest blessings his Maker has given him and thus make it the greatest curse!

NELLA.

*Burnt Ordinary.*

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. S. GRAYSON, ESQ.

If the reader will turn to page 80 of the February No. of the Messenger he will find that we therein held that man was a compound being, compounded of will and intelligence.

How this sentence escaped correction, it is now unnecessary to enquire, but entirely erroneous as it is, it serves the purpose of enabling us to place the cardinal doctrine which it is our wish to urge upon the attention of the public in its proper light.

We regard man as an elementary principle. This elementary principle is endowed with will and intelligence.

We regard the distinction as very great and very important.

Man is a unit and as such has certain qualities. As a unit he thinks and acts.

A unit, or elementary principle devoid of a thinking capacity, but endowed with activity, would not describe man as an immortal and immaterial being, because man is a thinking being.

A unit or elementary principle devoid of a power of activity, or power of motion, would not properly describe the character of man, because man as an immortal and immaterial being, is a being of activity.

There are very many elementary principles of activity observed in the life which have no thinking capacity. Under this class, come all animals below man. They are all elementary principles of activity, but they do not think—thus move under the law of instinct.

Man thinks, but that is not all that he does. He also wills and acts.

Man wills and acts, but that is not all that he does. He also thinks.

Hence you will observe that the philosophy which I advocate, regards man as elementary, and as elementary, thinks and wills; so that it is man that thinks and not mind that thinks, it is man that wills and acts and not will that wills and acts. The philosophy which we wish to teach and the current philosophy of the day differ primarily in the

philosophical description of man as an immortal and immaterial being.

The current philosophy of the day regards man as a being endowed with a faculty called understanding; and this understanding or mind, thinks, and its thinking deprives *man* of all capacity of thinking.

Locke regards man as a thinking being, having a faculty, called mind, which does the thinking, and then endows this faculty with another faculty called the will, which does the willing and acting for the being, man.

If man be an elementary being, it is perfect nonsense to say that he *has* distinct faculties, which deprive *him* of the highest endowments of *his* nature, the qualities of acting and thinking. We endow *man* himself, not with distinct faculties, but with inherent and essential qualities. If any thing about a man thinks, we hold that it is man himself as a unit. If there is any thing about man that wills and acts, it means himself as a unit or being.

Man's qualities constitute the essential and inalienable attributes of himself. We must never degrade man below his attributes as is evidently done when we say that mind thinks and that his mind wills.

We regard man as a principle of motion. As a principle of motion he is a cause of actions.

There is no distinction between a principle of motion and a cause of actions, or between a motive or a cause.

When we say that man is a principle, or being of activity, we must not in the description of him stop there, because this principle has to be described according to the qualities belonging to it. Hence we say this being or principle is inherently empowered to will and think.

That being or principle of action placed in man's material body, which thinks and wills, is man.

Previous to the birth of man by the act of nature, the germ of the future man, is a being or principle of activity or motion primarily. This is the first of human life. Now this first of human life, does not think and does not will until after the birth of nature and until after it begins to exhibit and unfold its inherent endowments. Just so soon, (after nature has given birth to the germ of

man living in its material structure,) as it begins to unfold its essential indisputable inalienable and inherent qualities or endowment, you behold it willing and thinking. The thing that thus wills, acts and thinks, previously existed in a state of immaturity in the bosom of its mother.

The germ of man is not a thinking principle, and hence is not a thinking principle primarily as Locke and most philosophers suppose. Hence mind is not the first of human life. Activity is. Motion is. Causation is. No man who is not a philosopher, deeply read in the lore of the past, and who has not pondered until his brain reeled and his faith shook, can see and fully estimate the importance of these grave thoughts and distinctions. It is needless that we should press upon the reader's attention that there is no distinction between being, principle, life, motive, cause element, as applied to man regarded in the light of an immaterial and intangible person.

Let us recall the reader's attention to the thread of the discussion in which we were last engaged in a previous article. The Cartesian philosophy is based upon the proposition that because we think, therefore we are. This argument is used to prove our personal identity. To prove our personal identity is thought to be essential to get rid of the doctrine of materialism.

The doctrine of materialism negatives the idea of personal identity necessarily. If therefore we can prove our personal identity we disprove materialism, since we thereby prove that we are not a part of nature, therefore not material.

It might very well occur that A might believe in his personal identity and yet be unwilling to concur in the soundness of the Cartesian argument.

Every body knows that along with the doctrine of personal identity comes the doctrine of human virtue and responsibility. Of course, if we are not material, we may be virtuous—and to be virtuous implied human responsibility. It is then a very important matter to prove our personal identity. But it is not important that we should attempt to do it by a false and defective argument. It is always important to get a false argument out of the way. Before the Cartesian ar-



gument can proceed to draw its conclusion, should it not establish its premise? Cogito, ergo, sum, I think is the premise. But is not the, "I think," the very question of personal identity. If it be, then the argument would run in this way, "I have a personal identity, therefore I am, or, I have a personal identity and therefore I have a personal identity. If we can prove that we think we thereby disprove materialism. That is all we want. This is done by proving that we are thinking beings.

There is a wide distinction between proving that we are thinking beings and merely thinking that we are thinking beings. It is the logical proof of the thinking, that philosophy demands not the general concurrence in the supposition. A logical proof is a chain of reasoning. What chain of reasoning is there in the elementary declaration, I think. Before we can know any thing, philosophy demands that some reason shall be given as the ground mark of the knowledge. The Cartesian philosophy is impotent in the particular that it assumes the very point in issue, with respect to which philosophy asks for reasons for it.

The proposition "I think," is given as a reason why I know "I am." The proposition "I think," in this argument has the same force as the one, "I know I think."

If we could legitimately make this substitution we might then prove personal identity quite easily.

The argument would then run in this way, I know that I think and therefore I know that I am.

But if we know we think, does not our knowledge necessarily pre-suppose an antecedent process of argument. Knowledge results from reasons.

It would not do to say that "we think we think," and then draw a conclusion favoring the doctrine of personal identity, for we could just as readily say we think we have personal identity.

The point in debate is not with respect to the *belief* of existence, or of primary truths, but with respect to the knowledge of them. We desire the reader to bear in mind that we do not question the general belief in the existence of primary truths. All men without an exception acknowledge that conscious-

ness *declares* in favor of the existence of primary truths. But then some of them think, and we among that number, that the declaration of consciousness does not amount to knowledge.

We firmly believe that we exist, but we say that it cannot be logically proven either upon the hypothesis of Des Cartes, or that of the Scotch philosophers.

Neither do we question human knowledge. There is no consistency in this at all. We shall show it.

We have said that we did not question human knowledge. We do not. But we do question intellectual or philosophical knowledge.

The question then is with respect to intuitive beliefs.

In order to constitute an intuitive belief it must amount to knowledge. An innate idea, is but another form of words to convey the impression of human knowledge.

The distinction between an opinion and knowledge is precisely the same as the distinction between a belief and an intuition.

We believe, as we have said, in the existence of first principles, but can any man deny that our belief is the result of a process of thinking? It is an act of independent thought. It comes from thinking it, I think, so I therefore believe as I think. If I did not think so I would not believe so.

Berkeley and Priestly did not believe so, because they did not think so.

Now the opinion that there is an outer world is manifestly an acquisition—an opinion or belief acquired by every human being that ever held it. There is a period in the history of every human being when they did not believe in the existence of an outer world. We allude to the period of infancy. Can any thing be original that is acquired? Sir William Hamilton says, "In perception consciousness gives as an ultimate fact a belief of the knowledge of the existence of something different from self. As ultimate this belief cannot be reduced to a higher principle; neither can it be truly analyzed into a double element. We only believe that this something exists because we believe that we know (are conscious of) this something as existing; the belief of the existence is necessarily involved in its belief of the

knowledge of the existence. Both are original or neither."

It will not answer the *purpose* of these Scotch philosophers of common sense, which is to prove the theory of immediate perception (under which phrase we are to recognize the possibility of philosophy—or human knowledge—or human intuition—of first principles) unless we regard the belief of an external world and the belief of the knowledge of an external world as identical—and believed to be so upon the ground that they are both original and both ultimate.

Now we meet this whole theory and expect to overturn it upon very plain principles. We expect to do it upon the ground that man is a thinking being, and gets his opinions by thinking. *Thinking is an indirect process.* All the philosophers in the world can neither successfully dispute this proposition nor defeat the fair and legitimate conclusion which comes from it.

Nothing that can be produced, can be original or ultimate. Of course it cannot. The very distinction—the very cardinal distinction, in my judgment, that prevails between God and man in the very point in issue here.

Man is a thinking being inherently, that is to say: thinks he knows; and thinking is a work, or a process, or a complication, or an involved and progressive operation, and flux of thought *intervening between the thinker and the result of the thinking.*

Cannot a thinker think primarily or independently? If so, then he may believe in primary truths. But this something called man, thinks and also thinks something. This secondary something which this original something thinks, cannot be knowledge, for the plain reason that the something thought are generated in, or issued from the flux and flow of the inherent power of the original thinker. Hence we hold that man thinks out his opinions and his opinions are his beliefs. Hence human opinions cannot be primary or original, or ultimate, or intuitive, for were they so, then we would have to hold that man had the supernal power of knowing and not thinking. Our view of the character of God is wholly different. The reason why God does not think is because he knows.

There is obviously no necessity for a know-

ing being to think, to cogitate, to ponder, to compare, to contrast, to consult, to examine, for knowledge is necessarily direct, original, ultimate.

We all know that Reid's philosophy, which has been adopted and extended by Sir William Hamilton, taught that we could not have a belief unless there existed something to believe—that a belief necessarily implied an object. Hence he found his way to an outer world.

If for example we believe in the existence of a tree or a house then, the tree or the house must be an object or objective, since we have a belief of them and we could not have a belief of them unless they objectively existed. If we cannot have a belief without an object believed, it is contended, that it follows, that we must surrender belief if we surrender objects.

To surrender both would be to admit materialism.

But as we had many ideas for which there were no objects, he proceeded to draw a distinction between a belief and a conception. Under the head of conceptions he includes all propositions that are not ultimate, and original—that may be analyzed—that may be reduced to higher principles and that are possessed of double elements.

He contends that we can go confidently out upon converse with real things—an extra organic world—because we immediately or intuitively know an external world to exist, since we have an original *belief* that it exists—single, elementary, ultimate, intuitive. Sir William Hamilton has improved upon this theory and argues in favor of original beliefs and makes consciousness the umpire and final arbiter.

But the whole debate turns upon the distinction between our elementary and our compounded beliefs.

For example, our belief in the existence of an outer world is called an elementary belief; and our belief in the truth of any proposition sustained by reason, is called secondary and compounded.

We desire to enquire what is Philosophy? Does it not mean the explanation of the reasons of beliefs?

Now the very moment you are able to assign a reason for the existence of an extra-

organic world (first principles generally also) you include it in the province of philosophy and exclude it from the decision of the tribunal of consciousness. No conclusions can be fairer.

If we believe a thing to be true in the absence of reasons sustaining it, do we not manifestly do an unphilosophical thing? And if we believe a thing to be true for and on account of the reasons sustaining it do we not manifestly do a philosophical thing?

But does it follow because we believe in first principles, which cannot be sustained by reasons, (for if they were, they would cease to be first principles,) does it follow, we enquire, that we are doing something discreditable to rational men? In the daily transactions of life, men are constantly yielding their beliefs and governing their conduct by presumed facts and principles for which no reasons are given. But they are never charged in this with doing things unworthy reasonable men. But they are evidently acting unphilosophically, for a philosophical action is one necessarily predicated upon reasons.

If A. goes to B. and tells him a fact and gives him no reasons for it, or prescribes a remedy for his disorder, and give him no reasons for it, and B. believes the fact and governs his conduct by the prescription, he is evidently acting unphilosophically, for he is acting in the absence of reasons for his conduct; but is he acting in a manner discreditable to a reasonable being? We say no.

The point we are seeking to evolve and draw attention to, is the distinction between religion and faith, and philosophy.

A man cannot act *philosophically* who believes a thing, without a reason, or governs his conduct by a principle not sustained by reasons, because to act philosophically, is to act rationally, and to act rationally is to act from reasons.

But it is often highly commendable to believe a thing without a reason, and to act from a principle not sustained by reasons, and hence philosophy does not condemn religion, but commends it.

Just so with primary beliefs. Philosophy cannot sustain primary beliefs, for just so

soon as a belief has a reason for it, it ceases to be elementary.

But still it is improper to credit a belief which philosophy *condemns*.

Primary beliefs, so to speak, are not condemned by philosophy, because they are true; and philosophy will never condemn the true.

A man is not acting unphilosophically who believes in first principles, because first principles are true, but he is not acting philosophically because first principles are not sustained by reasons. These are important distinctions and should be carefully considered by all men who feel inclined to reject the christian revelation. It might arrest an infidel tendency. We would be glad our theory should be heard explanatory of the distinction between a motive and the choice of a motive, for it is on this distinction that we predicate human freedom and human responsibility, but it will necessarily carry us in some measure into theology. But we have not yet done with consciousness as a test and criterion of truth.

Sir William Hamilton says: "The first problem of philosophy—being to seek out, purify and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which we are in possession; and the argument from common sense being the allegation of these feelings or beliefs, as explicated and ascertained in proof of the relative truths and their necessary consequences, this argument is manifestly dependent on philosophy as an art, as an acquired dexterity, and cannot, notwithstanding the errors which they have so frequently committed, be taken out of the hands of the philosophers."

The first and most obvious consideration which arises from the careful study of this extract is, that the writer singularly confounds and contradicts himself when he assumes that our supposed primary beliefs can be sought out, purified and established by intellectual analysis and criticism; and that the argument sustaining them, should not be taken out of the hands of philosophers, philosophy being an art of acquired intellectual dexterity.

Let the reader bear in mind that this phi-

philosopher first maintains that an elementary principle is one not sustained by reasons—that every principle sustained by reasons is therefore secondary and not elementary or ultimate.

With what consistency then can he regard the philosophy of first principles as an acquired dexterity of intellectual analysis and criticism, establishing first principles by a method, which if successful, would necessarily deprive them of the character of elementary—primary or ultimate?

The subject is yet unexhausted.

## THE BLUE DRAGON;

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FROM THE CRIMINAL RECORDS OF HOLLAND.\*

The abridgment of the story here given we take from Blackwood's Magazine, where it appeared eight years ago.—[ED. MESS.]

In the town of M——, in Holland, there lived, towards the close of the last century, an elderly widow, Madame Andrecht. She inhabited a house of her own, in company with her maid-servant, who was nearly of the same age. She was in prosperous circumstances; but, being in delicate health and paralysed on one side, she had few visitors, and seldom went abroad except to church or to visit the poor. Her chief recreation consisted in paying a visit in spring to her son, who was a surgeon in a village a few miles off. On these occasions, fearing a return of a paralytic attack, she was invariably accompanied by her maid, and during these visits, her own house was left locked up, but uninhabited and unwatched.

On the 30th June, 17—, the widow returning to M——, from one of these little excursions, found her house had been broken open in her absence, and that several valuable articles, with all her jewels and trinkets, had disappeared. Information was immediately given to the authorities, and a strict

\* The following singular story of circumstantial evidence is compressed from a collection of criminal trials, published at Amsterdam, under the title "Oorkonen uit de Gedenkschriften van het Strafrecht, en uit die der menschlyke Mishappen; te Amsterdam. By J. C. Van Kersleren, 1820." Notwithstanding the somewhat romantic complexion of the incidents, it has been included as genuine in the recent German collection, *Der Neue Pitaval*. 7 Band.

investigation of the circumstances took place without delay.

The old lady had been three weeks absent, and the thieves of course had had ample leisure for their attempt. They had evidently gained access through a window in the back part of the house communicating with the garden, one of the panes of which had been removed, and the bolts of the window forced back, so as to admit of its being pulled up. The bolts of the back-door leading into the garden had also been withdrawn, as if the robbers had withdrawn their plunder in that direction. The other doors and windows were uninjured; and several of the rooms appeared to have been unopened. The furniture, generally, was untouched; but the kitchen utensils were left in confusion, as if the robbers had intended removing them, but had been interrupted or pursued.

At the same time it was evident they had gone very deliberately about the work. The ceilings and doors of a heavy old press, the drawers of which had been secured by strong and well constructed locks, had been removed with so much neatness that no part of the wood-work had been injured. The ceiling and doors were left standing by the side of the press. The contents, consisting of jewels, articles of value, and fine linens, were gone. Two strong boxes were found broken open, from which gold and silver coin, with some articles of clothing, had been abstracted. The value of the missing articles amounted to about two thousand Dutch gulden. The house, however, contained many other articles of value, which, singularly enough, had escaped the notice of the thieves. In particular, the greater part of the widow's property consisted of property in the funds, the obligations for which were deposited, not in the press above mentioned, but in an iron chest in her sleeping-room. This chest she had accidentally removed shortly before her departure; placing it in a more retired apartment, where it had fortunately attracted no attention.

The robbery had, apparently, been committed by more than one person; and, it was naturally suspected, by persons well acquainted with the house, and with the circumstances of its inhabitants. The house itself.



which was almost the only respectable one in the neighborhood, was situated in a retired street. The neighbouring dwellings were inhabited by the poorer classes, and not a few of the less reputable members of society. The inner fosse of the town, which was navigable, flowed along the end of the garden through which the thieves had, apparently, gained admittance, being separated from the garden only by a thin thorn hedge. It was conjectured that the thieves had made their way close to the hedge by means of a boat, and from thence had clambered over into the garden, along the walks and flower-beds of which foot-marks were traceable.

The discovery of the robbery had created a general sensation, and the house was surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers, whom it required some effort on the part of the police to prevent from intruding into the premises. One of them only, a baker, and the inhabitant of the house opposite to that of the widow, succeeded in making his way in along with the officers of justice. His acquaintances awaited his return with impatience, trusting to be able, from his revelations, to gratify their curiosity at second-hand. If so, they were disappointed, for, on his exit, he assumed an air of mystery, answered equivocally, and observed, that people might suspect many things of which it might not be safe to speak.

In proportion, however, to his taciturnity, was the loquaciousness of a wool-spinner, Leendert Van N——, the inhabitant of the corner house next to that of the widow. He mingled with the groups who were discussing the subject; dropped hints that he had his own notions as to the culprits, and could, if necessary, give a clue to their discovery. Among the crowd who were observed to listen to these effusions, was a Jew dealer in porcelain, a suspected spy of the police. Before evening, the wool-spinner received a summons to the town-house, and was called upon by the Burgomaster for an explanation of the suspicious expressions he had used. He stammered, hesitated, pretended he knew of nothing but general grounds of suspicion, like his neighbors; but being threatened with stronger measures of compulsion, he at last agreed to speak out, protesting, at the same time, that he could willingly have spared

persons against whom he had no grudge whatever, if he had foreseen the consequence of his indiscretion.

The substance of his disclosure was to this effect: Opposite the German post-house, at the head of the street in which the wool-spinner lived, there was a little ale-house. Nicholas D—— was the landlord. He was generally known among his acquaintances, not by his baptismal or family name, but by the appellation of the Blue Dragoon, from having formally served in the horse regiment of Colonel Van Wackerbarth, which was popularly known by the name of the Blues. About two years before, he had become acquainted with and married Hannah, the former servant of Madame Andrecht, who had been six years in that situation, and possessed her entire confidence. Unwilling to part with her attendant, and probably entertaining no favorable notion of the intended husband, Madame Andrecht had long thrown impediments in the way of the match so that the parties were obliged to meet chiefly at night, and by stealth. Nicholas found his way into the house at night through the garden of his acquaintance, the wool-spinner, and across the hedge which divided it from Madame Andrecht's. Of these nocturnal visits the wool-spinner was at first cognizant, but fearful of getting into a scrape with his respectable neighbor, he was under the necessity of intimating to the bold dragoon, that if he intended to continue his escalades, he must do so from some other quarter than his garden. Nicholas obeyed apparently, and desisted; but to the surprise of the wool-spinner, he found the lovers continued to meet not the less regularly in Madame Andrecht's garden. One evening, however, the mystery was explained. The wool-spinner, returning home after dark, saw tied to a post in the canal, close by Madame Andrecht's garden, one of those small boats which were generally used by the dragoons for bringing forage from the magazine; and he at once conjectured that this was the means by which the dragoon was enabled to continue his nocturnal assignations. With the recollection of this passage in the landlord's history was combined a circumstance of recent occurrence, trifling in itself, but which appeared curiously to link in with the

mode in which the robbery appeared to have been effected. Ten days before the discovery of the house-breaking, and while the widow was in the country, the wool-spinner stated that he found, one morning, a dirty-coloured handkerchief lying on the grass bank of the fosse, and exactly opposite his neighbor's garden. He took it up and put it in his pocket, without thinking about it at the time. At dinner he happened to remember it, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, showed her the handkerchief, and observed jestingly, "If Madame Andrecht were in town, and Hannah were still in her service, we should say our old friend the Blue Dragoon had been making his rounds and had dropt his handkerchief." His wife took the handkerchief, examined it, and exclaimed, "In the name of wonder, what is that you say? Is not Hannah's husband's named Nicholas D——?" pointing out to him at the same time the initials N. D. in the corner. Both, however, had forgotten the circumstance till the occurrence of the robbery naturally recalled it to the husband's mind.

The wool-spinner told his story simply; his conclusions appeared unstrained; suspicion became strongly directed against the Blue Dragoon, and these suspicions were corroborated by another circumstance which emerged at the same time.

During the first search of the house, a half-burnt paper, which seemed to have been used for lighting a pipe, was found on the floor, near the press which had been broken open. Neither Madame Andrecht nor her maid smoked; the police officers had no pipes when they entered the house; so the match had in all probability been dropped on the ground by the house-breakers.

On examination of the remains of the paper, it appeared to have been a receipt, such as was usually granted by the excise to innkeepers for payment of the duties on spirits received into the town from a distance, and which served as a permit entitling the holder to put the article into his cellars. The upper part of the receipt containing the name of the party to whom it was granted was burnt, but the lower part was preserved, containing the signature of the excise officer, and the date of the permit: it was the 16th

March of the same year. From these materials it was easy to ascertain what innkeeper in the town had, on that day, received such a permit for spirits. From an examination of the excise register, it appeared that on that day Nicholas D—— had received and paid the duties on several ankers of Geneva. Taken by itself, this would have afforded but slender evidence that he had been the person who had used the paper for a match, and had dropped it within Madame Andrecht's room; but, taken in connexion with the finding of the handkerchief, and the suspicious history of his nocturnal rambles which preceded it, it strengthened in a high degree the suspicions against the ex-dragon.

After a short consultation, orders were issued for his apprehension. Surprise, it was thought, would probably extort from him an immediate confession. His wife, his father—a man advanced in years—and his brother, a shoemaker's apprentice, were apprehended at the same time.

A minute search of the house of the innkeeper followed; but none of the stolen articles were at first discovered, and indeed nothing that could excite suspicion, except a larger amount of money than might perhaps have been expected. At last, as the search was on the point of being given up, there was found in one of the drawers a memorandum-book. This was one of the articles mentioned in the list of Madame Andrecht's effects; and, on inspection, there could be no doubt that this was the one referred to—for several pages bore private markings in her own handwriting, and in a side-pocket were found two letters bearing her address. Beyond this, none of the missing articles could be traced in the house.

The persons apprehended were severally examined. Nicholas D—— answered every question with the utmost frankness and unconcern. He admitted the truth of the wool-spinner's story of his courtship, his nightly scrambles over the hedge, and his subsequent visits to his intended by means of the storage-boat. The handkerchief he admitted to be his property. When and where he had lost it he could not say. It had disappeared about six months before, and he had thought no more about it. When the pocket-book

which had been found was laid before him, he gave it back without embarrassment, declared he knew nothing of it, had never had it in his possession, and shook his head with a look of surprise and incredulity when told where it had been found.

The other members of his household appeared equally unembarrassed, they expressed even greater astonishment than he had done, that the pocket-book, with which they declared themselves entirely unacquainted, should have been found in the place where it was. The young wife burst out into passionate exclamations: she protested it was impossible; or if the book was really found on the spot, that it was inexplicable to her how it came there. The Saturday before, (her apprehension having taken place on a Thursday,) she had brushed out the press from top to bottom—had cleared out the contents, and nothing of the kind was then to be found there.

The behaviour of the married pair and their inmates made, on the whole, a favorable impression on the judge who conducted the inquiry. Their calmness appeared to him the result of innocence; their character was good; their house was orderly and quiet, and none of the articles of value had been discovered in their possession. True, they might have disposed of them elsewhere; but the articles were numerous, and of a kind likely to lead to detection. Why should they have preserved the comparatively worthless article found in the drawer, instead of burning or destroying it? Why, above all, preserve it in a spot so likely to be discovered, if they had so carefully made away with every trace of the rest?

Still unquestionable suspicions rested on the landlord. The thieves must have been well acquainted with Madame Andrecht's house; and this was undeniably his position. His handkerchief, found on the spot about the time of the robbery; the half-burned match dropped on the premises; the pocket book found in his own house—these, though not amounting to proof, scarcely seemed to admit of an explanation absolutely consistent with innocence.

In this stage of the inquiry, a new witness entered upon the scene. A respectable citizen, a dealer in wood, voluntarily appeared

before the authorities, and stated that his conscience would no longer allow him to conceal certain circumstances which appeared to bear upon the question, though from an unwillingness to come forward or to appear as an informer against parties who might be innocent, he had hitherto suppressed any mention of them.

Among his customers was the well-known carpenter, Isaac Van C——, who was generally considerably in arrears with his payments. These arrears increased: the wood-merchant became pressing: at last he threatened judicial proceedings. This brought matters to a point. A few days before the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's the carpenter made his appearance in his house, and entreated him to delay proceedings, which he said would be his ruin, by bringing all his creditors on his back. "See," said he, "in what manner I am paid myself," putting a basket on the table, which contained a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver coffee pot. "One of my debtors owes me upwards of sixty guldens: I have tried in vain to get payment, and have been glad to accept these as the only chance of making anything of the debt. From the silver-smiths here I should not get the half the value for them; I must keep them by me till I go to Amsterdam, where such things are understood; but I shall leave them with you in pledge for my debt." The wood-merchant at first declined receiving them, but at length, thinking that it was his only prospect of obtaining ultimate payment, he yielded, and the articles remained on his hands.

A few days afterwards, the robbery became public; the list of the silver articles contained a coffee-pot and candlesticks; and wood-merchant, not doubting that the articles pledged had formed part of the abstracted effects, had felt himself compelled to make known the way in which they had been obtained, and to place them in the hands of the officers of justice. He meant, he said, to convey no imputation against the carpenter, but it would be easy to learn from his own lips who was the debtor from whom the articles had come.

The court ordered the basket with the plate to be placed, covered, upon the table,

and sent forthwith for the carpenter. He arrived in breathless haste, but seemed prepared for what followed, and without waiting for the interrogatories of the judge, he proceeded with his explanation.

Pressed by his creditor, the wood-merchant, the carpenter, in his turn, proceeded to press his own debtors. Among these was the Blue Dragoon, Nicholas D——, who was indebted to him in an account of sixty guildens for work done on his premises. Nicholas entreated for delay, but the carpenter being peremptory, he inquired whether he would not take some articles of old silver plate in payment, which he said had belonged to his father, and had been left him as a legacy by an old lady in whose family he had been coachman. It was at last agreed that the carpenter should take the plate at a certain value as a partial payment, and it was accordingly brought to his house the same evening by the dragoon. The latter advised him, in the event of his wishing to dispose of the plate, to take it to Amsterdam, as the silversmiths of the place would not give him half the value for the articles. The carpenter asked him why he had not carried it to Amsterdam himself. "So I would," he answered, "if you had given me time. As it is, give me your promise not to dispose of it here—I have my own reasons for it."

If this statement was correct—and there seemed no reason to doubt the carpenter's story—it pressed most heavily against the accused. He was thus found in possession of part of the stolen property, and disposing of it under the most suspicious circumstances, to a third party.

He was examined anew, and the beginning of his declaration corresponded exactly with the deposition of the carpenter. The latter had worked for him: he was sixty guildens in his debt. He was asked if he had paid the account; he answered he had not been in a condition to do so. He was shown the silver plate, and was told what had been stated by the carpenter. He stammered, became pale, and protested he knew nothing of the plate; and in this statement he persisted in the presence of witnesses. He was then shown the gold which had been

found in his house. It belonged, he said, not to himself, but to his father-in-law.

This part of the statement, indeed, was confirmed by the other inmates of his family; but, in other respects, their statements were calculated to increase the suspicions against him. Nicholas, for instance, had stated that no part of his debt to Isaac had been paid—that in fact he had not been in a condition to do so—while the other three members of the household, on the contrary, maintained that a few months before he had made a payment of twenty guildens to Isaac, expressly to account of this claim. Nicholas became vastly embarrassed when this contradiction between his own statement and the evidence of the witnesses was pointed out to him. For the first time his composure forsook him—he begged pardon for the falsehood he had uttered. It was true, he said, that he had counted out twenty guildens, in the presence of the members of his family, and told them it was intended as a payment to account of Isaac's claim; but the money had not been paid to his creditor. He had been obliged to appropriate it to the payment of some old gambling debts, of which he could not venture to inform his wife.

This departure from truth on the part of the accused had apparently but slender bearing on the question of the robbery; but it excited a general doubt as to his statements, which further inquiry tended to confirm. The carpenter, anxious to remove any suspicion as to truth of his own story, produced a sort of account-book kept by himself, in which, under the date of 23d of June, there was the following entry—"The innkeeper Nicholas D——, has this day paid me thirty guildens in old silver." The housekeeper and apprentice of the carpenter also deposed that they had been present on one occasion when the dragoon had proposed that their master should take the silver in payment.

If, on the one hand, the innkeeper had handed over to the carpenter the silver plate it was plain he was either the thief or the receiver: if he had not done so, the carpenter had not only been guilty of a calumnious accusation, but the suspicion of a guilty connexion with the robbery became turned



against himself. All presumptions, however, were against the innkeeper. He had admittedly been guilty of a decided falsehood as to the payment—he could not or would not give the names of any one of those to whom his gambling debts had been paid, as he alleged—and the fact that he had brought the plate to the carpenter's was attested by three creditable witnesses.

The general opinion in the town was decidedly against him. The utmost length that any one ventured to go, was, to suggest that his relations, who had been apprehended along with him, might be innocent of any participation in his guilt; though, being naturally anxious to save him, they might somewhat have compromised the truth by their silence, or their statements.

The dragoon was removed from his provisional custody to the prison of the town; the others were subjected to a close surveillance, that all communication between them might be prevented. As all of them, however, persisted in the story, exactly as it had at first been told, stronger measures were at length resorted to. On the motion of the burgomaster, as public prosecutor, "that the principal party accused, Nicholas D—, should be delivered over to undergo the usual preparatory process for compelling confession," namely the torture, the court, after consideration of the state of the evidence, unanimously issued the usual warrant against him to that effect. Some pitied him, though none doubted his guilt. The general impression in the town was, that the courage of the inn-keeper would soon give way and that, in fact, he would probably confess the whole upon the first application of the torture.

The preparations were complete—the torture was to take place the next day, when the following letter, bearing the post-mark of Rotterdam, was received by the court:

"Before I leave the country, and betake myself where I shall be beyond the reach either of the court of M—— or the military tribunal of the garrison, I would save the poor unfortunate persons who are now prisoners at M——. Beware of punishing the innkeeper, his wife, his father, and brother, for a crime of which they are not guilty. How the story of the carpenter is connected

with theirs, I cannot conjecture. I have heard of it with the greatest surprise. The latter may not himself be entirely innocent. Let the judge pay attention to this remark. You may spare yourselves the trouble of inquiring after me. If the wind is favorable, by the time you read this letter I shall be on my passage to England.

"JOSEPH CHRISTIAN RUHLER,  
"Former Corporal in the  
Company of Le Lery."

The court gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by this letter to put off the torture. At first sight it did not appear a mere device to obtain delay. A company under Captain Le Lery was in garrison in the town; in that company there was a corporal of the name of Ruhler, who some weeks before had deserted and disappeared from his quarters. All inquiries after him since had proved in vain. The court subsequently learned from the report of the officer in command, that he had disappeared the evening before the day when the news of the robbery became public. He had been last seen by the guard in the course of the forenoon before his disappearance. Some connexion between the events appeared extremely probable.

But a new discovery seemed suddenly to demolish the conclusions founded on the letter. It had been laid before the commanding officer, who at once declared the handwriting was counterfeited; it was not that of Ruhler, which was well known, nor had it the least resemblance to it. The evidence of several of his comrades, and a comparison of the hand-writing with some regimental lists, undoubtedly in the handwriting of Ruhler, proved this beyond a doubt.

The letter from Rotterdam thus was merely the device of some unknown friend or confederate, and probably resorted to only to put off the punishment of the accused. How indeed, if Ruhler was really implicated in the robbery, should he have thus cast suspicion upon himself? If his object had been merely to preserve the innkeeper and his friends from the torture, he would have assumed some other name. In all probability, therefore, some third party, implicated in the robbery, had availed himself of the accidental disappearance of the corporal to

throw the suspicion of the robbery upon him, and to exculpate the guilty parties, who, if brought to the torture, might be induced to disclose the names of all their associates. To prevent this was probably the object of the letter. This, at least, was the prevailing opinion.

The strongest efforts were now made to discover the true writer of the letter; and meantime the torture was put off, when two other important witnesses made their appearance on the stage. Neither had the least connexion with the other; nay, the circumstances which they narrated appeared in some respects contradictory, and while they threw light on the subject in one quarter, they only served to darken it in another.

A merchant in the town, who dealt in different wares, and lived in the neighborhood of Madame Andrecht's house, had been absent on a journey of business during the discovery of the robbery, and the course of the subsequent judicial proceedings. Scarcely had he returned and heard the story of the robbery, when he voluntarily presented himself next morning before the authorities, for the purpose, as he said of making important revelations, which might have the effect of averting destruction from the innocent. In the public coach he had already heard some particulars of the case, and had formed his own conjectures; but since his return, these conjectures had with him grown into convictions, and he had not closed an eye from the apprehension that his disclosures might come too late. Had he returned sooner, matters would never have reached this length.

At the time when the robbery must have taken place, he had been in the town. The carpenter, Isaac Van C—, called upon him one day, begging the loan of the boat, which he was in the custom of using for the transport of bales and heavy packages to different quarters of the town. The boat generally lay behind the merchant's house, close to his warehouse, which was situated on the bank of the town fosse already alluded to. Isaac assured him he would require the boat only for a night or two, and would take care that it was returned in the morning in good condition. To the question why he wanted the boat at night, he, after some

hesitation, returned for answer, that he had engaged to transport the furniture of some people who were removing, and who had their own reasons for not doing so in daylight, implying that they were taking French leave of their creditors. "And you propose to lend yourself to such a transaction?" said the merchant, peremptorily refusing the loan of the boat. The carpenter interrupted him; that his real object was only to amuse himself in fishing with some of his comrades; and that he had only not stated that at first, as the merchant might be apprehensive that the operation would dirty his boat. The merchant at last yielded to the continued requests of the carpenter, and agreed to lend him the boat, but upon the express condition that it should be returned to its place in the morning. In this respect the carpenter kept his word; when the merchant went to his warehouse in the morning, he saw the carpenter and his apprentice engaged in fastening the boat. They went away without observing him. It struck him, however, as singular, that they appeared to have with them neither nets nor fishing tackle of any kind. He examined the boat, and was surprised to find it perfectly clean and dry, whereas, if used for fishing, it would probably have been found half-filled with water, and dirty enough. In this particular, then, the carpenter had been detected in an untruth. The boat had not been fastened to its usual place; the merchant jumped into it for that purpose, and from a crevice in the side he saw something protruding; he took it out; it was a couple of silver forks wrapped in paper. Thus the carpenter's first version of the story—as to the purpose for which he wanted the boat—was the true one after all. He *had* been assisting some bankrupt to carry off his effects. Angry at having been thus deceived, the merchant put the forks in his pocket, and set forth with on his way to Isaac's. The carpenter, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were in the workshop. He produced the forks. "These," said he, "are what you have left in my boat. Did you use these to eat your fish with?"

The three were visibly embarrassed. They cast stolen glances upon one another; no one ventured to speak. The housekeeper first recovered her composure. She stammered

out, "that he must not think ill of them; that her master had only been assisting some people who were leaving the town quietly, to remove their furniture and effects." As the transaction was unquestionably not of the most creditable character, this might account for the visible embarrassment they betrayed; when he demanded, however, the names of the parties whose effects they had been removing, no answer was forthcoming. The carpenter at last told him he was not at liberty to disclose them then, but that he should learn them afterwards. All three pressingly entreated him to be silent as to this matter. He was so; but in the meantime made inquiry quietly as to who had left the town, though without success. Shortly after, his journey took place, and the transaction had worn out of mind, till recalled to his recollection on his return, when he was made aware of the whole history of the robbery; and forthwith came to the conclusion, that there lay at the bottom of the matter some shameful plot to implicate the innocent, and to shield those whom he believed to be the true criminals, namely, Isaac Van C——, his apprentice, and housekeeper, the leading witnesses, in fact, against the unfortunate dragoon.

The criminal proceedings, in consequence of these disclosures, took a completely different turn. The merchant was a witness entirely above suspicion. True, there was here only the testimony of one witness, either to the innocence of the dragoon, or the guilt of the carpenter; but the moral conviction to which his statement gave rise in the mind of the judge was so strong, that he did not hesitate to issue an immediate order for the arrest of the carpenter and his companions, before publicity should be given to the merchant's disclosures. No sooner were they apprehended, than a strict scrutiny was made in the carpenter's house.

This measure was attended with the most complete success. With the exception of a few trifles, the whole of the effects which had been abstracted from Madame Andrecht's, were found in the house. The examination of the prisoners produced a very different result from those of Nicholas and his comrades. True, they denied the charges, but they did so with palpable confusion, and

their statements abounded in the grossest contradictions of each other and even of themselves. They came to recriminations and mutual accusations; and, being threatened with the torture, they at last offered to make a full confession. The substance of their admissions were as follows:

Isaac Van C——, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were the real perpetrators of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. Who had first suggested to them the design does not appear from the evidence. But with the old lady's house and its arrangements they were as fully acquainted as the dragoon. The apprentice, when formerly in the service of another master, had wrought in it, and knew every corner of it thoroughly. They had borrowed the boat for the purpose of getting access across the canal into the garden, and used it for carrying off the stolen property, as already mentioned. On the morning when the robbery became public, the master and the apprentice had mingled with the crowd to learn what reports were in circulation on the subject. Among other things the apprentice had heard that the wool-spinner's wife had unhesitatingly expressed her suspicions against the Blue Dragoon. Of this he informed his comrades, and they, delighted at finding so convenient a scapegoat for averting danger from themselves, forthwith formed the infernal design of directing by every means in their power the suspicions of justice against the innkeeper.

The apprentice entered the drinking-room of the innkeeper, and called for some schnaps, at the same time asking for a coal to light his pipe. While the innkeeper went out to fetch the coal, the apprentice took the opportunity of slipping the widow's memorandum-book, which he had brought in his pocket, betwixt the drawers. He succeeded, and the consequences followed as the culprits had foreseen; the house was searched, the book found, and, in the eyes of many, the dragoon's guilt established.

If these confessions were to be trusted, the dragoon and his family seemed exculpated from any actual participation in the robbery. Still, there were circumstances which these confessions did not clear up; some grave points of doubt remain unexplained. That the carpenter had himself pledged the silver

plate with the wood-merchant, without having received it from Nicholas, was now likely enough; he had accused him, probably, only to screen himself. But how came Nicholas' handkerchief to be found at the side of the hedge? How came the excise receipt, which belonged to him, to be used as a match by the thieves? The carpenter and his comrades declared that as to these facts they knew nothing; and as they had now no inducement to conceal the truth, there could be no reasonable doubt that their statement might, in these particulars, be depended upon.

The suspicion again arose that other accomplices must be concerned in the affair; and the subject of the letter from the corporal who had deserted, became anew the subject of attention. If not written by himself, it might have been written by another at his suggestion, and in one way or other he might have a connexion with the mysterious subject of the robbery.

In fact, while the proceedings against the carpenter and his associates were in progress, an incident had occurred, which could not fail to awaken curiosity and attention with regard to this letter. The schoolmaster of a village about a league from the town presented himself before the authorities, exhibited a scrap of paper on which nothing appeared but the name Joseph Christian Ruhler, and inquired whether, shortly before, a letter in this handwriting and subscribed with this name, had not been transmitted to the court? On comparing the handwriting of the letter with the paper exhibited by the schoolmaster, it was unquestionable that both were the production of the same hand.

The statement of the schoolmaster was this:

In the village where he resided, there was a deaf and dumb young man, named Henry Hechting, who had been sent by the parish to the schoolmaster for board and education. He had succeeded in imparting to the unfortunate youth the art of writing; so perfectly, indeed, that he could communicate with any one by means of a slate and slate-pencil which he always carried about with them. He also wrote so fair a hand, that he was employed by many persons, and even sometimes by the authorities, to transcribe or copy writings for them. Some time before, an

unknown person had appeared in the village, had inquired after the deaf and dumb young man in the schoolmaster's absence, and had taken him with him to the alehouse to write out something for him. The unknown had called for a private room, ordered a bottle of wine, and, by means of the slate, gave him to understand that he wanted him to make a clean copy of the draft of a letter which he produced. Hechting did so at once without suspicion. Still, the contents of the letter appeared to him of a peculiar and questionable kind, and the whole demeanour of the stranger evinced restlessness and anxiety. When he came, however, to add the address of the letter, "To Herr Van der R——, Burgomaster of M——," he hesitated to do so, and yielded only to the pressing entreaties of the stranger, who paid him a gulden for his trouble, requesting him to preserve strict silence as to the whole affair.

The deaf and dumb young man, when he began to reflect on the matter, felt more and more convinced that he had unconsciously been made a party to some illegal transaction. He at last confessed the whole to his instructor, who at once perceived that there existed a close connexion between the incident which had occurred and the criminal procedure in the noted case of the robbery. The letter of the corporal had already got into circulation in the neighborhood, and was plainly the one which his pupil had been employed to copy. The schoolmaster, at his own hand, set on foot a small preliminary inquiry. He hastened to the innkeeper of the village inn, and asked him if he could recollect the stranger who some days before had ordered a private room and a bottle of wine, and who had been for some time shut up with the deaf and dumb lad. The host remembered the circumstance, but did not know the man. His wife, however, recollected that she had seen him talking on terms of cordial familiarity with the corn-miller, Overblink, as he was resting at the inn with his carts. The schoolmaster repaired on the spot to Overblink, inquired who was the man with whom he had conversed and shaken hands some days before at the inn; and the miller, without much hesitation, answered that he remembered the day, the circumstance, and the man, very well; and that the



latter was his old acquaintance the baker, H——, from the town. The schoolmaster hastened to lay these particulars before the authorities.

How, then, was the well-known baker, H——, implicated in this affair, which seemed gradually to be expanding itself so strangely? The facts as to the robbery itself seemed exhausted by the confessions of the carpenter and his associates. They alone had broken into the house—they alone had carried off and appropriated the stolen articles. And yet, if the baker was entirely unconnected with the matter, what could be his motive for mixing himself up with the transaction, and writing letters, as if to avert suspicion from those who had first been accused? Was his motive simply compassion? Was he aware of the real circumstances of the crime, and its true perpetrators? Did he know that the Blue Dragoon was innocent? But if so, why employ this mysterious and circuitous mode of assisting him? Why resort to this anxious precaution of employing a deaf and dumb lad as his amanuensis? why such signs of restlessness and apprehension—such anxious injunctions of silence? Plainly the baker was not entirely innocent: this was the conviction left on the minds of the judges; for it was now recollected that this baker was the same person who, on the morning when the robbery was detected, had contrived to make his way into the house along with the officers of justice. It was he who had lifted from the ground the match containing the half-burnt receipt, and handed it to the officers present. His excessive zeal had even attracted attention before. Had he then broken into the house independently of the carpenter? Had he, too, committed a robbery—and was he agitated by the fear of its detection? But all the stolen articles had been recovered, and all of them had been found with the carpenter. The mystery, for the moment, seemed only increased, but it was about to be cleared up in a way wonderful enough, but entirely satisfactory.

While the schoolmaster and the miller Overbink were detained at the Council-Chamber, the baker H—— was taken into custody. A long and circumstantial confession was the result, to the particulars of

which we shall immediately advert. From his disclosures, a warrant was also issued for the apprehension of the wool-spinner, Leendert Van N—— and his wife—the same who had at first circulated the reports and suspicions against the dragoon; and who had afterwards given such plausible, and, as it appeared, such frank and sincere information against him before the court. Both had taken the opportunity of making off; but the pursuit of justice was successful—before evening they were brought back and committed to prison.

The criminal procedure now proceeded rapidly to a close, but it related to a quite different matter from the robbery. This third association of culprits, it appeared, had as little to do with the carpenter and his comrades as these had with the dragoon and his inmates. But for the housebreaking, in which the persons last arrested had no share, the real crime in which they were concerned, would, in all human probability, never have seen the light.

The following disclosures were the result of the confessions of the guilty, and of the other witnesses who were examined.

On the evening of the 29th June, there were assembled in the low and dirty chamber of the woolspinner, Leendert Van N——, a party of card-players. It has already been mentioned that this quarter of the town was in a great measure inhabited by the disreputable portion of the public—only a few houses, like those of Madame Andrecht, being occupied by the better classes. The gamblers were the Corporal Ruhler, of the company of Le Lery, then lying in garrison in the place, the master baker H——, and the host himself, Leendert Van N——. The party were old acquaintances; they hated and despised each other, but a community of interests and pursuits drew them together.

The baker and corporal had been long acquainted; the former baked the bread for the garrison company, the latter had the charge of receiving it from him. The corporal had soon detected various frauds committed by the baker, and gave the baker the choice of denouncing them to the commanding officer, or sharing with him the profits of the fraud. The baker naturally chose the latter, but hated the corporal as much as he,

feared him ; while the latter made him continually feel how completely he considered him in his power.

A still deadlier enmity existed between the corporal and the wool-spinner and his wife. The latter had formerly supplied the garrison with gaiters and other articles of clothing, and he had reason to believe that the corporal had been the means of depriving him of this commission, by which he had suffered materially. But the corporal had still a good deal in his power ; he might be the means of procuring other orders, and it was necessary, therefore, to suppress any appearance of irritation, and even to appear to court his favour.

Such an association as that which subsisted among these comrades, where each hates and suspects the other, and nothing but the tie of a common interest unites them, can never be of long duration. The moment is sure to arrive when the spark falls upon the mine which has been so long prepared, and the explosion takes place, the more fearful the longer it has been delayed.

These worthy associates were playing cards on the evening above-mentioned : they quarrelled ; and the quarrel became more and more embittered. The long-suppressed hatred on the part of the baker and the wool-spinner burst forth. The corporal retorted in terms equally offensive ; he applied to them the epithets which they deserved. From words they proceeded to blows, and deadly weapons were laid hold of on both sides. But two male foes and a female fury, arrayed on one side, were too much even for a soldier. The corporal, seized and pinioned from behind by the woman, fell under the blows of the wool-spinner. As yet the baker had rather hounded on the others than actually interfered in the scuffle ; but when the corporal, stretched on the floor, and his head bleeding from a blow on the corner of the table, which he had received in falling, began to utter loud curses against them, and to threaten them all with public exposure—particularly that deceitful scoundrel the baker—the latter, prompted either by fear or hatred, whispered to the wool-spinner and his wife that now was the time to make an end of him at once ; and that if they did not, they were ruined.

The deadly counsel was adopted ; they fell upon the corporal : with a few blows life was extinct ; the corpse, swimming in blood, lay at their feet. The deed was irrevocable ; all three had shared in it ; all were alike guilty, and had the same reason to tremble at the terrors of the law. With the body still warm at their feet, they entered into a solemn mutual engagement to be true to each other ; to preserve inviolable secrecy as to the crime ; and to extinguish, so far as in them lay, every trace of its commission.

On the night of the murder, they had devised no plan for washing out the blood, and removing the body, which of course required to be disposed of, so that the disappearance of Ruhler might cause no suspicion. The terrors of conscience, and the apprehension of the consequences of their crime had too completely occupied their minds for the moment. The next morning, however, they met again at the wool-spinner's house to arrange their plans. Suddenly a noise was heard in the street—it was the commotion caused by the news of the discovery of the robbery of Madame Andrecht's. The culprits stood pale and confounded. What was more probable than that an immediate search in pursuit of the robbers, or of the stolen articles, would take place into every house of this suspected and disreputable quarter. The wool-spinner's house was the next to that which had been robbed ; the flooring was at that moment wet with blood ; the body of the murdered corporal lay in the cellar. Immediate measures must be resorted to to stop the apprehended search, till time could be found for removing the body.

The object, then, was to give to the authorities such hints as should induce them to pass over the houses of the baker and the wool-spinner. The wool-spinner's wife had the merit of devising the infernal project which occurred to them. The Blue Dragoon was to be the victim. A robbery had taken place. Why might he not have been the criminal ? He had often scaled the hedge—had often entered the house at night during his courtship. But then a corroborating circumstance might be required to ground the suspicion. It was supplied by the possession of a handkerchief which he had accidentally dropt in her house, and

which she had not thought it necessary to restore to him. It might be placed in any spot they thought fit, and the first links in the chain of suspicion were clear.

The invention of the baker came to the aid of the wool-spinner's wife. One token was not enough; a second proof of the presence of the dragoon in Madame Andrecht's house must be devised. The baker had one day been concluding a bargain with a peasant before the house of the dragoon. He required a bit of paper to make some calculation, and asked the host for some, who handed him an old excise permit, telling him to make his calculations on the back. This scrap of paper the baker still had in his pocket-book. This would undoubtedly compromise the dragoon. But then it bore the name and handwriting of the baker on the back. This portion of it was accordingly burnt; the date and the signature of the excise officer were enough for the diabolical purpose it was intended to effect. It was rolled up into a match, and deposited by the baker (who, as already said, had contrived to make his way along with the police into the house) upon the floor, where he pretended to find it, and delivered it to the authorities.

The machinations of these wretches were unconsciously assisted by those of the carpenter and his confederates. The suspicion which the handkerchief and the match had originated, the finding of the pocket-book within the house of the dragoon appeared to confirm and complete—an accidental concurrence of two independent plots, both resorted to from the principle of self-preservation, and having in view the same infernal object.

But this object, so far as concerned the baker and the wool-spinner, had been too effectually attained. They had wished to excite suspicion against Nicholas, only with the view of gaining time to remove the corpse, and efface the traces of the murder. This had been effected—their intrigue had served its purpose; and they could not but feel some remorse at the idea that an innocent person should be thereby brought to ruin. The strange intervention of chance—the finding of the pocket-book, the accusation by the carpenter, filled them with a secret

terror; they trembled; their consciences again awoke. The thought of the torture, which awaited the unfortunate innkeeper, struck them with horror. It was not the ordinary fear of guilty men, afraid of the disclosures of an accomplice—for the dragoon knew nothing, he could say nothing to compromise them—it was a feeling implanted by a Divine power, which seemed irresistibly to impel them to use their endeavors to avert his fate.

They met, they consulted as their plans. A scheme occurred to them which promised to serve a double purpose—by which delay might be obtained for Nicholas, while at the same time it might be made the means of permanently ensuring their own safety. To resuscitate the murdered Corporal Ruhler in another quarter, and to charge him with the guilt of the robbery, might serve both ends. It gave a chance of escape to Nicholas: it accounted for the disappearance of the corporal. Hence the letter which represented him as alive, as the perpetrator of the robbery, and as a deserter flying to another country; which they thought would very naturally put a stop to all further inquiry after him.

But their plan was too finely spun, and the very precautions to which they had resorted, led, as sometimes happens, to discovery. If they had been satisfied to allow the proposed letter to be copied out by the wool-spinner's wife, as she offered, to be taken by her to Rotterdam, and put into the post, suspicion could hardly have been awakened against them: the handwriting of the woman, who had seldom occasion to use the pen, would have been unknown to the burgomaster or the court. The deaf and dumb youth, to whom they resorted as their copyist, betrayed them: step by step they were traced out—and, between fear and hope, a full confession was at last extorted from them.

Sentence of death was pronounced against the parties who had been concerned in the house-breaking as well as in the murder, and carried into effect against all of them, with the exception of the wool-spinner's wife, who died during her confinement. The wool-spinner alone exhibited any signs of penitence.

## "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

BY M. L. W. H.

"Love me, you love my dog," the proverb sayeth,  
In other words, who loves my dog, loves me,  
It greatest love for canine race displayeth,  
And is the boast of friendship's votary;  
It was the motto of a certain brewer,  
Who also was inclined to be a wooer.

He was a man whose age,—but age and I,  
"Once on a time" (as children's pet books say,)   
Fell out with one another,—so I'll try  
His tale of grief to tell,—yet not betray  
The treasured secret. Samuel Browning Slash,  
Such was his name,—his favourite dog was Dash.

His name was well applied—his guardians four,  
An insight in the future must have had;  
"Brown" he was christened,—brown he ever wore;  
And brown the ale, which made his small heart glad,  
In short a "Brownie" he,—all save his head,  
And that was as a crimson poppy, red.

The damsel of his choice was fair and shy,  
And was a reigning belle about the city.  
Could boast a cheek unrivalled in its dye,  
Was counted by her beaux, as rich and witty—  
She was romantic too, loved her own way,  
And o'er her suitors held imperious sway.

On a warm afternoon, our hero sat  
Before an open window, he had placed  
His elbow on a polished table that  
With sundry papers and a pipe was graced,  
About his auburn wig his fingers strayed,  
And now and then, he with his signet played.

Dash, huge and drowsy, stood beside his knee.  
Occasionally with a wistful eye,  
Would gaze up in his master's face to see  
What his opinion was of air and sky.  
Whether there was a chance or not of taking.  
A walk without—for much he needed waking.

And Sammy patted kindly Dash's head,  
And then gazed on the signet, huge and massy—  
Then on its surface the inscription read;  
(The stone, cornelian, look'd exceeding glassy,)   
And "love me, love my dog," he pondered o'er,  
Until the huge town clock chimed loudly four,

Then up he rose and from a curving hook,  
Placed near the pegs, on which his rattan rested;  
His broad brimm'd hat, quite leisurely he took,  
And with it and his walking stick invested  
Forth sauntered he, majestic in his pride.  
And merrily Dash trotted by his side.

Ere long the suitor reached his destined haven,  
Handsome, *he* thought he looked,—perhaps was right;  
With auburn wing fresh curled, and chin clean shaven  
While his gold headed cane looked doubly bright,  
"Now Angelique," thought he, I do defy thee,  
Thy heart, and hand, and fortune to deny me."

He rang and was admitted,—gave his card,  
And then was ushered in a curtained room.

There lay the poems of some gifted bard,  
And here stood splendid vases of perfume;  
And Browning gazing, wondered womankind  
Pleasure in trifles, such as these, could find.

"For now" quoth he, "I would not give a fig,  
For all the trumpery the whole room contains:  
And I will wager my best auburn wig—  
And the most costly of my clouded canes—  
That ere the golden honeymoon shall wane,  
I'll teach her to despise these baubles vain."

Dash now most gently whined his approbation,  
Of all his master did propose to do,  
And inwardly hoped the negotiation—  
Would take the course friend Samuel had in view.  
Fair readers mine, believe not Dash a sinner,  
If *his* romance was centred in a dinner.

Just at this moment opened wide the door,  
Angelique entered, lovely as a rose,—  
(My simile hath oft been used before,—  
And the great power of bad example shows  
So frequently indeed 'tis claimed by all,  
I dare not boast it as original.)

But for my story,—when she saw his eyes,  
Resting upon her with delighted stare,—  
(They might have match'd the emerald's richest dyes  
For of a polished green his glasses were;)   
She tittered slightly; Samuel gave a sigh,—  
And Dash's whine fill'd up the symphony.

And now our lover anxiously turned round,  
He did not know precisely what to say;  
And to his consternation soon he found,  
Like many a braver man;—he paused half way  
What should he call her? he felt strangely queer,  
And caught himself beginning with "my dear."

That would not do,—and he must try again,  
He gazed upon the curtains, chairs and floor,  
He in the windows counted every pane,  
And finally, his eyes fixed on the door—  
And there he stood, with open mouth, tho' mute,  
And looking very much the fool to boot.

At last the lady spoke, it broke the charm,  
"I was informed you wish'd to see me, sir."  
No heated furnace ever glowed more warm—  
Than did the brow of Sam, he turned to her,  
Then down before her silk cased feet he fell—  
His passion and his cherished hopes to tell.

He praised her mind and beauty;—in conclusion,  
Spoke of "allowances" (with secret sigh)  
And gazing on her cheek, whose bright suffusion  
Rivalled the crimson of the sunset's die,  
As quick as light, it through his fancy flew,  
*This was the roseate blush, sly love's own proper hue.*

The happy thought new courage to him lent.  
He took within his own her small white hand,  
And then described his old establishment.  
And all the alterations he had planned.  
Largely he treated of his favorite Dash,  
And spoke of her, "the future Mrs. Slash."

That sentence sealed his doom, the lady's cheek  
Flushed to the very temples, crimson high.  
The red lips were too firmly set to speak.



And darkly flashed the glances of her eye,  
Poor Sam perceived not this,—for love had twined  
His chaplet o'er his eyes, and he was blind.

He stooped with kisses her fair hand to cover,  
And from his finger did his signet take.  
"Love me, you love my dog"—sighed the fond lover,  
"And you will wear this for your Samuel's sake?"  
And as he softly murmur'd—"Angel dear"  
Reward—received, a box upon the ear!

Mute was poor Sam's astonishment,—for he,  
Experienced with the insult, actual pain.  
And he looked up, remorse and fear to see  
In the young lady's face,—but looked in vain.  
She only said "Our conference is o'er,  
Permit me, sir, to point you to the door."

Sam took the hint and from the house passed he,  
With the indignant steps of wounded pride.  
The hour before, in love and harmony  
He entered it, to win a blooming bride  
But she had proved most false although most fair,  
And home he turned, brooding o'er his despair.

That hour had been the crisis of his life,  
For had shown the heart of womankind,  
And with fierce imprecations on a wife,  
And on the fickle female sex combined,  
He vowed to love and cherish faithful Dash,  
And never should there be a Mrs. Slash.

## MY GHOST STORY.

BY E. E. S. . . . .

I have been thinking to-day of the quaint village where some of my earlier days were passed, and of the original characters who used to walk its streets of yore.

M. has been a good deal modernized of late years, but at the time to which I refer, it was an old-fashioned little town, peopled with rather an old-fashioned sort of folks. But there was one little stone house, rather more antique than all the rest, and vastly more inhospitable too; for its door had never been opened to admit a visitor, as far back as the annals of M. could be made to testify: and the morose old couple who inhabited it might have come out of the ark with their withered faces, and their faded old time garments. Tradition said they had been wealthy once, and that the proud old woman was a belle in her youth. It was strange to fancy *them* ever young; and it must have been a long, long time since prosperity had sunned their lot: for they had been occupying the little

stone house at M. time out of mind—living nobody knew how—but it must have been in poverty.

They were cut off from all social intercourse with the world—claiming kindred with none, and seemingly scornful of all. The white haired old man was sometimes seen at night-fall, coming from the village grocery, and bearing home the provisions he had purchased, with the air of one who carried a sceptre. No knight of old ever bore himself more proudly under the weight of his glittering steel armor, than did old Mr. Woodleigh beneath his burden of flour or bacon, nor did ever polished courtier make a more profound bow than he, to those he chanced to meet; but the bow was all, smiles and words he was never known to use.

His wife was never seen except on Sunday mornings, as she walked to and from church. On these occasions her costume was a never failing source of entertainment to me, and even an antiquarian might have been puzzled to what period to assign the several fashions that it combined. There was a queerly shaped white satin bonnet with a veil of some fine muslin stuff (that had been of rare price in its day) which she sometimes wore with a dress of spotless whiteness, made with crimped muslin ruffs, somewhat after the fashion of the Elizabethan era. And then she had another bonnet, of deep green silk and of a most capacious size, which last was increased by the addition of a green silk veil, that was looped up on either side, so as to leave a sufficient opening for her to see her way before her. The dress which usually accompanied this bonnet was a thin crêpe, that had once been black, but had become sadly browned by years and usage. It was greatly trimmed and flounced, and was made in a more ancient fashion than any one in M. could remember of.

I used to wonder who she mourned for, when that garment was made. Perhaps for a darling, and only child, whose smiling beauty, and affectionate tones had made it once the idol of her soul, and when death came, and shut it from her arms, down into the inaccessible tomb, the mourning mother's smile went out forever. And perhaps now, when the memory of her lost one would fill her heart afresh, she would give expression

to her sorrow by wearing again the sombre robe that was consecrated to her bereavement. And yet her stern blue eye betokened not the weakness of sorrow. Pride and rebelliousness were marked in its every glance. With every tarnished habiliment she wore, there must have been some association with better days, but there was no softening in their influence, and still she walked the earth with an unconquered haughtiness, as if she scorned the theatre of her wearisome pilgrimage. Always behind her marched her timeworn companion, with an air of pride only less lofty than her own. His costume was ever the same; and consisted of a highly polished beaver hat, blue coat, buff vest, white pantaloons, silk stockings and black velvet pumps. I wondered why they ever went to church; for there was surely no devotion in their faces, and they took their seats amid the worshipping assembly—"amongst them, but not of them."

No one in M. had ever been inside of their habitation, and so we girls were of course brimful of curiosity to see the furniture and fixtures of those mysterious chambers. I was living then with a widowed Aunt—the mother of one girl, who was about my own age. Antoinette and I used to sit in the portico frequently of an evening and watch the forbidden portal (for our house was the nearest theirs of any in the village,) and we conjectured so many wonderful things about the inmates, that curiosity got the better of fear at last, and so we resolved on an expedient to gain admission to the interior of that ruined castle. We gathered a basket of the vineyard's most luscious fruit, and after having arranged them as nicely as possible, and assumed as obsequious a manner as we knew how to put on, we started in a good deal of trepidation to offer them to the old lady. Arrived at the door, we consulted for some time with throbbing hearts, as to who should be spokeswoman. It was at last decided that Nettie should be, and that I should begin operations by summoning the garrison to open their gates to our entrance. I knocked several times before we could hear any stir of life within. At length a stately tread approached, the door was deliberately opened, and the stern old man looked down upon us; and the coward blood went tingling

through our veins, and flushed our faces with crimson, as we felt his cruel black eye fixed scornfully upon us. If it had not been for his courtly obeisance I believe we would have run away.

"Well; what is your pleasure with me?" he asked after an awful pause. "We thought maybe Mrs. Woodleigh might like a few of these grapes, sir," faltered Nettie, with an appealing glance at me. "Much obliged to you Miss, but Mrs. Woodleigh never eats fruit," he replied with a petrifying gaze, and another brow, "Good morning," and the door was closed without our having obtained a glimpse of anything save a picture that hung upon the wall of the inner room. I had neither time nor presence of mind too see anything else, and as to Nettie—she had had eyes for nothing but the old man.

We returned home quite crest-fallen, and neither ever forgot the few common-place words that had been spoken to us in tones so chilling and repulsive; nor did we repeat again the attempt to pass that dark doorway.

Dr. Saunders, (our uncle,) lived at the other end of the village from us, and thitherward Nettie and I took our regular morning promenades, and at the gate we were generally joined by cousin William, who was wont to convert the remainder of our walk into a series of waltzes, whether we would or not, and so would seize us in turn, round the waist, and go whirling off in spite of our remonstrances. Well; early one bright morning as we were returning from an exercise of this nature, we encountered old Woodleigh coming from the doctor's door with a vial in his hand. We were all instantly in the office and eagerly questioning the Doctor as to what was the matter at "old Mystery's domicile," as William termed him. My uncle laughed at our exhibition of mother Eve—(bye-the-bye William was perhaps a little more curious than we) and told us that the old man had merely bought a vial of aromatic spirits of nitre, or ether. one—I forget which—and he had given it to him without asking any questions, as his manner repelled any such liberty.

He closed his shutters that evening as usual; but all the next day they remained unopened. And on the next again they

were still closed and it was almost noon, and so the doctor and Nettie's mother agreed to go over and see what was the matter. After repeatedly knocking at the door they at last opened it themselves and entered. Nettie and I—who stood looking after them—were startled a moment after by their reappearance at the door uttering hurried exclamations. We instantly ran over to join them, and found them both pale and agitated on the threshold. "O; tell us what has happened!" I asked, almost breathless. "Death; my girls, They are both dead," replied my uncle. "I must call in assistance. You three stay here 'til I return; *you* won't be afraid, will you Ellen?" he said addressing his sister. "Me; I think not," she answered, taking Nettie's hand. "Annie and Nettie are ever so brave; they will help me to some courage; but I am rather faint of heart now."

After the doctor had gone, Nettie and I entered the long sealed chamber to see its tragic contents for ourselves. There were only two rooms. The first had been used for cooking and eating, and was almost bare of furniture. We marked that, as we paused before the awful portal of the inner chamber. There was a table and two high backed chairs, and some old china; and the cooking utensils displayed themselves through the partly open door of a little closet, where their provisions must have been kept.

I made the first step into the death chamber, and Nettie followed—clinging to my arm. The bed was smoothly made up, and on it lay the old woman's rigid corpse. She was robed in a spotless muslin, with her pale hands folded over her cold bosom. Her blanched locks were smoothed back under a cap of snowy linen, and a white crêpe shawl—yellowed by age—was wrapped round her, as a winding sheet. Her husband had attired her for her burial; but where was he? On the floor at the bedside he lay, and on his vest and shirt bosom was the red stain of blood. One hand was laid upon his chest, and the other grasped a knife, crimsoned in its owner's heart-stream. And on the hearth there was a heap of cinders—the remains of all the garments and papers they had possessed—for a search was made for

papers that day, and not a scrap of anything could be found.

The old woman had died, but no physician had been there to alleviate her sufferings—it might have been to save her. No woman had moved about her lone pillow, smoothing with sisterly tenderness her passage to the grave. Nor had the holy minister knelt at that bedside, to strengthen the parting spirit for its journey, and point it to the only light that can illumine "the dark valley of the shadow of Death," through which it must pass. Her husband was the only witness to her dying agonies; and when the last tie that bound him to his sunnier days was broken, he had gathered together all their mementos of the past, the clothes they had worn; and the long preserved letters of kindred and friends; and perhaps he had read them all over again (reserving for the last those penned in the days of courtship,) and then he had lighted them into a funeral pyre for memory, love and hope. It was the only potion he took before he died—that draught from the memory fountains of "Lang Syne." And after having decked the companion of so many years in her last robes he had lain down beside her, and with rash hand stopped the despairing pulses of his own weary heart, and followed her into the unknown eternity that she had just entered. O; awful, to have died thus! unpitied by men, and I fear me, unforgiven of heaven.

There was a Coroner's inquest held there that day, and many curious eyes dilated as they gazed around those scant chambers for the first time, and many wise heads were shaken, and wise lips were heard to say, "I always knew that something wrong would come of it." "Did'nt I tell you so?" &c., &c. And many were the animadversions upon the stubborn pride of the dead, and the conjectures about how they had managed to live, and a hundred other things besides, that nobody could answer. But by nightfall the crowd had quite dispersed, and it was arranged that a good old couple, (Mr. and Mrs. Marshall,) a Mrs. Moore, Nattie, William and myself should come after tea and watch with the dead that night. Fear, aversion, or some unavoidable circumstance prevented any others from joining us.

Are you superstitious, reader? Smile not



in incredulity when I confess to some belief in the supernatural! For may there not be times when the beings that people the spirit world, reveal their presence to mortal sense? They say that those unaccountable shudderings that the most of us have felt creep over us at times, occur when "*the dead are too near.*" But be that as it may; let the wise inveigh as they will against the folly of superstition, and philosophers smile withering contempt upon the same—yet I believe that in some secret chamber of every heart, there glows a spark of superstitious feeling that all the philosophies in the world can never completely quench. I am not naturally more prone to this weakness than the most of my fellow mortals, and though "Ghost stories" always had for me a special charm, I never for a moment used to give the least credence to any one of them—nor do I yet to the majority—but the tale I tell now is "over true," and a braver heart than mine has beat quicker than its wont at the remembrance of it. But to return to my story.

Nettie complaining of a violent headache that night, her mother would not agree to her sitting up; and so William and I set off without her. Arriving at our place of destination, we found Mr. and Mrs. Marshall at their post, but the other lady did not come. It was June. But as the weather had become cool and damp in the course of the day, we had some fire kindled in the front room where we sat. The corpses were laid out in the inner chamber, which had no outer door. The room we occupied had two; one of which opened on the outside, and that we fastened. The other was the door of communication between the two rooms and stood open.

For the first half hour, we all chatted socially enough, avoiding rather the tragic occasion of our vigils there. But by and by Mr. Marshall showing symptoms of drowsiness, established his capacious form comfortably upon an old threadbare sofa, and was soon snoring profoundly.

Mrs. Marshall took her station by the inner door, while William sat by a candlestand nearly opposite to her, and my seat was fronting his.

About eleven o'clock, the storm that had been brewing since noonday, burst forth in all

its ungovernable fury, and whilst the rain dashed madly against the windows, and the wild winds wailed around the house in rage, "the lightning forked lightning crossed, and thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds of sullen wrath." William and I had been sitting silent for some time, listening to the angry careerings of the storm without, and interchanging now and then a few words in low tones. Mrs. Marshall would walk into the next room at intervals, and then return to say something about the fierce war of the elements, would wish that the night was over, and wonder how Mr. Marshall *could* sleep so; would threaten now and then to wake him up; for "dear me!" she would exclaim, "this is *too* lonesome and scary. I never did feel so awful before, and I hope never to put another such night over my head again." William would laugh at her a little, and then we would both try to reassure her, and she would go to nodding in her chair. I think it was between twelve and one before she got fairly to sleep, and by that time William had become deeply absorbed in a newspaper that he had brought with him. But I could neither sleep nor read. My book lay open in my lap, and I was watching the flickering of the fire, and wondering what might be the story of the high backed chair I sat in, if it could be endowed with speech. Perhaps the old lady had dandled there her first born, and dreamed bright things for his future life, but it might have been that in all her proud hope, there came to remembrance the thought of the death hour, and that the startling idea was soothed to think that her fair boy would close tenderly her dying eyes. Oh! had she dreamed to die this lonely death? To be watched in her last sleep by utter strangers! To have no mourner at her grave side!

Why did the blood rush with so sickening a weight upon my heart just then, and my whole frame shiver with such a grave-yard chill? There was no change in the red glow and cordial warmth of the fire, and yet I felt my body grow suddenly to a corpse-like coldness, and I shuddered in agony at I knew not what.

Has the flesh an instinct of the disembodied spirit's presence? But why this recoiling? Has it not been always linked to spi-

rit; and is it not this connection alone that saves it from corruption? I cannot explain any of these things—who can?

Just then I was startled by William's exclaiming, "O, my God! what is this?" There upon his knee, I saw a form as black as midnight, whose strange and glowing eyes were riveted with a most curious and unearthly glare upon his. And as those who looked upon the fabled Gorgon—he seemed turned to stone. There was a lull in the storm just then, and a moment passed without a sound. We both seemed paralyzed. And still those glaring eyes peered tauntingly into his, and held them as with magnetic power. At last with a convulsive effort he sprang to his feet, and as that dark form vanished over his shoulder, a screaming laugh died into a horrid shriek near by us, and a siroc blast changed the cold shivering of my frame into a fever heat, and Mrs. Marshall (starting from her chair) asked what had gone into the next room. And at the same instant her husband (whom all the loud roarings of the tempest had not wakened,) laid his trembling hand upon my shoulder, whispering loudly, "what is it?"

We paused for one breathless moment—and then we all four heard slow steps pacing the floor of the room. William seized a candle and started in pursuit, accompanied by Mr. Marshall, who had armed himself with a stick, and his wife and I followed, terror stricken, and clinging convulsively to each other. None of us had spoken yet. In the chamber of the dead we searched thoroughly; but though we still heard the same foot-falls, we saw nothing. At length the steps reëntered the front room, and though we persevered in following the sounds until they reached the outer door (which was locked,) the walker was still invisible; and yet we distinctly heard the same measured tread pass down the steps on the outside; and as we all stood grouped there in our bewilderment, William told us how he had unaccountably looked down from an interesting paragraph in his newspaper that was absorbing his attention, and met the wild, fiendish gaze that had thrilled his soul with such horror, and how its burning breath had almost scorched his blanched cheek as it leapt from him. And then I too recounted to them how it had

checked for an instant the current of life in my own veins, with that glimpse it gave me of a vanishing form, so unlike to the earth-born creature.

"How *are* we to make out 'till the end of this terrible night, Amie?" said poor Mrs. Marshall; "there's not a bible to be found in all this wicked house. Indeed, if I ever live to get out of it in the morning, I'll never darken its doors again, not for all the gold in the Indies." Whilst she yet spoke, there came a deafening crash of thunder, and the whole building shook with us. And when our blinded eyes recovered from the dazzling glare of the lightning's flash, and our senses from the effects of the shock, we noticed an overpowering blaze in the inner chamber, and the smell of burning came to us; and then there came another peal of thunder even more terrible than the first had been, and for the first time in my life I fainted.

The lightning had struck the house, and they say the flames could not be extinguished; and so (as the rain had ceased) the whole house was in ashes by morning, and the corpses were consumed with the rest. Only the four stone walls were left upon the spot—a memorial of the dead—whose ashes were scattered within.

We were always afraid to tell the events of that night, and only discussed them among ourselves; for we knew and felt too much what we had seen and suffered therein, to expose ourselves to the ridicule and disbelief of the world. But I was pondering it all over in my mind the other day, and I said I will write the story, and though the sceptical may laugh at my credulity, it matters not to me. I am satisfied that this awful apparition was hardly a spectral illusion, for two persons were never known to behold one of these at the same time, and it were strange that so many ever could be deceived as to a sound.

I am aware that my tale might have been better told, for narrative is not my forte. But it has at least the merit of being as strange as it is true, and such as it is, O, reader! I give it to you. Be not sarcastic or over-much critical.

## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE DELL.

BY MARION HARLAND.

There is a fountain in the dell,  
 And it singeth evermore,  
 As the laughing waters leap to light,  
 And tinkling crystals pour.  
 All day, to catch the sun's bright kiss,  
 The eager wavelets swell;  
 And a wild and joyous thing of life  
 Is the fountain in the dell.

But when its god has looked his last,  
 And woods grow chill and dark;  
 And stars upon its glassy breast,  
 Dart but a fleeting spark,—  
 There comes a ceaseless, wailing sob,  
 From out the heaving well—  
 And song and dance are hushed till morn,  
 In the fountain in the dell.

My heart is like that gladsome fount,  
 When thou, beloved, art nigh,—  
 To meet thy loving eye and smile  
 The billow riseth high,  
 The circling ripples bound in glee,  
 Beneath the genial ray—  
 And cheerily! O cheerily!  
 Singeth the dashing spray.

And like it, too, it sadly sinks,  
 When its day of joy is o'er,  
 And from its secret depths, a sigh  
 Struggles forevermore.  
 All through the long, long weary night,  
 It maketh plaintive moan;  
 For life and beauty leave the wave,  
 When Thou and Hope have gone.

## A MADRIGAL.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Softly shone thy lustrous eyes,  
 On the silent summer night,  
 Through the eve's luxurious gloom,  
 Dreaming in a languid light,  
 While from the near mountain's height  
 The shadows stole so solemnly.

Faintly fell the tremulous tones  
 From thy red lips coyly won,  
 Dropping with the silver lull  
 Of low rivulets, by the sun  
 Courted from the woodlands dun  
 Into pastures glad, and free.

Through the mazes of sweet speech,  
 Wandered we, absorbed, apart,  
 On the mingled flood of thought,  
 Drawing near each other's heart,  
 Till we felt the pulses start  
 Of a strange, wild sympathy.

Ah! those brief, harmonious hours!  
 When their wingéd music fled,  
 Discord through all voices ran,  
 The broad universe was dead,  
 Only, moaning o'er its bed,  
 I heard the low, pathetic sea.

## Editor's Table.

We desire to express our acknowledgments to several kind friends in various parts of the Southern States who have generously responded to our appeal in behalf of the Messenger. We have received many letters of a nature the most encouraging which bid us hope that the magazine will not be altogether abandoned in this, the year of its majority, when, by virtue of attaining the age of twenty-one, it should be endowed with a strength which it has never had before. For ourselves, we have never been more determined in our purpose of maintaining the high literary reputation of its more prosperous days, and let whatever fate befall an enterprise so intimately connected with the credit of the Southern people in the world of letters, it shall never be said that the Messenger expired because it was no longer worthy to live. We therefore, again, appeal to the sense of justice and the sectional pride of the people of the Slaveholding States that they will lend their united assistance in this time of need to their only literary magazine, feeling assured that if but a small portion of that favour is granted us, which is so lavishly bestowed on Northern works, we shall be able to make the Messenger an exponent of Southern intellect and genius of which they may be proud. To those brethren of the press who have spoken of us in terms of kindness and praise, we say—thanks!

We clip the following letter from the London Athenæum. Coming from such a man as Walter Savage Landor and referring to a very gifted woman of whom the world was pleased to think harshly, it will be likely to interest many readers—

I hear that Dr. MADDEN has published Lady BLESSINGTON's Correspondence. Severe illness has prevented my looking into it, so that I am ignorant what parts of my letters it may contain. Permission was asked of me by one of the family to make a selection of them, under a promise that it should be done sparingly and discreetly; and I entertain no doubt that such has been the case. My letters have always been of such a nature, and intentionally, that any publisher must be ruined who undertakes the printing. There may, however, be a few sentences, here and there, not uninteresting to my correspondent. The hope of rendering a trifling service to a member of Lady BLESSINGTON's family was my sole motive for compliance. I will now state my first acquaintance with her Ladyship. Residing in the Palazzo Medici at Florence, the quince, my annual visi-

that for fifty seasons, confined me to my room. At that time, my old friend FRANCIS HARE, who had been at Pisa on a visit to Lord and Lady BLESSINGTON, said at breakfast that he must return instantly to Florence. Lord and Lady B. joked with him on so sudden a move, and insisted on knowing the *true* reason for it. When he mentioned my name and my sickness, Lord BLESSINGTON said, "You don't mean WALTER LANDOR!" "The very man," replied HARE. His Lordship rang the bell, and ordered horses to be put instantly to his carriage. He had gone to Pisa for his health and had rented a house on a term of six months, of which only four had expired. The next morning my servant entered my inner drawing-room, where I was lying on a sofa, and announced Lord BLESSINGTON. I said I knew no such person. He immediately entered, and said, "Come, come, LANDOR! I never thought you would refuse to see an old friend. If you don't know BLESSINGTON, you may remember MOUNTJOY." Twenty years before when Lord MOUNTJOY was under the tuition of Dr. RANDOLPH, he was always at the parties of Lady BELMORE, at whose house I visited, more particularly when there were few besides her own family. I should not have remembered Lord MOUNTJOY. In those days he was somewhat fat for so young a man; he had now become emaciated. In a few days he brought his lady "to see me and make me well again." They remained at Florence all that year, and nearly all the next. In the Spring, and until the end of Autumn, I went every evening from my villa and spent it in their society. Among the celebrities I met there was POCRIO, and for several weeks, the Count DI CAMALDOLI, who had been Prime Minister of Naples, the Duke DE RICHELIEU too, and D'ORSAY's sister, the Duchess DE GUICHE, besides a few of the distinguished Florentines. When I returned to England, soon after Lord BLESSINGTON's death, my first visit was to the Countess. Never was man treated with more cordiality. The parties contained more of remarkable personages than ever were assembled in any other house, excepting, perhaps, Madame DE STAEL'S. In the month of the Coronation more men illustrious in rank, in genius, and in science, met at Gore House, either at dinner or after, than ever were assembled in any palace. Enough has been said vituperatory about the mistress of that mansion. I disbelieve in the tales of her last friendship: an earlier one affords more cause for admiration than for censure. She had been attached to a very handsome man, whose habit of gaming ended, as it often does end, and always should, in utter ruin and expatriation. She resolved to follow him. At that time she resided at Brighton. Lord BLESSINGTON was also there, and heard of her distress. He had seen enough of her to love her ardently; but instead of making any proposal to her, he wrote a request to know whether "a thousand pounds or two" could bring back her friend in safety. She answered as only a generous heart can answer one equally generous, and wrote immediately to the person concerned. He replied that he was ruined beyond redemption, and never could return to England, nor could stand between her and fortune. Lord BLESSINGTON, on receiving this intelligence, called on her. The exile received from her one

hundred pounds quarterly until his death. She made an ample allowance to her father and her brother, and brought his children to live with her. Lord BLESSINGTON told me that he offered her an addition of a thousand pounds to her jointure of three, and could not prevail on her to accept the addition. Virtuous ladies! instead of censuring her faults, attempt to imitate her virtues. Believe that, if any excess may be run into, the excess of tenderness is quite as pardonable as that of malignity and rancor.

● WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

It was our good fortune during the past month to witness an exhibition of *Tableaux Vivans* in the private circle, which were so brilliantly successful in point of dramatic arrangement as to furnish the favourite topic of social comment for some time afterwards. A versified account of them is before us, which, as it does not offend against propriety by indicating the names of the parties engaged, we might publish entire, were it not too long. A few extracts will suffice to show the delightful character of the entertainment and the rhyming facilities of the poet, who does not by any means, "rise to the occasion," though his dactyls may, perhaps, amuse the sympathetic reader. Of "The Signing of the Contract" from the *Bride of Lammermoor*, a beautiful picture, the account says:

But soon the scene changes, a group now appears  
Composed of a timid young maiden in tears,  
(In tears and in muslin, who bursts on the view  
Like a delicate lily just moistened with dew,)  
Two Knights and a lady, all gathered to see  
The maiden relinquish her right to be free,  
And 'tis plain, as she slowly and sadly looks o'er  
The contract, she thinks it a bit of a bore,  
'Tis sweet Lucy Ashton, the child of romance,  
Whose eyes o'er the paper so tearfully glance,  
And supposed to be also the child of that other  
Young person before her, who stands for the mother,  
A "Lady" indeed, in black velvet arrayed,  
With hair blacker yet in magnificent braid,  
And pearls of a whiteness that mocks you, until  
You look on that neck, which is far whiter still,  
Oh glorious creature! oh vision that's like  
Some form coming down from a frame of Vandyck,  
Could you but have beamed on the rapturous eye  
Of Sir Walter, your charms in his page would outvie  
All the noblest creations his eloquent pen  
Has drawn for the praise and the worship of men!

An exquisite representation of "Flora" is thus too briefly mentioned—

But here comes a goddess that frequently beams  
On the sight of the dreamer of beautiful dreams,  
The joyous, the happy, the radiant *Flora*,  
As she scatters the roses in Guido's Aurora,  
Who, we cannot help thinking, will certainly rise,  
When the tableau is over, right back to the skies!



Ten scenes from "The Corsair," which were perhaps more applauded than any others, the poet rather ungraciously disparages; let him beware the displeasure of such sanguinary characters as Conrad and Gulnare—

Another transition occurs in our play—  
From a goddess we turn to some *mauvaises sujets*;  
As the picture presents us the crime and despair  
And attractive remorse of Lord Byron's Corsair—  
The whole is superb, the appointments, the dresses,  
The jewels, the shoulders, the dark wavy tresses,  
And the flowing and musical voice of the syren  
Who reads in our hearing the verses of Byron;  
The gas-light falls softly and brightly around—  
And "encore"—"try it over"—" 'tis splendid" resound  
From all parts of the room; yet I frankly confess  
I did not consider these scenes a success—  
For Conrad had far too much softness of face,  
Too much of an absolute feminine grace,  
And in his left arm not the quantum of power  
For a wicked and desperate scamp of a Giaour.  
Then the gentle Medora, so dove-like and mild,  
With the form of an angel, the mien of a child,  
Like anything else in this world might appear  
Than the wife of a lawless and bold buccaneer.  
While Gulnare with her features, so instinct with soul,  
Enwreathed in a smile that she could not control,  
Looked less like a murderess bloody with crime;  
Though every one thought her majestic, sublime,  
When the smile having vanished, she came with the light  
To gaze upon Conrad reposing at night,  
And her dark eyes blazed out with a luminous fire  
That made the pale rays of the cresset expire.  
Yet we knew the small hand, that she lifted just o'er her,  
While it might have touched softly the lute of Medora,  
Could never have wielded that terrible knife  
In anger to take the most infamous life;  
And as for the blood, oh, deception most horrid!  
We saw in a stain on her marble-like forehead,  
That red drop no dagger had acted to draw, sir,  
The sorceress managed it out of a saucer!

*Mais tiens*, we have given enough.

From an admirable address delivered on the 22nd. of February last, before the Ladies' Central Mount Vernon Association of Virginia by the Rev. M. D. Hoge, we take the following spirited paragraph, which was received upon its delivery with great applause. The speaker, in contrasting the neglect shown by the United States to the ashes of Washington with the homage paid by Scotland to Burns and Scott, said—

And France, also, has her Pantheon "dedicated to the great souls remembered by their country." And speaking of France, how forcibly am I struck by the *contrast* presented by the honors which have been paid to the remains of Napoleon by the French Government, and the neglect and disregard which has been shown by Americans for the ashes of Washington. The island of St. Helena was, in itself, a fit resting place for the King of Warriors. There he lay, sepulchred in the grand mausoleum which Nature itself had provided for him. There he lay, alone, in the mid-

ocean, beneath the fierce blaze of the torrid sun—fit emblem of his own fierce and fiery genius—guarded by wave-washed precipices, whose base was strewn with the fragments of shipwrecked barks, fit emblems of his own ruined fortunes—while around the deep lifted up its waves, and with hoarse voice chanted his requiem. That rocky tomb was a landmark to all that went down to the sea in ships and that did business in the great waters. Every passing mariner cast his anchor at St. Helena, and paid his homage at the shrine of the dead warrior. But France was not content that her Napoleon should have his grave on a spot so remote, and with immense difficulty and expense, removed his remains to her own Capital, where, amidst the rejoicing of the whole nation, the thunder of a thousand cannon proclaimed that NAPOLEON was once more upon the soil of France, while civil and religious honors all conspired to give him an august burial beneath the magnificent dome of the *Invalides*, where he now sleeps, guarded by his old soldiers and companions in arms.

The increased attention given by scholars and thinkers to the philosophy of language, which may be attributed in a great measure to the works of Trench, on Words, Proverbs, and more recently on "English," is one of the most marked of the literary aspects of the times. The Rev. T. V. Moore of this city, in a recent lecture before the Richmond Athenæum on the "Geology of Words," worked out a very interesting vein of research in the history of America, displaying our national life as embedded in the terms and names we have added to the vocabulary. An ingenious correspondent aspires to something beyond either the English or the American philologist, in endeavouring to trace the origin of the very first word which he supposes to have been employed by man. His "suggestion," if it have any force at all, will establish the priority of the *English* language to any other. He writes as follows—

#### A SUGGESTION.

I have just now come from among the leafy trees, where I have been in order to listen to Nature's voices made by the sighing winds and the murmuring waters. Those voices are such as Nature ever utters when communing with herself and with those akin to her—open, flowing, peaceful, harmonious, made up of the full vowels and the liquid consonants—through them she seems to *pour* forth her spirit in love to her worshippers.

Now, let us suppose one of those worshippers, the first man upon earth, dwelling in the midst of the primeval forest upon the shore of the swelling ocean or by the side of a running river. He is fully formed in body, with faculties of the mind latent, but ready to be developed. The sound from the ocean or from the river comes, borne in waves by the wind, through the branches of the forest to his ear, formed into the whispered word *pour*. does it not, reader? Go out among the trees, even where there is no moving water, and find if you do not

hear very nearly such an expression, especially if the wind is slightly gusty. The man having his brain continually impressed with the word, as with a burthen, will himself give it whispered utterance at length, involuntarily, if not by an effort of the intellect. He could hardly help doing so, if he opened his mouth at all—the separation of the lips would give the sound of *p*; the further widening of the orifice would give that of *a*; and the full expansion would terminate the word with *r* (prove the suggestion, reader, by *gaping*.)

Then, may not *pour* have been the first word ever spoken by man? Whether the first or not, still supposing it to have originated in the way intimated, it is easy to imagine how other words in use in modern languages may have sprung from it as a root. Thus, the man, upon first speaking it, or after speaking it a number of times, attaches an idea to it—the idea of the moving of the water, which moving he sees with his eyes. A mightier ocean tide than he has been used to behold comes swelling up to the shore, or the river, increased by the same “water” *pouring* from the clouds, rushes down its channel more forcibly than has been its wont; he has only the one word *pour* to express his new idea—rather, his old idea added to—but he makes it answer its new purpose by speaking it with greater stress than at first; hence *power*. He observes water *pour* through small apertures, as well as down the river’s channel and upon the ocean’s bosom; hence *pore* (of the skin, etc.) He attaches the sense of *pour* to other things than water in motion—to the falling of the rays of light from the morning sun; to the humming of insects; to the songs of birds; to the cries of beasts; to the voices, speaking words and making music, of his fellow men; hence even *poem* and *poet*.

Further, may not *Pour* have been the *name* of the first man and of the first family of men upon Earth? The man would finally *know himself*, from seeing his image reflected from the water-mirrors and from hearing his own voice, as *Pour*; also, his fellows, having come into existence, would, from hearing the word issue from his lips, know him by it; and, after they had caught the same from him and embodied it in speech, would be known to him and to each other by it.

Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish orator, in a dinner table speech at the recent celebration of St. Patrick’s Day in New York city, gives a most poetic expression to the patriotic sentiment which bids the exile turn to the land of his nativity. One passage is so eloquent that we cannot forbear preserving it. In reply to the toast, “Ireland—Our Mother, forsaken not forgotten,” he says:

I am but the echo, Sir, of the truth to which you have give utterance. My voice may have indeed, prolonged and multiplied the sound, but it has done no more. In the shade of the arbutus woods I have sat beside the water on which the purple rocks of Mangert look down, and there resting on the silent oar, have heard the countless choir about and beyond the Eagle’s Nest repeat—until the trees and stars, and the very clouds, seemed to pulsate with the music; the notes of the solitary bugle. Thus it is with me this night. [Hear, hear.] Thus it is with countless hearts, which this hour, wherever they may throb, reiterate the sentiment to which you have given ut-

terance. [Loud applause.] And so my task is ended, and let me hope that my love’s labor has not been wholly lost. [Cheers, and hear, hear.] But to a close it has come, for I am not called upon to interpret or defend the indestructible emotion of an old, old people. No logic can elucidate, no law explain, no social prejudice control, no event, however unpropitious, can annihilate the love with which an old race, to their antique sources and memorials, irresistibly revert. [Cheers.]

Let the cold or grim philosopher who would question it, go back to the school of nature, and learn there, with the dutifulness of a child, to revere the mystery. Or if he be an old boy, here is my old copy of the *Æneid* for him, from which he will learn to reverence the fidelity with which a right royal race flying from the embers of their shrines and homesteads, clung, amid the wrath of gods and men, to their relics, their prophecies, and traditions, and in which perplexed though he may be with the profusion of its beauties, he will not find an incident more beautiful than that of Andromache building up, in a new land, a little image of her ancestral city of Sigieum. [Loud applause.] In illustration of this feeling, the sad lord of Newstead Abbey has written that noble tragedy of the “Two Foscari,” and often, when far away from this, in an island where I had no future, and my thoughts were ever with the past, have I said with poor Jacobo, in reply to those who would doubt or deprecate this feeling—

Ah, you were never far away from Venice; never  
Saw her beautiful towers in the receding distance,  
Whilst every furrow of the vessel’s track  
Seemed ploughing deep into your heart; you never  
Saw day go down upon your native spires  
So calmly in its gold and crimson glory,  
And after dreaming a disturbed vision  
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

## Notices of New Works.

**HISTORY OF A SUIT IN EQUITY**, as prosecuted and defended, in the Virginia State Courts, and in the United States Circuit Courts; with an Appendix, embracing, among other matters, forms of bills, answers, demurrers, pleas, decrees, etc. By *A. H. Sands*. Richmond: Published by A. Morris. 1854.

We have copied in full the title page of a new legal work by Mr. A. H. Sands of this city, an advance copy of which we have received from Mr. Morris, the publisher. An attentive consideration of a portion of the volume before us, has convinced us, that the work will prove of no common utility and interest to all young practitioners, who are slowly acquiring the complicated rules of Chancery practice. Mr. Sands says in his preface, “I undertook this work because I believed the young men of the legal profession desired a hand book to guide them, in the prosecution and defense of suits in Equity.” The work certainly contains in a moderate bulk, a vast amount of practical information—information just of that description which is most courted by the young lawyer, throw into contact with opponents learned in all the mysteries of legal machinery. It is one thing to be a great jurisconsult, and another thing to be a good working

chancery lawyer—and the importance of acquiring a familiarity with the practical portion of the profession, can scarcely be overrated. English lawyers have recognized this want of the young men of the profession, and some of the finest intellects of the bar in that country have expended their time and labor upon such works.

But of the utility of the sort of work designed by Mr. Sands, we think there cannot be any doubt. The point at issue, is the manner in which he has performed his undertaking. We think the volume admirably methodical, and as far as we are capable of judging, the chapters are "full of material." In the first book, the writer has traced a suit in Equity, historically so to speak, from the commencement to the final decree—only incidentally referring to such proceedings as do not necessarily enter into every suit. The second book considers at length the proceedings first referred to, proceedings subsequent to a Decree, Interlocutory applications, etc. The appendix contains a variety of forms of Equity pleading, both from published works of high standing, and from pleading actually used in the Circuit Court, and United States Circuit Court held in Richmond. In addition, the appendix contains a summary of the most important Equity decisions made by the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Sands' work takes a very full and wide range; and it embraces further practical rules, and directions which we have no note of in the preface. The notes on page 359 are an instance of this. We have spoken thus, at some length of this new publication because we consider it likely to prove eminently useful not only to the younger but to the older members of the profession in Virginia. Mr. Sands has a deservedly high reputation for learning and accuracy in his profession, and we think the abundant material and excellent arrangement of his "Suit in Equity" will procure for him a most gratifying and enviable standing as a writer in one of the highest departments of human reason. The work is in size midway between the 8vo and 12mo., contains somewhat more than 500 pages, and is handsomely printed and bound.

**THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.** By M. F. MAURY, LL. D., Lieutenant U. S. Navy. New York. Harpers and Brothers. 1855. [From A. Morris 97 Main Street.

If any man can be said to have left his trace upon the sea—*cette superbe mer* of Madame De Staël—in spite of Lord Byron's stanzas, it is Lieut. Maury. He has sounded its depths; he has taken the wings of the morning and gone into its uttermost regions; he has learned the caprices of the viewless winds that blow over its surface and made himself familiar with the currents that flow beneath; he has reduced all the phenomena that attend its boreal and its tropical agitations to general laws; and he has written of its Geography in a style that partakes largely of the poetic element, while never for a moment departing from the exactness which belongs to the man of science. The fame of such a man goes upon the crest of the wave to every clime, and shall endure as long as the surge shall beat upon the strand.

In the hands of a less gifted writer than Lieut. Maury, the facts embodied in the volume before us would have been likely to prove but dull reading to any other than the student or the educated seaman. As he has set them forth, however, with the charm of a captivating diction and with that *lucidus ordo* which distinguishes all his researches, they possess an attraction which must secure for the volume a very general popular reception. It

is far more agreeable than many of the works of fiction that the press is giving to the public in such profusion, and we dismiss it with the expression of our thanks to the author for affording us some hours of real enjoyment.

**LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE, from Chaucer to Tennyson.** By Henry Reed. Philadelphia. Parry & McMillan. 1855. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This charming volume, written from a full mind and with an abounding love of the subject, awakens the saddest associations of genius prematurely removed from the world and the highest personal qualities suddenly extinguished in death. Henry Reed was one of those who went down in the Arctic, and among all the gifted and gentle natures that were the victims of that awful disaster, there was not one whose memory is worthier of being kept in honour. He was Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania and the lectures comprised in this volume were the products of his valuable labours in the exercise of that office. They are remarkable for nice discrimination, justness of criticism, and a style, always pure, and ranging from humour to eloquence with a rare versatility. The preface and notes to these lectures are from the scholarly pen of Wm. B. Reed, brother to the lamented author, and are executed with delicacy and feeling, while they add at times much to the interest of the context.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, &c.** By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Bros. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Another volume of the well known series of Mrs. Strickland which traces to its close the eventful and tragical career of Mary Stuart. The earlier part of this stirring biography, which has already been given to the public, brings the story to the birth of Mary's son: what follows is of course more and more deeply interesting up to the final scene. Mrs. Strickland's style is admirably suited to such writing, while her cautious accumulation and clear arrangement of facts render her historical treatises of permanent value.

The *American Baptist Memorial*, for March, edited by Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows of this city, has been laid on our table. This is a neat and useful publication, at the very low price of \$1 per annum. This number is embellished with the portraits of the three Rev. Messrs. Tucker—clergymen of the Baptist Church who have recently died—on one page. The known ability of the editor and the general character of the monthly, ought to commend it to general favor—and to special patronage from members of that denomination.

Mr. J. W. Randolph has in press and will shortly publish a volume of poems, entitled "Lays of the Old Dominion. By James Avis Bartley." Mr. Bartley has a wide field before him for the exercise of his poetic faculties, and we may look forward for a volume of more than ordinary interest.

We are glad to hear of the increasing popularity of the *Kaleidoscope*. A recent number of it gives the most pleasing evidence of the industry and talent of its gifted editress whose pen was never more zealously or (we trust) profitably employed than at present.



# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1855.

NO. 5.

## The Testimony of Geology and Astronomy to the truth of the Hebrew Records.

The testimony of Geology and Astronomy to the truth of the Mosaic Records, on two points, their chronology and their assertion of a universal Deluge, will form the subject of this paper. This subject has been chosen because several learned men of recent date—we would name particularly Mr. Lyell—on the Science of Geology, still endeavor to account for many of the most remarkable Geological facts, not only without any reference to the agency of a General Deluge, but on an implied denial of such an event. Chronology is concerned in this discussion, inasmuch as the theories of what is called the Continental Geology—theories treated with too much respect and complacency by Buckland of England, and Hitchcock of our country—require an age for the earth, inconsistent with the Mosaic Chronology.

Considering true philosophy as much disregarded in these theories as the Mosaic Records, we have selected and arranged some facts which show the inconsistencies and absurdities of these theories, and throw the light and dignity of Science upon those Records, which, independently of Physical Science, form the indestructible Charter of Man, to Happiness and Immortality.

We are well aware that all Geologists have been compelled to admit, that the surface of the earth affords undeniable evidence of the universal agency of water, and that many of the facts which constitute this evidence have been long and generally known. Still it has been thought that it would be a profitable and useful employment of a short time to revive the impression they have made, and to confirm it by recapitulating some facts already known, and accumulating many others more remarkable, which more recent researches have discovered.

It will be readily perceived, that for our purpose, it will not be necessary to discuss

any of the theories of Geology with regard to the modes of creation or existence of our earth. In all of them that reject the Mosaic account, there is not only uncertainty, but so much positive absurdity that they are unworthy of consideration. We are only concerned, at present, to show that our Earth, as it now is, affords irrefragible evidence of one of the great facts stated in the Mosaic Records—a general Deluge; and also, that one of the most remarkable and clearly demonstrated epochs of Astronomy proves the *Sacred Chronology of the world to be true.*

That the present dry lands of our globe were the *bed of the antediluvian ocean*, is admitted by all Geologists, as a fact demonstrable, whatever may be their theories respecting its original creation. This appears to be true not only of the level surface of the globe, but of the mountains, of secondary formation. We mention this supposition, because some ~~may think~~ that it will account for many facts we are about to state, without the agency of a general flood. Admitting that our dry lands and mountains of secondary formation have been thrown up from the bed of the primeval Ocean, it would be quite probable, that the fossil remains of *marine* creatures would be found imbedded in their lower strata, without the agency of an incipient Deluge. But it cannot account for fossil remains of *land* animals on the tops of mountains. It can in no wise account for fossil remains on the tops of mountains of primitive formation. Still less can it account for the *remains of land animals* on the tops of the highest mountains; of animals of the tropical regions found imbedded in the banks of rivers and in the solid ice of the highest northern latitudes.

In giving a simple and sublime account of the Deluge, the Hebrew writer attributes it to “the opening of the windows of Heaven,” and to “the breaking up of the fountains—or as it may be translated, the foundations—of the great deep.” The facts from Geology which irresistibly attest, not only the

actual existence of this great fact, but of the *very mode of operation of the agency*, are numerous and incontestible. The illustration of that branch of the operation stated, the breaking up of the foundations of the great deep will first occupy our attention.

The first fundamental and unquestioned fact of Geology, is this—that the earth, whatever may have been the mode of its creation or whatever may be its configuration, is, in its superior strata, a “mass of ruins.” An interesting writer on the subject remarks: “It is not of one land, or of one clime, that the assertion is made, but of all lands, of all climes, of the Earth universally. Wherever the steep front of mountains discloses their interior construction, wherever native caverns and fissures reveal the disposition of the component materials, wherever the operations of the miner have pierced the successive layers beneath which metal or coal is deposited, *convulsion* and *disruption* and *disarrangement* are visible.” Kirwan, in his *Geological Essays*, speaks strongly of the disordered condition of the strata of England and Scotland. Parkinson describes the whole of Great Britain as “having since its completion, suffered considerable disturbance from some prodigious and mysterious power. By this power, all the known strata to the greatest depths that have been explored, have been more or less broken and displaced; and in some places have been so lifted, that the lowest of them have been raised to the surface; while other portions, to a very great depth and extent, have been displaced.” Townsend, and every subsequent writer confirms this statement. All the collieries of Great Britain attest it. Between Lansdowne and Severn, the natural dip of all the strata, is completely inverted. A very extraordinary derangement is found in the Isle of Wight. In one part the stratum of chalk and the superincumbent stratum of clay, are turned up from their natural dip to a position nearly vertical. Similar dislocations are met with in the tin mines of Cornwall. Townsend remarks: “there is no mine or colliery in the whole island but what exhibits similar disruptions. Yet in all of them, the correspondent portions are as regular in the succession of their dislocated strata, as the leaves and cover of a book would be if dis-

sected and placed in different planes.” The same facts are found all over the continent of Europe. So in Asia. The mountains of Dauria in Liberia, are so dislocated, that the miners are unable to calculate the direction of a vein, but are constrained to pursue their work at hazard. Some veins are horizontal, some oblique, others vertical, all much dislocated, and in many places interrupted by vast caverns. The whole Alpine region is intersected and torn by vast chasms even in their granite chains. De Luc and Saussure have copiously described them. “They mark,” say they, “convulsion, and show no signs of having been occasioned by attrition.” Similar chasms, Townsend discovered throughout the Pyrenees; and Humboldt, in the Chimborazo of the Andes.\* “If,” says Dr. McCulloch, “the highly inclined position of strata was not itself a proof of their elevation, evidences are found of motion in a great number of phenomena. In their curvatures, we find proofs of disturbance; we find even more decided evidence to the same purpose, in their fractures. But when we see that all these fractures are accompanied by a separation of parts, which were once continuous, that one portion of a stratum occupies a higher or lower place than another, and that this separation is often attended by a difference in the angle of inclination of the separated parts, we have every proof which can be desired, of an alteration in the horizontal position of stratified rocks, since the period when they were consolidated.”†

We proceed now to the first class of facts which attest the existence and agency of a Flood in every part of the globe. The first we will mention, is the presence of blocks and large masses of particular species of stone in regions where no such stone exists in its mountains and strata. They always bear marks of attrition from *agitated waters*. Thus innumerable masses of granite lie detached in the country near the mouth of the Oder, and over marshes from St. Petersburg

\* Every part of our continent exhibits in its strata similar evidences of disruption and convulsion.

† For many interesting facts on this subject, the reader is referred to a Lecture on Geology by the late venerable and profoundly learned Daniel M'Conaughy, D. D., LL. D., formerly President of Washington College, Pa., and with whom the glory of that institution departed.

to Navogorod: at the mouth of the Elbe, and over Lower Saxony. Similar phenomena are met with in Tortola, in England, Ireland and Spain. The instances found in England are particularly striking. Between the Thames and the Tweed, pebbles and blocks of rocks are discovered, of a character that have been considered by all competent judges as having been brought from the coasts of Norway, where only similar rocks are known to exist. Mr. Phillips states that in the diluvial accumulation upon the coast of Yorkshire, there are found fragments of rocks found in Norway; others in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the mountains of Cumberland, and some from the sea-coast of Durham. In proportion to the distance they have been transported, is the degree of roundness they have acquired. A striking instance as proof of water in powerful motion and covering the whole surface of the earth, is the fact that large blocks of granite are found on the sides of the secondary mountains of Jura, at the height of 2,500 feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva. They are found on these mountains directly opposite to the granite range of the Savoy Alps, clearly proving the mountain ridges from which they came. "In the whole course of my Geological travels," says Prof. Buckland, "from Cornwall to Caithness, from Calais to the Carpathians, in Ireland, in Italy, I have scarcely ever gone a mile without finding a perpetual succession of deposits of gravel, sand or loam, in situations which cannot be referred to the action of modern torrents, rivers, or lakes, or any other existing causes. And, with respect to the still more striking diluvial phenomena of drifted masses of rock, the greater part of the northern hemisphere from Moscow to the Mississippi, is described by Geological travellers as strewed on its hills as well as in its valleys with blocks of granite and other rocks of enormous magnitude which have been drifted a distance, sometimes many hundred miles, from native beds across mountains, valleys, lakes and seas, by a force of waters which have possessed a velocity to which nothing that occurs in the actual strata of the globe, affords the slightest parallel."

Another class of facts may be urged, as proving the fact and universality of a De-

luge, whose currents sweeping over every region, hurried away their ancient and vegetable productions and deposited them in one and the same place.

In the limestone rocks of Dovedale, near the centre of England, and in the calcareous region called the Peake, marine shells of every description are found imbedded. The grey marble of Derbyshire is an entire mass of marine productions. In the alluvial gravel near Bath, tusks of the Mammoth and the Elephant have been discovered. At Brentford, near London, teeth of the Hippopotamus and several nautili were dug up at the depth of thirty feet. So, near Bath, the head of the Alligator, three feet long, six feet of its vertebræ, and six joints of its tail, were taken from a quarry. At Charnmouth similar remains were found. An entire Alligator was found in the black marble of Derbyshire, and another in an alum rock near Whitby. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that these animals and nautili are all natives of regions far different and distant from England. A coral bed in a stratum of limestone between Midford and Southstoke, contains the *Madrepord cinerescens*, which was found recently in the Indian Seas, and no where else. One of these curious petrifications was standing upright more than five feet high and expanding six feet, with a double cup. What but the rapid currents of mighty waters could have borne this Zoophite and its coral accompaniment from their native and distant spot, to the place of their deposition? In every part of England, and in all of its various strata are found fossils of animals and marine shells of every quarter of the globe, including the Coralines, Madreporites and Lythophytes of hot climates. Nearly thirty distinct species were collected near Stapleton. Similar phenomena exist throughout Europe, Asia and America.

Nautili and shells of similar climates are found as far north as Schiverin and Madreporites in Hungary. The coral Lythophytes are confined, it is agreed, to the Torrid Zone, and uniformly within 34° of latitude; yet they are found imbedded in limestone, almost as far north as the Granite mountains bordering on the frozen ocean. The plain at the foot of Mt. La Balca, near Verona, in Spain, is remarkable for its petrifications;

among which are enumerated more than one hundred species of fish, natives of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, here assembled in one spot. European and American animals and vegetables are blended together at Fez in Africa. An eminent writer observes: "that in many northern countries, productions of widely different climates are promiscuously imbedded in one heap: those of cold regions are discovered in the Torrid Zone." In southern regions are found the teeth of the Arctic Bear.

The following facts show the submersion of the highest mountains of all continents. Prodigious heaps of sea-shells were discovered by Dolmein on Mt. *Ætna*, 2,000 feet above the sea, and a stratum of clay filled with sea-shells at an additional height of nearly 400 feet. Marine productions are found on the mountains of Siberia and the Caucasus. Mon. Peyrouse found marine shells on the Pyrenees at the height of near 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. They have been found on the mountains of Lybia, and petrified fish on Mt. Labanus; so in Timor, by Peyrouse; so on the hills of Wager Island and Cape Horn, by Byron. In Jamaica, Dr. Clark found immense collections of Coralines on the Blue Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea. Marine productions are found on the calcareous Alps of Savoy and on the Hartz mountains; so on the mountains of Taglone in Carniola. On a mountain of Peru, Ulloa found marine shells at a height of 14,420 feet. Humboldt discovered sea-shells on the Huancavela at an elevation of 14,000 feet. So Molina discovered them on the top of Descabezallo, higher than Chimborazo itself. So they have been found on the Altaic mountains of Siberia. In the great steppes between the Wolga and the Ural, the shells of fish, denominated by Conchologists *Pelagicae*, inhabitants of the lowest depths of the ocean, have been found. In the Ural mountains, in their highest ridges, are found the bones of mammoths and elephants at the height of 16,000 feet above the sea. On the Himalaya mountains, the bones of *horses* and deer, have been discovered. They are only obtained from masses which fall with avalanches from regions of perpetual snow.

The two most impressive phenomena

proving a general Flood which we have reserved for particular remark, are, the discovery in Siberia of an entire Rhinoceros, the skin and flesh of which were preserved in the ice; and in 1799, of a mammoth, near the mouth of the river Lena, on the coast of the Arctic Ocean. This latter animal was found imbedded in an immense mass of ice, in such a state of preservation that the flesh was devoured by white bears and fishermen's dogs. Thus two animals since the existence of man, inhabitants of equatorial regions only, are found entire in the highest northern latitudes. Only one theory has been devised to elude the force of these most impressive and extraordinary proofs of a sudden and general Deluge. It is, that *these animals were once natives of these regions, at a period, when, it is assumed, they were of a temperature congenial to their nature.* The fact, that the body of the mammoth was covered with *short hair*, to fit him, as it is urged, for a climate, warm indeed, but cooler than the climate in which these animals are now found, creates no difficulty; for elephants are now known to exist near the Himalaya mountains, *with hair*. Again it is answered that the rhinoceros discovered in the same region and latitude with the mammoth of the Lena, was without hair, precisely as we find him at this day, in the equatorial latitudes. But the unanswerable reply to the theory, that the regions round the Pole—the Arctic regions—were once inhabited by the mammoth, elephant and rhinoceros, is this. *that no fossil remains of the vegetable kingdom, which must have existed for their support have ever been found.* If trees such as those—on the buds and leaves of which animals now subsist in the Torrid Zone—ever existed in the Polar regions, why would they not be now found embedded in the same ice or banks where these animal remains are found? It might be added, that the fact, that their flesh has remained uncorrupted, clearly evinces that the climate must have been as cold when their bodies were deposited as it now is. Prof. Buckland, though he maintains the theory that the remains of elephants, hyenas, and other tropical animals of the present day, found in England, were once inhabitants of that island, yet acknowledges it to be an insuperable difficulty



to this theory, as applied to the rhinoceros, mammoth and elephant bodies and fossils of Siberia, that there is a total absence of all fossil remains of trees or shrubs or any other vegetable existence, upon which those animals subsisted, if supposed once to have lived in those frozen regions. He admits explicitly, that the existence of these phenomena "can only be explained by supposing them to be of antediluvial origin, and their carcasses to have been drifted to their present places by the diluvial waters."

The only difficulty which for a while obstructed the other rational explanation of the existence of fossils of animal and vegetable productions of *various regions* in the *same place*, by the fact of a general deluge, was, that no fossil bones of *man*, had been found. This difficulty no longer remains. Unquestionable, admitted human fossils have recently been discovered in great numbers, and in various parts of the world. Human fossils have been found in the Island of Gaudeloupë; at Danforth, in France; in grottoes in the Carpathian mountains of Hungary; in Arragon in Spain, and in great quantities at Köstrich in Germany. These fossils, be it remarked, are found in the same strata, are accompanied by precisely the same circumstances, which have been admitted by Cuvier and all succeeding Geologists to prove other fossils found with them, to be of antediluvial origin and destroyed by a flood.

We will conclude this part of the subject, with the opinion of the celebrated Cuvier, the most learned and experienced fossilist and Geologist, who has yet appeared. He says, "I can concur in the opinion of M. de Luc and Dolmein that if there be anything determined in Geology, it is this, that the surface of our globe has been subject to a vast and sudden revolution, not longer ago than five or six thousand years; that this revolution has buried and caused to disappear the countries formerly inhabited by man and the species now most known; that it has left the bottom of the former sea dry, and has formed on it the countries now inhabited; that since this revolution those few individuals whom it spared have spread over the lands newly made dry; and consequently it is only since this epoch that our socie-

ties have assumed a progressive march, have formed establishments, have raised monuments, and arranged scientific systems." It is scarcely necessary to remark, how fully this conclusion accords with the tenor of the Mosaic history. The conclusion, then, clearly and legitimately established by the facts we have been considering, is this—that the earth is not in the condition in which it came from the hands of its Creator. Every other object or region of His mighty works, yet discovered by us, demonstrates order, regularity, and the peaceful operations of His benevolent hand. The earth, in its superior strata, to the lowest depths, yet penetrated by man, evinces derangements, disorder, and mighty convulsions, evidently destructive to the living creatures on its surface. No theory yet devised by those, who reject the truth of the Mosaic Records, can account, with any degree of plausibility, for the natural or moral causes of this anomalous catastrophe.

There is another plausible, though in truth, unfounded attempt to explain the phenomena of the existence of remains of animals in the highest latitudes, *which have never been found in the memory of man, elsewhere than in the tropical regions*, and of remains of a Rhinoceros and Elephant with the flesh yet undecayed, found in the frozen banks of the Lena near the north pole. The theory by which these phenomena are explained by those who are too wise to believe in the Noacian flood, is this:—they *suppose* that at a remote period—they cannot tell how remote—the temperature of the Arctic regions was as warm as the tropical regions are *now*; that hence the Elephant and Rhinoceros lived and died in those regions; that suddenly the temperature sunk so low, as to destroy these animals, and this sinking of the temperature took place so suddenly and so rapidly as to enclose some of them in ice and thus preserve the flesh undecayed.

Now every reader knows that the permanent temperature of the earth and the changes of the seasons depend on the degree of the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit. The degree of this inclination has varied so little—as astronomers show—that it *could not possibly* affect the temperature of the zones in the slightest perceptible degree.

Thus these learned gentlemen, who sneer at a belief in a universal Deluge, fabricate a theory which contradicts science and is founded on mere assumptions. They *assume* that the polar regions were once as warm as the tropical, in which alone the above-mentioned animals have ever been found to exist, and can assign no means or causes of so great and *sudden* a change of temperature in the polar regions, and still less any moral reasons for a change which destroyed so vast an amount of *animal* life and enjoyment. By this same theory with an additional supposition for which nothing in scientific truths nor in moral cause furnish the slightest pretence, they endeavor to explain the phenomena of Striæ on the face of rocks, which learned men have explained as being made by large rocks carried along with great force by the diluvial torrents. They *assert*, that at another remote period the polar temperature changed suddenly from cold to warm, so that the great *mer-de-glace* which had frozen up these animals was broken up by this rising of the temperature sufficiently to crack the ice into great icebergs and to melt the ice into water in sufficient quantities to float off these icebergs in which had been frozen up large rocks, and carried them along with such force as to scratch the faces of rocks as they passed along. This is the famous "*Glacial aqueous*" theory. This sudden rising of the temperature of the Arctic regions is mere assumption. At one period, there is a sudden falling of temperature, sufficient to destroy animal life, and to preserve, in some instances, their flesh undecayed; and then a sudden rising of the temperature sufficient to break up the ice into separate masses and melt water sufficient to float them far to the south and southeast. First, the Arctic regions are warm enough for Elephants and Rhinoceri to live in them in immense numbers—for the ivory of the teeth of the Elephant has furnished an article for a large commerce for a century—then a sudden *falling* sufficient to destroy these animals and preserve their flesh; then a *rising* sufficient to melt large masses of ice into water sufficient to float them off with rocks frozen up in them, and all these changes not only without any assignable causes, but against known scientific principles. Yet the supporters of these

baseless theories are all scientific men, and those who believe in the existence of a Noacian flood are ignorant of science. We treat their sneers with contempt, or at least, we are not moved by them. We have to regret, however, that Christian philosophers and Geologists, of equal real learning with these theorists, have acquiesced in these baseless theories, to be in learned company and to share in a self-assumed reputation.

We pass now to the objections, which have been made to the Sacred Chronology, as deduced from the books of Moses, and to the facts supposed to show its fictitious character.

Brydone, gave, some years ago, in his Sicilian tour, an account of the discovery of a well near Etna, in which there were found seven beds of lava, with a thickness of soil between them, each of which, he affirmed, must have taken 2,000 years to accumulate. This statement, Brydone announced he had received from the Canon Recupero, a learned man who resided near Etna. Brydone gave the Canon's authority for the computation of 2,000 years for each bed of soil, which would then have required 14,000 for their existence since their first eruption. This account and theory was taken as true, and the falsity of the Hebrew Chronology was declared as established beyond dispute. Whether Brydone misunderstood Recupero may be charitably doubted. However, the Canon Recupero upon seeing the book of Brydone, published an indignant denial of the statement, and of the opinions ascribed to him. He was too familiar with Geological facts attending volcanic eruptions to have made the inference as to the age of the lava beds about Etna. Independently of the denial of the facts as stated by Brydone, we have unquestioned Geological facts, which prove the utter absurdity of the inference, which Brydone and a number of writers of his school had drawn. Sir William Hamilton has shown that over the matter which buried Herculaneum there were six streams of lava *with veins of good soil between them*. Herculaneum was destroyed about 1800 years ago, which conclusively proves, that *seven* veins of good soil have been formed in eighteen hundred years, instead of 14,000 years estimated by Brydone. Again: Mr. Daubeny, an experienced

observer, has visited the pit at Aci Reale, to which Brydone's theory had been applied. Of this pit Daubeny says,—“At all events, Brydone was grossly deceived in imagining that several beds of lava seen lying one above another near the spot, have been sufficiently decomposed into vegetable mould; the substance which really intervenes between the beds being nothing more than ferruginous tuff, just similar to what would be produced by a shower of volcanic ashes, such as naturally precedes, or follows an eruption of lava, mixed up with mud and consolidated by rain.” With regard to the very beds of Etna, of which Brydone speaks, M. Dolmein, one of the most distinguished Mineralogists, says,—“The Canon Recupero—to whom Brydone ascribed his account—died without any other affliction than that occasioned by the work of Brydone.” This good man was far from admitting as an evidence against the book of Genesis, pretended facts which were false, but from which, even if they had been true, nothing could have been concluded. Vegetable earths between the beds of lava *do not exist*; and the argillaceous earths, which are sometimes found between them, may have been disposed there by causes totally independent of the antiquity of Etna.

Another attack bearing the appearance of science, was made upon the Mosaic chronology, which for a time was declared to be an absolute demonstration against its truth. This was the discovery of some French *savans*, who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. While he was engaged in destroying the rights and liberties of independent nations, his worthy associates were endeavoring to destroy the religious faith of the civilized world. Both have met with equal and deserved defeat. The discovery we allude to was that of the famous EGYPTIAN ZODIACS, found in the Temples of Denderah, the ancient Tentyris and of Esné, the ancient Latopolis. These Zodiacs present the same figures which are now employed to represent the constellations. These Zodiacs, it was said, represented the state of the heavens at a very remote period. Accordingly long and abstruse calculations were made to prove what had been first assumed, that these monuments had been con-

structed long before the period of Scripture chronology. These calculations were said to be founded on the sure basis of mathematics, and to be therefore conclusive. But a doubt was soon cast over their truth by their own authors. They could not agree as to the actual time when these Zodiacs were constructed. One assigned the date of the construction of the Temple of Esné as far back as 70,000 years ago; another, making his calculation from the same figures, proved that this Temple was built 4,600 before the Christian era, that is 600 years before the Creation according to the Mosaic chronology; while a third by his calculations, showed that the Temples of Esné and Denderah must have been built 15,000 years ago. But these mathematical sophisms, if I may so call them, were soon overthrown, both by scientific principles and by matter of fact. The constellation Libra is figured among the signs of these Zodiacs, in the form of a balance, exactly similar to the instrument as now used. Now this sign was unknown to the Egyptians before the time of the Ptolemies, in whose time astronomy as a science was cultivated. Before this period, the Egyptians studied astronomy under the form of astrology. Mons. Biot, a learned astronomer, has shown that if these Zodiacs were really intended as planispheres, or, in other words as true astronomical figures, they furnish evidence within themselves to show that the observations upon which their construction was based, could not have been made further back than the year 716 before the Christian era. But a matter of fact has rendered all mathematical calculations useless on this subject. The younger Champollion, with Dr. Young of England, discovered the principles of the Hieroglyphic writing by which this mode of writing is as easily and as accurately read as any other. Upon the return of the former from Egypt, he made known the results of his examination of these very Zodiacs before they had been removed to France. He had, while in Egypt, decyphered the inscriptions not only on the Zodiacs, but on many other parts of the Temples from which they had been removed. On the Zodiac of Denderah, he discovered in hieroglyphics the Greek word for EMPEROR; and on several parts of the



Temple the name and titles of the Roman Emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero and Domitian; and on the portico of Esné, whose Temple was considered much older than that of Denderah, he read the names of Claudius and Antoninus Pius. Thus it was conclusively shown that these Temples and Zodiacs were constructed after the Roman Conquest of Egypt, which commenced one or two centuries *after the Christian era*.

But by far the most plausible attack ever made through the medium of science, upon the Mosaic Chronology, and the last we shall notice, was the supposed antiquity of the *Astronomical Tables* of the *Hindoos*. These Tables were introduced to the notice of European Astronomers, by Mons. Bailley, a French astronomer of great learning and eloquence. Great additional notice and importance were given to these Tables, by Prof. Playfair of Edinburgh, whose reputation as a mathematician was eminent. Both these philosophers supposed they had discovered elements in the calculations of these Tables, which showed that they had been calculated from certain astronomical epochs *actually observed*, which carried back their antiquity far beyond the age of Moses. Indeed Playfair, it was asserted with the most triumphant confidence, had proved for them an age beyond the date of the creation according to Moses. Prof. Playfair concludes his treatise on this subject as follows: "The following general conclusions appear to be established: the observations on which the astronomy of India is founded were made more than 3000 years before the Christian era, and in particular, the places of the sun and moon, in the beginning of the Calyoung, or Age of Misfortunes, as the Hindoos term it, that is 3102 years before the Christian era, were determined by *actual observation*. Two other elements of this astronomy—the equation of the sun's centre and the obliquity of the ecliptic—when compared with the present time, seem to point to a period of this astronomy 1000 or 1200 years earlier." Thus Prof. Playfair gave his authority to the idea that the Hindoo period called Calyoung, being 3102 years before the Christian era, was the era when these calculations were made; and that other elements of the Tables point to a period 1000 or 1200

years before the Christian era; so that these astronomical calculations extended to a period nearly 200 years before the creation of the sun, moon, and stars, according to Moses. These were startling propositions and led to several renewed and profound investigations. Mr. Marsden of England, an accurate and learned mathematician, suggested the probability from the nature of Hindoo astronomy, that the epochs which Playfair supposed to have been founded on *observation* were *imaginary*; assumed as facts, from which the Hindoo astronomer reasoned backward and forwards in such a manner as to approximate to the present *actual condition of the Heavens*. Another eminently learned man, Bentley, gave his vigorous mind to the study of these Tables, and finally boldly announced that Bailley and Playfair had totally mistaken the nature and principles of the Indian astronomy; a peculiarity of which was that certain epochs were assumed as falling at a certain period, and then calculating backward. This he made quite probable, and indeed many thought that he had demonstrated this fact. But the great reputation of Bailley and Playfair made most of the learned hesitate to concur in the results announced by Bentley.

At length the great La Place, "than whom," a competent judge says, "a greater name hath not arisen since the days of Newton," after two profound investigations of the *Astronomical Tables* of the *Hindoos*, demonstrated the truth of the theory of Marsden and Bentley, that the epochs of the Tables were imaginary, and not founded on observation; that the conjunctions of the sun, moon, and planets, in the Tables, could not have happened together at the time assumed in them: and that several true elements belonging to the subject, had been omitted. "Every thing," says La Place, "leads us to conclude that these Tables are not of high authority. They have two principal epochs which go back, one to the year 3102, and the other to 1491 years before the Christian era. These are linked together by the mean movements of the sun, moon, and planets, so that one of the epochs is *necessarily* fictitious. I think this common epoch has been invented to give a common origin, in the Zodiac, to the movements of the celestial bodies. It

starting from the epoch 1491, we go back by means of these Tables, we find the general conjunction of the sun, moon and planets, that these Tables suppose; but this is a result so different from that obtained by our better tables, that we cannot believe this conjunction to have taken place; and we are led to believe that the conjunction to which it relates is not founded on observation. The whole amount then of these Tables, and above all the *impossibility* of the conjunction they suppose to have happened at the same time, prove that they have been constructed, or at least rectified, in modern times. This conjecture is confirmed by the mean movements which they assign to the moon as to its perigee and its nodes, and to the sun. They are more rapid than according to Ptolemy; and evidently show that the formation of these Tables, is *posterior to the time of that philosopher*, for we have seen that these movements go on accelerating from age to age." Thus, the greatest astronomer and mathematician of modern times, has demonstrated the essential fallacy of the Indian Tables, and has shown that their construction is posterior to the age of Ptolemy, who lived 161 years *after the Christian era*!

It will be perceived that hitherto we have been controverting negative objections to the truth of the Mosaic Chronology. The result, founded on indisputable facts and incontrovertible principles of science, leaves the Mosaic chronology on unshaken foundations. But with this result, we do not rest. We have now *positive* testimony borne by those

"Planets, stars, and adamantine spheres,  
That wheel unshaken through the void immense,"

to the Mosaic account of their creation. Who has not listened in imagination to the voice of their choral hymns of praise, when

"Nightly to the listening earth,  
They tell the story of their birth;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine."

They now declare to man the language of attestation to the truth of the inspired historian of their creation. Let us listen to this language, which comes to us from regions of immutable truth and from spheres of imperishable glory.

Having shown the fallacies of all those who have misunderstood their language, or obscured its meaning, we will state its testimony to the truth of the inspired record.

Astronomers had always known that a certain remarkable epoch must, from the essential principles of the solar system, have happened. When that epoch actually happened, they had never been able to determine. At length the great La Place, after the most profound and accurate investigation, ascertained its date. This remarkable astronomical epoch is *the coincidence of the greater axis of the earth's orbit with the line of equinoxes, when the true and mean equinox was the same*. Now this state of the heavens could have existed only at the first moment of the creation of our solar system; for the moment the earth and the other planets began to move, the causes which altered this position of the earth, began to exert their irresistible power and produce the *precession of the equinoxes*. This great epoch in astronomy, or in other words in the history of the heavens, must have been the period of the creation of our solar system. La Place has demonstrated that this epoch happened 4000 years *before* the Christian era, the very year in which Archbishop Usher and other eminent chronologists have deduced it from the chronology of the Hebrew Scriptures! This agreement between this astronomical demonstration produced by the unerring and irresistible processes of mathematics, and the chronology of Moses, could not be a coincidence of chance; for upon the known rules for the calculation of chances, the probability that it is accidental, is as one to millions almost inexpressible by figures.

This then is the voice of the heavens bearing testimony to the truth of those inestimable records, in which alone is contained the promise of the advent of that Glorious Person, "in whom all nations of the earth shall be blessed;" through the moral influences of whose mediatorial kingdom not only the desert and solitary places shall be glad, but the whole earth shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Christianity, as developed in these records, challenges the homage of *reason* and claims the tributes of the heart. She elicits every generous emotion and expatiates in every

sublime contemplation. She furnishes a gem for every muse, and associates with her revelations the truths of every science. With undaunted search she traces the hidden strata of the earth, that geology discovers, and pondering the condition and destiny of the beings who inhabit its surface, accumulates to herself from natural theology its most wondrous analogies; presents to the philosopher with one hand the granite of the Alps, fit emblem of her own duration, and with the other the "wonders of ocean's depth," borne by its penal floods to the cloud-capped summits of Chimborazo—and verifies the chronology of her periods, by the epochs of astronomy, fixed by the revolution of the heavenly bodies. She never feared, and now appropriates the disclosures alike of the well of Etna, the Suydhanta of Hindostan, and the Zodiacs of Denderah.

S. A. L.

Washington, Pa.

## LEONI DI MONOTA.

A LEGEND OF VERONA; BEING A POEM FOUND AMONG  
THE PAPERS OF THE LATE HENRY ELLEN.

### CANTO II.—(CONCLUDED.)

The Duke his enemy, and why?  
'The Duke had once a fair young bride—  
Had rarely wandered from her side—  
Had seen no light save in her eyes—  
Had trembled at her lightest sighs—  
But once, in down-cast eyes and blush,  
He read a meaning deep and black—  
He followed in the Lady's track—  
He followed close, he followed fast—  
He saw what made him start aghast.  
Next morn the noble Lord had fled  
And Stento's lovely wife was dead.  
But how, none ever knew, altho'  
Some said old Stento struck the blow  
That laid his lovely Lady low.

### CANTO III.

Leoni di Monota say  
Thy prayers, if ever thou hast prayed,  
For truly 'tis thy latest day—  
To-morrow, and thou shalt be laid  
Within the silent valley's shade.  
Leoni cross thyself and vow,  
Thine enemy is coming now,  
The ducal crown upon his brow.  
O! cross thyself and say some prayer,

Thy foe is coming—he is here!  
Upon his throne he takes his seat,  
To him the hour is passing sweet,  
And now his eyes glare out and blaze  
Upon thee with exulting gaze—  
Nor does he for a moment try  
To guard the menace of his eye.  
No marvel 'twas that Stento felt  
Exultant on that evil day,  
Resolve which never could relent  
Not even when his fated prey  
Beside the headsman's dark block lay  
A headless trunk of gory clay—  
No marvel that he felt elate,  
And smiled with look of servid hate;  
And Leoni paid back his glance,  
With such a steady, haughty stare  
That the old man first look askance  
Then trembled on his chair.  
Then rang the Ducal accents loud,  
"Leoni di Monota thou  
To day appearest before this crowd,  
Of all the nobles of the land  
To answer for the hellish deed  
Done by thy red right hand.  
And other charge, of treason too—  
Of plot against thy native state  
Hath been unfolded to our view  
To win for thee a deeper hate  
From all who know thy many crimes  
Wrought here at home—in foreign climes,  
Which give thee infamy and shame,  
And sully thy patrician name—  
Count Beppo now rehearse thy tale  
Which sooth! is one to fill with fright—  
To make the very stoutest quail,  
And list'ning shudder, and grow pale."  
The while he spoke, Leoni's eyes  
Roved careless on the gallant scene,  
Calm as the stars in summer skies—  
So bright, so tranquil, so serene,  
'That thou hadst never deemed the Knight  
Was there arraigned for such dark guilt—  
That one so fair and young and slight  
Had ever crimson life blood spilt—  
Surely the tale *cannot* be true  
That *he* such murder stark could do.

Count Beppo is of high degree,  
As by his bearing thou mayst see—  
Taller a head than other men—  
In age, perhaps a score and ten.  
Before the Ducal throne he stands,  
His plumed bonnet in his hands—  
The multitude are hushed to hear,  
While in a tone distinct and clear—  
Unmoved by all their eager eyes  
Count Beppo told his tale this wise:  
"Lord Duke it is a frightful task,  
A fearful tale of me you ask,  
'Twas on the night of dance and mask  
At Prince Monota's sumptuous hall,  
(The last, I think, of Carnival)—  
I too was hidden as a guest,  
But lingered longer than the rest,  
So that 'twas late when I betook  
My way, attended by two men,  
The time if it was not mistook,  
Something beyond the stroke of ten—  
My path lay by Vicenza's wall

The night was moonless, and no ray  
 If I remember 'right did fall  
 Upon my dark and lonesome way,  
 Save that which my red torches' wave  
 Cast undulating on the street,  
 Their light alone some guidance gave  
 Amid the darkness to my feet.  
 In vacant mood upon the wall  
 I watched my shadow rise and fall,  
 When in the light a postern low  
 Seemed open in the torches' glow.  
 I gazed, when suddenly a man  
 All bloody, pale and looking wan,  
 Stood with a look of hate and fright  
 For one brief moment in my sight,  
 Then vanished in the gloomy light.  
 Methought I heard another's feet  
 Joined to his own in quick retreat,  
 I followed fast, but stumbling fell  
 And then I heard my varlets cry,  
 Who deemed it was some wizard spell,  
 Or spectral form escaped from hell.  
 Thinking they had some capture made,  
 Or stood perchance in need of aid,  
 Their craven summons I obeyed.  
 They deemed him goblin—such reply  
 Explained the meaning of their cry;  
 Back at the door I strove to gaze,  
 And there revealed the torches' blaze  
 Upon the pavement, while a stain  
 Small, round and like a drop of rain—  
 And on the handle of the door  
 Were finger marks impressed in gore.  
 I smote the postern open wide,  
 I held the torch above my head,  
 And on the pavement I espied  
 A darkly red ensanguined tide,  
 Dying the pallid marble wide—  
 And then a floral bow'r beside  
 The scene from which yon felon fled,  
 A maiden laying newly dead.  
 Lord Duke I've looked upon the stain  
 Where Turkish arrows poured like rain,  
 Where men fell like the ripened grain;  
 Have thro' the horrid carnage rode,  
 Where crimson blood in rivers flowed;  
 Have seen friends fall in many a clime,  
 Like grapes in our own vintage time,  
 But never felt in heart or brain  
 Such sudden sickness and such pain,  
 Pray God! I never may again  
 As was in that dark moment felt  
 As on the murdered maid I knelt.  
 My soul aghast, dumb and dismayed,  
 The lurid torches round arrayed,  
 And weltering in her blood the maid.  
 So dark a deed—so sad a scene  
 Methinks before hath never been.  
 And 'twas a sight of dread and fear  
 To see her lips still wear a smile,  
 And all her wealth of unbound hair  
 Make in her blood a golden isle.  
 While her soft eyes seemed full of life,  
 Her scarlet lips half smiled apart,  
 That look survived the bloody knife  
 Which had been driven to her heart.  
 And strange my Lord it seemed to me  
 Upon those lips to tempt a bee,  
 Still lingered smile of childish glee  
 As if when sealed forever here,

Upon them hung the name most dear,  
 Lovely in death her sudden doom  
 Had left behind her girlish bloom,  
 As rose, tho' plucked, will long retain  
 Its perfumed breath and crimson stain  
 Still fair; for the dark Terror King  
 Had left no shadow of his wing.  
 Nor had his stern hand swept away  
 The beauty from her soulless clay.  
 While thus I looked in dumb amaze  
 I heard a hasty foot fall near,  
 When raising my affrighted gaze,  
 I saw a man with streaming hair,  
 And bitter look of wild despair.  
 Aghast he stared upon the maid,  
 While o'er his face went deadly shade;  
 A moment vainly he essayed,  
 To loose his doublet's golden clasp  
 And ere my hand could give him aid  
 With a low groan, and sobbing gasp,  
 He reeled and fell down in a fit.  
 He fell, like mountaineer when hit  
 By thunderbolt of summer storm  
 When the red lightning gleams and shines  
 In tempest on the Appenines.  
 And when my men together raised  
 His pallid face whereon I gazed,  
 In its pale features then I read  
 That he whom now I deemed as dead  
 Was Lord Vicenza; whence he came  
 Or, why in sooth I cannot tell—  
 All that I know is that he fell;  
 And ever since, the light within  
 Has faded, flickered out, almost  
 Till now he looks pale, gaunt and thin  
 As midnight charnel's sheeted ghost—  
 This very day I have had speech  
 With his bewildered, puzzled leech  
 Who says no human art can teach  
 A road his malady to reach;  
 Or cure for one whose mind has flown.  
 Who like a girl will weep all day—  
 Who only answers with a moan,  
 When questioned—starts and turns away,  
 Who only sees upon the floor  
 The stricken maiden in her gore.  
 What followed, you my Lord well know,  
 I, to rehearse my tale of woe,  
 With hurrying feet, then sought you out.  
 I found you at Monota's rout;  
 I told you that the man I'd seen,  
 Was yonder Knight in silken sheen,  
 Fleeing all pale and splashed with gore,  
 Thro' that low postern's bloody door.  
 'The rest to you, to all is known.'

He made low rev'rence to the throne—  
 A moment more his form was lost  
 Amid the sea of plumes that tossed:  
 The while he spoke Leoni's look  
 Was one which ill could Beppo brook;  
 For tho' he listened all the while  
 'Twas with that calm sarcastic smile—  
 With that cold irony of eye  
 With which we listen to some lie—  
 Yet listen scornful to reply.

Not so with others in that hall,  
 They heard the tale which might appal,  
 Nor shame their manhood for the deed  
 Of such a deed of sin and crime;



The darkest as Lord Novo said  
Which ever had disgraced their clime.  
(That is, he meant, for a long time.)  
Much then they marvelled, whispered, gazed,  
Said they were "horrified, amazed,  
'That he should look so calm and cold,  
So very self-possessed and bold  
While list'ning to the frightful tale  
Which made them shudder and grow pale."  
The ladies sigh and vow again,  
Their sex are "angels all; but men  
Are very devils—quite sublime  
In their dark aptitude for crime;"  
And one, with eyes of dreaming dove,  
When swinging on a summer bough,  
Now wonders if it was for love—  
Or vengeance on some broken vow;"  
And as her pouting red lips smiled,  
She added, that "since but a child,  
Her dreams had been of love as wild"—  
Then glancing at Gratiano said  
That "sentiment had nearly fled—  
That poetry which dealt in crimes  
Was fading from their wretched times."  
She sighed and down her dark eyes cast—  
Then Stento's tones rang out again,  
Like sound of trumpet's gleeful blast  
When breathing some triumphal strain.  
His voice was heard e'en in the yard,  
"Stand forth the Captain of our Guard."  
Then silence fell upon that hall,  
You might have heard a snow flake fall,  
As forth the Captain strode and told  
In accents measured, calm and cold,  
While playing with the hilt of gold,  
Beneath his crimson mantle fold,  
Told how on that memorial night,  
Marked by its tragedy so grim,  
A messenger all pale with fright,  
And out of breath had summoned him  
To hurry with a chosen band,  
To Prince Monota's palace nigh,  
Where he had with his own right hand  
Found bloody garments not yet dry,  
And dagger on whose blade and hilt  
Was crimson evidence of guilt.  
The chamber where these things were found  
Was Leoni's, so he had heard;  
But to this fact he was not bound,  
He said what others had averred.  
The sisters of the noble Knight,  
In sooth he thought had died outright,  
And one, he knew not which, fell low  
As when the archer's fatal bow  
Brings down the timid mountain doe:  
Or, like some glorious banner smote  
From battled parapet to moat,  
And the fair Lady's eyes to him  
Seemed in that fall of hers so dim,  
That much he was amazed to learn  
That life to her could ere return;  
Then bidden by the Duke he had  
Arrested him the prisoner there,  
And this he'd say, however bad,  
He surely showed no sign of fear:  
But on the dagger looked with eyes  
That only spoke intense surprise.  
And this was all the soldier knew,  
He bowed and disappeared from view.

The evening shadows fall apace,  
Leoni mark yon setting sun,  
That radiance falling on thy face,  
When it fades out thy race is run!  
Next came the leech in terms of art,  
He prated of the veins and heart,  
And spoke in melancholy tones  
Of tissures, arteries, nerves and bones.  
Why stops he now with sudden start,  
In disquisition on his art,  
And casts a look of fear and fright,  
When standing by the felon Knight,  
A shadow like himself bedight,  
Is standing in the yellow light.  
By mass and hook a wondrous sight!  
As they repose upon the view,  
None there could tell between the two.  
The brow, the lip, the hair, the eye,  
Of self same hue, of self same dye,  
Clad even in the self same suit,  
In color like the fig's ripe fruit.  
The Duke, the leech, the nobles gazed  
On shape so mystically raised;  
And all now heard a muffled sound  
Go creeping, creeping, creeping round.  
At that strange noise each shrinks and starts—  
It was the muffled throb of hearts!  
And as it creeps and creeps and rings,  
Their very skin doth seem to crawl,  
With march of loathsome charnel things.  
Started the locks upon each brow,  
Like hair on angry mastiff's back—  
Each signed the cross and made a vow—  
Prayed Saints defence against attack  
Of demon as they thought him now.  
And even to this day the tale  
Is told, and telling men grew pale,  
And after legend of this Knight,  
'Tis true I vow, God save the mark!  
That bearded men through sheer affright,  
Fear even the shortest walk by dark.  
And further does tradition say,  
That standing in the sunlight's gold,  
Those two alone upon that day  
Stood calm and motionless and cold;  
Save that Monota's large dark eyes  
Flashed for a moment with surprise.  
The next they shone as calm and chill  
As moonlight on a frozen rill  
That glitters in the midnight cold,  
And further still to me was told,  
That now his shadow did not lay  
Where it had lain upon the wide  
And marble pavement in a tide  
Of golden sunlight still and calm,  
And where his shadow lately swam,  
Was vacancy and not a trace  
Was left unless in that wild face.  
Unless the form of that strange Knight,  
So pale, so stern, so ghastly white—  
That stood Monota now beside,  
Had started from the golden tide.

Trembles the Duke and shivers now,  
While fainting Ladies breathe a vow  
And sign the crucifix on brow.  
As certain sounds make harp strings quiver  
So the clear tones that then repose,  
In floating round made heart chords shiver,  
And froze the flow of that red river

Whose tide to passion ebbs and flows.  
 Think gentle sirs, if it can be,  
 This tide that flows with every breath  
 Is rushing to the silent sea,  
 The solemn sea of death.  
 The wondrous voice that now uprose,  
 Around them floats, around them flows ;  
 So cold, so sweet, so wondrous clear,  
 So full of passionate despair  
 That even now the sternest eye,  
 Grows wet and yet they know not why.  
 It swells along like echo woke  
 Within some cloistered chamber's range,  
 As if some apparition spoke,  
 It was so very, wondrous strange.  
 So low, yet so distinct and strong—  
 Above, below it creeps along  
 Like Ariell's wild bewild'ring song.  
 It floats, it flows as when the wing  
 Of bee, or any other thing  
 Makes hum which you distinctly hear  
 Around, above you, every where—  
 They look above—they look around  
 As if to see the mystic sound,  
 Ah! yonder is the whisper found.  
 Comes it from Leoni, or him  
 Who stands beside him in the sun ?  
 Where in the twilight growing dim,  
 You well had deemed them but as one,  
 And felt the solemn thrill of awe  
 Which fell on those who heard and saw !  
 Simple and few but startling fell  
 Such words as these which now I tell.  
 "Behold in me Vicenza's wife,  
 Mark ye this hand, it drove the knife,  
 That night I gathered up each tress,  
 I donned as new my brother's dress ;  
 But why I did this deed you ask,  
 God ! 'tis indeed a bitter task,  
 Yet listen sirs, I took her life  
 Because she wronged Vicenza's wife ;  
 And I all pale and splashed with gore  
 Count Beppo saw flee thro' the door."  
 As Beatrice thus spoke, a doubt  
 Crept in the minds of those about.  
 Crept in the minds of those who heard  
 And dark Count Beppo's face grew pale  
 While list'ning to the Lady's tale.

Valiant the Duke, valiant and brave  
 With women, or a crouching slave ;  
 And now discov'ring that the sight  
 Was neither charm nor hellish sleight—  
 That what he deemed a phantom Knight,  
 Was all deception, he grew wroth—  
 His brow and cheek grew ruddy dusk,  
 While gathered on his lip the froth  
 Like that around the wild boar's tusk,  
 When on a winter hunting day  
 The grizzled monarch turns at bay,  
 Savage the tone his deep voice took,  
 And deadly now his fell eye's look  
 As out he thundered ; "take her hence—  
 The Captain of our Guard—DeV'nce,  
 Seize, drag her forth, her cunning lie  
 Shall never save for he must die ;  
 Aye! by my father's soul and name—  
 I swear it by his latest breath  
 That for this deed of sin and shame  
 Monota dies the death."

The Captain at the Duke's command  
 Started, and stretched his swarthy hand.  
 Then down he went like riven oak  
 When smitten by the thunder stroke,  
 No man of mortal mould might stand  
 'Neath buffer from Monota's hand,  
 Which made the dark blood spurt and flow,  
 And those who saw that heavy blow  
 Said : that it fell with such a shock  
 As might have splintered granite rock.  
 Then raved the Duke, commotion rose,  
 The throng swayed backward to and fro,  
 Like avalanche of Alpine snow,  
 Before it seeks the vale below.  
 Amid the din with wildered glance  
 The Lady stood like one in trance—  
 Then gathered on her brow a flush  
 Perchance, the fading sunset's blush—  
 When out it faded from her face,  
 She gave a sudden start  
 Like freezing tide in fragile vase,  
 The blood had burst her heart.  
 Monota raised her listless head,  
 Sweet were the names he muttered o'er,  
 Vain, vain alas ! for she was dead,  
 Her lips will never answer more.  
 And tho' the noble ne'er complained,  
 For his proud front was well maintained.

All pitied as he knelt.  
 Then Beppo with affrighted look  
 Upraised his voice which strangely shook ;  
 Its tones were tremulous and thick  
 As those of aged man long sick,  
 Who gasps and gathers in his breath  
 In the last grappling with death :  
 "Lord Duke upon this form I've gazed,  
 Profoundly, fearfully amazed,  
 And now may I from holy creed  
 Like Turkish infidel recede—  
 May shield and lance and sword and steed—  
 May God desert me in my need  
 If I can tell which did the deed."

One kiss—Monota slowly rose,  
 His face was full of pale repose—  
 There was no triumph for his foes.  
 For such as he proudly disdain  
 To show the evidence of pain.  
 And tho' the heart be wrung the while,  
 Will mask the anguish with a smile.  
 And tho' the agony be deep,  
 Such eyes as his may never weep ;  
 And now amid a solemn hush  
 Unbroken, save by sob or gush  
 Of woman's tears, they bear her out—  
 Her liquid eyes are closed now—  
 The flush gone from her regal brow,  
 Her lips no more on earth to vow ;  
 Dead, blighted like a summer bough ;  
 Nor all these tears (like April rain,)  
 Can give the rent bough life again.  
 As ceased the echo of their tread  
 Who love the fair and pallid dead,  
 Silence profound stole over all  
 Within that vast tribunal hall ;  
 They listened, for their throned Duke  
 Spoke in a tone of stern rebuke ;  
 And dignity he could assume  
 As he would sword, or glove, or plume.  
 But 'twas alone sustained by art,

His was no grandeur of the heart,  
Which most man's crowned and thronèd Kings  
Should show in hate of evil things—  
Should hate ; but hating only then  
The deeds and not their doers, men.  
But such was not his, no, oh! no,  
He simply triumphed o'er a foe,  
His shaggy eye-brows darkly met  
Above his eyes so deeply set ;  
Where the wild eloquence of hate  
Told that his bosom was elate—  
His tones were stern—they seemed to freeze,  
His words perchance were such as these :  
" Nobles and gentle sirs, to day,  
A sight hath risen on our view  
Which told in strolling minstrel's lay,  
We never would accredit true ;  
And wondrous cunning story told,  
By that poor Lady now so cold ;  
But hers the fate of one of old  
Who unto the Apostle lied,  
And then, as she, fell down and died.  
When ministers of God about,  
(And surely such were here to day,)  
Speak in such language who may doubt ;  
God's deeds disprove what mortals say.  
And tho' her words were all untrue,  
Yet do we honor such deep love,  
And pray that in the courts above  
Her spirit hath found peace.  
We say her story was not true,  
'Tis known to most, to all of you  
That on that sad, memorial night,  
Marked by its scene of fear and fright,  
The radiant Lady all the while  
Lit the gay revel with her smile."  
He paused as if to win assent,  
When round confirming whisper went,  
For every one had seen her glance,  
The loveliest in the festive dance,  
Had heard her silv'ry laughter ring  
As tho' Mirth's fingers swept each string  
Of her light heart ; again the wing  
Of doubt its shadow dark doth fling.  
" But e'en which all the saints forbid,  
We grant the stricken Lady did  
This deed of more than hellish guilt,  
Yet granting that this blood was spilt  
By her fair hand and hers alone,  
Still, sirs, Monota must atone  
For plot against his native state,  
Which well deserves our honest hate."  
Then quoth he to the prisoner : " thou  
At set of yonder sun must bow,  
The last of all thy princely stock,  
Beside the headsman's sable block.  
Confess thyself ; for death prepare—  
The set of yonder sun is near ;  
And now our ancient law allows  
That you may speak if so you list,  
But better spend the time in vows,  
For gathers fast the evening's mist."  
Had Stento's words been words of love  
Breathed by such lips as Moslem deem  
Are waiting for their souls above  
In that earth-heaven of which they dream,  
Monota's heart had bounded high—  
His cheek had even a deeper dye,  
And softer shone his haughty eye ;  
But now, whate'er his thoughts, no trace

Was written on his pallid face—  
His brow grew neither white nor red,  
No color came, no color fled.  
The same stern, dark, impassive air  
The same indomitable stare,  
The bitter irony of air.  
The cold, and deep, insulting sneer,  
With which he heard Count Beppo's tale,  
Now lived on lip and shone in eye.  
The eye which did not shrink nor quail,  
When thus by Stento doomed to die.  
His glance with his dark foeman's met,  
And those who saw could ne'er forget  
The *outrance* of that glitt'ring eye  
Which answered ere he made reply.  
His speech abrupt, and strange begun,  
Old Stento trembled ere 'twas done.  
Each wily word Monota spoke  
Was keener than a dagger's stroke ;  
And showed him master of that art  
Which deepest reads the human heart.  
That speech, it haunted night and day  
Like hovering vulture o'er his prey ;  
It rang in after years like howls,  
To him whose eye grows weak and dim,  
Upon the battle field, where prowls  
The gaunt grey wolf who waits for him.  
Subtle the poison that he drank  
From stern Monota's tones that day,  
Which from his lips, how ere he shrank,  
Would never, never pass away.  
In days of Eld, Egyptian spell  
Made Memnon's statue sun rise tell,  
Strange sounds those of the statue King,  
And strange the spell in sooth we call—  
Monota's was a stranger thing,  
For, it gave voices unto *all*,  
And solemn music to appal,  
Which shaded Stento's brow with gloom,  
When that pale Knight slept in his tomb.  
Its music was a dirge—its swell  
At morn—at noon—at midnight fell—  
The tolling of a funeral bell,  
To him on whom its wizard spell  
Clung till it made the earth as hell.  
Clung till it wrought its fated doom  
A life of terror and of gloom—  
A bloody shroud—a bloody tomb.  
Monota's words—Monota's look  
Had all the meaning of that book  
Which England's Lord Protector shook ;  
For from that day 'twas known to all  
A simple shadow on the wall  
Had meaning Stento to appal.  
A kindly look—the Duke was sure  
The gazer evil purpose bore,  
The look assumed but to allure—  
Till all the waves on slumber's shore  
Were frothed and red with crimson gore.

He rose, the gladiator Knight  
Confronted death with brow as free  
From any sign of fear, or fright  
As if his words were but good night  
After some sumptuous revelry.  
His speech abrupt—'twas thus begun,  
(Old Stento trembled ere 'twas done.)  
" Once, I remember, 'twas in May,  
An idle boy, in idle play,  
Unconsciously of what I did,



I crushed a rose, a foolish thing,  
 For fierce wild bee within was hid  
 And long I felt his dying sting;  
 So Stento thou to day mayst crush  
 My youth in its first blush and bloom,  
 But thou canst never, never hush  
 The notes which from my bloody tomb  
 Will pay thee back my early doom.  
 And mark me, what I tell to thee,  
 O! Stento, is not told to save,  
 But simply Duke that thou mayst see  
 Before thee ever thy red grave—  
 I tell thee as I would awake  
 A slumb'ring foe that he might quake,  
 To see my dagger's gleaming steel,  
 And thus be doubly made to feel:  
 Now listen, that an all billet told  
 Thee of conspiracy as bold  
 As ever in the days of yore  
 Stretched Kingly Cæsar in his gore.  
 A week—another day thy throne  
 'Tis known to thee had been my own.  
 But on that seat you saw not, no,  
 The names, a long and lordly row,  
 With me sworn to strike home the blow  
 That was to lay the tyrant low.  
 Thou saw'st them not, they were not *there*,  
 But many a Prince and many a Peer  
 Had couched for me his Knightly spear.  
 But that this fell mischance dismayed—  
 But that they deemed I slew the maid—  
 But that they saw my sin and guilt  
 Writ on my bloody dagger's hilt,  
 The night that witnessed my arrest  
 Had sent thee to thy final rest."

The Knight pierced to the very heart,  
 The seaman stretched upon the sand,  
 These are the wonders of his art,  
 These are the pictures from his hand.  
 Unlike essentially are they  
 As stretched in rigid death they lay.  
 But yet, we see such wondrous skill  
 He gives the same expression still.  
 And this pale stripling must to night  
 Sleep in his dark and narrow bed,  
 For tho' he looks so fair and bright  
 You needs must see that he is dead.  
 And yet he looketh strangely fair,  
 His locks of wondrous, sun lit hair  
 Roll'd back in all their glory now  
 Like ripples from a swimmer's brow  
 Who glides adown some tranquil stream  
 Lit by the golden sunset's gleam;  
 And yet where these soft ringlets fall  
 The worms will twist and twine and crawl,  
 And they will twine and twist and cling  
 Around his finger like a ring—  
 Death wedd mankind with such a ring:  
 And where the ling'ring rose hues dwell  
 The cheek will darkly bloat and swell,  
 And—but I need no further tell.  
 And who am I? and who was he?  
 Wouldst have me tell the tale to thee?

## THE BELL RINGER OF CHANZEAUX.

*From "Scenes de la Chouannerie." By Emile Souvéstre.*

### CHAPTER I.

On the 14th of March, 1793, all the inhabitants of the village of Chanzeaux, in Poitore, were gathered in the public square, or in knots before the doors of their houses. Although the day was scarcely on its decline, all labour had ceased; groups were in earnest, anxious conversation, and now and then some one would call upon another, at a distance, to verify what had been said. The anxiety had extended even to the children, who left their sports to listen to the startling news. The rumor of an attack against the republican encampments in the neighborhood was the cause of this great commotion. The attack appeared certain, although no one could tell who would be the aggressors. Some said the English soldiers, some Prussians, and others again, the Spanish. Those who knew best kept a discreet silence. Some good, honest people had objected to the improbability of such an occurrence, but others, in the absence of a better reason, declared it was the will of God, already manifested by several miracles. "Every thing is possible to the Trinity," exclaimed, with great vivacity, a small ascetic man—named Musseau. "Have you not all seen, that for some time past—the wonders of the olden time, are being performed again? The women of Saint Lezin have heard in the heath the murmurs of innumerable voices, which could be no other than the wails of the dead, who have left their silent tombs to warn the living; globes of tri-colored fire have fallen near Cholet, as signs of alliance between the devil and the republicans; and even the image of the blessed virgin, herself, left the altar on the approach of a "*jureur*,"\* and went and placed herself in the trunk of a tree at the cross-roads. I tell you, the inhabitants of Paradise have their eyes upon us, and something is about to happen, which no man has ever seen!" Most of the auditors applauded this speech of Mus

\* Name given to the priests who had taken the oath required by the Constitution.

seau, and supported it, by reciting, in their turn, some wonderful things which they had heard. The situation of the country then must be borne in mind. The emigration of the noble families had filled all minds with alarm and anxiety, the closing of the churches had troubled all consciences; and the levying of an army of three hundred thousand had alienated all hearts, in La Vendée. Attacked successively in their habits, their religious creed, and their affections; the whole department was filled with indignation; and the priests who were concealed blew the sparks into a flame. Enthusiastic minds dreamed in their feverish delirium, and those dreams were taken for realities. The most credulous had visions, impostors performed miracles, and all believed that heaven had become an accomplice to their passions; and their cause was that of God. Musseau had recommenced to enumerate the supernatural warnings which announced the coming of the "*Great days*," when he was suddenly interrupted by shrieks and screams at the entrance to the village and the appearance of a young peasant, who arrived surrounded by women and children. It was Maurice Ragueneau, the sacristan of Chanzeaux, who had set off some hours before to ascertain the truth of the alarming rumor which had troubled the villages. He returned to tell them that the republicans had not been attacked by foreigners but by the "*boys*" of the neighboring parishes, who had driven them from Saint Florent, Jallan and Chemillé, and taken three pieces of cannon. The principal band were commanded by Cathelineau, surnamed the "*Saint of Anjou*," he had been joined by several others; and on the morrow the whole would march upon Cholet. This news was too unexpected and un hoped for not to relieve all minds; the effect was magical, and a loud and universal cry of revolt was raised. At Chanzeaux as elsewhere, the peasants, until then, had borne every thing, not by resignation, but from a consciousness of their inability to help themselves. The victories of Cathelineau were the first revelations of what they could do against the inhabitants of the cities, (for the *republic* was, to them, no other thing and they were but half deceived.) In the cities alone, these new ideas had been

received, defended, and crowned with success; for the unequal distribution of knowledge between the citizens and peasants, had placed them, at least, two centuries assunder. The yokes which weighed upon the one as an intolerable burden, were borne by the other, as crowns of glory. They were two brothers of different ages and instincts, who found it totally impossible to comprehend each other. The citizen had, heretofore, ruled the other by his will, but the peasant having suddenly acquired the consciousness of his strength, would not fail to make use of it. Not a man in Chanzeaux but promised to join the troop which would attack Cholet. Then the young sacristan burst open the doors of the church, so long closed upon the people, and rang a joyous peal to advertise the people of the neighboring villages, but they were on the eve of asserting their power. Accustomed from his infancy to "*make them talk*," Ragueneau loved those bells, as we love all interwoven in our lives by the fibres of memory. Some mysterious intercourse had been established between him and the "*Saints*" of the belfry. Every time he moved them, the sonorous vibration seemed to run along the hempen cord, and communicate to his whole being a quivering excitement. His blood rushed through the arteries with redoubled force, his sight became dizzy; and in his enthusiastic intoxication, he gave himself up entirely to the whirl of dreams and reveries with which they inspired him. It was something like the phenomena produced by the thousand detonations of a great battle, and known to old soldiers by the name of "*the fever of the cannon*." With the bell rope twined around his arms and leaning against the wall, he had often prolonged these chimes, until reproved by the curé, who was, however, ever indulgent to this strange fancy of Maurice, as he considered him a little wandering in his intellect. Nevertheless, more observing minds would have been astonished at a nature which united to the ignorance of the peasant some of the delicate susceptibilities of the most refined classes. By turns, active or indifferent, violent or gentle, stupid or subtle, Maurice wanted that stability, which the multitude takes for character, and the vulgar spirit of calculation, which it calls

reason. At twenty three years he had married a widow, much older than himself, according to the custom of our country people, who look upon marriage as an association, to which man must bring with youth the strength to acquire, and the women experience, that is to say, economy to preserve. This marriage had been a kind of tutelage to him, to which he had submitted without any demonstrations of attachment or repugnance. Happily he possessed a sister, a lovely young girl of eighteen, whose inward life concealed all that Maurice so openly developed; a soul as enthusiastic and noble, but accustomed to conceal emotions by that reserve, which women alone learn without being taught. It was evident that both brother and sister sprang from the same source, but one was the rushing torrent, the other the rippling brook. Between Marie Jeanne and Maurice an intimacy was established by resemblance. Not that they could ever explain it, words were wanting them for that; neither possessed that science of analysis which teaches us to sound the depths of our hearts; but a parity of natures had revealed each to the other, and although they could not comprehend, they felt it. Their love was silent but profound; they never *spoke* of it, seldom *thought* of it: events alone could prove the extent of it to others, as well as to themselves.

On the 15th of March, at day break, the "*boys*" of Chanzeaux rejoined Cathelineau and Stofflet; the assembled bands formed nearly six hundred men, armed with rifles, pitchforks and scythes, with their handles reversed—a terrible arm to which the Polish insurrection at a later day gave celebrity. Cholet was defended by cannon and a republican battalion. They rushed upon it without order, but with that blind impetuosity which enthusiasm, encouraged by inexperience, imparts. For an hour the battle was a chaos; smoke and tumult enveloped all. At length silence reigned, the cloud of powder fell, the revolted could look around them. Their enemies were killed, wounded or flying, and a few steps from one of the still smoking cannons, a young girl, Marie Jeanne, was kneeling with her hands clasped together. Following her brother, she had assisted in the battle, as Moses did

of old, by praying for the people. Her unexpected presence, and at such a moment, struck the imaginations of the peasants. Some voices had already declared that her prayers had obtained the victory from God, when Musseau remarked a culverin, whose mouth was pointed to the road by which they came to the attack, and which had "*refused to fire!*" At this discovery, cries of wonder and astonishment resounded on all sides; not one doubted it was a miracle. The young girl was carried to the richly sculptured bronze and persuaded to take a seat upon it; and the victors harnessed themselves to the wonderful piece and began their triumphant march to the village.

The news of the advantage gained by the insurgents spread like wildfire over La Vendée. Every road and footpath was crowded with persons eager to behold the two Marie Jeannes, for the young girl's name had been given to the cannon. Old men uncovered their heads as it passed, children strewed the road with odorous plants and flowers, as they did in the procession of the holy sacrament, and women despoiled themselves of their most cherished ornaments to adorn this most miraculous gun. Even some noble ladies who had come to see it through curiosity, were compelled to pay it their "*most beautiful reverence.*" The heroes of the morning had become mere children sporting with a new toy. Returning to their homes they heard that the recruit of three hundred thousand men, ordered by the convention, had revolted as one man—the whole department of lower Poitou, Challans and Mache could had fallen into the power of the insurgents. The Vendéans had driven the republicans from Herbiers, Chantonnay and Pont Charron, and the white standard floated triumphantly over every tower. The gentlemen at first holding aloof from the movement had been forced to take the direction, and the revolt of the peasants had become a civil war. The opinions of Maurice Ragueneau alone were sufficient to make him join the insurgents—his instincts whirled him into the midst of the boiling cauldron of excitement.

It was a door opened suddenly to an adventurous character, which, until then, had been held captive by the strong net of custom and habit. He escaped from the daily

labors and duties which oppressed his soul, and from the monotonous uniformity of a contracted home, passed at one stride, erect, free and unconfined, into that glorious poetical labyrinth—the “*Unknown!*” The bell ringer of Chanzeaux stopped not to explain to himself the new hopes which impelled him onward, he only felt their ardor and the excitement of the emotion. None shewed more indomitable resolution to give battle, none more unflinching bravery after entering into it. Refusing the responsibilities of a commander, he wished to enjoy, in all its fulness, the bewildering excitement of his tumultuous emotions. Neither obeying or giving orders, he reserved to himself always the luxury of choosing his own peril; and this choice invariably threw him where the battle rage most furiously. The firing of the cannons produced upon him the same sensations that his companions, the bells, had given, but they were redoubled, aggrandized. One of the historians of that war of the giants says—that “*gunpowder had the same effect upon Ragueneau that the wine of Anjou had.*” Local tradition has preserved some almost fabulous accounts of his frenzy in battle. At Pont Barré he fought unremittingly for five hours, and with his own hands killed eighteen of the enemy. At Laval, in a night attack he came, without being aware of it, upon a republican battery. The flash of the cannon betrayed him to the enemy—every arm was raised for his destruction; he threw himself behind one of the train carriages, fired his pistol into a cask of powder, which burst, and escaped safe and sound from amidst the wreck. At another time, assailed by three huzzars, he unhorsed two, forced the other to surrender and carried him with the three horses to the camp. But of what benefit were these useless prodigies, even though performed by thousands? The republic had what its enemies wanted, opportunity. Now, in all human controversies, there is something more powerful than strength, courage, or even genius: it is the idea, the thought, co-essential with the times. Attacked in front by the combined armies of Europe—in the rear by the royalists, and defended by soldiers without shoes or bread, the revolution continued its Herculean labor, goaded

on rather than withheld by the obstacles which opposed it. The Vendean army, on the contrary, occupied in defending its churches and towers, saw nothing beyond them. They suspended hostilities to celebrate the flowery Easter, or gather in their harvests. There was in the whole of this first campaign such a mingling of the warrior lyrics with rustic simplicity as never fails to attract and interest the reader. All their illusions were yet in their bloom, human sentiment had not had time to corrupt them; they fought with rage, but once masters of the battle field, they released their prisoners and contented themselves by cutting off their hair. None thought of counting the price of sacrifices. The dream of the most ambitious brings the smile upon our lips; general or soldier, all possessed the same simplicity. Larochejacquelein hoped, if the monarchy were re-established, the king would not refuse him a regiment. Ragueneau thought he would add a bell to his chime. As to the sixty thousand peasants who threw their fortunes and their lives into this terrible lottery of war, they expected nothing; they only defended what they called their rights, and firmly believed that God himself was their auxiliary. A medalion of the true cross which Musseau possessed announced to them a favorable or inauspicious future as the aureole which surrounded it became bloody or luminous, and the wonderful culverin found at Cholet was always a talisman which assured them of victory. Once it had been captured by the republicans and carried to Fontenay. Cathelineau immediately carried the army there.

“Children,” said he, “we have no more powder, we must retake Marie Jeanne with our cudgels.”

The Vendean rushed upon a battery of forty fiery mouths, a part fell: some few dashed into the midst of the cannons. A miller boy, Peter Rochard, the village Hercules, celebrated for his impetuous bravery, recognised the culverin, threw himself upon and clasped his arms around it, as if to bear it away amidst the confusion. The republican artillery hacked him to pieces, but he would not let go his hold, and whilst they were occupied in killing him, his companions had time to arrive and carry off Marie



Jeanne. The cannon was adorned with leaves and flowers and borne away amidst shouts and religious hymns. Seeing her return the Vendéans wept for joy. Indeed facts appeared to favor all their hopes. Beaten at every point, the blues had suffered Angers, Saumur and many other towns to be taken. Five republican armies had been successively engulfed in that ocean of popular revolt: they came with the cry:—“*Vive la république!*” fought for one instant, and like the “*Avenger*” faded away under their tricolored standard.

But to tell the truth these victories exhausted the insurrection. Besides, each day it lost something of its first character. The war had at last hardened all hearts. The bad had acquired a taste for massacre—the good had become accustomed to them. On both sides they murdered with remorseless cruelty. Some of the royalist chiefs encouraged these odious acts, and shame to say, some of the priests were the accomplices of the grossest superstitions. All which at first had been the spontaneous impulse of ingenuous belief, was by degrees transformed into “*a means*”—the popular war had become a political one. Whilst the Vendean generals were negotiating with England to open one of our ports to them, the Abbé Bernier was occupied in fermenting discords amongst them by his baseness and his crimes. It might have been said that the seven capital sins had entered with him into the council. The bishop of Agra added to these intrigues the ridicule of a sacrilegious comedy. As it began to decline, all things precipitated the Vendean army to its destruction. The victories of that grand army were only the crises of a glorious death struggle; as if through opposition the era of the republican defeats had touched its termination. Whilst awaiting a chief who would teach them to vanquish, the heroic grenadiers of Mayence taught the victors how to die nobly. Decimated by a cloud of unskilful marksmen, they coolly closed up their ranks; repulsed, they retreated without flying; surrounded, they opened for themselves a road with their bayonets. For the first time appeared upon the battle fields the advance guard of that grand race of stoics whose glory began to ascend from the fields of Italy and culmi-

nated on the plains of Waterloo. After being forced to raise the siege of Nantes, where Cathelineau was killed, the catholic army had wandered over the country without direction and without object. The cortège of old men, women and children which followed it grew in bulk daily. Tracked by the republican army which compelled them to withdraw into Beaupreau, they turned suddenly like a wounded lion and gained some successes which soon changed into a defeat. Their enemies remained masters of the field, but drowned in the blood of their victory. The royalist army found themselves gathered on the banks of the Loire, totally without means to enter into Vendée. Every eye was turned to the opposite banks, their last refuge and their only hope.

“There,” said the Vendéans, “a friendly people await us; there the villages have not yet been abandoned; some flocks are still feeding in the pastures, some grain left at the farms, and orchards enriched with their fruits.”

For the miserable beings who were flying from a country depopulated and blackened by the flames, this was the abundance of the promised land. As far as the eye could reach the whole country was covered with flying crowds—women distractedly calling upon their husbands or brothers, cannons without horses, horses rushing amidst the affrighted people on foot, and carriages drawn by oxen—from which arose, from time to time, the wail of the infant or the groans of the wounded.

You might have thought one of those great emigrations of a barbarous people had been suddenly arrested by a defeat, and was flying in tumult before the legions of Ætius or Belisarius. Eighty thousand fugitives thronged the banks, looking with eager eyes on the six or seven frail boats, upon which their hopes of salvation rested, and as they left the shores laden with their affrighted burden, a sigh of inexpressible suffering and despair arose from those who were left to await their return. Those who were well mounted, looked for a ford that would permit them to reach a small island placed like a bouy in the middle of the river. Already in the rear of the fugitives an immense line of lurid smoke darkened the horizon, which

approached nearer and nearer, enclosing them in its fiery circle; the republican army was coming upon them preceded by this terrible conflagration. The Vendéans saw the threatening danger advance upon them without any means of evading it; they had successively lost their chiefs. Cathelineau was killed at the siege of Nantes; d'Elbée, wounded in the last conflict, could not leave Beaupreau; Bonchamp had been carried to the opposite shore—and died as he was landed; and de Lescure arrived borne upon a litter and followed by his young and lovely wife, who was already regarded as a widow. Instead of a disciplined army there was a tumultuous, ungovernable multitude, abandoning themselves to all the agony of despairing terror. The tumult of that multitude upon the waters, the island and the two banks of the stream, formed an indescribable choir, of wailing, cries, curses and prayers, swelling up and floating to the horizon, like the angry cadences of the heaving ocean. It was in the month of October, the Loire, swollen by the heavy rains, rolled its yellow waters onward with angry impetuosity; a cold wind shook the faded leaves of the drooping willows; the steel coloured clouds looked threatening and menacing, and nature herself seemed to have prepared the frame for the heart-rending scene of misery and desolation. Maurice Ragueneau had participated in all the vicissitudes of the Vendean army. His wife, faithful to the old tradition which confided the care and defence of the ménage to her, would not leave Chanzeaux, and determined to die like a watchdog at the door of the dwelling she was bidden to guard. But Marie Jeanne had followed her brother, and at that moment seated under a group of elders—she was watching with great anxiety the opposite shores. Her uncle Ragueneau and her three cousins were grouped around her; Musseau, his two hands crossed upon his gun—and chin resting on his hands—kept a moody silence. They had been for many hours looking for Maurice who had gone in search of a boat. The day was rapidly declining, and every one began to be alarmed at his long delay; but as it habitually happens in such cases no one wished to be the first to speak of it. At last Marie Jeanne broke forth.

"Oh Jesus my Saviour! what has become of Maurice?" cried she rising and looking around upon the multitude.

"He has not come," replied the three brothers, "and in some way or other we must cross the water."

"Oh that no misfortune has come upon him!" said Marie Jeanne, trembling with emotion. Musseau shook his head gloomily.

"Yes! Yes!" murmured he, "there is nothing to expect but misery and woe!"

"Have you consulted your relic?" asked the men.

Musseau made a sign of affirmation. "And you have seen its warnings?" "For more than a month the aureole has been red, and every day it becomes redder and redder," said he in a low voice. "Yesterday it was the color of flame, now it is like blood!" The peasants looked at him in consternation.

"It is justice!" replied the fanatic, with flashing eyes. God will punish the sins of his people, but those whose faith fails not, shall not perish. Although enough blood should run to make a stream as mighty as the river which rolls at your feet, they will be saved from the wreck. Whoever will be killed in a state of grace, will rise like Christ on the third day." The Ragueneaus exchanged looks.

"I expect the curé has said it," observed the youngest with a little hesitation.

"And no doubt he has shown you the bodies which have been raised?" interrupted the voice of a new comer, who had approached behind the elders and listened for some moments to the conversation. Musseau quickly raised his head and cast a ferocious glance upon the intruder; but he bore it with mocking effrontery. He was a man nearly 40 years of age, tall, thin, with the features of a Satyr and having in his whole person that distinction of false alloy which announces the lacquais of a great house. M. La Rose was indeed one of those old surgeon valets, whose calling was perpetuated among some of the noble families of la Vendée. Figaros of the lower story, less useful to the infirmities of the family than to its hidden vices, and whose equivocal functions required a little address, more effrontery and still more immorality. When his master emigrated M. La Rose had established himself as a

physician at Chemillé, but he had since been converted to royalism, and now passed for the secret agent of the dangerous abbe St. Laud. When they saw him the Ragueneaus carried their hands to their caps, but without uncovering their heads; Marie also half saluted him. Musseau alone made no demonstration of politeness. The jest by which the old lacquais had interrupted the conversation, had knit his eye-brows.

"Monsieur La Rose has denied his baptism?" demanded he, with almost menacing abruptness.

"[!]" cried La Rose in the tone of a marquis upon the theatre, "do you take me for a 'sans culotte' my friend? I am, Pardieu! as good a catholic as you, and the proof is I keep lent for three months! that, I consider, an amplification of the commandments."

"You must not sport with holy things," interrupted the peasant. La Rose shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, don't you pretend to teach me the catechism," said he in tone of haughty raillery, "I have a director, at least, worth more than you, for the Abbé Bernier gives me his confidence."

"I hope M. St. Laud has passed the Loire," demanded uncle Ragueneau with much warmth, who even in this disaster was more occupied with his pastor than himself.

"I know nothing, I have just arrived," replied La Rose.

"Time presses," observed one of the young men regarding the horizon with anxious eyes; "the blues are still advancing."

"And Maurice does not come!" added Marie sorrowfully.

"Is it your brother whom you expect?" demanded La Rose. "I have this moment seen him, he is coming in a bateau."

"Where?"

"At that point in front of those poplars."

Marie Jeanne and her kinsman ran to the spot indicated and saw the bell-ringer coming in a canoe guided by an old man. The crowd jammed together on the shore, awaited the bark to rush into it, but Maurice stopped it and called to his sisters and cousins.

"Here we are," cried they at once.

"There are but six places, if I land every body will rush to the boat; mount upon my horse who will swim with you here."

They did as he directed, Marie Jeanne went first and the others followed. When all were assembled, Maurice told them to wait for him at Varades and throwing himself upon his horse gained the shore. He thought the republicans might attack the fugitives before they could get on the opposite side and he remained as a rear guard, not to lose this occasion for fighting. The prolonging of these combats which had broken down the courage of so many, had only increased his own. That terrible game where death held the cards, had become life to him. He revelled in the fever of the battle as one does in the delirium of gambling. Life was his gain, peril the spur to urge him on. Whilst others fought from necessity, Maurice did it from choice; for them it was war, for him the lion's hunt. He therefore awaited the whole day in the hope of an engagement with the republicans; but fear hastened the departure of the Vendéans. After the first hours of trouble and confusion, rafts were constructed, the boats towed them over, and the river was soon covered with those floating isles, carrying to the opposite shore a wandering and distracted multitude. Towards evening, only the last arrivals remained; the boats soon took them away and when the night came, nothing was seen upon the silent shore but the dying fires, around which lingered some wandering fugitives or those tigers in human form, who live by the plunder of the battle field. Maurice cast a last defiant look upon that still advancing circle of smoke, which the darkness had colored with a lurid glare; for a moment he contemplated the abandoned camp, the deserted river, the opposite shore, where the fires of the bivouac began to sparkle, and then as if drawn by the distant murmurs, which seemed to call him, he mounted his horse to gain the ford through which he had seen the cannon pass. The sky was serene, but a cold north wind had just begun to blow; it whistled amongst the willows and their pale heads silvered by the stars bent in mournful sadness, as if to mingle their murmuring sighs with the rolling of the rushing waters. An army of shadows seemed to arise in the place which the living had just left! Wrapped in the cloak of a horseman he had killed that morning, Ragueneau fol-



lowed the path, the earth softened by the trampling of the multitude retarded his steps, and when he gained the ford night had long closed in. Those who had first attempted the passage, had fortunately marked the way with the poplar branches. Maurice tried to distinguish in the dark those frail tokens, whose tops trembled on the current and pushed his horse into the Loire. The darkness prevented him from seeing the direction accurately and the rapid waters rendered the least error dangerous. His horse floundered and regained his footing only to lose it again. With his legs doubled under him, his bridle grasped in his hand, his eyes fixed upon the vacillating branches, Maurice saw himself in the middle of the roaring stream, when a sharp, quick shriek suddenly arose immediately above the ford. By an instinctive movement, the bell-ringer stopped. A black and floating object was borne near him. He recognized a boat and heard two voices coming from it, one in the agony of fear calling for assistance, the other threatening, but restrained. He first saw two shadows agitated as if struggling, then heard the splash of something falling in the water. A dress floated a little while, came nearer the ford and sunk. Maurice threw himself forward, seized it as it was borne by him, drew it towards him and saw it was a fainting woman. At that moment the canoe came up, dragged on by the current. Some one standing at the prow fired, the ball glanced over Maurice's shoulder. By the flash of the powder he recognized La Rose, but he passed like a flying phantom, over the whirling waters. With very great effort Ragueneau lifted the still motionless body, put spurs to his horse and succeeded in gaining a point of the island which divided the Loire at this place. The woman had just recovered her consciousness and tried to speak. Maurice carried her to a cabin, which had been recently burned, and laid her gently upon a pile of straw. He could remark then that she whom he had rescued from a watery grave, was a young girl, whose elegant costume and small delicate hands, announced a superior condition. Her damp hair completely veiled her features, but when it was drawn aside, the sacristan recognized Mademoiselle Celeste Boguais, the daughter of a nobleman of Anjou.

More than an hour passed ere she could give any explanation; fright and cold had rendered her speechless. Maurice made her swallow some wine, kindled a fire and covered her with his cloak: and by degrees she recovered her strength and related what had passed. Separated from her mother and sisters, after the defeat of Savenay, Mademoiselle Boguais had searched for them two days and had not lost all hope of finding them until she saw the multitude transported to the opposite side of the river. Seeing herself almost alone on the shore, she began to feel alarmed, and ran amongst the bushes looking for a boat; but all remained on the other side. The shades of night were rapidly falling; some laggards with sinister looks wandered amidst the deserted encampment, picking up such things as the fugitives had left in their precipitate flight, stripping the dead bodies, or trying to secure the ownerless horses. A chief seemed to preside over and direct the pillage. He first saw the young girl and immediately approached her, and both trembled when they recognized each other. M. La Rose (for it was he) had in his past days a recollection, which would not permit him to forget Mademoiselle Boguais, or be forgotten by her. Both had met at Angers three years before, and the old valet emboldened by the familiarity of neighborhood, had dared to address to Celeste then almost a child, some rude gallantries which frightened her. M. Boguais, hearing it, had not condescended to threats or explanations: but had the Lovelace of the ante-chamber brought in his presence, and treated him as Scapin did his master's father. La Rose received the blows without a word, but the bruises, effaced soon from his skin had remained deeply imprinted in his memory. Totally unable to avenge himself at the moment, he laid by his venom for a future day as a sum, the interest of which would accumulate. Only he would wait for the propitious moment to strike the deadly blow secretly. When the nobles began to be suspected, M. Boguais was among the first anonymously denounced and his arrest ordered. He escaped as an emigrant, but the concealed enemy knew well how to strike his heart and the family of Boguais was carried to the prison at Angers, the doors of which were

fortunately opened by the victorious Vendéans. Obligated then to follow its liberators, Celeste had partaken of their different fortunes, without meeting La Rose, who on his part seemed to have forgotten her. Uninterrupted hatred is seldom met with, except in books; in reality, man is at once too variable and too complex to pursue but *one* route: his most tenacious passions leave him for some instants, but always return, and this is the proof of their power. Occupied in aiding the manœuvres of the Abbé Bernier, and above all in enriching himself, La Rose had adjourned the satisfaction of his resentment, when chance brought Mademoiselle Boguais to him. She scarcely recollected the punishment with which her father had paid the insolence of La Rose and knew nothing of his secret denunciations, and uttered a cry of joy on perceiving him: in her isolation, every known face was a friendly face. The old valet confirmed this confidence by his haste to serve her. The smile of triumphant hatred which lit up his swinish features, she interpreted as an interest in her well being. She was easily persuaded that her mother and sisters had crossed the Loire and awaited her at Ancenis. La Rose ran to get a little boat, hidden among the rushes, in which she fearlessly entered. The night was very dark and they had scarcely got a few paces from the shore, when it was completely hidden by the gloom. The conductor of Mademoiselle Boguais immediately changed his manners. Returning with a menacing audacity to those gallantries which formerly met with such ill success, he tried to take her in his arms, and it was then the young girl burst from him and uttered that shriek which Maurice had heard. The conflict was prolonged until feeling her force exhausted, in a moment of superhuman exertion she wrenched herself from him and plunged into the waters. This recital often interrupted by hesitations and blushes at last ended in tears. The subtle instinct of the bell ringer taught him there are dangers which a modest woman blushes to have encountered, and the memory of which rankles in her breast. He therefore said nothing of the past, but endeavored to console her in promising to find her mother on the morrow; that he would wait for the day to begin to dawn, and then

attempt the passage of the river, as the second arm was much deeper and more rapid than the first. To distract her mind, he reminded the young lady that they had seen each other, formerly, at Chanzeaux, and whilst yet a child, he had climbed a white thorn and broken off the bunches of flowers for her, and later, at one of the village festivals, she had chosen him for her partner in the dance. Animated by these happy recollections Mademoiselle Boguais lost all traces of anxiety. A trustful faith succeeded to doubt, for such is the privilege of youthful minds; joy and confidence with them, are always in the bud and at the least ray of the sun they burst into full bloom. As soon as that feeling of security came over her, the lady felt that languor which follows every crisis. Lying before the fire Ragueneau had built, and wrapped in his warm cloak, she listened to his pleasant conversation, until calmed by these recollections of her infancy, she sank into a refreshing slumber, which Maurice watched with respectful kindness. Seated upon the crumbling walls of the cabin, his hands crossed upon his gun, he gazed upon the helpless girl with something of admiration. Without being beautiful, Celeste had that charm of helplessness which always seems to implore protection. Frail, delicate and pale, the first glance at her inspired the beholder with compassionate interest, which the musical tones of her voice increased. She had received from heaven that contagious grace, which is communicated by those who possess it to every thing around them, giving a distinction to the most simple movement and clothing rags with elegance. You sought in vain for the particular charm which irresistibly drew you to her, it was nothing, it was every thing. No one better than Maurice could feel that mysterious attraction. A varying nature and delighting in contrasts, he left the delirium of the battle field only to plunge into careless meditations. Abandoned thus to speak by Mademoiselle in the midst of these dreams of his youth, he continued them alone, suffering the image of the young girl to mingle for a few instants with those of his mother and Marie Jeanne. When Celeste awoke at dawn she perceived Ragueneau saddling his horse. A boat had fortunately accosted them and would take them

to the other side. As they left the isle the fog began to dissipate, and they could see on the right side the first detachments of the republicans, which already occupied their encampment of the previous day. When they reached Varades, they found the city abandoned and the Vendean army marching upon Ancenis. They soon perceived it winding along farther than the eye could reach. It covered a space of four leagues. Ten thousand soldiers of the elite acted as the rear guard: before them marched the fugitive families divided into parishes and led by their pastors; then came the cannon with thirty thousand armed peasants, and the cavalry were in advance. It took Ragueneau an entire day to go through this multitude; at last towards sunset he saw the banner of Chanzeaux, and among those who surrounded it, recognized the Boguais family. Besides her mother and two sisters Celeste found her youngest brother, a child of eleven years, who had been lost like Celeste in the *mélée* and who repulsed from every boat, had thrown himself on the litter of M. de Lescure, and thus crossed the river, protected by the dying general. Madame Boguais' thanks were those of a mother, but they were short. In that terrible drama where death was seen as in the masquerade dance of the middle ages, ever present and under all disguises, the longest scene lasted but a few moments: hatred, gratitude, love, all rushed past, borne onward by the whirl of events: they lived in the midst of a horrible dream. Besides, the passage of the Loire had filled all hearts with commiseration for themselves and for each other, which led them to give and accept every service as due. Distinctions of birth, education, and wealth, all were lost in that overwhelming disaster, and a community of suffering had led to a fraternity of despair. A peasant unknown to Madame de Lescure had just taken her hand, and said to her, his eyes filled with tears,

"We have left our country: we are now brothers and sisters: I will defend you to the death, or we perish together!"

It was the feeling of the entire army. Leaving the Boguais family, Ragueneau looked for his sister and found her among the carriages attending the wounded; and after a rapid conversation, left her to join

the rear guard with the promise of soon seeing her. Unfortunately on the second day, the order of march adopted on leaving Varades had been abandoned. The peasants left the ranks one after the other to visit their families grouped around the banners, and the confusion became general. Soldiers, flocks, wounded, all rushed on pell mell with deafening clamors, and women with their children in their arms marched by the side of the cannon. On the next day Maurice succeeded in finding Madame Boguais' family and Marie Jeanne and brought provisions to them. The army pursued its route and at length arrived at Laval, where general L'Echelle the next day attacked it at the Battle Cross—the combat lasted two entire days. The republicans first repulsed from the field, were crushed at Entrames. Six thousand Mayençais, the remains of the twenty eight thousand sent upon Vendée, found themselves separated from the republican army and surrounded. It was then that general Beaulieu carried dying from the field of battle tore off the bloody linen which covered his breast and sent it to them, an appeal for vengeance; the Mayençais fastened it to the end of a bayonet, and guided by that terrible standard they opened a passage through the victorious army.

From Laval the Vendéans went first to Rennes then to Granville where they had given a rendezvous to the English squadron. Repulsed from there, they again took the way to their country through Dol, Angers and Mans. During this long route, every station was marked by a battle, and Ragueneau had not ceased to watch over the Boguais family. That alone, thanks to his care, had not felt the famine which decimated the army. Maurice provided all for them by miracles of skill or boldness. The horse which alternately served the mother and the three sisters had died of fatigue on reaching Dol: during the night he stole into a republican battery, unharnessed two of the horses from the artillery and led them away. Celeste, since the passage of the Loire had continued very feeble, and suffered greatly from the cold, not having sufficient clothing, Maurice fell upon two hussars, took their pelisses and carried them to the suffering girl. The whole army was dressed, in whatever

the chances of war furnished them. Some of the generals wore Turkish dresses which they took from the theatre at La Flèche, others lawyer's gowns, and others again, women's skirts and bonnets. Madame de Lescure's only dress was a cloak, and Madame d'Armaillé with her children was wrapped in an old carpet. The exceeding misery prevented them from seeing any thing ridiculous in this mournful masquerade. Two days after they reached Mans the Vendéans saw three columns of the republicans arriving from Angers, Alençon and Tours; these columns were commanded by Marceau. Larochejacquelein disputed the entrance of the city until night. Beaten, he still tried to arrest them at the head of the bridge; but every one disbanded and fled and he was borne off in the rout. However a few hundred men with De Scépeaux at their head obstinately defended the great square. Maurice was there with old Ragueneau and his three sons, locked one against the other, they continued the whole night a hopeless resistance; and when the day dawned those who were standing were counted; scarcely fifty survived! The bell ringer saw his uncle and two cousins lying at his feet, and but one remained. He ran to the house where he had left his horse, threw himself upon him and rushed headlong on the route from Laval. He hoped the continuation of the battle had left Madame Boguais and Marie Jeanne time to escape. He enquired and looked for them every where, but the multitude, maddened by terror, rushed past him without replying. Westerman kept on the rear of the army with his cavalry, putting every straggler to the sword, and leaving behind him a train of corpses 14 leagues in length. The flying army reached Ancenis in the middle of the night. There, arrested by the Loire, they halted, to assemble together, from the impossibility of getting farther. Every one began to look around him, suddenly a man rushed by the bell ringer, distraction in his looks, and calling for his wife and children.

"Is that you, Monsieur Bureau?" said Maurice, scarcely recognizing him in the twilight.

"Ragueneau!" cried the commissary general of Lyon; "where is my wife?"

"Taken by the hussars," replied Maurice.

"And my children, my six dear little ones?"

"Murdered!"

Bureau uttered a feeble cry and fell to the ground; when they raised him he was dead! At day break Maurice found Marie Jeanne—who under the protection of Musseau had been saved, but no one could give him any information either of Celeste or her mother. Having lost all hope of finding them, he must now carry his sister back to Chanzeaux. On the tenth day they arrived there, marching only at night to elude the vigilance of the republicans. It was only then they learned the destruction of the Vendean army and the captivity of Madame Boguais, with her three daughters. This last news fell upon Maurice most heavily. The cares bestowed upon that helpless family had made them precious to him. He had imposed upon himself the task of saving them, and the lasting gratitude they would feel for him had been one of his sweetest hopes. Above all, Celeste's life was dear to him, he had first preserved it, then protected and defended it; and so to speak it was his property, whether it arose from passionate devotion, or the desire of a quicker sentiment. Ragueneau would not suffer himself to believe that so many efforts were useless. Greatly moved at first he very soon fell into a deep dejection. Marie Jeanne asked not the cause; without question or answer, both had understood each other. Nearly fifteen days after their arrival home, the young girl took her brother aside and told him that a woman in the village had a wounded republican at her house.

"What of that?" asked Maurice.

"The soldier has just died," replied Marie Jeanne; "and I have begged his uniform and papers from Thibaud."

"What for?"

"Because with these you could go to Mans and perhaps be of some service to 'the lady.'" Maurice found every thing to favor his designs and made his preparations to set off without speaking to any one, and left that night. When he arrived at Mans, the battalion of the soldier whose place he had taken, was fortunately absent. Emboldened by this assurance that no one would discover



the substitute he presented himself at the depôt and the next day sought the means to reach the prisoners.

S. S. C.

*Columbus, Ga.*

## TO HERMIA.

### I.

Adown the mountain side two streams,  
Smiling, rippling on their way,  
Ran dancing in bright Phoebus' beams,  
And singing each love's roundelay.  
It seemed their wavelets soon must meet,  
Their dances, smiles and songs together,  
To wander on, in union sweet,  
'Mong perfum'd flow'rs that deck'd the heather:  
But ah! when they had almost met,  
An envious rock their currents changed,  
And now they wander lonely yet.  
Each from the other's smiles estranged.  
Oh! thus our hearts did seem like those  
Bright streams that pour'd adown the mountain,  
'Thine pure and sparkling as the rose,  
Each in its mossy pebbly fountain;  
Thus ran we on till side by side  
Our souls seem'd, oh! almost to mingle,  
And now like them we wander wide  
In courses separate and single.

### II.

Infoliated, bright and green,  
Upon a little bank was seen  
A plant that solitary grew;  
'Twas *love in idleness*; the dew  
Of heav'n was on its leaves, the sun  
Upon the little dew-drops shone;  
But ah! too rude, too cold the air,  
And tho' the plant was green and fair  
No bud or blossom yet was there.  
Beside the plant a little vine  
Right tenderly began to twine  
Its arms around the stem, and press  
Within them *love in idleness*.  
And there in spite of wind and weather  
The two in beauty grew together;  
And soon sweet buds and flow'rets rare  
Came forth amid the leaflets there;  
And thus together still they bloom  
And breathe to heav'n their mix'd perfume;  
Oh! were our hearts thus closely join'd.  
Our souls in union ne'er to sever,  
Their leaves and tendrils thus entwined.  
To bud and blossom thus forever!

### III.

Sweet lady, bid me not restrain  
The sighs of love in secret nurst;

For oh! th' attempt must still be vain,  
Or valid, this fond heart would burst.  
Like Spartan's theft my love shall lie  
Hid in my bosom night and day,  
Concealed from every human eye,  
Till it shall gnaw my heart away.  
I'll set thy glorious image far  
Above me, high in fancy's heaven,  
And worship thee as some bright star,  
If thus my love may be forgiven;  
But, lady, bid me not to still  
Hope's melodies that gushing stole  
Thro' this rapt heart, whose echoes fill  
The secret chambers of my soul!

### IV.

As in the collied night, when the wild sea  
Dashes and foams around the lonely bark,  
Flutt'ring and trembling mid the yeasty waves:  
If, thro' some rent the mighty blast hath made  
In the black canopy of angry cloud,  
Some one lone star appears, to tell of heav'n  
That's still above the storm, the mariner  
Lifts his despairing eye to gaze thereon;  
And when 'tis hid, tho' blacker seem the night.  
More billowy wild the sea, and frail his bark,  
Yet, 'midst the threatening of the fearful storm,  
Oft looks he up, remembering the star:  
So, mid the blacker darkness of my soul,  
Fond memory often turns to catch again  
The light that gleam'd from those bright beaming  
eyes  
That once gave pitying glance to my despair;  
But ah! in vain, grief's murky cloud shuts out  
Forever from me, both the soul-felt glance  
And the sweet heav'n that glance to hope reveal'd.

### V.

Now wakes the morn in beauty bright  
And nature's face is fair,  
No envious shadows of the night  
Remain to darkle there;  
But ah! my heart is all abligh  
And pall'd with black despair!  
Dark is life's day with waiting woes,  
That bright at morning shone;  
Then beautiful to me the rose  
Of pleasure seem'd whereon  
Did dew of innocence repose  
And glisten in the sun;  
And many a flow'r of hope then gave  
Its perfume to the air  
That early came to softly wave  
The buds of promise there:  
Now scatter'd o'er a lonely grave  
The fallen flow'rs appear.  
Beside that spectre-haunted tomb  
Sad memory sits to weave  
Her faded garlands, in the gloom  
That joys departed leave—  
Where flow'rs of hope no more may bloom  
And blossom to deceive!

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. R.]

### BOOK SECOND.

How pleasant to a generous heart is the necessity of cherishing a beloved object, which, at the same time satisfies its affection and its virtue! Gratitude, alone, so dear to noble souls, is sufficient for happiness; but when the idol on which it is fixed, is endeared for other causes, a secret charm is added to the tender impression which the memory of benefits conferred leave upon the mind. Nothing can exceed—no felicity can equal the happy accord of a pure affection with a sacred duty.

This felicity Zulema enjoyed. When the hero had been conducted to her tranquil retreat, he was placed in its best apartment; she thought of him only—she questioned the physicians continually—gathered herself the herbs they prescribed, and prepared them with her own hands. Gonsalvo was too feeble to express the emotions which filled his heart; but tears of joy flowed down his cheeks; he blessed his wounds and prayed that the cure might be deferred.

The skilful leeches had taken off the first bandages; Zulema breathless with anxiety, her eyes fixed on theirs, both feared and hoped, yet dared not urge them to explain. But when she learned that the life of the hero was no longer in danger, she could scarcely contain her joy. Presents, promises and offerings were lavished with a liberal hand. Penetrated with a sentiment, which she confounded with gratitude, she openly manifested the joy, which she regarded as an obligation. Gonsalvo, strengthened by such tender cares, was able at last to speak. He gazed upon her with softened eyes, raised his tremulous hands, and with a feeble voice:

“Why wish you,” said he, “to preserve my life? If I cannot consecrate it entirely to you, ah! leave me, leave me to die.”

Gonsalvo dared not proceed, but the Princess understood his silence; she tenderly lowered her eyes to conceal her con-

fusion and sweetly smiling spoke of his valor—called him her preserver and reminded him of her obligations in order to justify her solicitude.

The faithful Pedro never absented himself from his lord; he told him in secret the name and rank of her he had saved and the error of Zulema in thinking him an African Prince. The hero reproved this mystery—his heart could not endure such deceit—he wished to discover himself at once, but Pedro prayed him, conjured him not to expose himself to the fury of a hostile people, whom Zulema could not restrain. The dangers which threatened his own life did not intimidate him—but he yielded when he thought of the torments to which his old and loyal servant would be exposed.

While Gonsalvo was under the charge and care of the old physicians, the Princess related to him the condition of Granada, its revolutions and the crimes of King Boabdil. Seated near the couch of the hero whom she believed to be the native of a country remote from Spain, she related the party strifes and the misfortunes of which he had been the witness. Gonsalvo with a smiling countenance requested a full recital, and the Moorish maiden commenced without delay.

“You are not ignorant,” said she, “what a height of grandeur and glory was reached by the Arabian empire in Spain, even from its beginning. The Christians conquered by our brave ancestors and pursued by our triumphant arms, found their only asylum in the mountains of the Asturias. Concealed there for many centuries, misfortunes inspired their hearts, while prosperity corrupted ours. Our Kings became tyrants, while the Christian Kings were heroes. They sallied at last from their retreats—attacked their conquerors and profiting by the civil wars of our different monarchs, they left them. of their ancient conquests, only the states of Granada.

“This celebrated capital is built at the foot of a range of snowy mountains, on two hills, in the midst of an enchanting country. The Darro, whose rapid waves flow over sands of gold, runs through the entire city; the Xenil, whose healthful waters are the delight of flocks, renders it a copious tribute. A delicious plain extends on every side, where

grow abundant crops of grain, almost without cultivation, where orange and olive groves are seen mingled with the vine; exhaustless quarries of jasper, of marble and alabaster supply the materials and the decorations of the proud palaces and the magnificent edifices with which the city abounds. Innumerable fountains refresh the air and beautify the immense plazas, where warlike youth daily repair for exercise—the gardens filled with flowers and shaded with rose-bushes, cedars and pomegranite trees—all render this beautiful capital the most charming city of Spain. There, centred the strength and the power of the Moors; there, were built the temples of our arts and sciences. From the confines of Asia, from the banks of the Nile, from the foot of Atlas, kings, warriors and sages repaired to Granada for their examples and their models. The frequent wars with a nation, brave, loyal and generous, kept up between the Moor and the Spaniard a continual rivalry of glory. The Moorish youth, naturally inclined to love, had forgotten the barbarous maxims of the East and learned from their enemies, that profound respect, that tender veneration, that eternal constancy which filled the heart of a Spanish lover, presenting to him the adored object as the Divinity of his actions and bestowing upon him the virtues which became of easy acquisition, from the desire to possess them. The women, proud of their power, made efforts to merit in order to preserve it. Elevated in their own eyes by the homage offered to their beauty, they made themselves worthy of the precious tribute. Incapable of a frailty of which their happiness would be the price, they were chaste, that they might be beloved; and faithful, that they might remain happy.

“Such was the brilliant court, the fortunate asylum of love, of the fine arts and of courtesy when my father Muley-Hassan, yet a young man, ascended the throne. The new King was endowed with every virtue and by his example made himself more dear to the nation. Renowned already for his valor he had conquered the city of Jaen and forced the proud Spaniard to sign a lasting peace. All his cares were then directed to his people and our despotic form of government, so ruinous in the reigns of other monarchs, was,

with my father, the most certain means to render his vassals happy. The nobles of the empire at length were made to know that they were subject to justice and it was the same to all. The laborer oppressed until then, now gathered his harvest in peace: flocks covered our green mountains; trees and useful plants multiplied in the fields; the land in this clime so fertile, put forth all its treasures, and the kingdom of Granada, favored by nature—governed by a wise prince—cultivated by the hands of labor, seemed a vast garden whose fruits a numerous people could scarcely consume.

“After securing the happiness of his people, my father, enriched by the abundance his vassals enjoyed, turned their attention to the arts and employed them in his own aggrandizement. Mosques of marble and aqueducts of granite were built in all parts of the city. The famous palace of the Alhambra, commenced by Emir-Almunenim, was finished by Muley-Hassan. This monument of magnificence exceeds the flight of imagination. A thousand columns of alabaster sustain an immense vault, whose walls of porphyry shine resplendent with gold and blue. The water of a thousand fountains forming cascades of liquid silver flows into canals of jasper and winds through the galleries and apartments. The sweet perfume of flowers, mingled with incense which burned continually in subterranean vaults and was exhaled at the base of the columns, embalmed the air. Observatories looking toward the city, the smiling banks of both rivers and the snowy mountains offered ever beautiful and various prospects. Whatever enchants the senses—whatever art and nature and taste can effect for pleasure, and whatever can charm the intellect may be found in this beautiful mansion. Near the bubbling waters in the midst of sumptuous sculpture are engraved upon porphyry the verses of our Arabian poets. Near the door of the immense saloon, where our King administers justice, may be read the following inscription: ‘Turn pale, oh Evil! Flee where you will I pursue you. Heaven slow to punish will strike at last! Approach without fear, sad orphan! the father thou hast lost awaits thee here.’ At the entrance of the apartment where the Queen entertained the beauties of her court



and warriors of our army, were engraved in letters of gold, these words: 'Love, Honor and Glory here dwell amid innocent sports; modesty bestows their appointed rewards. Here, the favors granted by the fair, ruin not innocence. Love has no frailty and courage no fierceness. Victory suffices valor and the power to please suffices affection.'

"This delightful palace is surrounded by a garden more beautiful still; this is the famous Generalife celebrated throughout Asia and Africa—the object of the emulation of the powerful Califs, who in Cairo and Bagdad have made vain efforts to equal it. There nothing surprises—the eye is satisfied, it rests upon neither efforts of art nor brilliant prodigies which produce less a sensation of pleasure than of astonishment and fill the mind only with ideas of power and wealth. In this place are the beauties which amaze not, yet give pleasure and enjoyment. Orange and myrtle groves are interspersed in the green plains watered by limpid streams—and tastefully planned now conceal, now disclose distant prospects, neighboring villages, cultivated fields and the snowy summits of mountains—the palaces and monuments of Granada. At every step on the hill-sides vines, olives and pomegranates intertwining their fruits and their flowers meet the view. Here a cascade pours down from the summit of a rock—there a tranquil rivulet murmurs along a hedge of rose-bushes. Here, a grotto whence flow the sources of a crystal stream—there a shady grove where flit a thousand nightingales—on every side, a different prospect or a new situation—all fill the soul with sweet sentiments and purest pleasures.

"In this proud capital reigned happy for many years my father Muley-Hassan. But the contentions of the two tribes filled his days with bitterness and brought at last his empire to the verge of ruin. You already know that the Moors, though forming one nation, have preserved the patriarchal customs of the Arabs, our ancestors. Families are not confounded, but each forms a distinct tribe, more or less powerful according to its numbers, its slaves or its wealth, whose members united regard each other as brothers—aid each other—go to war together—and hold in common their property, their in-

terests and their sentiments. Among these tribes, the most warlike, the most illustrious, the most esteemed, is that of the Abencerrages, descendants of the ancient Kings who reigned in Yemen, with endowments superior to their noble origin, invincible in war, kind and merciful in victory, the delight and ornament of our court. The Spaniards respect and love them for their kindness and humanity to captives. Their wealth was the patrimony of the poor. In battles, in tournaments, in games, the prize of valor and skill was always awarded to the Abencerrages. Never has a coward been known in this celebrated tribe, never a false friend, an unfaithful husband, no perfidious lover has tarnished the glory of this illustrious family.

"Their only rivals in riches and perhaps in valor, are the famous Zegrís, descended from the monarchs of Fez. Spite of my just resentment against this criminal tribe, I do not desire to conceal the splendor of their distinguished deeds. Their valor has repeatedly laid waste the country of the Castilians—their victories have adorned our Mosques with the standards of the enemy, but their fierceness and thirst of blood have tarnished the lustre of these glorious acts. Never have the Zegrís taken a captive—the conquered always perish at their hands. Neither friendship nor love mitigate their ferocity. Disdaining the amiable qualities of the heart—the refinement and the cultivation so highly esteemed in our court, they regard sensibility as weakness. Proud, turbulent and ferocious, the field of death is their only pleasure, and skilled in the arts of war they despise all others. Their strongest passion is envy of the generous Abencerrages. The authority of Muley-Hassan could scarcely restrain these valiant tribes from shedding each other's blood, and the principal families in Granada had connected themselves with the one or the other party. The Almorades and the Alabazes sustained the cause of the Abencerrages. The Gomeles and the Vanegas defended that of the Zegrís; the other tribes more obscure imitated their example. The court and the city were divided, and my father trembled and feared every moment to see Granada inundated in blood. The noble and tender heart of Muley-Hassan did not hesitate as to the part he

ought to take. His own virtues inclined him to the Abencerrages, but this preference impossible to conceal, gave new cause for the hatred of his enemies. Muley was not ignorant of this, and to appease the discontent of the Zegrís by bestowing a marked honor, he selected a wife from that tribe, and Aïxa, daughter of Almadan, became Queen of Granada. Aïxa was beautiful, but the insensibility and the pride inherited from her family eclipsed the splendor of her beauty. My father unable to love, was obliged to repudiate her, but not until she had given him an heir to the throne in the fiery Boabdil who now reigns in Granada, and with whose terrible temper you will soon be made acquainted.

"The King unfortunate in his marriage would not again subject himself to its yoke; his ardent love for a Spanish captive rendered it impossible. The beautiful Leonora had subjugated his heart. Faithful to the religion of her fathers, without hope, as without the desire to reign over Mussulmen, Leonora loved in Muley his qualities and not his power. She wept with him over the misfortunes attached to royalty—consoled him when disgusted with the throne, when fatigued with office, when he felt the nothingness of grandeur and quieted that inward pain—that chagrin which *they* feel whom rank deprives of friends. The first fruit of this love was the generous Almanzor, he who now defends Granada—the fame of whose deeds has doubtless reached your ears."

"I know him," replied Gonsalvo promptly; "I know this valiant warrior. Where is the name of the virtuous Almanzor unknown, the firmest column of your empire, the glory and model of your court? Who is ignorant that this prince so dreadful in battle inspires the admiration and respect of his enemies? My heart venerates him, I am emulous of him alone of all the Moors, him alone I desire to equal, to surpass him is impossible."

The Princess listened with joy to the praise of her beloved brother. She thanked Gonsalvo with a smile and continued her recital.

"I was the last fruit of this love, which the King received from Leonora. Never was a

mother more affectionate to a beloved daughter. Her own breast nourished me; she would confide to no one the care of my infancy—she alone directed my education. My eyes fill with tears when I recall those peaceful days. My brother Almanzor, some years older, explained to me the lessons which were too difficult for my comprehension—I received his instructions with gratitude and felt within me that kind and confiding respect which my heart still retains. Muley came often to take part in our amusements, forgetting among us the mortification caused him by Boabdil, and the best of mothers experienced her greatest happiness when the King she adored visited her retreat and pressed her beloved children in his paternal arms. Unfortunately this blissful period was of but short duration. The Spaniard attacked our frontiers and my brother, led on by glory, left us and hastened to the camp. His valor and his brilliant deeds did not console us for his absence. He returned triumphant to place his laurels at the feet of his mother and again left us. I was compelled to appear at the court and in the midst of gaiety and pleasures, I sighed at the recollection of those tranquil years consecrated only to love, but soon other misfortunes more bitter still fell upon me.

"My mother was taken from us—she expired in my arms. Oh! mother! oh! kind and worthy mother! thy loss will never be effaced from memory. The last words uttered to thy unhappy daughter still echo in her heart. Direct, from thy place in Heaven, oh sweet mother, direct her steps. Thy daughter will not fail in the promise she made thee in thy dying moments—may she be faithful to the duties thou didst teach her! Inspire in her heart where thou still dwellest the virtues of which thou gave'st her the example." Zulema could not proceed. Weeping choked her utterance—her face was bathed in tears. Gonsalvo, as much moved as she, gazed upon her with softened expression; he respected her feelings too much to interrupt her silence. The princess at last resumed the narrative with a tremulous voice:

"The King was disconsolate and life would have been insupportable without Leonora, but for my brother and myself. Almanzor

was with the army; he returned overwhelmed with grief to mingle his tears with ours. My father would not again permit a separation. Boabdil, who had long been occupied in criminal projects, took advantage of this absence, to gain the hearts of the soldiers. To the gifts of nature he added a brilliant courage so becoming a young prince and a prodigality so pleasing to courtiers. Would that I could name other virtues in Boabdil, but false adulation had corrupted his youth and persuaded him from an early age that all his duties were to his own class. He believed himself superior to the law, because he was not subject to its penalties. He perceived not, that they whom the laws could not reach, were subject to the terrible retribution of hatred and public contempt. The habit of indulging his passions transformed them into vices; he soon lost remorse—that last friend to virtue—passed rapidly from pleasures to excesses and from excesses to crimes—the miserable lot of a prince whose entire life depends always upon the choice of his first friends.

“Boabdil gave himself over without reserve to the Zegrís, who anxiously desired to see upon the throne a monarch of their own race and sought to renew the examples, too common among us, of fathers dethroned by their sons, of Kings deposed by their vassals. His impious design of gaining the army to his interests encountered no obstacle except in the Abencerrages. These faithful warriors gave information to Muley and my father departed at once, showed himself to the army, and his presence restored discipline; but the evil had taken so deep a root that the least spark would have kindled a devouring flame. The King, distrustful of his ungrateful son, whom he dared not punish, made a treaty with the Spaniards—disconcerted the Zegrís and disbanded the army.

“On his return to the capital, he quieted the minds and dissipated the factions of his court by giving more noble aliment to that fiery inquietude—to that eternal inconstancy ever characteristic of the Moorish nation. The festivals, the tournaments, the sports so common in other times, were renewed by his order. Bowed down by grief, mourning ever the loss of his beloved Leonora, his heart could not partake in these rejoicings, but

counselled by wisdom, he desired to give occupation to the warlike youth and prevent in this way a civil war, the thought alone of which afflicted his benevolent heart. The marriage of my brother gave a pretext for these feasts. The brave Almanzor had long loved the beautiful Moraima of the tribe of the Abencerrages, and Moraima loved Almanzor. Who would not have accepted the homage of the most virtuous, the most valiant of princes? Moraima consulted her mother, confided to her the secret of her heart and she permitted the avowal of affection to her lover. From that time, the tender Moraima lived only, breathed only, for the hero—the master of her heart. The lightest suspicion, the most trifling quarrel never disturbed their constant love. Secure, each of the other, both penetrated with a passion founded on reciprocal esteem, they awaited their marriage with that sweet impatience which tempers present happiness. In the meantime they contented themselves with seeing each other, with daily conversation, with mutual encouragement in the pursuit of virtue. So sweet were these pleasures, that their chaste hearts could imagine none to surpass them. The King desired their immediate union and wished to display at this marriage all his magnificence. Moraima covered with a veil enriched with pearls, arrayed in garments interwoven with gold and embroidered with precious stones, rode into the city, according to the usages of our nation, upon a superb horse, accompanied by a troop of women. Music preceded her; she was followed by slaves carrying in baskets, garnished with flowers, Persian cloths and Indian veils—the rich decorations for the youthful bride. She was then conducted to the Mosque where the Abencerrages awaited her. There Almanzor had repaired with my father surrounded by a splendid court, excelling the noblest warriors in statue, in aspect, in gallantry, and that air of majesty and goodness which indicates the happy tranquility which a great soul enjoys.

The Imau envoked the blessing of the prophet upon the new couple and the people responded with acclamations. From thence they were conducted with kettledrums, and clarions to the palace of the Alhambra. Exquisite perfumes were exhaled around them

during the march. Twelve damsels clothed in white preceded the beautiful Moraima and twelve youths crowned with roses marched before Almanzor. Each troop scattered flowers in the pathway and sung as it proceeded.

"Muley-Hassan appointed the morning of the following day, for our national games—the Ring, the Tournament, and the *Canes*. The warriors all assembled, all lavished their means in the purchase of the richest armour and the most superb horses. The beauties of the Court fearful lest their lovers might not be victors, bestowed upon them ribands and devices. Many acknowledged their affections for the first time, sacrificing their own pride in the hope of stimulating their courage and their skill.

"Scarcely had the sun gilded the towers of Granada, when an immense multitude of citizens and strangers attracted by the festivals, had occupied the ranges of seats placed in the plaza Vivarambla. In the middle of this vast square where twenty thousand warriors might assemble in order of battle, an artificial palm-tree with trunk of bronze and branches of gold, was erected and decorated with rich sculpture. A silver dove was placed upon one of its branches and held in its mouth a ring, the object of contention. At the foot of the palm, a platform had been raised for the judges of the games and the musicians who with timbrels and other instruments were to announce each victory. The King, the royal family and the Court occupied balconies hung with rich cloths and magnificent flags. Windows adorned with garlands and filled with Moorish maidens formed around the plaza a brilliant and charming spectacle.

"The judges had already taken their places, when Muley arrived with all the pomp of the throne, leading Moraima by the hand, who shone resplendent with diamonds. The people secretly seduced by the perfidious Zegrís did not burst out, when they saw their Monarch, into those acclamations of love and joy which until then they had been accustomed to manifest. The soul of Muley was deeply grieved. He was unable to repress his tears and turning to my brother, who accompanied him—"My son," said he, 'I have lived too long, they cease to love

me.' We seized his hands with tenderness. Muley seated himself among us; his Court surrounded him; the balconies were filled and the sound of the trumpets from the four barriers of the plaza announced the champions.

"They then entered from the different sides in four squadrons. The Abencerrages formed the first; they were clothed in blue tunics bordered with silver and pearls, mounted on white horses, caparisoned with sapphire armor; a blue plume, the distinguishing color of the tribe, decorated their turbans; a lion chained by a Shepherdess with the motto 'Merciful and Terrible,' was the device on their bucklers. All in the flower of their age, all gallant, brilliant, full of hope and spirit tempered by urbanity, they advanced with a light step, commanded by Abenhamet, the narration of whose misfortunes will soon force your tears, but who at that time was solely ambitious of being victor in the games in the presence of Zoraida.

"The Zegrís formed the second squadron; they were clothed in green tunics, bordered with gold and wore in their turbans a black plume, the sinister color of their family; embroidered mantles covered their black chargers; with erect front and haughty bearing and measured step, they followed Ali, the formidable Ali, chief of this terrible tribe; Ali, to whom forty years of victories had given the *soubriquet* of 'Sword of God.' They carried bucklers bearing the device of a scimeter besmeared with blood and the motto—"This is my Law."

"The Alabaces and the Gomeles formed the other two squadrons, the first clothed in red, with a border of silver, with turbans similar to those of the Abencerrages and mounted on sorrel horses; the latter, the allies of the Zegrís, upon bay horses; they wore purple tunics and black plumes in their turbans. The four squadrons saluted the King, one after the other, made various evolutions and then stationed themselves at the sides.

Prince Boabdil first sallied out, on a fiery African charger. When the people saw him they broke out into joyful acclamations; he passed in front of the Abencerrages and then placed himself among the Zegrís. Ali proposed to yield the command but the prince refused it. The King gave orders to the



judges to distribute lances of the same quality to all who desired to contend for the prizes.

“Each squadron selected twelve Knights to tilt for the ring and each by a single failure was to lose the right of further contest. A superb diamond plume was to be the prize of the victor and other presents not so magnificent were reserved to console the vanquished.

“The signal was given and the first who to presented himself was the graceful Abenhamet, who sallied like a thunderbolt from the blue squadron and carried off the first ring. Ali, the Zegri, was about to make the attempt to carry off the second, but Boabdil advanced and rendered confused by hatred to Abenhamet, rushed forward, missed his blow, shivered his lance and then concealed himself among the Zegris. Ali next presented himself and carried off the second; Abenhamet gained the third; Ali returned—became master of the fourth and excited general applause. The Abencerrage again entered, but struck the dove with his lance; the ring leaped into the air and Abenhamet dexterously caught it before it reached the ground. The people were transported with admiration. Ali dared not return to the strife, and the Zegris, the Alabaces and the Gomeles had all tilted without success. The most fortunate had carried off but five rings and Abenhamet had already gained twenty. A thousand trumpets announced the victory; and the judges awarded the prize; he advanced and received it on his knees from the hand of Moraima and then hastened to place it at the feet of Zoraida, whose heart sympathized with him in the triumph and the glory.

“The four squadrons next prepared for the game of the Reeds. All armed with these light weapons, rushed one against the other, broke them on their bucklers, tossed them in the air and caught them while descending to the ground. Skilfully managing their steeds, fleetier than the eagle, they attacked, they fled, they returned, they formed, they dispersed, they stopped, they rallied, all so rapidly as to deceive the wondering eyes unable to follow their various movements. In like manner, a troop of dolphins in the Almerian Sea, divide the liquid plain—mingle in gambols and sports, pursue without over-

taking and bound in the foaming waves.

“But a most detestable treason had been prepared to stain the festival with blood. The perfidious Zegris wore coats of mail beneath their gilded tunics and in the tumult of the games, many changed their mock-lances for real ones. Abenhamet was first wounded; and rendered furious by the sight of his blood, he madly rushed, sabre in hand, upon the Zegri by whom he had been struck and immolated him on the spot. The Zegris drew their scimitars and the Abencerrages observing it hastened to the assistance of their captain. The Alabaces declared in their favor and the Gomeles for the Zegris. The four squadrons charged with equal ardor; each applied to the other the names of traitor and coward. Blood flowed in the plaza. The people took to flight, and hatred, vengeance and death were satiated in the carnage.

“The King, the judges, my brother, all made useless efforts to appease their fury. None obeyed the voice of Almanzor—all then despised the authority of Muley—all disregarded the judges. The Abencerrages whose swords were repelled by the hidden armor of their enemies, discovered the treason and rushed towards the barriers to secure their coats of mail. The Zegris pursued, pressed on and slew them on the way. On that disastrous day, this valiant family would have perished, if my brother who was armed, had not presented himself suddenly at the passage and sustained singly the whole opposition of their enemy and thus favored the escape of the Abencerrages. The Zegris dispersed throughout the city, crying out—‘To arms, long live King Boabdil, Muley-Hassan has ceased to reign.’ The people whom they had bribed, augmented the rebel troop and all Granada was in tumult. The doors of the houses were closed and barred; lances glittered in the streets; the air resounded with frightful cries. Boabdil in the midst of the Zegris fanned the flame of rebellion; the factions had proclaimed him King and he marched towards the Alhambra escorted by a numerous troop.

Muley-Hassan had retired alone into that palace, surrounded by his family. We held him in our feeble arms; anxiety had deprived him of voice and strength. The gen-

erous King without fear for himself thought of his subjects only—for them he shed pious tears—for them alone he invoked the eternal Being. ‘Oh Allah!’ exclaimed he, extending his tremulous hands towards Heaven, ‘break my sceptre, but save my people—pardon their fury! They are deceived—they are led headlong into crime! Punish them not, merciful God.’

“Almanzor prepared to defend us; he collected the scattered guards—placed arms in the hands of the slaves—caused the gates of the Alhambra to be closed—stationed archers in the towers and presented himself on a platform, with his lance at his side. The Zegrís trembled at the sight. Soon the brave Abencerrages arrived, armed in brilliant steel, burning with fury and indignation. The Almorades and the Alabaces, tribes faithful to their King, came to defend him or die, and disdaining to wait for the enemy behind the walls of the palace, they placed themselves before the gates. Almanzor went among them and was received with acclamations. Other acclamations were heard at the same moment. The Zegrís, the Vengas and the Gomeles appeared, led by Boabdil and followed by an infuriated multitude.

The presence of Almanzor detained them, a profound silence succeeded the tumult and no one dared approach the hero of Granada—the worthy object of their admiration; but by command of Boabdil, they formed in order of battle and lowered their lances. The trumpets on both sides were about to give the horrible signal, when the gates of the Alhambra suddenly opened, and Muley-Hassan, bearing in his hands the sceptre and the crown, advanced between the armies—‘Hold,’ said he, ‘and bring not down upon your heads the wrath of Heaven, by shedding the blood of your brothers—waste not that blood, every drop of which will be needed in warfare against the Spaniards. Abencerrages! Zegrís! you are forging your own chains. Forget this fatal discord, reserve your valor, to employ it against a common enemy—you say that you have cause of offence. Is it not on my account? Learn from me, how to revenge yourselves. People of Granada, you are weary of my reign. From this moment it ceases. Since you deny me your love, I wish not your crown.

Come, receive it, Boabdil, come, take the sceptre you so much desire. You will often find it too heavy for your strength. Approach, my son, approach and fear not. Look upon these gray hairs and tell me, do you think that for the few sands which remain to me of life I would permit the murder of my vassals. Ah! Boabdil, Boabdil! you have never known my heart; a thousand times you have filled it with bitterness, but your father will forgive you, if you will render your subjects happy, and if by your justice and benevolence they never have reason to repent for what this day they do for you.’ The old man ceased, and then extended to his son the crown and the sceptre. Boabdil, stupified by the recollection of his crimes, remained motionless and dared not raise his eyes to his father’s face. He had not the power to take one step towards him. Muley observed it, advanced and placed upon his blushing brow that crown which had been the unhappy object of his desires. He turned towards the two parties, who looked on in astonishment, and said—“Abencerrages! salute the King of Granada, and you! Zegrís! swear peace towards your generous enemies.’

“The people overwhelmed with joy, cried out, ‘Long live King Boabdil! Long live the Abencerrages, the Zegrís and Muley-Hassan!’ They conducted Boabdil in pomp to the palace of the Alhambra. My father, followed by Almanzor, Moraima and myself, retired to Albeyzin, the ancient habitation of the first Kings of the Moors.”

*End of Book Second.*

## SONNET.

### THE SHADOW.

It comes betwixt me and the amethyst  
Of yon far mountain-tops; the amber sky  
Of the serene sunset to my eye,  
Is curtained ever by its haunting mist:  
And when some dear, familiar brow I’ve kissed,  
My lips grow pallid as it sweeps me by,  
And leaves me darkened with an agony,  
That faith and reason each in vain resist.  
It blurs the poet’s line—it dims the page  
Of holy teachings oft—and on the tongue  
The struggling prayer that inward strength would crave,  
Dies out in sobs that nothing can assuage:  
And all this gloom o’er life and nature flung,  
This heart-cloud, is—the shadow of a grave!

## BAILEY'S GRAMMAR.

MR. EDITOR:—The number of the Messenger for March contains a communication from a correspondent in La Grange, Tenn., in which the writer undertakes to point out various "imperfections" in *Bailey's Manual*. Such an article appearing in such a periodical requires, at least, a brief reply. More especially is this the case, since most of the objections urged may, I think, be clearly shown to have no foundation in fact; while some things pointed out as defects are real excellencies. In some cases the reviewer's efforts at criticism involve himself in utter absurdity.

Before taking up these objections, allow me to remark, that I look upon all such criticisms as extremely unjust. A fair and honest criticism, where it undertakes to discuss either the general plan or the execution of a work, will not deal solely with either its excellencies or defects. To select and dwell upon what are regarded weak points in the character of either an individual or a book, without even alluding to the good qualities which may be found therein, falls, in my opinion, but little short of slander; while holding up the good qualities alone, and concealing what may be defective (especially in a book) is calculated to mislead the public mind and subject it to imposition. I do not pretend to accuse your correspondent of intentionally injuring or attempting to injure the rapidly advancing reputation of *Bailey's Grammar*; for he gives us no clue to the motives which called forth this production of his pen. We will, however, give him the benefit of the best construction of which his conduct is susceptible, viz: a desire to enlighten the public in regard to the imminent dangers to which sound learning is exposed, by the use of a text-book in which *he* has discovered so many imperfections.

Now let us see what "Courtney's" great array of "objections" amount to when fairly analyzed. Taking the sections criticised by number, as he has done, let us follow him.

Sec. 6. He objects to calling the Adjective a part of the Noun. Now the *noun* is

the *name* by which we designate some particular object. This object may have a variety of *qualities* and *attendant circumstances*, which, taken together, really constitute the object itself. If we wish to direct attention to this object, without direct reference to any one or more of its *qualities*, we use the simple name or *substantive noun*; as *rock*. But when we would direct attention to some *quality* of this simple *noun*, or to some condition attending it, we add another word which we call an *adjective*; as, *hard rock*. This then is the *name* of what we wish to express—the *rock* with the quality of *hardness*. Thus the adjective becomes just as much a *part* of the *name* or *noun*, as the quality implied in *hard* is a part of the *rock*. On principles somewhat analogous to this many of the best writers on Grammar make the *adverb* in some cases a part of the *verb*; as, Jack *cut down* the tree. Here the word *down* may be regarded as expressing the consummation of the action. I do not adopt this construction, because the modification of idea expressed by the *adverb* does not constitute a part of the action modified.

Secs. 5 and 8. The tripartite classification of words has been adopted by some of the most distinguished writers on the Grammars of the Latin and Greek languages; but so far as I know, Mr. Bailey has first introduced it distinctly and prominently into a text-book on our own grammar. This classification is clear and gives the pupil, at the very threshold of the science, a general view of the relation of words:

1. The *noun*—the subject of discourse, or the object of an action.
2. The *verb*—by which something is predicated.
3. The *particles*—connecting other words and showing their relations.

Here is the whole Grammar in a nut-shell.

"Courtney" can see no better reason for calling these little words of the 3rd class, "particles," than for calling adjectives particles. The adjective has been shown to be a part of the noun, is "capable of inflection," and hence belongs to the first class.

Dr. Webster defines *Particle*, "a word that is not varied or inflected." Prof. Latham of London says, "The word *particle* is a collective term for all those parts of



speech that are naturally *insusceptible of inflection*."

18. "Courtney" here objects to calling the *article* a *form* of the adjective. The term "adjective" denotes a class of words, always found attached to substantive nouns, expressed or understood. The article presents one of the *forms*, in which words of this class occur; hence it may with much propriety be spoken of as a "form of the adjective."

21. This section has been modified by the author in the later editions.

24. "The *Relative Pronouns* are *who*, *which*, *that* and *what*," &c. The critic objects to calling *which* a relative pronoun. He says "*which* is always an adjective." I say it is no more an adjective than *who* is. Take the examples: "The horse *which* ran away"—"The servant *who* ran away." Are not *who* and *which* in the same relation here? If Mr. Bailey errs in calling *which* a *relative pronoun*, he errs in the company of all distinguished grammarians who have ever written, except your La Grange correspondent. The author treats *what* in section 25, much more satisfactorily than his critic.

33. The criticism on this section amounts to nothing.

49. Any one after reading over connectedly what immediately precedes this section cannot fail to see the meaning intended here. The author is speaking of the forms of the general meaning of the verb, as expressed under the different *moods*. From this his definition of the *Infinitive* is easily filled out by the mind of the reader. The *Infinitive mood* expresses an *indefinite* or *general* form [of meaning] without the distinction of number or person.

51 to 56. "Courtney" says, "*tense* means *time*, it does not *express* time." How can a word *mean* what it does not *express*? "Present tense," "Imperfect tense," &c., as used in these sections, denote those *forms* of the verb which express distinctions of time. If the *forms* of the verb do not express its relations to *time*, pray of what use are the varieties of *form* in the different tenses?

100. Mr. Bailey says, "Both, either and neither are conjunctions." Mr. Bullions says, "Both, either and neither, are sometimes *conjunctions*." Butler, whose Gram-

mar is used to a considerable extent in the Western States, has the same words in his list of *conjunctions*. So of Murray and others. When Mr. Bailey "sins," he seems generally to have remarkably good company in the same category.

171. "*As* is used as a *relative pronoun*, after *such* and *so*; as, the republic honors *such* men *as* serve her faithfully."—Bailey.

"How could any one imagine that *as* in such constructions is a relative pronoun."—"Courtney."

Some very good grammarians—some quite as profoundly versed in the philosophy of language as either "Courtney" or myself, have "imagined" this very thing. Rev. F. Knighton in his "School Grammar," p. 216, remarks: "*As* sometimes has the force of a *Relative*," &c. Butler, page 113: "*As* is sometimes used as a *pronoun*." Old Noah Webster, "than whom" we have no higher authority in such matter, says: "In some phrases it must be considered a *nominative* word," (4to. *Dictionary*); *i. e.* *as* must be considered as the nominative to the verb, *filling* thus the *place* of a noun—a *pronoun*. With all his independence of thought, Mr. Bailey is rather too modest not to yield a little to such an array of authority. Yet, after disposing of *than* in the same way, he ventures a little lower down in the same section, though modestly, to remark: "The ellipsis *may* (not *must*) be supplied, so as to bring back *than* and *as* to their original office of conjunctions. But they have *generally* been rendered in such connections as pronouns," &c.

174. "The verb itself has no *number* nor *person*, but is varied in *form* to agree with the number and person of the nominative case."—Bailey.

On this "Courtney" remarks: "*Number* and *person* are *modifications* of certain words, and if that modification of a noun or pronoun, which denotes that it is the *speaker*, is properly called the first person, then that modification of the verb which denotes that the speaker is the actor, is as properly called the first person, and when the actor and action both refer to the person spoken to, then they are both properly of the second person," &c.

Booth in his "Analytical Dictionary"

(London Ed. p. 44.) has this remark: "The *verb* is merely the *name of an action or state of being*, and its variations in form are occasioned *solely by its connection with other words*, that denote the manner or circumstances under which that state of being exists or exerts its energies." *Person* is certainly not dependent on any modification of a *word*, much less is it a *modification*; for the same word may be in the *first, second or third person*; as, I am a *man*, thou art a *man*, he is a *man*. Here the noun *man* is in three different persons, but without any modification, except so far as its connection with the pronouns is concerned. *I, thou* and *he* represent the three persons, but modify either of them as you will, it is still of the same person. *Person* denotes that relation of the subject to the verb indicating that the speaker asserts something of himself, asserts something of the person addressed, or asserts something of a third person about whom, but not to whom he is speaking. While, then, the distinction of person resides *really* in the *subject*, the verb is modified to suit this distinction. So it is of *number*. The number of a verb, as it is called, does not depend at all upon unity or plurality of *action*, but upon unity or plurality of *actor*. "The horse draws the wagon"—"The horses draw the wagon." The action is the same in both of these examples but the number of actors is different; hence the distinctions of number.

201. "The verbs which terminate the action on an object," &c. Mr. Bailey here uses an abridged and somewhat metaphorical form of expression, but so plain that any child, capable of understanding grammar at all, cannot fail to see his meaning. When he speaks of a verb "terminating" an action on an object, any one can see that he does not regard the verb as the actor, but for the moment personifies the word expressing the termination of the action. Such license is certainly admissible where it leads to no obscurity in the sense. The critic must have been rather "hard up" for an "objection" when he came to this section.

230. This section is somewhat obnoxious to criticism, yet the cases are peculiar in which words connected by conjunctions may not be shown to belong to distinct propositions. They are only cases in which some

more extensive term is made up of two or more of less extent; as, Congress is composed of the Senate and House of Representatives.

230, (again.) In the *tenth edition* I find "as well as" omitted in the list of conjunctions; so that the objection, if it was an objection, is removed. But I cannot leave this paragraph without calling attention to "Courtney's" analysis of the sentence; "Cæsar, as well as Cicero, was remarkable for his eloquence." I cannot copy the whole of his remarks but must refer you to the original, where you will find the whole matter about the phrase "as well as" most strikingly "obfuscated." The conclusion at which he arrives is especially worthy of remark. It is this; "Cæsar as well as Cicero was remarkable for his eloquence," is nearly equivalent to, "Cæsar was *that* well remarkable for his eloquence, *which* well Cicero was remarkable for his eloquence." A remarkable paraphrase certainly! He has said under section 24, that *which* is *always* an *adjective*; of course then *well*, in his paraphrase must be a *noun*, for *which* certainly does not belong to either "Cicero" or "eloquence." We can characterize this paraphrase as nothing better than a specimen of grammatical nonsense.

254 and 259. If any one will take the trouble to compare "Courtney's" rule, with the several observations referred to under these sections, he will see at once that the "rule" does not cover the ground occupied by the observations.

254 obs. 11. "The distributive adjective pronouns require a singular verb." Certainly they do: for *each*, *every*, *either* require the nouns following them to be in the singular number, and when these nouns become the subjects of verbs, the verbs must be of the same number, so that the number of the subject is first determined by the distributive, and the number of the verb necessarily follows. Knighton says, "*each, every, either* and *neither* referring to nouns in the *singular only*, require the verbs to be in the singular.

As to the quotation from Rev. VI. 14. (not VIII. 14.) "Courtney" misquotes both Bailey and the Bible, as any one may see, by inspection. It might be well to compare the

translation here with the original. The Greek reads thus: *παν ορος και νησος εκ των τοπων αυτων εκινηθησαν*. King James version is; "every mountain and island were moved out of their places," you see at a glance that we have here a literal translation. The construction of the English version is not exactly in accordance with present usage; but the translators in this, as in some other cases endeavored to follow the original as closely as possible. Mr. Bailey might with propriety, I think, have embraced this under 373; 8.

256. "A noun meaning the same thing with another noun" is certainly quite as perspicuous and elegant, as "a noun meaning the same thing which another noun means." But I can hardly consider either of these a correct and full definition of nouns in *opposition*. "Webster, the patriot and statesman is no more." While the three nouns in this example are in apposition they can scarcely be regarded as meaning the same thing. "One noun or pronoun annexed to another, for emphasis or definition is put by apposition in the same case."

265. This requires no remark.

270. If the sentence criticised here be taken in its proper connection—the only fair way of viewing it—the meaning will be readily seen.

271. "What an adverb," &c. Dr. Webster says, "sometimes *what* has no verb to govern it, must be considered as *adverbially* used" &c., (4to. Dictionary.) Butler, p. 113. "What is used as an adverb; as *what* by entreaty, and *what* by threatening, I succeeded." You seem still to keep good company, Mr. Bailey.

271 obs. 13. "Adverbs are often used for *connectives*, qualifying the sentences they connect; as, He governs his children strictly, *while* he loves them tenderly"—Bailey. "In this sentence *while* is a *conjunctive adverb*, it joins on a clause but it does not modify that clause. It relates to and modifies the verbs, *governs* and *loves*, denoting that both verbs relate to the same point or portion of time"—Courtney. Here we have a specimen of "distinction without difference." What is the difference between "*adverbs* used for *connectives*," and "*conjunctive adverbs*?" If an *adverb* modifies the only *verb* in a clause does it not neces-

sarily modify the sense of the *whole* clause? How can *while* modify the verbs, *governs* and *loves*, in the above sentence without modifying the whole sentence? I am sure I cannot see how.

272. Rule 18. Read this rule, then read the criticism, and I think you will draw the same conclusions that I have drawn. The relation between two words, as indicated by a preposition, is reciprocal. In the example, "my hand is *on* the book," *on* indicates the relation of the *book* to the *hand*, as plainly as it does that of *hand* to the *book*. "I am writing *with* a pen." *With* certainly points out the relation of the *pen* to the act of *writing*. "Courtney's" explanation of the office of the *preposition* is decidedly *not clear*—I was about to say decidedly "muddy."

272, obs. 6. v. 273, obs. 5. "Than a preposition!!!" Here it will be perceived that the critic indulges freely in exclamation points, as if he had discovered a "mare's-nest." "*Than* requires the relative following it to be in the *objective* case." Knighton's Gram. p. 208. "*Than* is sometimes followed by the *objectives* *whom* and *which*." Weld's Eng. Gram. 188. See also Latham's Handbook. pp. 357–8. "*Than* whom" has become too fully incorporated into our language to be set aside by any thing less than "an act of Parliament," as an Englishman would say.

273. What is said by the critic on this section is a mere repetition in substance of what had been previously said under sec. 171.

292. "Courtney" says: "In a direct comparison of either the qualities or actions of things when either the positive or comparative degree is used, the things compared belong to different propositions, and are in the same case."

The exceptions to this are numerous. Take the examples; "He is tall like *me*,"—"She sings like a nightingale,"—"William, unlike his brother, is wild and thoughtless." Are *me*, *nightingale* and *brother* in the same cases as *He*, *She* and *William*?

293. "To construe an elliptical sentence, we must take the text *precisely* as it stands, without dropping or altering any word in it, and without substituting one word for another; then supply the ellipsis so as to make the construction regular, and at the same

time convey the obvious meaning of the writer or speaker.—“*Courtney*.” This is wrong in principle, in the first place; and secondly it will often be found impracticable. Let us try it; “Neither George nor Henry was present on yesterday.” Supply the elipsis;—George was not present on yesterday; Henry was not present on yesterday.” Both the President and his cabinet approve the measure.’ “The President approves the measure—The President’s cabinet approves the measure.” Is there no “dropping,” “altering” or “substituting” of words here?

294. I admit that *as*, in the example here quoted, may be construed otherwise than as a preposition, but good grammarians differ in opinion about the construction of *as*, especially in such examples as this; “He appears *as* your *advocate*.”

302, example 13. The author of the “Manual” is quite as clear and satisfactory to my mind, in his solution of this example, as his critic. Pray what does “Courtney” mean in this, and several other places, when he speaks of the *numbers* of a sentence; “each in its own *number*,”—The *numbers* are similar?” Of course he means to say “members.”

312, example 24. “To save himself and household *from amidst* a world, devote to universal wreck.” Mr. Bailey says *from* governs the phrase “*amidst* a world.” His critic says “this is a great mistake.” But if we look a little more closely into the matter we will not find it a “great mistake.” The words, “amidst a world,” imply in themselves, as here used, a *position*; *from* shows the relation of that position to the act of saving, &c., and may hence be regarded as governing the words which denote that position. To supply *wreck* after *from* as “Courtney” does is extremely awkward; “To save himself and household *from* (the wreck, which wreck is) *amidst* a world devote to universal wreck.” Here we have a *wreck* within a wreck. There seems to me a sort of necessity to save Grammar from *wreck* among the critics.

“He looked *from above* the storm.” The true philosophy of language points to the phrase “above the storm,” as denoting the place *from* which he looked. The prepositions *amidst* and *above*, may still be considered as governing the nouns following them.

Such a combination of prepositions is regarded by the best grammarians as forming a *double preposition*. In many cases it seems necessary to construe them as such. “He fell *from off* the crag.” In this example *from* may be considered an adverb qualifying *fell*, or *from off* may be considered a compound preposition; but it would be absurd to put “*and*” between them to fill up the elipsis.

314, example 25. “Ida stands *over against* Troy.” Dr. Webster calls *over* sometimes an *adverb*, meaning *on the opposite side*. So it is here and qualifies stands. A like construction may be found in “Courtney’s” own favorite phrase “joins *on* a clause.” If *on* is not to be regarded as an adverb, how does he construe it in this; “followed by a clause, joined *on by* the conjunctive adverb *than*.”

Most of the imperfections found by “Courtney” in “Bailey’s Manual,” may, as you can see from what we have said, be found in many of the best grammars now in use; and a considerable number of them even in that greatest of books on the English Language, “Webster’s Quarto Dictionary.” If these are, therefore, all to be rejected, I know not what our boys and girls are to do for a grammar, unless “Courtney” will undertake to prepare one free from “imperfections.” But I think “Courtney,” as well as myself, would do well to sit down patiently, with Webster in one hand and Bailey in the other, and con a little more deeply the true philosophy of language.

We do not regard Bailey’s Grammar as perfectly faultless, but after a careful perusal, we do regard it as the best Manual for schools now in use. The *tenth* edition issued by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, will be found a little more accurate in some minor points than the earlier edition. The fact that this work has met with the approbation of the best scholars and teachers in the country, to such an extent, that a *tenth* edition, and probable an *eleventh*, has been called for within a little more than a year, speaks too loudly in its favor to require any thing additional from us. The “Primary Grammar” by the same author is becoming a favorite book for beginners wherever the “Manual” has become known. JUSTICE.



## THE SHOON OF EIGHTY YEARS.

*Et quorum pars magna fui.*

At midnight in the darkness,  
I woke from visions sweet,  
And heard upon my threshold  
The tramp of thronging feet.

There came in long procession  
All shoon I ever wore;  
The stalwart boot of manhood,  
The tiny shoe of yore.

Down-trodden, torn, neglected,  
Laden with dust and grime,  
They bore, spite age and wrinkle,  
The spirit of their prime.

I could not smile to see them,  
All stiff, and bent and hoar,  
Repeat with steps familiar  
The days that are no more.

Some o'er the floor went softly  
With timid steps and small;  
Some with an antic canter,  
That shook the old house wall.

And some with restless longing  
Look'd to the stars above;  
And some were still pursuing  
The fleeing dreams of Love.

And near them gaily falling  
Like airy flakes of snow,  
Were silken shoon—to hear them,  
Was rapture long ago.

And some—ah! there were many,  
Went pacing to and fro,  
There lonely shadows darken'd  
O'er years of doubt and woe.

A few—I scarcely knew them,  
They were not shoon of yore,  
With footsteps small and timid,  
They totter'd o'er the floor.

They stopp'd where hung my boot-jack,  
And parley'd low and long,  
The ancient jack descended,  
And mingled with the throng.

Then went in long procession,  
All shoon I ever wore,  
Leading the ancient boot-jack  
From out my lonely door.

And shadows dark and silent,  
Are closing o'er the light  
That lingers 'round their pathway,  
Far in the depths of night.

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. S. GRAYSON, ESQ.

There can be no question, we think, that much of the skepticism, and all the dread of metaphysical philosophy of the last and also, we may say, of the present century, are to be attributed, primarily, to the philosophy of Locke. Not that he was not a man of shining private virtues, an acute logician, and a steadfast adherent of revelation, but because he carried the experimental method of philosophy, proper for the investigation of the phenomena of matter, into the examination of the inherent qualities of the human soul.

In endeavoring to get away from the scholastic method of investigation—the appeal to dialectics or intellectual analysis, and discarding the plain teachings of Scripture with respect to man as he sprang from the hand of his Creator, he ran himself into a species of Unitarianism—ran many of his followers into idealism; many of them into materialism and consequent infidelity; and the mind of the British public into a dread of investigations purely philosophical.

He sought to follow the experimental method that had been properly introduced by Bacon into the study of nature, and therefore first directed his attention to man, not as the scripture had described him to be but as he exhibited himself in the light of observation and in the view of experience.

He sought, he said, “in a plain *historical* method to give an account of the ways in which the understanding attains the notions it has, for which I shall appeal to every one's own experience and observation.”

The controversy between him and Bishop Stillingfleet with respect to the doctrine of the Trinity, with which here we desire to have nothing to do, will discover to the curious reader, the singular turn which his philosophy took in a religious discussion.

Locke, then, looking at man in the light of experience and observation, thought that he saw him possessed of mind as the primary element of his nature and straightway restructured his experimental and observational method of inquiry to an examina-

tion of—not man—but the primary faculty of man. He thought that he discovered that man's information came to the *mind*, through material organs by the *medium of ideas*.

We say that Locke thought that he discovered or observed, or experienced, that external objects fixed or transmitted to the mind certain images called ideas, which ideas were the medium of intellectual intercourse between the man with the mind and the extra-organic world.

The merest tyro in philosophy can at once see how plainly the theory must lead to materialism, and therefore to infidelity. This representation of external objects in the *mind* of man, where they are intellectually seen by *man*, is called the representational system of human information, because they—these ideas or images—intervene or interpose between man, viewing intellectually, and the objects of external nature painted on the mind by a physical process.

We all know into what sort of infidelity this intervention of ideas, supposed to be interposed between man, having a faculty called mind where these ideas located themselves and the outer or objective world, ran Berkeley and Hume and others. It is not to be denied that Locke's philosophy leads logically to fatalism.

One portion of his system led Berkeley and his adherents into idealism, or the rejection of the possibility of an extra organic world, and another led Hume and his adherents into infidelity and fatalism.

Now we affirm without the fear of successful disputation that the conclusions of Berkeley and the conclusions of Hume come as logically, and irresistibly, from the premises given by Locke, as that the product four comes from the addition of two and two.

We are here to observe that Locke's observational method of investigation led him to infer that this *man*, whom he so examined, and whom he so found to have a mind, was primarily a sensitive being and secondarily a reflecting being—thus making sensation and reflection the only sources of human knowledge. But let us first examine the conclusions of Berkeley.

If when a man looks at an object, the object transmits its image to the mind, and this

image is intellectually seen by the man, he manifestly does not see the object. He sees the idea in the mind only.

There is nothing in the world more natural than this, says Berkeley, because, says he, in his Theory of Vision, the objects of external nature are painted in images on the retina of the eye and we naturally see only these images.

This indirect process is perfectly true, we all know—thanks to Berkeley—who first discovered the distinction between the original and acquired ability of the organs of vision. All natural philosophers know that we do not directly see the objects of external nature. Upon the contrary we see their reflected images. If we perceive nothing intellectually but our own perceptions—if we conceive nothing but our own ideas in the mind, it is manifestly, contended Berkeley, and properly, and logically, a contradiction in terms to say that we can intellectually perceive an extra organic world. Can any man say that it is not a plain logical conclusion? Can any man say that the conclusion that four is the product of the addition of two and two is logically more undeniable?

Let us now look at the conclusion of Hume. Locke says all our information, all our knowledge, all certain beliefs come either from sensation or reflection.

How are we to get our knowledge, inquires Hume, of our personal identity and of the existence of God, or of a cause and effect &c?

Obviously they cannot be the object of the senses. That is plain.

Then, the knowledge of the existence of God, or of the law of cause and effect, *must* come from reflection, since they cannot come from sensation.

Now we acquire a knowledge, says Locke, of the existence of facts by reflection, and reflection *means comparing ideas—certainty*, coming from reflection, comes from the comparison of ideas—from the agreement or disagreement of ideas, such as resemblance, proportion, contrariety, &c., and other aids to reflection. So argued Locke with regard to reflection. But the knowledge of God, and of the law of cause and effect, could not result from any comparison of ideas, or from the agreement and disagreement of ideas.

argued Hume, because they were *independent propositions* and rather taken cognizance of by the senses than resulted from reflection. There were no ideas he argued with which we could compare the fact of cause and effect, and so from the agreement and disagreement of ideas, arrive at a knowledge of its existence. And so, with the other facts. Hume could not do otherwise than conclude that we could not say that we had any knowledge—that there was a God or that there was a law of cause and effect because it could neither come from sensation nor from reflection; and Locke said there was *no other source* of human knowledge. What are rational men to do when it is admitted that we can arrive at the knowledge of a fact but in *one of two ways*? Are they not compelled to deny the knowledge of a presumed one, which does *not come in either* of those ways? We are bound to answer yes.

It is a fact beyond dispute that if we adopt the observational method of investigation and look at man we will find him living in a material structure composed of but few outlets, through which he can be brought into connection with an extra-organic world and if we will bring him to the test of experience we will find that he adopts his opinions upon reflection, or upon thinking, but neither of these tests will ever tell us that man has mental endowments or distinct faculties.

All that man can do with respect to an objective world is to use organs composed of matter that are not only inherently and intrinsically incapable of reflection, but are the subjects of easy imposition.

You can easily cheat the eye, deceive the hearing, delude the brain, impose upon the smell, and the feeling and the taste. No man doubts this. It is utterly impossible for natural or material organs thus inherently and intrinsically defective to utter infallible voices. We cannot know a thing unless we are certain of it and we cannot be certain of it unless our knowledge be infallible or beyond the chance of error or mistake. We feel that we are asserting very plain and very undeniable propositions.

Now were it enquired of us by a philosopher or a skeptic whether we would act so unphilosophically as to believe a thing or a

fact to be so, when we were unable to know it, we would reply that to do otherwise would be not to act at all. If it be unphilosophical to act upon a belief of which we had no certain knowledge then all men are unphilosophical because all men are fallible beings, all men who act shall necessarily unavoidably act upon beliefs not amounting to knowledge. Is it wiser not to act at all or to act as we were created? Not to act at all would result necessarily in self-destruction for taking food is an action. We cannot know that taking food is calculated to preserve life, not taking it calculated to defeat it until by experience we come to think so. Experience can only result from actions. But anterior to experience and observation no man thinks it. But experience and observation may both be deceived and hence cannot impart knowledge. Hence every man whether infidel or christian who takes food governs his conduct by a belief of which he can have no knowledge. By knowledge we mean information beyond the reach of error or mistake, and this kind of information, experience and observation *cannot* give, for they are subject to mistakes and errors, inherently and intrinsically.

When Hume and Berkeley contended that revelation was not true because we could not know that a God existed, did they not govern their conduct by the doctrine of materialism?

What could have been the difference between governing their conduct by the doctrine of materialism and the doctrine of the truth of revelation when the same inherent imperfection which prevented the knowledge of the one equally excluded that of the other?

Had they been consistent philosophers, they would not have acted upon the belief of infidelity because they could not know that infidelity was true, or upon any other belief.

They practised with respect to infidelity the same unphilosophical department and conduct which they charged upon christians. They were dishonest and hypocrites because they acted in opposition to their philosophy.

Their philosophy was that because we did not know the truth of revelation, we ought not to govern our conduct by its claims. But they acted in precise opposition to this



philosophy with respect to materialism and infidelity. They acted upon the supposition that infidelity was true.

If A holds that it is unphilosophical to act upon a supposed fact or truth, which he does not and cannot know to be true, he acts the philosophical hypocrite if he acts in opposition to his philosophy. This is what all infidels do—all who hold that observation and reflection are the only sources of human knowledge. No infidel can either be a physician or take a physician's prescription without deceit and hypocrisy. He cannot perform the simplest action, if he preserves his consistency. He must necessarily be a mute and be inactive for life.

The very great majority of actions which take place in this life are the results of beliefs which are not sustained by reasons. All conduct which springs from the belief of elementary truths are of this description, since a truth to be elementary cannot be compared to other reasons which have no relation to it and therefore cannot sustain it. As a christian philosopher, we would not so much have censured the conduct of Hume and his adherents had they been consistent, for consistency would have demanded of them to act upon the same rule of conduct with respect to the affairs of temporal life which they adopted with regard to Christianity, and that consistency would have run them into greater absurdity than acting from a belief which we only think we know. No christian philosopher can properly ask of an unbeliever to *know* that the christian system is of divine origin, before it is proper for him to ask him to govern his conduct upon the probability of its truth, for it is *the practice of its duties which brings satisfactory connections*. And the reply of the unbeliever that it would be unphilosophical for him to govern his conduct by a presumed fact which he did not know to be true is absurd, unless this rule were also acted upon by him in the other affairs of life.

If A governs his conduct by presumed facts, which he does not know to be true, and feels that he is not acting unwisely, he should not consider himself as acting unwisely to govern his conduct according to the demands of the christian system upon the

presumed fact of its divine origin about which he has no knowledge.

Christianity as a system promises a remedy for moral disorders and it also presumes to be of divine origin.

Now, if A would refuse to take a prescription for a bodily disorder, upon the ground that he did not know that it would cure him, however confidently his physician might assure him of its efficacy, and however exalted might be his skill and integrity, and assign for his refusal the plea in philosophy that it was unwise to govern our conduct upon a probability, he would be consistent in refusing to practise the duties of christianity. But he could not be an unbeliever: neither could he act at all, self-destruction would be the unavoidable and necessary alternative.

The error into which Locke fell with respect to the character of man, gave rise, both to the idealism of Berkeley, and the skepticism of Hume, since it gave rise to the representational method of human improvement. The reader will remember that the representational method, means the interposition of ideas between man, and the organic world.

Now, unless Locke had endowed man with mind, as a distinct faculty, and assigned to this distinct faculty, the quality of thinking, and intelligence, he could not have held that *man* procured his information from the ideas of the mind.

But Locke's philosophy and Berkeley and Hume's commentaries, left the philosophical mind of the British people in a quandary of doubt and uncertainty.

We do not suppose that any calm, rational thinker can look at the history of the rise and progress of christianity under these circumstances, without being impressed with the firm conviction that it is sustained by a mightier arm than mere human logic. The first step taken, towards a recovery of the lost ground, and in favor of Christianity was made, very timidly and cautiously, by two eminent Scotch philosophers, Reid and Stewart. Of course, they had to abandon the philosophy of Locke—of course they had to give up idealism—of course they had to surrender his representationalism.

In lieu of it, what ground did they take?

Why, they assumed presentationalism. They assumed that the objects of external nature were not represented, but were presented and this presentation they called the immediate perception of an extra organic world. Now, in order to sustain their theory, they endowed man with a moral, (or what Morell calls a "truth telling") faculty called consciousness—holding rank along with other faculties of equal authority.

This faculty, they said, had authority to let us out of the difficulty. They held that we immediately perceived; and then, called consciousness to the stand, as witness to prove the fact. This, at this day, is the leading philosophy of British and French writers except they have improved upon the theory of Reed and Stewart by making consciousness, not a special faculty, but, in the language of M. Cousin, the "fundamental principal of intellectual life and truth."

This doctrine is just as erroneous, just as baseless, just as clearly doomed to destruction, just as infidel in its tendency and just as extreme in its wrong, as was the philosophy of Locke, which it displaced in the affections of the christian public.

Its infidel tendency is just as plain, as it is infidel to dispute the *infallibility* of scriptural writers. Its infidel tendency is just as plain, as that it is an essential and inalienable attribute of the Divine Being to know, and with whom *originate* truths. Truths come from God. If they come from him, of course *he* can *only* know them. *He* can *only* impart infallibility, which is the distinction between knowing and thinking. But these points arise more immediately under the theological aspect of our subject, and we therefore here discontinue their investigation. Sir William Hamilton says that "philosophy is the development and application of the constitutive and normal truths which consciousness immediately reveals."

Now, we are to bear in mind that the only truths which consciousness immediately reveals, according to the theory of Sir William, are those for which there are no reasons—which do not rest upon reasons, but which upon the contrary are elementary and uncompounded—that cannot, because they are elementary, be demonstrated by any resolution into primary elements, or of authentica-

tion by comparing favorably with other authorized principles of greater certainty.

If now philosophy be the development and application of normal truths—elementary truths—constitutive truths—truths not sustained by reasons—truths not deriving any force from comparison, or any from agreement and disagreement with other truths. then, does it not plainly follow, that philosophy has to do with matters which are out of the reach of intellectual analysis and rational enquiry? Certainly—certainly. If A—a man of unquestionable intelligence and integrity of character and known to B to be such—imparts to B. a fact in philosophy, in law—in history—or in medicine—and requests B. not only to believe him, but to govern his conduct by the fact, and B. does so, is the conduct of B. philosophical?

Now this supposed case is precisely analogous to the doctrine of personal identity. and also precisely analogous to every other truth, or fact, in revelation or nature which Sir William Hamilton calls elementary principles, or normal and constitutive truths.

Let us examine the case put by way of illustration.

A. states a fact which B. does not and cannot comprehend, for he claims credence from B. solely upon the score of his integrity and intelligence and therefore does not present the reasons for the fact, or the reasons which sustain the fact.

Of course, any belief in the absence of reasons, or any conduct in the absence of reasons, cannot be philosophical, for philosophy means the reasons of facts and beliefs.

But if it be not philosophical, must it not be credulity?

Suppose A. goes to B. and tells him that his house is on fire, and that the only hope of safety lies in his belief of his statement and corresponding actions, but gives him no reasons for his statement, because he cannot, if disposed, sustain it by reasons, because sight is fallacious and not capable of imparting knowledge to the informer himself. In such a case, would it be *credulity* in B. to give credence to such a fact upon such a representation? We hold not.

Credulity implies a want of wisdom. Credulity, says Webster, with philosophical accuracy, is "a weakness of mind by which a

person is disposed to believe or yield his assent to a declaration or proposition without sufficient evidence of the truth of what is said or proposed—a disposition to believe in slight evidence or no evidence at all.”

But in the case given A. goes to B. and makes a declaration or states a proposition when he obtained the evidence of his senses for the truth of it, when it is a notorious fact, that all philosophers *depone* to the inherent fallaciousness of the senses, and there essential inability to utter an un mistakeable voice and asks B. to yield his assent to his declaration and then govern his conduct accordingly. Now, what is demanded of B.? He is requested not only to rely upon the testimony of what French philosophers call his own *sensational faculty* which is unable to impart knowledge to him, but upon the sensational faculty of B. thus largely increasing the chances against the truth of the statement.

Now, we have already seen that B. would be acting unphilosophically to yield his assent to the truth of a proposition and to govern his conduct by his approval of the proposition, when there were no reasons given for it, because philosophy means the reasons of things. If B. would be acting unphilosophically and also not acting credulously, what form of words are we to employ in order to describe and characterize his mental action and moral conduct? Being neither philosophical nor credulous, it must then be faith. But what kind of faith did B. exhibit in A. when he yielded his assent to the truth of his declaration and governed his conduct by his approval of the truth of it and thereby extinguished the flames of his dwelling and saved his own life?

It was not the faith of assent, nor was it the faith of conduct. It was the union of the two.

B. simply did what A. requested him to do. He obeyed A's request.

Now if an unbeliever would do such a thing as this, he can have no rational plea for his infidelity, for all that revelation requests is the union of assent and conduct in the divine commands in order to moral and mental security.

The reader may be disposed to inquire why we, who believe in the representational

method of human information or improvement, affirm that Berkeley's idealism and Hume's infidelity arose from Locke's system of representationalism. The distinction between the theory of Locke and the one which we desire to recommend, takes its rise, primarily, in the description of man as an immaterial and intangible being. (This investigation of course leaves out of the inquiry the body or material structure in which man resides.)

Locke describes man as an intelligent being endowed with mind, which mind he dignifies with the name of a faculty, where the ideas locate themselves, thus getting between the man and external objects. Hence *his* representational theory.

We describe man as a being that inherently thinks and by thoughts, thinks out his opinions. His opinions are the result of his thinking and hence our system of representationalism.

We hold that the thoughts of a man are the causes of his beliefs and hence he believes as he thinks; and as he inherently thinks defectively, his *opinions* are inherently defective. Hence he cannot immediately know—he knows indirectly. If it were not for this inherent indirectness of knowing, it would be impossible for us to see the necessity, or indeed the sense, of a system of revealed, divine laws emanating from infallible writers.

Now, these Scotch philosophers say, using the language of Sir William Hamilton, “in perception consciousness gives us an ultimate fact, a belief of the knowledge of the existence of something different from self. As ultimate, this belief cannot be reduced to a higher principle; neither can it be truly analyzed into a double element. We only believe that this something exists, because we believe that we know (are conscious of) this something as existing; the belief of the existence is necessarily involved in the belief of the knowledge of the existence. Both are original or neither. Does consciousness deceive us in the latter, it necessarily deludes us in the former, and if the former, though a fact of consciousness, be false, the latter *because* a fact of consciousness is not true.

The beliefs contained in these two propositions:

1. I believe that a material world exists.

2. I believe that I immediately know a material world existing (in other words, I believe that the external reality is itself the object of which I am conscious in perception,)—though distinguished by philosophers are thus virtually identical."

Before we proceed to examine the very first remark contained in this extraordinary extract, may we not say that it is an invariable law of mental philosophy that beliefs are the opinions of thinking men, and are by them formed.

Men form these beliefs, but do they form thinking? Thinking, as we have said, is a process. A process that produces effects, and these effects are opinions or beliefs. Human opinions are human beliefs. Thinking means meditating, reflecting; comparing thoughts and again thinking; concluding and again giving them up for other conclusions; remembering former thoughts and contrasting them; seeking consistency; avoiding disagreements; conceiving; perceiving; cogitating. *This is all antecedent to beliefs.*

Now we here desire again to guard the reader from imagining that it is the *mind of man* that does this thinking—no such thing. The thinking *man* himself *inherently* does it—we avoid *naturally* does it. *It is not a natural process.*

It is spiritual or mental action.

1. Man. 2. Thinks; and 3. Believes. Locke says: 1. Man. 2. Mind. 3. Thinks. 4. *Immediately* knows. So do the Scotch philosophers. The thing is absurd on the face of it.

Now let us proceed to look at the first sentence in the extract taken from Sir William Hamilton.

He says, "In perception consciousness gives us as an ultimate fact a belief of the knowledge of the existence of something different from self." Very well.—This belief, then, which *we* have consciousness gave *us*. Was this belief the product of thinking? If so, then, undeniably *consciousness* did the thinking for *us*. If it did not, then, consciousness in the absence of thinking, gave us the belief—and *we* took the belief without thinking also, because if we adopted it after thought, we adopted it from thinking, and

are therefore not indebted to consciousness for it, but to our own thinking. But if consciousness gave *us* as an ultimate fact, a belief of the existence of an outer world, does he not hopelessly, plainly, and palpably contradict himself when he says that *we* immediately perceive? How is it possible for *us* to believe immediately, if consciousness stands between us and our beliefs? He cannot say that *we* immediately perceive, and say also that *consciousness* gives *us*, as an ultimate fact the knowledge of the existence of an extra organic world, without manifestly contradicting himself, unless he draws no distinction and therefore sanctions no difference, between us and our consciousness. And if he draws no distinction, and sanctions no difference, between us and our consciousness, then, he cannot say with any propriety that consciousness give us any belief at all. *We* could get then, without consciousness, our beliefs aside from it.

And this is the true philosophy. We are conscious beings inherently and therefore our consciousness is but our consciousness—is but what we feel—and is not different from what we think.

If you give to man, as an immaterial and intangible being the name of consciousness and impart to consciousness the inherent qualities of thinking and acting, then, consciousness thinks there is an outer world, and clearly thinking so, firmly believes so.

But in what character are we to regard sensation, one of the sources of human beliefs? We hope we may here claim the reader's closest attention.

Now, if for example, I take a heated iron into my hands and by means of the sensation of feeling, arrive at the connection of the existence of heat, if I look out upon a field and see a tree and thereby arrive at the connection that it is a tree,—if I listen to a sound, and thereby believe in its objective reality—and so with respect to the other senses, are these beliefs,—their connections sensitive or intellectual beliefs and connections? We hold that they are purely intellectual. We hold so for two reasons: 1. Because it is not the senses that communicate the information to the man, but the man who acquires them—2. that *man* is inherently an intellectual being. Were



to hold that the senses conveyed the information then we would have to endow matter with intelligence—matter cannot think. It is not our eyes that see—we see out of our eyes. If now we are inherently intellectual and we see out of our eyes and then conclude, the conclusion is just as necessarily intellectual as it is certain that we, the party that looks, are inherently intellectual.

This reasoning is just and true and it is compelled to produce a revolution in philosophy. Let it come. The sooner, the better for Christianity.

"Much evil, it must be admitted," says Dr. Thomas Brown "would arise in the philosophy of mind from a disposition to acquiesce too soon in instinctive principles of belief. We should indeed draw monsters not even if we were to represent the human head and trunk with a double proportion of arms and legs," vol. 1. 160.

## TO AMOLITA.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF THE LATE  
HENRY ELLEN.

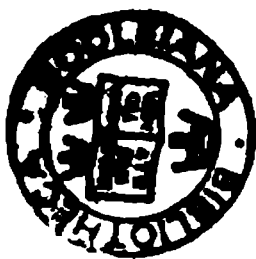
Oh, can it ever, ever be,  
That I may hope to find,  
Some river running to the sea  
Of Amolita's mind.  
That I may launch upon its stream  
A bark with this my last love-dream?

'Tis too much like a sea, alas!  
Unbroke by breath of love,  
Its sleeping waters only glass  
The heaven that bends above,  
Whose tranquil thoughts like stars are all  
The lights upon its rise or fall.

It is I know, alas! I feel,  
No lake which I beside  
May in my deep devotion kneel  
And see upon its tide,  
My features mirror'd on the wave  
In place of those which once it gave.

No more my bark with golden dream  
Unfurls for me its sail,  
It never more on other stream  
May glide before the gale,  
Which with its perfumed breath impels  
The dreamer, in love's rosy spells.

Then all alone I'll brave the blast,  
Nay! Lady never frown!  
For all above is overcast  
Gone silken sail and shattered mast,  
And now the bark goes down,  
The dreamer's dream is o'er—his last—  
Alone he now confronts the blast.



## NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

From Biberich on the Rhine to the gay watering-place of Wiesbaden is but a short distance easily accomplished by the rail in forty minutes. The day upon which we performed it was overpoweringly hot, but as almost any change from the Rhine steamer would have been gladly welcomed by us, we took to the cars with infinite satisfaction, for though they turned out to be only another form of cooking-stove, they were happily without that burnished and blazing reflector which the surface of the river had supplied to the steamboat. The roasting, too, was not of very long duration, and an hour after we bade adieu to the classic Rhine, we had an opportunity of varying the form of our salamandrine experience by jumping into a hot bath at *Der Gasthof die Vier Jahreszeiten*, or the *Hotel des Quatre Saisons*, or as Mr. Titmarsh calls it, the Hotel of Quarter Sessions, the most fashionable public house of Wiesbaden.

The thermal waters of this favorite resort are very celebrated for their medicinal virtues and are employed equally in drinking and bathing, the principle fountain head, the *Kochbrunnen*, being regularly visited at sunrise by invalids for the purpose of taking the proscribed draught. As a matter purely of experiment we strolled out one morning to taste it, but a sight of the beverage was sufficient to deter us from doing so. The water is of a yellowish colour, and over the surface there floats a greasy film, called by the Germans *der Kahl* or the cream, and as there continually ascended from the spring a volume of vapour, the temperature being 158 degrees of Fahrenheit, it looked more like a natural basin, in which the dryads might be supposed to wash their breakfast dishes, than one of those sparkling fountains which the poets sing about as under such mythological care. Nevertheless numbers of visitors were walking around the *Kochbrunnen* each holding a glass of the oleaginous liquid in his hand and cooling it before he could venture upon tossing it off. Old Sir Francis Head, whose "Bubbles from the Brunnens" is undoubted authority on the subject, tells us the taste of the water after cooling resembles that of weak chicken broth lukewarm and slightly salted. On a July morning a Virginian would no doubt find a mint-julep a far pleasanter and more appetizing composition.

But if it seemed uninviting to drink, that boiling Wiesbaden water, the bath was scarcely less tempting to the eye, for *der Kahl* rested with

Continued from the Letter in the December No., 1854

even a thicker and oilier coating on the top, when collected in a considerable body and in a state of quiescence. Upon mentioning this to the bath-keeper of the Four Seasons Hotel, a parboiled looking old fellow of three score and ten who had most probably been dipping the thermometer into these stone tubs for fifty years, he gave a superannuated chuckle and assured us it was *tant mieux*, for if Monsieur goes in when there is no cream on the water he may be certain that some one has been using the bath before him. Reconciled by this statement and having demonstrated the temperature, after the introduction of a cold stream, as 92°, we made a trial of the bath, but whether there seemed something ridiculous to us in floundering about as it were in a great bowl of soup, or whether our thoughts reverted to the bright amethyst-hued Warm Springs of Virginia and thereby suggested unfavorable comparisons, we certainly did not enjoy it, and for myself, should I go to Wiesbaden every summer for the residue of my life, I do not think I would ever jump into the bath again.

But the afternoon stroll in the gay gardens of the Kursaal, when, having doffed the travelling suit of gray for garments better adapted to watering-place promenading, (one of my companions, R— was a friend and patron of Laurent-Richard and May and Dusautoy and therefore *toujours fort bien retu*) we sauntered out to see the crowd of fashionable idlers and hear the delicious music of the Austrian band, was an enjoyment such as the least enthusiastic person in the world would gladly repeat. The Kursaal is the centre of attraction at Wiesbaden without which the town would be nothing, and may therefore demand a few words of description. It is a large building, with some architectural pretensions, having on one side (looking towards the Lawn which opens upon one of the principal streets) a handsome portico with six Ionic columns belonging to the main edifice, but on either hand wings extend perhaps two hundred feet, with a colonnade of less elevation than the portico. Within this building are collected all the resources of enjoyment in Wiesbaden—the reading room is here, filled with all manner of publications, French, German and English, where you will see Miler absorbed every morning in the *Times* and an occasional American dashing into the *New York Herald*—here is the great restaurant where they dine at table d'hôte at five and where a capital bottle of Marcobrunner may be had for two florins—here is a variety of shops containing articles for the toilet, curiosities, light literature &c. &c.—here is the magnificent ball-room where to the light of a thousand lustres the beauties who congregate at Wiesbaden flirt and dance twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, throughout the season—here is a

grand establishment for the supply of ices which are rapidly distributed by the most agile of garçons to hundreds sitting beneath the lime trees in the gardens—here are the glittering temples of play, with the ceaseless throng of gamblers, male and female, staking their rouleaus and their single florins with equal imperturbability upon the turn of the card in *rouge-et-noir* or the capricious roll of the marble in *roulette*, a well-dressed, polite, smooth, agreeable circle of ladies and gentlemen as ever went down to an unmentionable locality “escorted” (like the son of Lord Chesterfield) “by the graces.” The gardens adjoining the Kursaal are beautifully laid out with alleys and ornamented with artificial lakes, spanned by bridges from which one may look down into the crystal water and see thousands of fish sporting in the sunshine, while over the surface glide swans of the snowiest plumage and around the flower-enamelled margin little boys are launching their tiny boats to try the fortune of the breeze. The effect was charming as one saw, through a long vista of foliage, the various groups, the shimmering water, the smart buildings, and the warm July sunset over all, and what time the eye thus rested upon a picture only too soon to fade away, the ear was entranced by the rich plaintiveness of the duet in *Lucretia*, as it came floating on the lazy atmosphere from the instruments of the Austrians, and subdued even to a softer tone the love-talk of the two young individuals who had just plunged into the darkest portion of the verdurous wood.

Among the walks at Wiesbaden there is one much frequented which leads to the Greek Chapel, a superb edifice, nearly completed, that crowns the summit of a neighbouring hill. It is designed for the mausoleum of the first wife of the Duke of Nassau. This lady was a daughter of the Emperor Nicholas and brought with her upon her marriage a large dowry. When she died, the Duke desired to restore the dowry, but the Czar would not receive it, and the widowed man resolved to expend the whole amount in the erection of a fitting repository for her ashes. There are few husbands like the Duke of Nassau even among royal people, and a devotion like his to the *souvenir* of his departed wife well deserves such commemoration as this mausoleum will ensure for it. The building has already cost \$1,250,000 and the interior is richly inlaid with marbles of various colours from that of *verd antique* to the most delicate rose tint. Stained glass mellows and purples the light that penetrates to the inner shrine. Externally the building is somewhat too gaudy, with its dome of gold, to harmonize with the idea of a burial place. But Madame la Duchesse sleeps there magnificently, crumbling to dust beneath the tessellated pavement, indeed, like any



other descendant of Eve in an obscure churchyard, yet perpetuated in her womanly beauty by the chisel of Hopfgarten, whose fine recumbent statue of her adorns the chancel.

The favorite ride out of Wiesbaden is one of five miles to the *Platte*, a hunting-seat of the Duke, situated on the verge of a mountain 1300 feet above the town. The house is large and somewhat plain, but from its elevated position and its white walls relieved against a back-ground of dense forest, it is a very conspicuous object in the landscape from any part of the valley below. The view from the platform on top is grand, embracing the course of the Rhine for many miles, the spires and bridge of Mayence, and the town of Wiesbaden immediately beneath you set in the midst of green fields, looking like the toy towns that children lay out upon the carpet. The *Platte* is quite handsomely fitted up, and the greater part of the furniture is ingeniously fashioned of the antlers of stags slain by former Dukes of the House of Nassau. Chairs, tables, writing-desks, the frames of mirrors and paintings, bedsteads, and a variety of smaller articles such as ink-stands, candlesticks &c., &c., were beautifully wrought of this singular material. There was a queer old woman, who acted as guide to us through the building, and who was prodigal of compliments to Queen Victoria, insomuch that she exhausted all the adjectives of praise in Monsieur Surcouf's Dictionary in speaking of this illustrious person. Victoria had visited the *Platte* and had made the old lady an elegant present, and besides this reason for remembering her gratefully, our venerable friend had found that panegyric of the British sovereign to British ears frequently resulted in British sixpences—hence, she having taken us for Englishmen, her voluble premiums. Upon being told by one of our party that we were Americans, she dropped the subject and began to talk of the grandeur and power of the Dukes of Nassau with which we were very duly impressed.

The season at Wiesbaden is longer than that of any of the other spas of Germany, extending in fine weather to a late period of the fall, but as a resort for the exclusives of European society, the watering-place may be said to have seen its best days. Its proximity to Mayence and Frankfort and the facilities of communication with these two places render it subject to weekly invasions of their "cits" and shopkeepers whom the nobility love not, and this latter shining class to pass it by for Baden-Baden or Ischl, just as some of our refined and noble aristocracy dislike Saratoga and Newport, on account of the Saturday arrivals of "all sorts of people from New York" and rather affect Sharon or the White Mountains.

From Wiesbaden we went one morning by the early train to Frankfort, in three quarters of an hour. Frankfort-on-the-Main, which has long been known as belonging to the Hanseatic League and still boasts the proud title of "Free City of Germany," is one of the liveliest and handsomest places one can visit in making the Rhine tour. It lies pleasantly on the right bank of the river Main over which is thrown a fine stone bridge, connecting the city with a suburb on the opposite side. The quays along the river are well constructed, and the general view looking up the stream bears a faint resemblance to the Seine near the Jardin des Plantes. Frankfort offers to the tourist a round of sights and to accomplish these, rejecting the services of a dozen *valets-de-place* freely and obstreperously tendered at the station, we took an open carriage, the driver of which seemed well acquainted with the localities, and we had no reason afterwards to regret our selection. There was one little drawback upon his usefulness: all his communications, being made in German which certainly was not altogether Adler's, having to undergo a slow translation through our friend, D——, who became thereby a medium. *Kutscher*, however, never for a moment intermitted his remarks farther than was necessary to admit of their being rendered into English. And for expressive gesticulation with his whip, suiting the action to the word as commended by Hamlet, there never was coachman like him since open vehicles and horses were invented.

After making a circuit of the city, we all at once plunged into a very densely-built quarter, through the narrow and crowded streets of which our driver rattled at such a Jehu-like pace that we apprehended our expedition would terminate either in the police office or the hospital, that we should be taken up, either with our bones broken or for having run over and killed some inoffensive pedestrian. Soon we came to the *Judengasse* or Jews' Street—a lane flanked by rickety houses of such antiquated appearance and unimaginable style that nothing short of the Dark Ages could have produced them. Many were slated in front from top to bottom, and the oddest of all balconies jutted out from the upper stories, approaching so near to those on the other side of the street that the occupants of opposite buildings might easily shake hands with each other over the heads of the passers-by below. At the doors of the gloomy, miserable shops sat representatives of every tribe of Israel with the "old clo'" of centuries displayed around them, while little dirty-faced Benjamins rolled about in the gutters and through the length of the contracted passage there floated an odour which was not "a rosemary odour commingled with pansies," but might have done credit even to the worst portions of

Cologne. Yet was not the *Judengasse* without a certain strong claim to our respect, for in it the driver pointed out the house where Rothschild was born, the founder of a race of Kings more powerful than any that have ruled the destinies of the modern world. Perhaps the Rothschild of the future, whose money-bags (or those of his descendants) are to supply the funds for the last great war to be decided on the field of Armageddon, was playing at coppers in the *Judengasse* as we passed through it. I thought of this, and then I recollected our little Jewess whose trousseau we had rescued from the Prussian custom-house officers on the Rhine steamer, and I looked out for her, but in vain, nor of the many Jewish maidens whose dark eyes peered out of the windows did we see one who at all resembled the unfortunate Rebecca of *Ivanhoe*.

Emerging from this quarter, we came presently to a kind of boulevard shaded with trees, on the outskirts of the city, and following this, we soon arrived at the residence of M. Bethman, where is to be seen the chief lion of Frankfort which turns out to be a panther, with a beautiful woman on his back. This is Dannecker's celebrated statue of Ariadne. It is considered one of the finest efforts of modern sculpture, and is as much copied in plaster, Parian and bronze as any of the master-pieces of the Italian galleries. It stands in a pavilion in the garden, and the public are admitted to see it from ten to one o'clock daily. The light thrown upon the statue is made roseate by means of a crimson curtain drawn over the only window of the room, and the effect is thereby much enhanced. Indeed, an atmosphere of beauty intoxicates one in this apartment. Perhaps there are few sights the traveller is so reluctant to give up as this lovely, intellectual yet not passionless, triumphant and perfect woman, and he does so with a sigh, possibly occasioned by the reflection that women are only perfect in marble. For ourselves, we lingered long in her enchanting presence, not criticising the composition, not recalling what we once knew of Ariadne in the Classical Dictionaries, but simply admiring, and subdued to silence in our admiration. We felt for once the truth of the Eastern proverb that "words are silver but silence is golden." Fastidious persons have affected to see in this figure of a naked woman *en couleur de rose*, something to offend their modesty—I confess I looked upon it without a thought beyond its truthful and imaginative loveliness, unless it were that the animal and his rider, if fleshly and not of stone, might possess one other quality in common besides symmetry of form—the capacity of being roused to very dangerous fury, and that of the two creatures so excited I would rather face the panther than the woman.

Not knowing exactly where to go, after the morning call on Ariadne, we consulted the coachman and Murray, who agreed upon the Stadel Museum. Accordingly we went thither. This collection of pictures is remarkable only for a few of its modern paintings—the old masters, real or supposititious, that it contains, being scarcely worth looking at. The Dusseldorf artists are well represented here by LESSING, whose two works "*Huss before the Council of Constance*," and "*Ezzelino in Prison*," arrest the attention of the visitor at once. The former is certainly a very noble picture, a little pre-Raphaëlitish, it may be, in the elaboration of the details, yet powerfully drawn and with something of the spirit of Huss himself in the lines. The Protestantism of the artist speaks out boldly from the canvass. "*Ezzelino in Prison*" is a picture of quite a different character. It presents us the resolution of a rough and brutal soldier, bound in his dungeon, yet unconquered in spirit, breathing out hatred and defiance of his enemies and rejecting his life at their hands, in contrast with the patient fortitude of the heroic Reformer before his weak and cruel judges.

The great painter of the Roman Catholic church and the interpreter of its ideal in art, OVERBECK, has here one of his most ambitious pictures—"*The Triumph of Christianity in the Arts*." Murray charges him with large appropriations from Raphael's "*School of Athens*" and "*Dispute of the Sacrament*," and the charge may be true, though he has so modified the stolen portions that Raphael would find it difficult to prove his property and certainly would never desire restitution of it.

But the picture of all others in the gallery that gave me most gratification, though Murray has not a word of approval for it, was the "*Wise and Foolish Virgins*" of Schadow. The figure of our Saviour in the centre is inferior in merit to the almost inspired representations of him by Ary Scheffer, but the female figures are wonderful creations and would establish the fame of any artist. The Wise Virgins are very modest young women, of whom three are looking on the ground, one half raises her eyes, and the other gazes upward with an expression of innocent exultation and pious confidence. All have their lamps filled and burning and the various lights thus thrown upon the picture are most dexterously managed. The other group is a combination of drowsiness and despair, disordered robes and dishevelled tresses. One of the pretty sinners

— dans le simple appareil  
D'une beauté, qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil—

is endeavouring to light her lamp in which there is no oil, like many a sister of hers since, that has attempted to rekindle a flame in a heart which

love has long ceased to warm : a second tears her hair in inconsolable grief, while a third vainly tries to awaken her still sleeping companions, who are unconscious as yet of the approach of the bridegroom. These young persons betray a feminine love of ornament—one has the crown of a Bacchante on her temples and the other shines in gold and gems and purple—and they are at once recognized as the handsomest women in the picture. This is but fidelity to nature, for the Foolish Virgins in this world of ours are, nine times out of ten, better looking than the Wise Ones.

Say you nay, gentle reader of the dark eyes and the glowing cheeks, and do these eyes flash more brilliantly and these cheeks mantle with a deeper crimson at what you consider a reflection on your sex? Let us state the proposition differently and more strongly—are not the Virgins that are pretty less inclined to wisdom in this world than the Virgins that are plain? Nay, do you not yourself, conscious of the fascination of those personal charms with which Heaven has so gloriously endowed you, pay less regard to the cultivation of those intellectual graces which flourish in perpetual beauty, than if the mirror gave back a less angelic image as you stand before it in the morning? I think so, most respectfully. It were a moral problem worthy of solution to ascertain where the fault properly belongs in this matter—whether to the women themselves who are so fair to look upon, or to us men who flatter them and fill their heads with the absurdest notions of their empery, but it is no part of a sketcher's business to push such psychological inquiries, and the question is left, therefore, gentle reader, with you. Decide it as you will.

From the gallery, we were driven to the *Allée*, an open square where Schwanthaler's bronze statue of Goethe stands directly opposite the principal café and billiard-room of the city, and afterwards we sought and found the house in which Goethe was born, over the door of which the coat-of-arms of the poet's father with the device of three lyres may still be seen. If we could have ascertained where Gretchen had resided, we might perhaps have gone there to see the apartments in which the boyish love of the poet was first whispered and sung, but here the coachman was at fault. He knew of Goethe, but of Gretchen he knew not; ah beauty, thy fame is more transient than that of genius!

But there was yet the Cathedral to be "done," so we repaired thither. All around it, hundreds of market women, in dresses that would make the fortune of a costumer in the Carnival, were engaged in the sale of their various articles of trade, vociferating like bedlamites, yet ceasing their cries and their chaffering a moment to regard us with an amusing curiosity. The Cathedral was closed,

but *Kutscher*, disappearing suddenly, in a short time returned with a stout, red-faced woman with a cap relatively as high as the Cathedral spire and the waist of her frock directly below the shoulders, who produced the key and admitted us. The visit proved, however, a regular swindle to each one of the party, to the extent of thirty *kreuzers*, for there was really nothing to be seen but immense arches whitewashed and without decoration of any kind, and the mouldy, musty atmosphere of the interior was far from being agreeable. Taking a hurried glance, therefore, at the Election Chapel where forty-six of the Emperors of Germany had been chosen, we beat a retreat and gave up sight-seeing in Frankfort without a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Paul which, on account of having been the place of session of the German Parliament of 1848, is much visited by those who have faith in European republicanism.

But Frankfort with its Goethe and its galleries and its marble goddess was soon left behind us, as we glided along the smooth rails of the *Main-Nekar Eisenbahn* on the way to Baden-Baden. The road at a short distance from the city enters the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, and it is well for the tourist who wishes to get a sight of this important principality to be on the alert, for in twenty minutes he will have passed through it entirely. The train stops an instant at Darmstadt, the capital of the duchy, a dull, straggling looking town where one might fancy the Grand Duke blowing his brains out every day from *ennui*, but where he contrives to maintain a shabby sort of ducal state, contributing ten men and a drum-stick to the army of the German Confederation when that is ordered to be put on a war-footing. There are very picturesque landscapes, however, in his Highness's dominions and along the whole line of this railway. A range of hills forming the eastern boundary of the valley of the Rhine lies at a short distance on the left, presenting here and there ruined castles where dwelt in former times the robber chivalry of Germany; around on every hand stretch vineyards or fields luxuriant with wheat; occasional glimpses of the Rhine diversify the scene, while far away on the right is the blue outline of the Vosges Mountains of France. Through such scenery we were rapidly carried past Carlsruhe and the far more romantic and interesting city of Heidelberg, and after seven hours of railway travel got into an omnibus and entered Baden-Baden.

It was just in the height of the season, and not being able to obtain apartments in the hotel of our choice, we were compelled to stop at the *Hirsch*, which it is but justice to say we found extremely comfortable and well ordered. Its proximity to the most fashionable promenades was greatly in its favor, and it did not lack distin-



guished guests in the persons of German barons and English Right Honorables.

Baden-Baden is unquestionably the gayest summer resort in the world, and unites in its company a greater variety of character and nationality than any other the tourist can visit. The exceeding beauty of its situation embosomed between lofty hills of the Black Forest attracts the lover of nature—the *abandon* of life there renders it agreeable to the mere idler—the votaries of Fashion resort thither because there is erected the summer shrine of the deity—while thousands of those people who live, what is called in Paris *la vie Bohémienne*, or, as we would say, upon their wits, come, with the hope of either winning their expenses from Benazet's gaming tables or "taking in" some less-experienced visitors than themselves. All the Americans in Europe make it a point to visit Baden as something they owe to society at home—the opera singers and dancing women from the Boulevards find it a convenient retreat when *cloture* has been pasted on the doors of the Academy of Music, and the West End of London graciously furnishes a large number of its splendid inhabitants to throw over all the charm of aristocratic association.

What the Kursaal is to Wiesbaden, the Conversation-Haus is to its gayer rival. The grounds around the latter are not, indeed, so highly ornamented as the Kursaal gardens, but from their inequality, ascending immediately in the rear of the building to a considerable height, thus affording sudden and pleasant views of the village and the little river Oos which flows through it, they are perhaps more striking. A band plays every evening in the open square in front of the Conversation-Haus, and there are balls three evenings in the week in the gorgeous saloon of that establishment. Sunday night there is no ball by express order of the Grand Duke who nevertheless permits the gaming to go on, as well during the day and evening of Sunday as at any other time.

Certainly Baden-Baden is the chosen court of the passion of play. Seated around the immense green surfaces of the *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables in the centre of superb apartments, crowds of gamblers woo the fickle Fortune, who, false as Florimel, encourages them only to ruin in the end, and from an early hour of the day till past midnight, the monotone of the relentless croupier falls on the ear, *le rouge gagne, le noir perd, Messieurs, faites vos jeux*. I walked through these rooms at morning and again I lounged in them at night—the black was still losing and the red winning, or the reverse, another form of expressing the fact that one man was being ruined and another flushed with a wicked joy—but all went on calmly, without unseemly noises or any interrup-

tion whatever. I saw no exhibition of haggard despair—the unfortunate bore their losses with equanimity and died game—the winners respected the feelings of Monsieur Benazet too much to exult over him. I watched two of the players—one was a young man—he played bravely, as I stood by him, and won forty thousand francs in fifteen minutes—another quite as venturesome had variable luck. for a time he won largely, but pushing it, the inevitable rake soon began to draw in his Napoleons—at last two rouleaus were left, these he staked boldly on the red, the card was turned and he had nothing. It was done in the spirit of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, who said,

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all—

a sentiment about as dangerous for any young gentleman to carry with him to *rouge-et-noir*, as the worst of Rochefoucauld's maxims applied to the affairs of life. The ruined man, however, turned away with an easy air of nonchalance and a sprightly air of the opera—he was humming *Il segreto per esse felice!* Perhaps he was not yet wholly ruined, that was to come. One visitor to Monsieur Benazet's bank, who had formerly occupied my chamber at the *Hotel Hirsch*, left behind him in pencil mark on the wall of the room, a curt but expressive record of his own fall, which ran thus—

Lundi, plus 4,000 francs.  
Mardi, minus 5,260 francs.  
Mercredi, plus 9,113 francs.  
Jeudi, plus 2,500 francs.  
Vendredi, minus 4,300 francs.  
Samedi, plus 8,600 francs.  
Dimanche, minus 35,000 francs.

There was nothing more than this: no word of warning to those who should come after him to beware of the Conversation-Haus, the days of the week and the figures with *plus* and *minus* before them told the whole story. The sufferer had been a Frenchman—this was all that could be inferred, and conjecture led me to fancy it was M. de Florac, perhaps, and that fatal Dimanche was his Moscow.

But there is other gambling going on at Baden. look you, besides what is done at *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette*, and other persons there than Benazet that have designs on the money of the rich young noblemen who spend their dog-days at the *Hotel de Russie*. There is a sort of play in which the *rouge* of brilliant complexions and the *noir* of dangerous eyes are brought to bear upon unmarried gentlemen with great titles and large estates, in which young ladies are set a twirling in the ball-room by elderly aunts, just as the little ivory

ball is spun around the roulette table by the croupier, and eventually drop into the arms of wealthy Lords at the end of the Baden season, when the aunts aforesaid, in lieu of *nunc dimittis*, may indeed declare "*Messieurs, le jeu est fini.*" As to the manner in which this is accomplished, *ride* "The Newcomes."

There is a wonderful old castle in ruins on the summit of a hill, two miles and a half from Baden, which you may reach in a carriage though the walk to it is easy and delightful, and it is a better way of spending a morning to go there, than playing billiards or sauntering through the Conversation-Haus, or even buying knick-knacks from the pretty little Tyrolese girl in the peaked hat and velvet boddico who keeps a table under one of the trees in the public square. This castle was originally the seat of the lords of Baden in times when there existed a necessity for the amplest means of defence against the predatory warfare of the petty sovereigns in their neighborhood. Here they were as secure as stone walls and strength of position could make them, though the amount of labour that must have been required to construct so extensive and massive a work would suffice in our time to build a hundred miles of railway. During the war of the Palatinate, the French laid this castle in ruins. Rude, modern steps of wood have been put up to afford the visitor the means of ascending to the top of the crumbling battlements, some two hundred feet above the foundation stone, from which the view is very commanding. The dark masses of the Black Forest contrast most beautifully with the verdure of the intervening valley and the many graceful objects that occupy the foreground. There far below, too, is the straight line of the railway, and as a train shoots along the track, we have the past and the present brought together for contemplation. You saw nothing like that, did gentlemen, you who inhabited this stately mansion and whose escutcheon yet remains in stone over the entrance, amid all the pomps of your medieval greatness—the best of your chargers could not move so fast, there were no such colossal images of power and of the iron strength of man's will in your ghostly old days, though you vaunted your puissance so much as the masters of the earth. Could you rise from the dust in which you have lain these four hundred years, you would find a modern blacksmith more than a match for you!

The modern palace of the Dukes of Baden is situated on an eminence level with the tops of the highest houses in the town, and immediately overlooking them. A walk of ten minutes from the Conversation-Haus, continually ascending steps, will take one to it. It is called *das neue Schloss* or the *New Castle*, though it was built as

far back as 1471. A curious old fossil of a guardsman acts as *cicerone* and for the moderate sum of five silber groschen will show you through the rooms in which there is really nothing to see but flashy furniture and ancestral portraits of defunct Margraves. The dungeons connected with the Schloss, however, are interesting from their extent and the traditions belonging to them. They are many feet under ground and are reached by a winding staircase of stone, though originally prisoners were let down into them by a windlass through a perpendicular shaft from the upper stories of the castle. Ponderous blocks of stone moving upon pivots serve as doors to these dreadful apartments. Here sat in former times the *Secret Tribunal* or *Vehmgericht* of which Sir Walter Scott has given so startling a description in *Anne of Geierstein*. The most fearful of all the modes of punishment employed by this society was conducted in one of these subterranean chambers. It was known as the *Kiss of the Virgin*. The victim of this sentence was brought into the room, at one end of which stood an image of the Virgin which he was desired to kiss. As he approached very near the image, an unseen trap-door fell beneath his weight, precipitating him to a great depth below where immense wheels set round with lancets were continually revolving. Such were the practices of Baden in the Middle Ages. I am not very sure that, between the gamblers and the flirts, the moral tone of the place has been much improved since, though the *Baiser de la Vierge* exists no more and cruelties of a different kind are now resorted to.

We made an excursion one day from Baden to Strasburg to see the Cathedral. The weather was favorable, the time required to perform the distance three hours, and about eleven o'clock, after a pleasant ride through a highly cultivated country, we reached Kehl, some three miles off, where we took an omnibus and crossed the Rhine on a bridge of boats from which the tall spire of the cathedral was distinctly recognizable. Suddenly, just as we had left the bridge on the opposite bank, the omnibus stopped at the door of a building with the imperial eagle of France stuck up over it. All at once it occurred to us, that, not having thought of entering the French territory in visiting Strasburg, we had left our passports behind us. A gentleman in a cocked hat and scarlet pantaloons came to the door of the vehicle and commenced examining the passports of our fellow passengers. Soon he came to D—. A short dialogue ensued.

*Gentleman in the cocked hat.*—Monsieur, votre passeport.

D—. (*somewhat disconcerted.*)—Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.

*Gentleman in the cocked hat.*—Alors, Monsieur, il faut descendre.

There was no arguing the matter with the gendarme and so we got out. Such of my readers as have looked over the continental tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson have seen us as we appeared on that memorable occasion. Brown swore wicked oaths in bad French, Jones expostulated, Robinson explained. The explanation, being simply that we were inoffensive American citizens who had no wish whatever to disturb the tranquillity of the French empire but merely desired to see Strasburg Cathedral and eat a Strasburg pie, directly after accomplishing which it was our intention to return to Baden whence we had come—at length satisfied the official who nevertheless took down an accurate description of our persons which was forwarded by telegraph to Paris. We were then permitted to re-enter the omnibus, but not before the other passengers had devoted us to the infernal gods. It was rapidly approaching the hour of noon when the full machinery of the remarkable clock of Strasburg is set in motion and every moment of delay diminished the chance of seeing its midday performances. I am quite sure that we should have met with little difficulty on account of the passports had it not been for a hat which D—— had purchased in Wiesbaden—a sort of burnt-ombre coloured sombrero which combined all the diabolism of the hats of Guy Faux and Fra Diavolo—it was a most preposterous, inflammatory, disorganizing hat—a hat that would have been matter of aggravation with a jury for any charge proved upon its wearer, and it fully warranted the gendarme in taking D—— for a Thug, a filibuster or Signor Mazzini.

In spite of the detention at the frontier we entered the Cathedral at ten minutes before twelve. The crowd had already begun to assemble before the clock, which is not elevated in the tower with the dial exposed to view from without, as I had supposed, but which occupies one of the side chapels of the interior. Punctually at the hour, a little door opened upon a sort of gallery running across the face of the clock and out came the apostles, each one striking, as he passed, with a small hammer upon a silvery bell. Then a child sitting on the right hand reversed an hour glass, and a cock, seemingly of the Cochin-China species, flapped its wings and crowed from the top, and Father Time nodded approval and the show was done. There was a large company to witness it, but a greater humbug I never wish to see. The apostles and the child and the Shanghai and Father Time have no connection whatever with the machinery of the time-piece, and but for the intervention of four or five dirty little boys, whom we saw go behind the case just

before the hour, would have been silent and motionless. As a puppet-show, it did not compare with Punch as he may be seen any day in the streets of London.

Strasburg Cathedral is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. With less of detail than the Cathedral of Cologne, the effect of the interior is perhaps more imposing. The stone is of a dark brown similar to that of Trinity church, New York, and the vast columns of it that support the vaulted roof rise almost into obscurity, so dim is the light admitted through the gorgeous windows. One of these, circular in form and forty-three feet in diameter, is a dream of glory. We loitered some time in hushed and tranquil admiration of its grandeur and beauty, and when I awoke late that evening at the railway station in Baden it was from a vision of cathedral arches and cathedral aisles stained and checkered with the tints of the rainbow, gradually dissolving into a primeval autumnal forest of my native land, the sunset, rosy and golden, tangled amid its interlacing branches and slanting along its russet glades.

## THE STRANGER.

BY GEO. E. SENSENEY.

In a palace so cold and desolate,  
Came a stranger to dwell, you see ;  
And lo ! from out of the rubied gate  
Soon sallied a train with looks elate,  
Now, who could this Stranger be ?

From the halls of the palace, all the day,  
Rose the strains of a jubilee ;  
And to musical rhymes fled the minutes away,  
From the time that he took on himself the sway :  
Ah ! who could this Stranger be ?

The zephyrs stole by with animate sound,  
And the reigning Graces were three ;  
And many fair beauties were seen around,  
In place of the dismal ruins that frown'd :  
Come, who could this Stranger be ?

The might of the palace was not as strong  
As in other days, I agree ;  
What Vandal horde could dream of wrong  
To such a blithe and innocent throng :  
Oh ! who could this Stranger be ?

Out of the portals, around, above,  
Shone the light of perpetual glee ;  
And in letters of flame, in a deep alcove,  
Was traced in mystical characters—Love :  
Do you know who this Stranger could be ?



## A KINGDOM MORTGAGED.

MODEL TO "THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHCEBUS."

## CHAPTER I.

## MESSIRE ESPAING DE LYON.

For those kind readers who have followed us in our chronicle of the events attending the last hours of the great Count of Foix, we again open the volume of that eventful past for the purpose of narrating the progress and conclusion of the negotiation for the possession of the lands of Foix and Bearn.

It will be recollected that the Viscount of Chateaubon had been successful in his scheme to wrest from Evan the inheritance, and that in the very crisis of things, a messenger from the King of France, had arrived, laying claim on the part of his master to the lands of Foix.

This claim it appeared upon a further hearing of the Knight's message, rested upon a loan by the King of France to the Count of Foix of the sum of sixty thousand golden crowns, for the payment of which the Kingdom or Countship of Foix was regularly mortgaged.

For a moment the Viscount de Chateaubon stood appalled by the struggle which he foresaw, and drew back from the contest with an adversary so powerful. But his courage, and above all, his cunning did not leave him. He sent a messenger in haste to a celebrated Knight-negotiator Messire Espaing de Lyon to meet him at St. Gaudens: and on the third day after, Messire Espaing de Lyon, accompanied by Sir Roger D'Espagne, presented himself at the door of his apartment.

The Knight was a man of from fifty five to sixty, with fine eyes, grey hair and a black beard and mustache. His stature was above the middle height and his limbs still robust and vigorous.

Sir Roger D'Espagne entered the room side by side with the Knight and said to the Viscount,

"My Lord, here is Messire Espaing de Lyon whom you wished so much to see."

"Ah Messire Espaing and myself are old friends," said the Viscount cordially pressing

his hand, "and like a true friend I have called upon him in my need."

"My Lord," replied the Knight who relaxed in nothing from his imposing gravity, "I am at your service."

"To think how vexatious it is," said the Viscount, "that just as I was on the point of grasping the Earl's coronet it is snatched from me! These commissioners have pretended to grant me time to send to Paris, but 'tis a mockery."

"Messire," said Sir Roger, whose noble countenance was lit up with pleasure at meeting his old friend Espaing, "I thought I had promised to undertake this for you. Surely such honorable men as the King's commissioners will not break their word when it is once given."

"Ah Messire Roger, you misunderstand me! I meant to say that the King will never abandon his claim."

"Ah Messire the Viscount, permit me to say that you are altogether mistaken. The King is a noble and honorable gentleman, he will never commit an injustice. But I will leave you, as you have doubtless much to say to Messire Espaing."

And bowing the Knight left the chamber. When Sir Roger had disappeared the Viscount turned to Espaing and smiled.

"Did you see, my dear Sire Espaing?" said he.

"What my Lord?" asked the Knight.

"How confident our cousin is of succeeding in this weighty affair."

"Doubtless he has reason, Messire."

The Viscount looked at the Knight from the corners of his eyes and interrupting him;

"Sire Espaing," he said, "I have no great reliance on his promises." "Are they too fine, Messire, these promises?"

"Yes, he is too sanguine, far too sanguine, I am not pleased."

"But, Messire," replied the Knight, "it seems to me that this ardor of which you complain is in your service. Why then do you find fault with it?"

The Viscount smiled.

"Sir Roger thinks," said he, "that I will resume possession of the county of Foix on the mere payment of 60,000 crowns, the amount of the mortgage."

"With interest—why not Messire?"

"Oh, Sire Espaing, I thought that a man who has managed so many delicate intrigues, such as yourself, would have understood this matter more easily."

"So many delicate intrigues! How do you mean, my Lord," asked the Knight suddenly becoming very attentive.

"I mean," said the Viscount smiling, "that I do not rate the Sire de Lyon at the value of a mere breaker of lances. You have been a diplomatist, chevalier."

"A diplomatist—for whom?" asked the Knight, without a muscle of his face changing its expression.

"For the Count de Foix."

"For the Count!"

"At Avignon and elsewhere."

"My dear Viscount," said the Knight, "you are well informed. You have, however, fallen into a mistake very natural to one who only receives reports from others. I bought at Avignon the best of the Camargne horses which the market afforded, and as these were for Monseigneur Gaston, your mistake as I said is very natural."

"Oh! ah! indeed! I see that I have been deceived by some idle informant. He carried his idle report so far as to say that you had gone to Avignon on business which required the most delicate powers of negotiation. But to return to what I was saying. The Sire D'Espagne is far too sanguine. He does not know that the King of France is surrounded with a flock of ravenous wolves"—

"Wolves?"—"Or vultures as you please. Their names are Clisson, Nostaign, Berri and Orleans."

"Well Messire."

"Well these vultures are to be gorged with food, put to sleep since they cannot be removed."

"Yes my lord."

"The duke of Berri above all. If his influence is not used in our favor it will be against us. Ah cursed, cursed duke," he murmured, "you married my betrothed."

"Was the lady of Boulogne your betrothed?"

"The lady of Boulogne! who spoke of her?"

"You, yourself in a whisper."

The Viscount frowned.

"Sir Knight," he said, "do you spy out

my looks and my words uttered only to myself?"

The Knight drew back haughtily.

"Ah, Sir Espagne," said the Viscount smiling, "do not look so much insulted. I know I am a rash speaker and if I have offended you, pardon me. Why should I fear to speak my inmost thoughts before a friend so faithful as yourself, a man of the old race of Charles V. which is now alas disappearing to give place to crafty calculators and venal politicians." The Knight made no reply.

"Behold an instance of what I say. I have a just claim on Foix when the mortgage of 60,000 crowns is discharged. And yet before I get possession, I shall have to spend half of that sum in bribes. Justice must be bought, officers are venal, the devil directs their transactions, fraud and craft have taken the place of honesty and plain dealing."

The Knight listened with exemplary patience to this harangue and made no reply.

"Is it not so Sir Espaing?" said the Viscount.

"It is my Lord."

"And our cousin Roger in the openness and nobility of his disposition has never dreamt of this state of things. Clisson he says is too honest, La Rivierie too just, and the King above all too noble to commit this iniquity. Alas, he has not taken thought of those bottomless gulfs called Berri and Orleans which swallow up all things."

"It is true, those dukes are venal."

"And that was why I sent for you, dear Messire Espaing. I have the highest opinion of your ability, your devotedness and above all of your knowledge of men."

"Many thanks for your good opinion, my Lord."

"You have not understood me, Sir Espaing, I think," said the Viscount visibly annoyed.

"You wish me to undertake this business," said the Knight as if that had been decided by the first words the Viscount had uttered.

"Yes, yes, my dear Sire de Lyon. By so doing you will oblige me so that I can refuse you nothing."

"Ah then how can I display my gratitude"

You overwhelm me with obligation which I shall never be able to repay."

"So much the better my Lord will it suit me."

"And me also; for is it not rather a pleasure than otherwise to be indebted to the brave chevalier de Lyon?"

"My Lord my instructions if you please," said the Knight unmoved by these flattering words.

"I wish you Messire Espaing to speak as my representative in this matter before the King's council, but in the meanwhile you will not neglect to gain over those who influence the members. The chief of these is the duke of Berri."

"I am then to offer him a bribe in form?"

"Does your conscience object Sire Espaing?"

"Not at all Messire."

"Do not fear then. The good Duke will soon give you an opportunity of delivering your money."

"And what sum?"

"Here is ten thousand golden crowns, and stay my dear Messire Espaing, you will pass through Auvergne. Be good enough to deliver this letter to the Sire de Carnac. It will open his doors to you."

"Good, my Lord," said the Knight taking the letter from the table "and these sacks?"

"They contain as I said ten thousand crowns. It is enough is it not?"

"I imagine so."—"So that all is said."

"But one thing. Where does this Sire de Carnac live?"

"Between Clermont and Mauriac. Be tranquil. He is known far and near. He is one of my friends."

"Good," said the Knight. "I have now the honor of bidding your lordship good day. I shall set out to-morrow."

And saluting the Viscount, Sire Espaing de Lyon left the room.

On the same day D'Arthon despatched Basque, his squire to the town of Tournay where Evan had stopped with a letter for the young man.

On the same evening Evan arrived at St. Gaudens, and stopped at the inn where Sire Espaing de Lyon and D'Arthon had taken up their lodgings.

## CHAPTER II

HOW THE TRAVELLERS MET WITH A KNIGHT WHO PRAYED AT THE TOMB OF THE COUNT D'ARMAGNAC.

The advice of the Count of Armagnac, if it was that of an enemy was nevertheless wholesome and judicious. Evan determined to accompany the Knight-envoys on their journey to the court of France. D'Arthon who had divined every thing on the arrival of the Viscount's messenger at La Lédre the estate of Sire Espaing, had already come to the same determination, for what reason he would not take the trouble, apparently, to inform his friend.

Thus it happened then that when the two Knights Sire Espaing de Lyon and Sire Roger set out on their journey followed by six men-at-arms, a precaution very necessary in those days, our two friends were also of the party each followed by his squire.

The travellers left St. Gaudens, and skirting the Garonne passed through Toulouse, and the district of Avignon and on the same day arrived at the city of Rhodéz.

The hostelry where the Knights and their attendants stopped was scarcely an arrow's flight from the cathedral, and when they had engaged apartments and seen their horses well provided for, as was then customary, the four men went to hear mass.

They entered the church just as the service was finished and as the devotees with eyes bent piously to the ground were slowly moving towards the doors through the aisles which were gradually being wrapped in the gloom of evening.

When their prayers had been said in front of the altar and just as they were about to leave the cathedral, Messire Espaing said to his companions:

"See there, that is the tomb of the Seigneur D'Armagnac, of valiant memory. Let us not neglect offering up a prayer for his soul gentlemen, though he did give Messire Gaston Phœbus infinite vexation."

"Is it the marble tomb," asked Sir Roger. "with a full length effigy of an armed warrior?"

"The same. I recognize his helmet. It was peculiar."

"And the man himself also, faith."

"Do you object to offer a prayer for the enemy of Messire Gaston, Seigneur Roger?"

"God forbid! He is dead and his enmity with him. May his soul rest in peace."

"*Requiescat in pace!*" repeated Espaing piously making the sign of the cross.

"And does not Christ bid us love and pray for our enemies?" "I have heard as much Messire Roger," said Espaing, "and as we have arrived at the shrine let us obey the holy precept if you please."

And kneeling down before the marble effigy, the old Knight offered up his prayer.

The three Knights followed his example.

When Sire Espaing rose up, he saw for the first time a Knight, who kneeling in the shadow of the shrine was praying like himself for the soul of the Count.

Partly on account of the deepening gloom, partly because the strange Knight covered his face with his gauntleted hands, Sire Espaing was unable to see his countenance.

His armor was different from the sort then worn by French Knights and was rather of a Spanish or Moorish make. By his side hung a scabbard of camel's hair tipped with silver, and the sword which belonged to this sheath and which now stood erect against the tomb that its owner might have the cross handle before him while offering his prayer, was as peculiar as the armor. It was a long Arab or Bedouin blade, two-handed, with a waving edge or rather edges, and provided with channels in the centre for allowing the blood to escape when a straightforward thrust was made.

Sir Roger had scarcely finished his scrutiny and his companions their prayer when the unknown Knight rose from his knees. He was above the mean height, strong in frame, and with limbs such as promise at the same time agility and vigor. His countenance, as much as could be seen beneath the shadow of the visor, was burnt like an Arab's, and a beard of unusual size and fullness entirely concealed his mouth. The Knight might have been about the age of forty.

All which we have described Sir Roger remarked in the space of a moment.

The strange Knight saluted the travellers and slowly went towards the church-door

where his horse awaited him, held by a single attendant. The Knights then saw him mount and ride away.

On the first view of his countenance Evan had uttered an exclamation which died away in the hollow of his helmet. He now said to his companions;

"Gentlemen do you know this Knight-devotee?"

"I always remember faces," said Espaing, "I have not met this one ever before."

"And yet," continued Evan, "this man is not so obscure that his countenance should appear strange to one so widely acquainted as yourself Messire Espaing."

"So it is," replied the Knight with a gesture of his hand, "but do you know this man?"

"Most certainly it is that arch-pillager Captain Le Moresque."

"Captain Le Moresque! and praying! My faith dear Evan that is some resemblance which deceives you."

"Not so Messire; come, perhaps we shall overtake him; I will then prove what I say by accosting him."

"Well then come, we shall see."

They left the cathedral. The strange Knight was no where to be seen.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO EVAN AT THE CITY OF AVIGNON.

This was the narrative which Evan related to D'Arthon to do away with the monotony of the road as they went along side by side, fifty yards behind the two elder Knights and their escort.

"I set out then from Villeneuve for Avignon," continued Evan, "early in the morning, just as the sun began to shine on the towers of the city and the bridge over the Rhone, and here happened the adventure which I promised to relate to you. I had scarcely arrived at the middle of the bridge when I heard loud cries before me. I looked up and saw a litter drawn along by two furious horses and followed by an old chevalier who had uttered the cries which had made me raise my head. The horses went at



head-long speed, and the litter was violently dashed against the low parapet of the bridge at every bound they made, so that it was perfectly plain that if the animals were not arrested the litter and its occupant would be trodden under foot and destroyed. The horses were bays of great size and they seemed lashed into madness. For a moment I was afraid, I felt myself tremble, and my heart grew cold. However, a thought like lightning told me that none but invalids used this sort of litter, and to have hesitated would have tarnished my honor. I awaited their coming, gathered all my strength and caught the foremost horse by his bit. He suddenly stopped, reared erect and fell across the parapet drawing the remaining horse and the litter with him into the river.

"As it fell I heard a terrible cry, 'my daughter!' and turning my eyes I saw the old cavalier, who seemed with his pale face and clasped hands, to be suddenly turned into a statue of horror. His startling eyes were fixed upon the litter which by a miracle had fallen in its natural posture. The two horses drew it swiftly along, making violent efforts to break their harnesses. I only saw the beseeching look of the old man and this made me leap from the bridge and swim towards the litter. In ten minutes I reached it, and in as many more I had cut the harness with Molart's assistance and freed the struggling horses. Don't let him know that I have mentioned his conduct in this affair; his Gascon self-sufficiency would be insufferable. To continue, however. While the horses were swimming down the current, the litter pushed by the arms of two good swimmers approached the shore. The stream is, however, as you know, very strong here and we were carried down so far that on reaching the bank I was ready to faint with exhaustion. I sat down a moment and rested and then went and opened the curtains of the litter. I saw a girl of seventeen who had fainted. Figure to yourself, the face of a beautiful child, with a pale complexion from which every drop of blood had flown, the whole surrounded by dark locks, dripping with water."

"Very well, and where was her father all this time?"

"He reached the spot a moment after-

wards, and on seeing what appeared to be his daughter's corpse, filled the air with groans. However, in one instant she shuddered and opened her eyes."

"Good," said the Knight, "and before fainting a second time what did she say?"

"D'Arthon!"

"'Where am I,' was it not?"

"No, she only said 'Uncle.'"

"Then she was not his daughter?"

"No, his niece."

"And when she was made to comprehend that you had probably saved her life, she called you her preserver and gave you her hand to kiss? Am I mistaken?"

"Yes. She said nothing."

"Nothing, nothing, that is a great deal."

"What do you mutter to yourself D'Arthon?"

"And the end of your adventure—I think I may call it your romantic adventure—what ensued?"

"New horses were procured, the curtain of the litter was once more drawn, and they returned to Avignon."

"And you with them?"

"Yes."

"And on entering the city you were invited to be their guest?"

"True, that is not surprising."

"Of course you accepted?"

"No my business left me no time to exchange or receive courtesies."

"But at least you went to see your fair acquaintance every day during her convalescence?"

"Who told you she was ill?"

"I guessed it. But you visited her?"

"Courtesy required it."

"Evan! Evan!" said the Knight, and his brow became dark.

"Well," said his companion, blushing.

"When did the Count of Armagnac set out on his Lombardy expedition?"

"In the middle of July."

"Good!"

The burning blush which overspread Evan's countenance told the Knight that his meaning had been understood.

"You arrived at Orthez," continued the Knight, "on the 12th of August. That is to say—for I despise this appearance even of evasion—your love for this young woman

retained you at Avignon. Ah you resent this intrusion on your private affairs. Good! I expected it. That will not, however, prevent me from saying what I wish to say to you. The evil one tempted once in the shape of a serpent, times are changed and he now takes the form of woman. Beware of this young girl who comes to you in the shape of an angel, she will turn to a serpent and sting you. Beware of this treacherous light, it will lead you to quicksands which will close above your head and hold you more securely the more you struggle. Evan! all things furnish symbols of woman's forgetfulness, of her falsehood!

"Have you seen the waves of the treacherous ocean, come laughing and prattling to the beach, as if they had only passed over beds of coral and sea-gems, instead of hideous monsters and dead men's bones? a woman will smile with her heart full of rottenness.

"Write your name upon the sand and look for it at your return; it is erased. You think you have written your name on this virgin soil, as on a tablet of marble. Well wait! The first waves of time will cause it to disappear, and you will have in place of blooming hopes, a blighted heart, a treasure of bitter remembrances.

"Take my advice and forget this love. Love! it is a delirium which will rob you of your senses and with them of your happiness! For an hour of madness you pay years of misery. Do you hear? Years! and years which pass so slowly that every minute is an existence."

Evan's eyes were filled with tears.

"You are weeping?" said D'Arthon stopping.

"Yes I cannot help it. What horrible disappointment has happened to you D'Arthon, that your heart is so bitter, your spirit so frozen? You bid me beware of a young girl scarcely more than a child and as innocent as an angel from heaven. Oh! what could have made you so unjust, so suspicious? Forget me? Oh she will never do so I am sure!"

The same dark shade passed over the Knight's brow and he murmured "Fate!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE TRAVELLERS ARRIVED AT THE CHATEAU DE CARNAC AND IN WHAT MANNER THEY WERE RECEIVED.

Sir Espaing found no difficulty in being directed to the Chateau de Carnac. As the viscount said, it and he who occupied it were known far and near, and as the viscount did not say, with no very extraordinary liking, especially by the peasants.

It was an old castle half in decay and surrounded by a little village.

"Faith Messire," said Sir Roger, "here is sorry cheer. Can it be possible that we are to take up our lodging in that nest of owls?"

"Nothing more certain. You see there are no inns."

"Yes indeed! No inns, no priest's residence, nothing but the hovels of the peasants."

"Then you ought to be tolerably thankful it seems to me for a good supper, Messire Roger!"

"Ah, but this man it is said is a miser. Misers do not entertain their guests properly. I hate misers."

"I have a letter for him as you know from the viscount, who is one of his friends. Perhaps he may change his nature for once."

"I hope so. These peasants are not to be thought of. They eat with their fingers, lie on straw and blow like a horse after drinking."

"Oh, a hungry man is not fastidious Messire, and after a day of fatigue such as this, one sleeps quite soundly on a couch of straw. But are we to be admitted here?"

"In faith I see no one."

"It is a ruin."

The castle was in truth not very different from Sir Espaing's description. Huge stones had rolled out into the court yard, the panes of the windows were broken, and the timbers of the drawbridge from which the chains had been removed, were moth eaten and decayed.

The only defence to the castle was a port cullis of iron doubly secured with locks and bars.

To the blows which the travellers bestowed upon the gate no one for some time re-



plied. At last a little ragged urchin with the face of a fox and the hair of a water-dog appeared at the bars.

"This is the chateau de Carnac?" said Espaing.

"Yes," replied the boy looking at the troop attentively.

"Go then and tell your master that visitors are at the gate."

"The seigneur receives nobody."

"Go and say we are from the Viscount de Chateaubon, rascal! But first open."

The boy set off with a bound and disappeared behind an angle of the wall.

"Oh! oh! how is this?" said Sir Espaing.

"It is very discourteous," said Sir Roger.

"He is a friend of Messire de Chateaubon," said D'Arthon.

At the same moment a man of fifty, dry, erect and clad in a faded suit of velvet which had doubtless once belonged to his master, appeared and demanded their wishes.

"To enter the chateau, my friend," said Sir Espaing, "you are very suspicious, allow me to tell you."

"The seigneur receives no visitors," replied the Majordomo, in a grave voice, "does your lordship wish any thing more?"

"A moment my friend," said Sir Espaing, "your master lives alone, but it cannot be that he refuses a night's hospitality to his friends."

"The seigneur receives no one, absolutely no one, sir."

"Go, give him this letter." And the knight bent over and passed it through the bars.

The Majordomo took it and went away without a word. In ten minutes he returned and opened the gate. The Knights entered and giving the bridles of the horses to their attendants, made the Majordomo a sign to direct them. The grave man led the way to a hall, almost entirely stripped of furniture at the opposite end of which stood their host.

He was a man of seventy or more, with a sharp physiognomy, a white beard, and clad in the dress of a student rather than a French lord.

He welcomed his visitors with a coldness which he made no effort to conceal.

A moment after the entrance of the knights the Majordomo appeared at the door and beckoned to his master. The old man went out without a word.

Now the door of the room into which he followed the Majordomo wanted a hinge. It thus happened that the conversation between master and man reached the ears of the visitors.

"Seigneur," said the Majordomo, "what is to be done. It is insufficient."

"Hum," said his master.

"'Tis impossible to feed the Knights and their attendants on what is in the pantry."

"Hum," replied his master still more disconcerted.

"The brown pig must be killed," said the Majordomo.

"The brown pig shall not be killed I tell you. Where is the speckled pullet?"

"Oh," said the Majordomo with a little grating sound bearing no resemblance to a laugh, "excuse me."

"Well."

"Seigneur you speak of a pullet."

"Well."

"Well, there are twelve hungry travellers."

"Twelve! There are only four!"

"Twelve, sir. Four masters, eight men, all as hungry as cormorants."

"Cursed Viscount!"

"See the misfortune of having friends; they remember you when you wish to be forgotten."

"The brown pig!" the old man sighed.

"Seigneur," said the Majordomo, "reflect that a residence of a few days here might give these travellers many things to talk about. Fill their bellies and send them off. It would be cheap to purchase their absence at a thousand francs, much less a miserable hog."

"What do you mean?" said the old man in a low tone.

"I mean Siegneur, that laboratories give out a bad smell, and that an accident might get you the reputation of a forger!"

"Of a forger!"

"Yes, Seigneur."

"It is true, it is true," murmured the old man.

"So that the brown pig—"

"Kill him."

"Go then Seigneur and entertain your guests."

The door opened again and the old man appeared. Sir Roger was on the point of making some indiscreet speech when Espaing restrained him with an expressive look.

In an hour the Majordomo brought in the first dish, and the brown pig appeared in all its glory at the head of the table. He was followed by a young woman of eighteen, whose fair and blooming countenance by one of those miracles which nature so often works bore an exact resemblance to the old dried up Majordomo's.

The old man took a key from his girdle and giving it to the young woman,

"Anne," he said, "bring the wine."

The girl took the key, opened an old cupboard, and took out a stone vessel shaped like a jug.

But just as she reached the table, her hand unfortunately slipped and the vessel falling on the pavement broke to pieces.

"Careless!" said the old man grinding his teeth and striking her violently on the bosom.

Evan's face filled with blood.

"Ah, sir, what cruelty!" he exclaimed.

"A careless hussy!" replied the old man. "Go!"

The young woman went out with tears in her eyes.

## DATED THE 14TH OF FEBRUARY.

Leaflet, hasten, thou art blest,  
In her presence find thou rest.  
Sweeter light shall greet thee soon,  
Than the azure skies of June.  
Thou shalt thrill with purest bliss  
'Neath her finger's snowy kiss;  
All the worth of heaven know,  
If her dewy lips shall glow  
O'er thy brow, where I have press'd  
Burning kisses of unrest.  
Here, thy heart is brave and strong;  
Thou shalt feel thy heart ere long,  
When her breath shall touch thy cheek,  
Like the heart of infant, weak,  
And the voices of her soul,  
All thy being shall control.  
When her eyes these words shall see,  
All her heart will beat for me,

And a dearer voice than Fame,  
O'er and o'er will speak my name.  
O, the gladness she will prove,  
That she winneth all my love,  
And that o'er, till Time is done,  
I am her's, and her's alone—  
Cease, my heart, this tumult still,  
This mad joy's exulting thrill.  
From the morning's shining wall,  
Thou hast heard but echos call.  
Thine, Despair's all rayless calm,  
For thy woe there is no balm.  
Thou wilt o'er her mem'ry's glass,  
Like a phantom rise and pass,  
Which no waiting thought will bless  
With its stretched out arm's caress.  
And thy love will seem no more  
Than a waif upon the shore,  
Which the billows and the blast,  
At her feet in tribute cast.

G. P.

## To the Daughters of Washington.

Some eighteen months ago rumor announced that the "Home and Grave" of the "Father of our Country" was to pass into the hands of—Speculators! It was a "knell" to every patriot! Amidst the din of politics and party strife, some attempted its "rescue" through Congress and our State Legislature. But, while they failed, a kind Providence has fostered and sustained a "patriotic enterprise" by others—equal to the purpose, and far more beautiful and desirable. One which, in the language of our honored Governor, "*is calculated to throw out a lustre which shall radiate from the centre to the circumference of the Christian world.*"

The honor belongs to one of our sex, to whose mother, while passing in sight of Mt. Vernon, it occurred, that the "ladies of the South" should rise "en masse" and pour out such "grateful offerings" on his tomb as should secure all around it sacred forever! An earnest appeal to that effect, signed "A Southern Matron," was issued in the Charleston Mercury of South Carolina, December 2, 1853.

Nothing daunted by silence in editors and "response" from none!—never doubting that woman in her higher and better nature retained a sacred reverence for the "memory of Washington," resort was had to private appeals! What though they first encoun-

tered the timid, unappreciating or unpatriotic; what, if some who "responded" as only the true-hearted descendants of our noble revolutionary mothers could, meet coldness, opposition, even newspaper denunciation, like those of '76 they falter not. All honor to the heads and hearts which devised this scheme and the indomitable perseverance which sustained it under difficulties and "hope deferred!" To this we owe the existence, extension and present prospects of the *Mt. Vernon Association*, and the proud privilege of presenting it as we do now, for the approbation and assistance of our sex over the Union. Who need doubt our "future success" when they learn the "results" already obtained from this beginning.

The "*Southern Mt. Vernon Association*" has excited interest and action in various degrees, from Alabama to Pennsylvania, and is arousing a deep and feeling appreciation of "its objects," and receiving encouraging assurances of assistance, from the enlightened and patriotic, even as far north as Boston. It numbers thousands of subscribers—thousands of dollars. It records many individual acts, unselfish and noble efforts and achievements, calculated to touch the soul of even the apathetic.

We regret the necessary limitation to a "few examples," too worthy of emulation to be withheld—but we take this occasion to express our grateful thanks to all individuals, communities and editors who have aided this "cause" in the hour which tested patriots, and to hope they will not "rest from their labors, nor retire from the field of battle till they can do so as victors!"

The "first offering" laid on the "tomb of Washington" was \$700. The "donor," *one who wept that she had no more to give for such cause!* Happy augury!" Baptized in "patriotic tears," sustained by "patriotic zeal" can it fail of "patriotic triumphs?" Two ladies, as soon as they received the appeal, sent it forty miles, and had three hundred copies printed to circulate over their State. Another but read it in manuscript and pencilled "words that burn and thoughts that breathe" to head a "subscription paper" that she might commence at once, and the noble donation of \$300 from one person was an immediate reward to labors which may be

called Herculean, and are continued still. One city, in a spirit of "other days," had but to hear to respond. A meeting was called, orators spoke, and \$1,200 bestowed that night as a beginning. Death and desolation have swept o'er it since, but we are persuaded it has only interrupted not extinguished its zeal!

While indebted to the persevering advocacy of many newspapers, it is but just to name one, the *Chronicle & Sentinel*, of Augusta, Georgia, whose generous editors enabled the "struggling association" to flood the country with "incentives" to patriotism. But North Carolina!! she who was first to declare independence shews *she is truest to the memory of him who won it!* She already guarantees us \$12,000! Is there one of the *Old Thirteen* who can hear it unmoved? And this may be called the "result" of the "efforts" of one noble Woman! Shall it be said "there are no more of such as these" in America in whose hearts Washington truly lives? Of the Old Dominion what she has done or will do, it becomes us not to speak. Suffice it to say, *she could not be untrue to him—for she is his mother, and he sleeps in her bosom!*

Regarding such "a tribute" from woman as the most beautiful that could be offered to, as well as the most touchingly convincing of our country's deep appreciation of, the character and services of its matchless Washington, the Association hoped it would be accepted by a Washington, enabling them to crown their labors with the "solemn ceremony" of placing Mt. Vernon under the care of his mother State, to remain a "sacred trust" from woman, an abiding evidence of her gratitude! It was, therefore, with the deepest chagrin that they found the present proprietor allowed his personal feelings to induce him to prefer its acquisition by Virginia through the agency of his own sex in a legislative capacity! Unwilling to see its future left subject to contingencies which might result in desecration, whether from speculators, legislative indifference, or its necessary restraints and limitations in our Republican Government, the "*Southern Matron*" determined to appeal to the ladies of Virginia to "petition" their Legislature to ASSIST THEM by contracting for the pur-

chase of Mt. Vernon, reserving the "title," but allowing the women of America to *pay* for it and carry out their original intentions in order that their patriotic objects might still be accomplished, viz: to make it *sacred and keep it so by a "trust deed," surrounded with every requisite condition of arrangement permitted by their "Code of laws,"* and thus opening the way for its future improvement by patriotic generosity and pride! A trifle from each visitor being considered sufficient to keep it. Virginia responds in a spirit worthy of her—all being ready to speed the noble work!

*Sisters of the Union*, we place that letter before you for your serious consideration. Touching upon the whole subject, placing it in its every aspect, whether as to objects, kind of improvement, mode of action, advantages of purchase by individual donations through the instrumentality of woman, and arguments for her exertions *now*. We need not dwell upon it. Suffice to say, that meeting with our warmest sympathies and highest approbation we can but be deeply gratified at the "invitation" to conduct in future such an enterprise. In gratefully accepting the "trust" and expressing our deep sense of the "honor" tendered and confidence reposed, we pledge ourselves to them and all who unite with us to carry on the work in the spirit in which it has begun—for the "objects" defined, and in the mode pointed out.

The existing "organization" has been published and extensively circulated. To prevent any misapprehension, however, we make a synopsis. It consists of three departments.

1st. *Associations*—to procure subscribers, receive payments, register name, sum, residence, uncommon services, (to be published hereafter as a "record of patriotism" for their descendants) to make reports of their progress to the acting State Association called the "State Committee": if there be no regular State organization, associations or individuals, must make their reports to the "*Central Committee of the Union.*"

2. *State Committee*.—(The right to appoint which belongs to the individual or individuals commencing exertions in the State.) To have the control and regulation of the affairs of

its State as local circumstances may suggest. to print and circulate papers in it needed to extend the cause or transact its business, and to make a report on State matters once a month to the Central Committee, governing the whole enterprise—called the

3. *Mt. Vernon Central Committee of the Union*—located at Richmond, Va., to whom all persons or associations in any part of the Union desirous of information on this subject must apply. As to it belongs not only the entire direction of the whole but the care of *unorganized portions*, to whom will be furnished the necessary information, papers. the authority to act in the use of "subscription papers," and to whom reports must be made as above stated. Their organs are *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Southern Literary Messenger*, in which will be published their "monthly reports." These should be republished by the organ of every State Committee. Having but specified objects, all who unite with us are considered as having adopted them—therefore nothing will be permitted to divert our concentrated energies, &c. Any necessary consultation in fulfilling duties, will be held with the Presidents of the State Committees—usual rules governing. In order to place a "patriotic opening" *in the power of all*, one dollar procures membership—but few are the hearts we trust, unfettered by "restraining circumstances" who will consent for this to be the *recorded estimate of their love for Washington—their interest in Mt. Vernon!* We respectfully suggest the appropriateness of such practical "celebrations" of our 4ths of July and 22ds of February as will permit "patriotic offerings" to such a cause. Our Legislature meets next winter when our "petition" will be presented. We entreat continuous and ardent efforts in the interim, not only demonstrating woman's efficiency to those whose interposition we ask, but to hasten the day when Mt. Vernon shall be secured from all contingencies! We do so, assured that all may rely as confidently on *Virginia's sons as her daughters.*

*Sisters of the North*—The Southern Nation only appealed to the South. Deeply appreciating the patriotic hearts which embrace one's whole country, and are alive to its interest and honor—thankful that our



contained so many in its every portion—ready to unite with them wherever found—she yet felt she could not call on you for aid in what seemed peculiarly *Southern obligations*, the South could fulfill(!)—whilst there were so many who seemed to have forgotten Washington and his counsels who asperse the region in which he was born and is buried! She knew that the many noble and patriotic amongst you loved the “Common Father” even as we do and left them the honor she felt should be theirs of “offering” to unite in this tribute to his memory. With pride we record that the result has proven the correctness of the decision. If honorable in the South to “move” how much more in the North to offer aid! It was met as it should be. The door was thrown open at once, and the “first offer” made by a worthy descendant of the Father of the Pilgrims. New England’s noble Edwards commemorated by an “Hon.” membership in the “highest committee” with those from whom the cause has received the most invaluable services. (Being designed as a “complimentary testimony” to patriotism when it required *moral courage* to display it, it cannot be extended.) Others have followed—donations been tendered, and also “overtures” deeply gratifying in behalf of literary parties. While we express our heartfelt appreciation of these acts, we embrace this opportunity of publicly announcing, we neither desire nor intend sectionality. We feel none to those whose patriotism knows no North, South, East or West. We extend a cordial welcome to all such who approve our undertaking as placed before them and desire to aid in its success, and hope to see them from the remotest sections of our country gathered within the folds of this “glorious enterprise!” Is it not enough to arouse every patriot to action?

Shall a Shakspearean Club preserve the house in which was born he who crowned their country with poetic glory, and we not do as much for a place hallowed by the life, the death, the burial of our Country’s Father—the Parthenon of Men?”

*Ye princes of wealth!* Many are your proud donations to the gallant, brave and good! Shall there be none to record for him,

the “moulded echo of the world’s heart-beat for freedom!”

*Woman!* Grateful love made you first at the Holy Sepulchre of Man’s Redeemer. Should it not also carry you to the “second spot” of earth—the home, the grave of the “model” man, as hero, sage, Christian, “whom all ages seem combined to mould to clay?” Is there one of you who has no patriotic pride, no high purposes, no offerings for *his* tomb?

Ye of feeling hearts and generous souls come up to this noble work! Ye gifted, influential and energetic stand not back, for it needs but such as you to make worthy of him and of us “that spot” which, even in ruins, stands alone! In the words of another—“from the sacred soil of Mt. Vernon there rises ever to the ear of the pilgrim a language incapable alike of expression by words or sounds, a language which addresses itself not to the understanding but to the heart. He is sensible in a moment of the inspiration of the place—his frigid philosophy vanishes as he approaches it, and he is ready to *put off his shoes from his feet, for he knows the spot on which he stands is holy ground!*”

Can we longer neglect it, or hear our poet reproachfully ask—

“What *gates of brass* invite the stranger here,  
To turn with awe and contemplate *his dust?*  
What *mausoleum* rises o’er his bier  
To *sculpture high the glories due the just?*  
No civic guard, no priest, no vestal near,  
To smooth the turf and wipe away the rust!  
*Draw nigh, sweet countrywoman, view the spot,*  
*A prey to penury—to earth a blot!”*

Oh! no. Let Jeremiads be turned into songs of praise and triumph, whose thrilling tones shall penetrate the ends of earth, proclaiming to its darkened minds—behold “American women,” if you would know all the value to man of the principles and labors of our Washington!

Whose signature will be wanting? “In distant ages of the future, our children’s children will look upon the consecrated memorial of our love and gratitude, as do the descendants of the signers of our Immortal Declaration, and from it proudly claim their patriotic, their noble ancestry!”

THE SOUTHERN MATRON'S LETTER TO VIRGINIA, ADDRESSED TO MR. GILMER, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MT. VERNON ASSOCIATION.

MR. GILMER—*Sir*: We received some time since your letter, with copies of your correspondence with Mr. Washington the proprietor of Mount Vernon. As you will recollect, we requested you to withhold the publication of the correspondence, until we could communicate with Mr. Washington. On the 30th of September we addressed him a letter, a copy of which, we herewith enclose you. We are truly grieved that *our* effort has proved as unavailing as *yours*. This is certainly an unexpected,—an undesirable result. But, as the enterprise is a noble one, involving in our estimation a *sacred duty*, and addressing itself to the daughters of America with a silent and persuasive eloquence too powerful to be unheeded—we should not despair. We should be equal to the occasion, and resolve on success—for, the present posture of this business is such, that we can but succeed if we will address ourselves in good earnest to the difficulties and embarrassments which but seem to surround us, and such is our faith in, and reliance on the high and holy influences at work in this matter that we feel our resolution but increases with the necessity for higher exertion. This cause has even already brought out such glowing zeal, and ardent, energetic labors—such holy and lofty patriotism as is worthy of the purer and brighter days of our republic—and should it suffer itself to be discouraged to pass away and leave no enduring evidence of its existence—of how we yet greatly cherish and reverence the memory of the Father of our Country's freedom and greatness—that impersonation of elevated patriotic virtue—that apostle of a "new era" in man's moral and political history? Assuredly not? There is hope of success, even in the existing state of affairs, and should we yield it? We think we hear an emphatic "never" from every lip, and the exclamation, "Mount Vernon" ought to be ours, that it may descend a "sacred trust" invested with woman's faith "and hope to posterity"—from every noble heart!

Failure then is impossible—for if it should

befall our first and holiest purpose—"another," about which there can be no doubt, equally worthy of our efforts, and appealing to our feelings—is before us! We can enshrine that beautiful Sarcophagus, which an humble patriot provided, with a "Mausoleum" worthy of him and of us—securing the proud satisfaction of knowing that no matter what is the "future fate" of Mount Vernon—no matter whether his grave is surrounded by "busy looms," "groaning sufferers," or "toiling laborers"—we have invested it with a protected and hallowed appearance which nothing can destroy! It fell to grateful woman to remember a Wellington—a Calhoun,—*shall* she—can she forget a Washington?

Noble souls have labored with us in this cause. To their untiring zeal is due interest and extension from Alabama to Pennsylvania, and, feeling no abatement it inspires them now to follow as far as we dare to lead.

That will be to *success*—to the tomb of Washington—ah! to his "home" also—daughters of the Old Dominion, provided *her spirit* yet burns within you and you fail us not! Like Lord Lyndhurst, "onward still onward," must be our motto, and "noble results" will be our reward.

After much patient reflection, we venture to suggest, that if the ladies of Virginia, with a united effort worthy of the occasion, and of their state pride and patriotism, would now petition the Legislature of Virginia to *contract* for the purchase of Mount Vernon, reserving to itself the title,—but allowing the women of America to pay for it—and to carry out their original plans, such would be the electric influence of their generous effort, that the "title deeds" to the "Home and Grave of Washington," would soon be held secure under the "sovereign flag" of his native state! If ever in the future period of our national history, the Union should be in serious danger, political storms rocking it to its base, or rending it in twain, there will be such a moral grandeur, (perhaps an assuaging influence we cannot now estimate) in the *mere fact* that the tomb of Washington rests secure under the flag of his native state, *enshrined* in the devotional reverence of the wives, mothers and daughters of the Union as will be *felt* over the civilized



world, making glad every elevated and patriotic heart! We can but deeply regret that Mr. Washington's peculiar views prevented his seeing the beauty and fitness of such a grateful testimonial, as would, in the words of another, "throw around *that spot*," a "vestal purity" veiling it from Mammon's gaze and shielding it from "partisan desecration." But, as he prefers action with *legislative bodies*,—asserts he will only sell to the United States or Virginia directly,—and the United States cannot purchase without the consent of the "state in which the same shall be"—and any Virginian's conservative views of the Constitution, as well as her pride, domestic peace and interest, making such ownership as impolitic as we suppose it is impossible—all, we then ask, is, that she will *herself* become the arbiter of the future fate of Mount Vernon—which she has now the opportunity of doing—without the employment of doubtful constitutional power;—or of state funds which could add to the development of her internal resources, and advancement of her general welfare, as well as of aiding in the success of a "project" which must so redound to her own glory! This request is based upon the now increasing desire to see that place made, and kept sacred, and a conviction that it neither can, nor will be done by the use of state or government funds—to say nothing of the prudence of avoiding such a precedent in a Republic where the will of the majority is but too often like a surging tide, difficult to be restrained, even by constitutional barriers and its most solemn obligations. This rich and extensive country can afford *one spot* with which money, and its yearly interest has nothing to do, and all will say, *that spot* should be the "last resting place" of him to whose prudent guidance, and noble patriotism it is so deeply indebted,—and if the nature of republican governments withhold the power, or makes its use unadvisable, they should, and *will* no doubt open the way for its accomplishment, by the individual patriotism which aspires to the privilege.

We think we have said enough. Yet, the cavilling may inquire, why, if, Mr. W. says he will "only sell to the U. States or Virginia," not leave the matter entirely to them?

We answer that our patriotism makes us unwilling for several and justifiable reasons, and, to preclude controversy, for which we have no taste, as well as to *lay before all, upon whom we call for aid, the* "present views and objects" of this association—we feel it best to be explanatory now.

1st.—There is no surety that either of the parties mentioned will be competitors for this patriotic prize.

2nd.—We object to a purchase by Congress most strenuously. Is there a true patriot with any regard for the credit of his country, who has not had his feelings outraged, by "debates" on the Congressional floor, and the "resolves" of some of our State Legislatures on this subject? A slight evidence of what would result if *possession* should make it "the great yearly battle" ground of pro and anti-slavery antipathies." The heart sickens at the mere thought of such a "future" for it, such "scenes" for *ourselves*, and hopes that Virginia will never permit it!

3rd.—We demur to any government purchase whether state or federative,—*because* such could not obtain for it a "destination" very much more creditable to our country, or gratifying to our patriotic pride than that contemplated by "Speculators"—our institutions, requiring a *political purpose* to obtain the *power to buy*, or a *remunerative* interest on the invested funds. We do not consider that "a model farm" where daily work intrudes—or a Hospital, where the maimed and suffering contaminate to the commonest purposes of life—exactly consistent "with the reverence due (and felt by us for) the memory and character of him whose life is so intimately associated with that spot"—therefore—we desire to obtain Mt. Vernon, and bestow it as a "trust gift" to Washington's Mother State,—"not only to secure it forever from the contingencies incident to a private possession"—but to a "fate" which will increase, not diminish, nor destroy, the "sacredness of feeling"—with which Americans should ever regard it! To do this—the house and ground should (as in the old world) be repaired, and kept just as he left them—his tomb made commensurate with his worth and services, a nation's estimation of and gratitude for them, and not as now,

surpassed by thousands amongst us who have left but riches to tell they lived and died! And we trust that *then*, the home in which he once dwelt, will become the depository of the "cherished relics," now scattered far and wide, and running the risk in changing and private hands of not conferring the amount of pleasure which they would bestow there—while the surplus ground, which may of necessity—be included—in order to complete this beautiful whole," could be cultivated in landscape style, to be adorned with "monuments" to any of our great national benefactors whom a grateful people may choose thus to honor!

Is not *this* worthy of the dead—of our country—and of our concentrated energies? Is there one of our sex whose heart would not throb with gratification at the bare thought of being able to assist in securing such a result? Yet—it is a painful truth that we are daily lessening in appreciation of the acts, in gratitude and reverence for the memory of the founders of our Country's liberties. *Now* is the time, therefore, to accomplish this high purpose while there is patriotism enough left to do it! And,—as we are assured it can only be done by *woman's* self-denying generous zeal, the "Association" considers itself the most *suitable*, because the most *reliable* agents, bound not to yield to any *surmountable obstacle*, for who will venture a "second effort"—if after our exertions we suffer—failure!

What though the enterprise be *costly* as well as great—depending more upon enlisting many zealously persevering characters than receiving—large donations! It would be foul slander upon warm-hearted *woman*—ever ready to have her nobler impulses moved to worthy deeds—to doubt there will be a sufficiency of such—or—of the "generous aid" our abundant means can bestow! Even the timid will be inspired with the confidence which leads to action, when they learn that ten cents from each Southern woman alone can raise the sum of \$200,000 for the saleable portion of the estate, which Mr. Washington consented to receive from the company. The same petty amount from the women of the Union could soon bring about the fulfillment of our highest aspirations! Let none refuse us zealous co-operation for

fear they shall never see all accomplished. As in all other great enterprises—we have but to *commence* with the confiding assurance that posterity will profit by our example, and finish what we began!

With these views, sir, and the conviction, that such a result however creditable to our country, is not attainable by government or State action, are we not justified in looking to the appreciative and gallant assistance of the sons of Virginia in their "Legislative capacity," and in making this "appeal" through you, to the "ladies of Virginia," and to their Committee to become the medium by their petitions—of procuring it. In very truth we feel we are! Our own heart assures us, that in this work, and on the occasion of its painfully critical posture, such an appeal, sanctioned by the high and holy associations, incident to the objects in view—cannot but be successful! Thanking you, sir, for the generous personal assistance we have received, and gratefully acknowledging the indebtedness of this cause to the zeal and energy which you have displayed, may we ask you to lay this letter, (imperfectly written as it is) along with the "correspondence which is to be placed before the "Committee," and the public.

We cannot yield the hope of "success," and the position assumed by Mr. Washington invites this course, and guarantees it provided the "title" be securely vested in, and obtained directly by Virginia.

We trust that neither the ladies nor yourself will consider us as indisposed to acknowledge the propriety of the course which Mr. Washington has thought proper to pursue—or, so far misapprehend our feelings as to regard us as indifferent to the priority of the personal proprietorship of Mt. Vernon. We are aware of the various, and delicate points, which the mere casuist may raise on this subject. But to reflect on it, in its national, historical and moral relations, forces Patriots to regard Mount Vernon as a part and parcel of a nation's inheritance far too intimately blended with the name, services, and fame of Washington—to be separated.

May we express the hope that the "Committee" and the ladies of Virginia will concur in these views, and energetically "resolve

to secure the "title" to Mt. Vernon and efficiently aid us to raise the funds necessary to pay for it—thus making the day not distant when it may become the Mecca of the liberty loving spirits of the world! Their prompt and affirmative "response," will brighten hope—strengthen confidence—and secure the more speedy completion of that efficient organization, with which to commence the winter's exertions. Deeming it most appropriate that the daughters of his native state—should conduct this enterprise in his honor, we respectfully renew the "invitation" to the Richmond State Committee and to the other invited ladies to unite with us, and form the "Central Committee of the Union"—and to assume at once the duties and responsibilities which circumstances of a patriotic nature, have hitherto compelled us to endeavour to fulfil alone—however unworthily!

Virginians! all eyes are turned to you—hundreds are awaiting your action to commence their efforts with renewed vigor, and we would that you were apprised to its full extent of the importance attached elsewhere to your position and influence on this subject! Your sisters in the State beside you, alive to the beauty of this act by woman—have outshipped all others in their practical zeal—shewing they are not Rip-Van-Winkles! Where will you be?

May we not with proud confidence point to the van—for the spirit of the Old Dominion can neither be asleep nor departed? Shall it not soon be heard, from the seashore to the mountains, in such tones as shall reach and electrify patriotic hearts from Maine to Texas—sending us, by one irresistible impulse, so far forward in the path of "success" that "this cause" will no longer need our humble and feeble pen—permitting this we say "farewell" to that forbearing and generous public, to whom we now tender our most grateful thanks.

Very Respectfully, Yours.

A SOUTHERN MATRON.

On the reception of the above letter the ladies of Richmond held a meeting in order to respond to the invitation, to form the Mt. Vernon Central Committee of the Union.

The following officers were chosen, after unanimously voting the "Southern Matron" to be their President:

*President.*

THE SOUTHERN MATRON.

*Vice-Presidents.*

MRS. WILLIAM F. RITCHIE,  
MRS. E. F. SEMMES,  
MRS. W. H. MACFARLAND,  
MRS. W. D. BLAIR,  
MRS. BENJAMIN B. MINOR,  
MRS. JOHN TYLER, of Charles City.  
MRS. W. C. RIVES, of Albemarle.  
MRS. HENINGHAM C. HARRISON, of Goochland.  
MRS. JOHN B. FLOYD, of Washington County.

*Secretary.*

MRS. A. M. MEAD.

*Treasurer.*

MR. W. H. MACFARLAND.

*Honorary Members.*

MRS. R. CUNNINGHAM, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. W. J. EVE, do.  
MRS. P. K. DICKINSON, Wilmington, N. C.  
MRS. J. MILWARD, Philadelphia, Pa

## Editor's Table.

Many kind solicitations having been made that the Editor of the Messenger should resume the interrupted narrative of his European travel, he offers to the readers of the magazine in this number some account of a summer visit to the German Springs, and will follow it up from month to month with notes of a long ramble through Northern Germany, Switzerland and Italy, until the same shall have been exhausted. The editor is aware that the track is a beaten one and that the interest of these sketches must therefore depend altogether upon the manner in which they are given—a consideration which might deter him from publishing them but for the requests of friends in different sections of the country. He cannot doubt the sincerity of these partial correspondents, though many of them are as unknown to him as the imaginary individuals who demand the repetition of a performance at the box-office of the theatre. He deems it proper to add that

but for a temporary loss of all his papers on the return voyage to the United States, these notes would have been resumed at an earlier period.

It being the wish of the patriotic ladies composing the "Central Mount Vernon Association" that the Messenger should be the vehicle of their Monthly Reports and addresses to the Southern States of the Union, we cheerfully give place in this number to the earnest exposition of their aims, bearing the signature of the officers of the Association, and the letter of the "Southern Matron" in advocacy of the general plan. We need not add a word in behalf of an organization established for purposes so sacred.

The death of Charlotte Brontë Nichol, better known as "Currer Bell," under which name her works were given to the world, has taken from the literature of England one of its brightest ornaments, and will awaken profound sorrow wherever the language of her country is read among men. Only three novels of this gifted writer are ours, but these are of such rare and wonderful excellence as to demand a place by the side of the first works in the whole range of fiction. Genius like the king in the ancient mythology transmutes all it touches into gold, and it was genius of a high order which, rejecting the usual means by which heroes and heroines are rendered attractive, enlisted universal sympathy with the plain, blunt, rough but honest natures of the lovers in *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette*. That her characters was not lovable, was due to the fact that little of the dew and sunshine of life fell upon the path of the author. She belonged to that class of poets who "learn in suffering what they teach in song." She wrote of the world as she saw it from underneath the shadow of the deepest domestic affliction, and in the dreary solitude of her home in the north of England. Hence the pictures she gives us are rarely peaceful or sylvan, they are the storm scenes of the gallery of modern romance—the sky piled up with masses of ominous vapour or the rifted clouds flying across the face of the moon. But the passion which lights up the foreground is always of the intensest and most glowing kind, and no other woman of her age has given evidence of such power in its delineation, not excepting that Circean muse of French literature, Madame Du-devant. The juxtaposition of these two names is referable only to the degree of steely strength which belonged to the two women: unquestionably Charlotte Brontë was as different as possible in all things else from the author of *Indiana*.

She wrote only from a sense of duty and with an ever-present and vivid recognition of the responsibility of the vocation of author. But she is gone. We shall have no more creations like Rochester and Paul—and it will be long ere there comes forward another woman who can draw such.

The sale of Mr. Ingraham's great library in Philadelphia was the event most talked of in literary circles, during the past month. It was not, we confess, without a sad feeling that we saw the announcement of this sale and read over the somewhat ill-arranged catalogue, for we had in times past enjoyed the society of the accomplished collector, as he sat amid his bibliographical treasures discoursing of their value with the enthusiasm of Dibdin. That they should be scattered to the four winds, torn from the pleasant companionship of that cosy little apartment with the iris windows, seemed almost like the separation of families and the breaking up of dear domestic associations. There was scarcely a volume in the library that was not illustrated by some rare portrait or some characteristic autograph of the author inserted by the hand of Mr. Ingraham. Many had belonged to famous lovers and writers of books—Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore and others. The sale was largely attended by booksellers and book-collectors, and among them by Mr. Randolph of this city, who has returned with more than one thousand volumes of the collection, which may be seen by the curious at his store, No. 121 Main Street. Pinkerton's Great Atlas, Anderson's British Poets, the Publications of the Camden Society, the Mirror of Parliament and choice editions of Richardson, Walpole, Pope, Addison, &c., with notes and autographs, are among Mr. Randolph's purchases.

The editor of the *Richmond Dispatch* has a pleasant way of sending out paragraphs now and then that strongly remind us of the felicitous style of Leigh Hunt. But a few days ago he commented sportively on the happy restoration to robust health of the poet Willis, expressing his misgivings that the melancholy account of that gentleman's condition a year ago, as published in the *Home Journal*, was slightly intensified for the naughty purpose of enjoying the sympathy of the public. In speaking of the moribund editorial of the *Journal*, the *Dispatch* says:

We well recollect that, among other emanations at this time, of that productive intellect which seemed to bud and blossom and put forth flowers and foliage with the most astonishing rapidity,



the balmy atmosphere and genial sun of Paradise pervaded and inspired it, was a most touching and plaintive description of the condition and thoughts of a consumptive, as he approaches the last of earth. The gifted author did not seek to conceal from himself or others the consciousness that he was the victim of an incurable malady, but he spoke of it with such Christian philosophy, such sweet resignation, nay with such placid cheerfulness, that death seemed quite disrobed of its terrors, and the dark valley became lighted up with a calm effulgence, its gloomiest recesses disclosed prim-rose paths, its thick atmosphere was redolent with the Rose of Sharon and the Balm of Gilead; its fiery serpent became a holy cross, dropping mercy and compassion on broken hearts; its cold Jordan a narrow stream, whose waters retreat when the feet of the children of Israel touch its shore, and permit them to pass dry shod to Canaan.

There, reader, thank us for rescuing this shining pebble of poetry from the Lethe that flows over a penny paper.

The following graceful bit of verse we find in the *Spirit of Jefferson*, a paper published at Charlestown in this State. From the allusion to the eagle of Harper's Ferry, which once figured on the floor of the House of Representatives in an eloquent speech, and the locality mentioned in the last stanza, we ascribe it to the pen poetical of Henry Bedinger, our Minister to the Court of Denmark—

### ONE OF MY FRIENDS.

BY "THE EXILE—NOT OF ERIN."

One of my friends is very fair,  
Her lips are like fresh budding roses :  
The smile that parts the ruby pair,  
Pearls of the purest white disclose.

The locks upon her lovely brow  
Rest with a sweet, fantastic lightness :  
And in her eye's bewitching glow,  
We dream of Heaven, and all its brightness.

Her voice is like the song of birds  
When spring puts forth her fairest flowers :  
And sweetly flow her graceful words  
As flows a brook through summer bowers.

Over her mild, angelic face,  
The rays of soul are ever beaming :  
And her sweet form's surpassing grace  
Excels the poet's wildest dreaming.

Look on her soft and snowy hand,  
Remark each straight Patrician finger :  
And, as upon a fairy's wand,  
Your eye would there forever linger.

Like the young fawn's, her tiny foot  
Touches the earth with fairy motion :

Or, like a little wavelet, mute  
Upon the stormless breast of ocean.

Oh! for some spell of magic power,  
Some lamp—Arabian and enchanted—  
To bear me to that gentle flower  
For whom my soul so long hath panted.

Alas! three thousand stormy miles—  
Three thousand miles of stormy water,  
Debar me from the spot where smiles  
Virginia's fairest, rarest daughter!

But, if that Eagle, which was seen  
Once on a time, by Harper's Ferry,  
Would lend his golden wings, I ween  
This drooping heart would soon be merry.

Oh! swifter than his swiftest flight—  
Cleaving the calm or stormy Heaven :  
Regardless of the day or night,  
Unmindful of the morn or even,

Like to the lightning's vivid flash,  
Like to some wild thing driven frantic—  
I'd fling me, at a single dash,  
Across the broad, storm-vex'd Atlantic.

From this dark land I would away—  
And, plying each enchanted pinion,  
Swift as the sun's descending ray,  
Alight within the Old Dominion.

I'd perch upon a certain dome  
That memory wots of; there I'd wing me :  
Then, stooping to her peaceful home,  
In rapture at her feet I'd fling me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ho! Fancy, whither drivest thou?  
Thy horses, wild and curbless, wander ;  
Return them to the stupid plough  
That, in the furrow, waits them yonder.

Ho! turn their heads from Fairy-land  
Unto *this* land, not *wholly* Pagan :  
Control them with a master hand,  
And stable them in Copenhagen.

January 21st, 1855.

Among our exchanges, there is a monthly entitled the *Opal*, the material of which is contributed by the Patients of the State Lunatic Asylum of New York, a committee of whom conduct the editorial department. Like the gem after which it is named this magazine is now clear and now cloudy, the vagaries of mental aberration sometimes manifesting themselves painfully in the various articles of prose and verse. In metaphysics it rarely becomes more comprehensible than Mr. Emerson, though there is an occasional touch of nature in the lighter efforts that will find a response in the universal heart. We think our readers will agree with us that more absurd things than the following are often written by persons entirely *compos mentis* :

## THE PRETTY PICTURES.

WRITTEN FOR MY LITTLE GIRL TO SPEAK AT SCHOOL.

I am a little peasant girl;  
 My father's very poor;  
 No rich and handsome things have we—  
 No carpet on the floor;

And yet, this morning, when I woke,  
 I saw, to my surprise,  
 Four pretty pictures in my room,  
 Alike in shape and size.

The first was of a lake so clear,  
 With woods encircled round,  
 Through which there sprang a frighten'd deer,  
 Pursued by many a hound.

The second is a quiet stream,  
 Which through a valley winds:  
 Tall trees and shrubs are on the brink,  
 And flowers of various kinds.

The next a little hamlet seems,  
 With its neat church and spire;  
 Behind its hills and mountains rise  
 Up to the clouds and higher.

The last is a vast waterfall,  
 Which a broad lake supplies;  
 Masses of water tumble down,  
 And clouds of spray arise.

These pictures all will fade away—  
 I know it to my sorrow;  
 But mother says she thinks I'll have  
 Four other ones to-morrow.

Who gives them to me, do you ask?  
 And how much do they cost?  
 The giver I have never seen,  
 The painter is—JACK FROST.

## Notices of New Works.

ROBERT GRAHAM: A Sequel to *Linda*. By *Caroline Lee Hentz*, author of the "*Planter's Northern Bride*," "*Rena*," "*Eoline*," "*Marcus Warland*," etc. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

This is one of Mrs. Hentz's picturesque and entertaining stories, and as far as we have read, seems to be similar to, and perhaps as interesting, as her other works, the titles of a number of which are given in the title page, copied above. We have read "*Linda*," "*Rena*," and "*Eoline*," and Mrs. Hentz is certainly a most agreeable tale teller for those who seek pure recreation. Her stories require no effort of the mind—they are plain, direct, picturesque, and if not very profound, still full of good sense at bottom. We are disposed to quarrel sometimes with the affluent merits and attractions of her heroes and heroines, and to suspect that her "villains," to speak in the romance vernacular are perhaps a little too satanic; but even this mode of treatment possesses a

certain merit, inasmuch as the lines between right and wrong, vice and virtue cannot be made too plain for the great mass of readers. It is an encouraging sign of the times that works of truth and piety are so much relished. "*Robert Graham*" comes to us in a handsome duodecimo of some 250 pages, through Mr. Randolph of this city.

THE CASTLE BUILDERS. By the author of "*Heart-ease*." New York: D. Appleton and Co. [From A. Morris 97 Main Street.]

Miss Charlotte Yonge, the author of this work, has won for herself, by several previous novels of decided popularity, as wide a circle of admirers as any other lady writer of the day. The "*Heir of Redcliffe*" excited a sensation among the lovers of fiction which is without a parallel for the tears, copious and briny, that came during its perusal to all eyes. Perhaps there never was a volume that called for so constant an employment of the *mouchoir* or which passed from the hands of the overwhelmed reader in such a condition of dampness. "*The Castle-Builders*" makes no such large draughts on the lachrymal ducts, yet among a certain class of readers—the Episcopalians—it is likely to prove an edifying and pleasant affair. The design of it seems to be to show the importance of the rite of confirmation, and the sister-heroines are conducted along that beautiful valley of domestic life that lies between the world and the church, the shining heights of Fashion and the Delectable Mountains. The end of their pilgrimage is the altar, not however as all young ladies like to be led to it for the Solemnization of Matrimony, but for taking upon themselves the vows aforesaid given by their sponsors at baptism. They are confirmed, not married:—have we a right to say of that other ceremony—*cela tiendra*? Miss Yonge must determine.

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS. By the late WILLIAM MAGINN, LL. D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. In Two Volumes. Redfield, 34 Beekman Street, New York, 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Dr. Maginn was the prince of those wits and good fellows who made Blackwood so brilliant in the fine days of its youth, and it was the Doctor's fun that tempered the philosophy of those nights at Ambrose's, which celebrated as the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* have become world famous. A man of great learning, exuberant fancy and an almost fatal facility of composition, he wasted upon the *bagatelles* of magazine literature those fine powers that might have added to the real wealth of libraries. The papers now first collected by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie are full of epigram and humour, but have a strong smack of whi-key punch which the Doctor loved not wisely, but too well. Let us not judge harshly, however, of a man who has given as much delight to the reading world as any other of his generation.

We regret to be constrained for want of room to acknowledge several book notices designed for this number until next month. Our friends, the publishers, will receive our thanks for their continued favors and the assurance that we are not insensible to them.



# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1855.

NO. 6.

## Review of Owen Meredith's Poems.

We have been eagerly awaiting the appearance of the volume of poems reviewed in the following article, (which we take from the London *Examiner*, for some months.) The author, who comes before the public under the domino of "Owen Meredith," has been a contributor to the Messenger and some of his earliest inspirations were published in its pages. We had the satisfaction last Fall of looking over the proof sheets of *Clytemnestra* and its companion poems in Paris where the poet now resides. Genius is with him an inheritance, yet we are confident that he will one day achieve something in song eminently worthy of the distinguished name which at present he keeps from the public eye. There is a wonderful beauty, we think, about *Good Night in the Porch*—the heart-tragedy is spoken in words of startling eloquence, the more effective perhaps from their sad simplicity. *Changes*, too, is a bit of very truthful plaintiveness. It was copied, some weeks since, in the New York *Albion* and has gone the rounds of the American press, wherever a lover of poetry is to be found armed with the editorial scissors.—[ED. SOU. LIT MESS.]

*Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, The Artist, and other Poems.* By Owen Meredith, Chapman & Hall.

If one may prophesy with safety of the day, by watching the tokens that accompany the dawn, we may predict satisfactory issue for the rich poetical promise which in this volume breaks over the flat waste of contemporary verse. Few are the poets we have now living amongst us, and they belong to the passing generation. The younger singers who claim the generation now maturing for their audience, appear to us to have failed hitherto to make their claims indisputable. Not that we think they fail because their fruit is unripe and crude. Every true poet's in his youth, is so; the mind being of small worth that has the fancy and the judgment prematurely balanced, and that ends where it should almost begin. They fail, or

seem to us to fail, because we have reason to suspect a blight as well as unripeness in the fruit, from which we may not venture to anticipate, at any time hereafter, the flavor and fragrance of genuine poetry.

We find matter in the volume before us which encourages us to entertain much less than the usual misgiving. It is evidently the work of a young mind, but it seems to us not less evidently the work of one who is poet-born—born, we are disposed to think, with strength enough to battle through all those imitative, infectious, and other disorders, to which the fancy is at all times subject, but especially in youth. There are disorders of this kind that disfigure where they do not kill. Many a young gentleman breaks out incontinently into high poetic fever, becomes pitted over with words, and runs into dreadful phrases caught of some other person whose disease was, by a great deal, less malignant. Such a hapless poet perishes, or remains scarred for the remainder of his life. But of the writer whom this volume introduces to the world, Mr. Owen Meredith, we are inclined to think and hope more favorably. We err greatly if he be not found to have strength enough to take all the fevers incident to poetry in the right way; and however flushed he may seem here and there in certain pages of the book, the end of it all will only be, through whatever incidental courses of Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, Browning, or what not, to leave him strengthened or purified in his own individuality.

And prominently we would put forth the fact, as no small ground of promise, that this writer in his youth has evidently entered deeply not alone into subtle enjoyment of the genius of such modern poets as we have named, but not less into the strength and freshness of those writers in whom the youth and strength of poetry itself were best displayed, and that his fancy would seem to have been first fired by Æschylus and Homer.

Much was to be expected from a young muse that could—

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine.

—and such is the tragedy which stands first in this volume, being in due form a tale of the return from Troy, and of the sorrows of the line of Pelops. Not without very many lapses into the youth's treble note it is told, but yet, on the whole, with a majesty of utterance, and a poetic manner joined to a real grandeur of conception, manifestly learnt from faithful study under the masters of poetry in ancient Greece. For the high classical feeling with which the fable is developed, includes also a genuine dramatic instinct. As to the manner of the murder, Mr. Meredith follows Æschylus, who in his *Agamemnon* tells that she entangled the bull-fronted hero in a net before she stabbed him in his bath; but other causes for the deed, given by the Greek poets, are also assumed and dexterously harmonized. Thus the one repulsive motive prominent in Æschylus is softened by that which Sophocles preferred suggesting, namely, indignation at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Let us not be supposed to speak of Mr. Meredith's *Clytemnestra* as by any means a perfect classical play. We speak of it rather as the wonderfully happy exercise of a young artist who knew well in what school the early use of his powers would be best developed to himself. But a hundred touches show also the independent vigor of the genius which was thus, for its own self-help and discipline, practising after one of the noblest of models; and but that we contemplate extracts from other and more matured poems, we should have given some fine passages from the choruses, especially that of scene x. Detached thoughts or images we have more reluctance in presenting; but one or two, perhaps, ought to be given before we pass to the modern subjects.

Clytemnestra stands before the shield of Agamemnon:—

Here, round this silver boss, he cut my name,  
Once—long ago: he cut it as he lay  
Tired out with brawling pastimes—prone—his limbs

At length diffused—his head droopt in my lap—  
His spear flung by: Electra by the hearth  
Sat with the young Orestes on her knee;  
While he, with an old broken sword, hack'd out  
These crooked characters, and laughed to see  
(Sprawl'd from the unused strength of his large hands)  
The marks make CLYTEMNESTRA.

How he laughed!

Ægisthus' hands are smaller.

Clytemnestra is described as she hears of Agamemnon's return:—

She will not speak, save by that brooding eye  
Whose light is language. Some great thought, I see,  
Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood.  
As a king mounts his palace; holds high pomp  
In her Olympian bosom; gains her face,  
Possesses all her noble glowing cheek  
With sudden state; and gathers grandly up  
Its slow meanings in her eyes.

The impression made by this tragedy becomes more distinct in the later and lesser poems. We proceed at once to the *Artist*, which we think a masterly and beautiful piece of writing. Here the new poet speaks of his vocation in a nicely chosen language, with an ease of illustration, a quiet force of expression, and a music in his verse, that to us proves irresistibly how real, in his case the vocation is. We cannot quote all we could have wished; but the various stanzas selected will sufficiently, perhaps, show their connection. There is no crudity here. The thought throughout has a vigor and a worthiness for which the words supply adequate expression.

O Artist, range not over-wide:

Lest what thou seek be haply hid  
In bramble-blossoms, at thy side,  
Or shut within the daisy-lid.

God's glory lies not out of reach,  
The moss we crush beneath our feet,  
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,  
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

The peasant at his cottage door  
May teach thee more than Plato knew:  
See that thou scorn him not: adore  
God in him and thy nature too.

Know well thy friends. The woodbine's breath,  
The woolly tendril on the vine,  
Are more to thee than Cato's death,  
Or Cicero's words to Catiline.

The wild rose is thy next in blood:  
Share Nature with her, and thy heart,  
The kingcups are thy sisterhood:  
Consult them duly on thine art.

Nor cross the sea for gems. Nor seek :  
 Be sought. Fear not to dwell alone.  
 Possess thyself. Be proudly-meek.  
 See thou worthy to be known.

The Genius on thy daily ways  
 Shall meet, and take thee by the hand :  
 But serve him not as who obeys :  
 He is thy slave if thou command :

And blossoms on the blackberry stalks  
 He shall enchant as thou dost pass,  
 Till they drop gold upon thy walks,  
 And diamonds in the dewy grass.

Such largess of the liberal flowers  
 From left to right is grandly flung.  
 What time their subject blooms and flowers  
 King-Poets walk in state among.

Be quiet. Take things as they come :  
 Each hour will draw out some surprise.  
 With blessing let the days go home.  
 Thou shalt have thanks from evening skies.

Not all the wisdom of the schools  
 Is wise for thee. Hast thou to speak ?  
 No man have spoken for thee. Rules  
 Are well : but never fear to break.

The scaffolding of other souls :  
 It was not meant for thee to mount ;  
 Tho' it may serve thee. Separate wholes  
 Make up the sum of God's account.

This wild white rose-bud in my hand  
 Hath meanings meant for me alone.  
 Which no one else can understand :  
 To you it breathes with alter'd tone :

How shall I class its properties  
 For you ? or its wise whisperings  
 Interpret ? Other ears and eyes  
 It teaches many other things.

We number daisies, fringe and star :  
 We count the cinquefoils and the poppies :  
 We know not what they mean. We are  
 Degenerate copyists of copies.

We go to Nature, not as lords,  
 But servants : and she treats us thus :  
 Speaks to us with indifferent words,  
 And from a distance looks at us.

Let us go boldly, as we ought,  
 And say to her " We are a part  
 Of that supreme original Thought  
 Which did conceive thee what thou art :

" We will not have this lofty look :  
 Thou shalt fall down and recognize  
 Thy kings : we will write in thy book,  
 Command thee with our eyes."

We ransack History's tattered page :  
 We prate of epoch and costume :  
 Call this, and that, the Classic Age :  
 Choose tunic now, now helm and plume :

But while we halt in weak debate  
 'Twixt that and this appropriate theme.  
 The offended wild-flowers stare and wait.  
 The bird hoots at us from the stream.

Next, as to laws. What's beautiful  
 We recognize in form and face :  
 And judge it thus, and thus, by rule,  
 As perfect law brings perfect grace :

Thro' the effect, we drag the cause,  
 Dissect, divide, anatomize,  
 Results are lost in loathsome laws,  
 And all the ancient beauty dies.

Till we, instead of bloom and light,  
 See only sinews, nerves, and veins :  
 Nor will the effect and cause unite,  
 For one is lost if one remains :

But from some higher point behold  
 This dense, perplexing, complication :  
 And laws involved in laws unfold,  
 And orb into thy contemplation.

God, when he made the seed, conceived  
 The flower ; and all the work of sun  
 And rain, before the stem was leaved,  
 In that prenatal thought was done :

The girl who twines in her soft hair  
 The orange-flower, with love's devotion,  
 By the mere act of being fair  
 Sets countless laws of life in motion :

So thou, by one thought thoroughly great,  
 Shalt, without heed thereto, fulfil  
 All laws of art. Create ! create !  
 Dissection leaves the dead dead still.

Burn catalogues. Write thine own books.  
 What need to pore o'er Greece and Rome ?  
 When whose thro' his own life looks  
 Shall find that he is fully come.

Thro' Greece and Rome, and Middle-Age :  
 Hath been by turns, ere yet full-grown.  
 Soldier and Senator and Sage,  
 And worn the tunic and the gown.

Such, well-thought and well-said, is this  
 young poet's theory of his art. The army of  
 Agamemnon has swept by him, and the  
 heart's great passions he has found expressed  
 in old Greek fable ; but he has not sold his  
 spirit as a slave to the old gods and demi-  
 gods. The sun is more to him than a dart-  
 shooting Apollo, and for the Dryads he cares  
 less than for the blackberries within the  
 wood. He not only delights in Nature her-  
 self, but what is infinitely more to the pur-  
 pose, he has that subtle sympathy with her  
 in all her moods,—that exquisite sense of all  
 she can impart, though it be but from a speck  
 of vapor in the sky, or the waving of a hare-  
 bell in the wind,—which only some can have,

and which, among those who have it, only the true poet can express.

Perhaps the most remarkable exemplification of this peculiar power of sympathy between the moods of mind and the external aspect of nature, is in the poem called the *Earl's Return*. This piece, indeed, though in its form imitative of similar pieces by Browning, contains some of Mr. Meredith's very best writing. It treats of a great sorrow with a master's power, not in the old classical, but in the comparatively new romantic way. It is indeed as perfect a study of the romantic, as *Clytemnestra* is of the opposite school of art, if we are to adopt that old-fashioned division; and, inasmuch as the wild current of romance affords little restraint to the fancy, the spirit and vital strength of the poet are certainly, in the poem of the *Earl's Return*, put forth more conspicuously than in the *Clytemnestra*.

But in another form, and hardly in a less degree, we have the same subtle power of feeling and expression in the piece called *Good Night in the Porch*; and as this, with its nicer touches of human emotion, may probably interest the reader more, we shall take some extracts from it. It is a dying youth's good-night to his sister, and opens with his natural picture:—

A little longer in the light, love, let me be. The air is warm.

I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the Farm.

A little longer, Sister sweet—your hand in mine—on this old seat.

In you red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er your casement shines

Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines

The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the place is grown!

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh—

Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out: with murmurs harsh

The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long pools one by one.

A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or lurid white.

Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and gone, eluding sight.

The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden-bowers are dim with dew.

With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twinkling, where the sun slips thro'  
Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple Judas-tree.

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay there

The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still and stare.

The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited manes.

And o'er yon hill-side brown and barren (where you and I as children play'd.

Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy, shrill cascade

Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round the muffled mill.

He then retraces his brief life, and its master-sorrow: all these stanzas are good, and the close seems to us very true and affecting:—

And there's my epic—I began when life seem'd long, tho' longer art—

And all the glorious deeds of man made golden riot in my heart—

Eight books . . . it will not number mine! I die before my heroine.

Sister! they say that drowning men in one wild moment can recall

Their whole life long, and feel again the pain—the bliss that throng'd it all:—

Last night those phantoms of the Past again came crowding round me fast.

Near morning, when the lamp was low, against the wall they seem to flit;

And, as the wavering light would glow or fall, they came and went with it.

The ghost of boyhood seem'd to gaze down the dark verge of vanished days.

Once more the garden where she walk'd on summer eves to tend her flowers.

Once more the lawn where first we talk'd of future years in twilight hours

Arose; once more she seemed to pass before me in the waving grass.

To that old terrace; her bright hair about her warm neck all undone,

And waving on the balmy air, with tinges of the dying sun.

Just one star kindling in the west: just one bird singing near its nest.

So lovely, so beloved! Oh, fair as though that sun had never set . . .

Which staid upon her golden hair, in dreams I seem to see her yet!

To see her in that old green place—the same husht, smiling, cruel face!

A little older, love, than you are now; and I was then a boy;

And wild and wayward-hearted too; to her my passion was a toy,

Soon broken! ah, a foolish thing—a butterfly with crumpled wing!

Her hair, too, was like yours—as bright, but with a warmer golden tinge:

Her eyes, a somewhat deeper light, and dream'd below, a longer fringe:

And still that strange grave smile she had stays in my heart and keeps it sad!

There's no one knows it, truest friend, but you: for I have never breathed

To other ears the frozen end of those spring-garlands Hope once wreath'd;

And death will come before again I breathe that name untouch'd by pain.

From little things—a star, a flower—that touch'd us with the self-same thought,

My passion deepen'd hour by hour, until to that fierce heat 'twas wrought,

Which, shrivelling over every nerve, crumbled the out-works of reserve.

I told her then, in that wild time, the love I knew she long had seen;

The accusing pain that burned like crime, yet left me nobler than I had been;

What matter with what words I woo'd her? She said I had misunderstood her.

And something more—small matter what! of friendship something—sister's love—

She said that I was young—know not my own heart—as the years would prove—

She wish'd me happy—she conceived an interest in me—and believed

I should grow up to something great—and soon forget her—soon forget

This fancy—and congratulate my life she had released it, yet—

With more such words—a lie! a lie! She broke my heart, and flung it by!

A life's libation lifted up, from her proud lip she dash'd untasted:

There trampled lay love's costly cup, and in the dust the wine was wasted.

She knew I could not pour such wine again at any other shrine.

Then I remember a numb mood: mad murmurings of the words she said:

A slow shame smouldering through my blood; that surged and sung within my head:

And drunken sunlights reeling thro' the leaves: above, the burnish'd blue,

Hot on my eyes—a blazing shield; a noise among the waterfalls:

A free crow up the brown cornfield floating at will: faint shepherd-calls:

And reapers reaping in the shocks of gold: and girls with purple frocks:

All which confused the more my brain; and nothing could I realize

But the great fact of my own pain: I saw the fields: I heard the cries:

The crow's shade dwindled up the hill: the world went on: my heart stood still.

One more extract we must take—where his successful rival is described as belonging to those happier souls that “rejoice the world by living, and receive from all men more than what they give.”

One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our boards of careful grain:

Because their love breaks thro' their laugh, while ours is fraught with tender pain:

The world that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep some faces glad:

And so it is! from such an one Misfortune softly steps aside

To let him still walk in the sun. These things must be. I cannot chide.

Had I been she I might have made the self-same choice. She shunn'd the shade.

To some men God hath given laughter: but tears to some men He hath given:

He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles in Heaven:

And tears and smiles, they are His gift: both good, to smite or to uplift:

He knows His sheep: the wind and showers beat not too sharply the shorn lamb:

His wisdom is more wise than ours: He knew my nature—what I am:

He tempers smiles with tears: both good, to bear in time the Christian mood.

Another poem, which is called *A Soul's Loss*, depicts a Troilus who soliloquizes over the false Cressida he has worshipped; and while, throughout, it is not less illustrative than anything we have quoted of the temper of the writer's mind, here and there, we think, it even more completely asserts his prerogative of genius. All the succeeding stanzas appear to us singularly truthful, and we know few things more perfectly expressed in modern poetry than the first stanza and the last.

Mourn I may, that from her features,

All the angel light is gone,

But I chide not. Human creatures

Are not angels. She was none.

Women have so many natures!

I think she loved me well with one.

All is not with love departed,

Life remains, tho' touch'd with scorn

Lonely, but not broken-hearted.

Nature changes not. The morn

Breathes not sadder. Buds have started

To white clusters on the thorn.

And to-morrow I shall see

How the leaves their green silk sheath

Have burst upon the chesnut tree.

And the white rose-bush beneath



My lattice which, once tending, she  
 Made thrice sweeter with her breath,  
 Its black buds thro' moss and glue  
 Will swell greener. And at eve  
 Winking bats will waver thro'  
 The gray warmth from eave to eave,  
 While the daisy gathers dew.  
 These things grieve not, tho' I grieve.

\* \* \*

Welcome man's old helpmate, Toil!  
 How may this heart's hurt be healed?  
 Crush the olive into oil;  
 Turn the ploughshare; sow the field,  
 All are tillers of the soil  
 Each some harvest hopes to yield.

Shall I perish with the whole  
 Of the coming years in view  
 Unattempted? To the soul  
 Every hour brings something new.  
 Still suns rise: still ages roll.  
 Still some deed is left to do.

\* \* \*

I must seek some other place  
 Where free Nature knows her not:  
 Where I shall not meet her face  
 In each old familiar spot.  
 There is comfort left in space.  
 Even this grief may be forgot.

Great men reach dead hands unto me  
 From the grave to comfort me.  
 Shakspeare's heart is throbbing thro' me,  
 All man has been man may be.  
 Plato speaks like one that knew me.  
 Life is made Philosophy.

Ah, no, no! while yet the leaf  
 Turns, the truths upon it pall  
 By the stature of this grief,  
 Even Shakspeare shows so small!  
 Plato palter with relief,  
 Grief is greater than them all!

From the many minor poems, which present not the least happy evidence of the new writer's art and power, we take two. The volume contains many such, equally good. Only a true poet could thus have painted—

#### QUEEN GUENEVERE.

Thence up the sea-green floor, among the stems  
 Of mighty columns whose unmeasured shades  
 From aisle to aisle, unheeded in the sun,  
 Moved without sound, I, following all alone  
 A strange desire that drew me like a hand,  
 Come unawares upon the Queen.

She sat

In a great silence, which her beauty fill'd  
 Full to the heart of it, on a black chair  
 Mail'd all about with sullen gems, and crusts  
 Of sultry blazonry. Her face was bow'd,  
 A pause of slumbrous beauty, o'er the light  
 Of some delicious thought new-risen above

The deeps of passion. Round her stately head  
 A single circlet of the red gold fine  
 Burn'd free, from which, on either side stream'd down  
 Twilights of her soft hair, from neck to foot.  
 Green was her kirtle as the emrolde is,  
 And stiff from hem to hem with seams of stones  
 Beyond all value; which, from left to right  
 Disparting, half reveal'd the snowy gleam  
 Of a white robe of spotless samyte pure.  
 And from the soft repression of her zone,  
 Which like a light hand on a lutestring press'd  
 Harmony from its touch flow'd warmly back  
 The bounteous outlines of a glowing grace,  
 Nor yet outflow'd sweet laws of loveliness.

Then did I feel as one who, much perplexed,  
 Led by strange legends and the light of stars  
 Over long regions of the midnight sand  
 Beyond the red tract of the Pyramids,  
 Is suddenly drawn to look upon the sky  
 From sense of unfamiliar light, and sees,  
 Reveal'd against the constellated cope  
 The great cross of the South.

The chamber round

Was droopt with arras green; and I could hear,  
 In courts far off, a minstrel praising May,  
 Who sang . . . *Si douce, si douce est la Margarete*:  
 To a faint lute. Upon the window-sill,  
 Hard by a latoun bowl that blazed i' the sun  
 Perch'd a strange fowl, a Falcon Perigrine:  
 With all his feathers puffed for pride, and all  
 His courage glittering outward in his eye;  
 For he had flown from far, athwart strange lands,  
 And o'er the light of many a setting sun,  
 Lured by his love (such sovereignty of old  
 Had Beauty in all coasts of Christendom!)  
 To look into the great eyes of the Queen.

Observe, too, the simplicity and suppressed pathos of the following lines:

#### CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.  
 Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not  
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.  
 And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:  
 Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
 God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.  
 And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know.  
 And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
 I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)  
 Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think  
 We are all changed. God judges for us best.  
 God help us to do our duty, and not shrink,  
 And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
 Too cold at times; and some too gay and light  
 Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.  
 Who knows the Past? and who can judge us right?



Ah, were we judged by what we might have been.  
 And not by what we are, too apt to fall!  
 My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know  
 all!

We like least in the volume the *Wife's Tragedy*, which is one of its longer pieces. This contains, we think, more than is discoverable in any other of the weakness that accompanies the intellectual work of youth. Excepting some stanzas in the first part, it is weak almost throughout; and a laudation of the aristocracy, put, *hors de propos*, into the mouth of an afflicted earl, has even a puerile effect. In this poem, too, an error in the general selection of Mr. Meredith's subjects becomes conspicuous. For the most part, throughout these, there is too close a confinement of the human interest to one marked theme, and this not very agreeable or true in itself, since it indicates rather the beauty than the worth of woman. Nearly all his heroines are either faithless wives, or women who have turned their backs on love in search of vanity. That too-often recurring thought he will do well to purge his fancy from. But of defects as well as beauties we have said enough, and need only repeat the belief with which we began, that in both we recognize the beginnings of a true poet.

### LOTTIE.

"Weep not for the dead, but for the living.  
 For she is at rest, and we in tears."

Oh shed no tear for Lottie now,  
 I know she is at rest,  
 All free from pain, with placid brow.  
 Her fair hands on her breast.  
 She faded just as Spring's young flowers  
 Had waked from winter's sleep,  
 And April with its fitful showers  
 Doth wildly o'er her weep.

Yes, Lottie was a fair young thing,  
 With forehead pure and white,  
 Which 'minded me of snow in Spring  
 Beneath the soft sunlight.  
 But most I loved the spirit sweet  
 That shone through those dark eyes,  
 Oh surely such a soul must meet  
 Its welcome in the skies.

They miss her when the twilight dim  
 Comes o'er the distant hills,  
 They miss her when the morning hymn  
 The thirsting spirit thrills.

So meekly did she bear the stroke  
 Which bowed her day by day,  
 That when at last life's link it broke,  
 An angel passed away.

Oh Lottie, Lottie, never more  
 With gladsome step thou'lt come,  
 As thou wert wont in days of yore  
 Back to thy childhood's home.  
 That happy home! 'till sorrow came  
 To dim life's bright'ning years,  
 But now whens'er they breathe *thy* name,  
 They turn aside in tears.

The birds will come with silver note  
 Back to the haunts they love,  
 And nightly where the soft clouds float  
 The stars return above;  
 And summer with her snowdrops sweet,  
 To us will soon be given,  
 Then Winter in his winding sheet,  
 But *Lottie is in Heaven*.

MELODIA.

Botetourt Co., Va., April 18.

### SPRING DAYS IN WASHINGTON.

"O the good genius of fair weather, who deserves many temples and palaces," says Jean Paul, and thus thought I, as I looked upon "the shining morning face" of this legislative city. It is true, its broad avenues are no longer gay with dazzling equipages, and its pavements are no longer thronged with the varied crowd that business and pleasure bring here during the months of winter. There is comparative silence in the streets, the hotels are deserted—there are no loungers on their porticos, and no long lines of carriages drawn up as a barricade before them. But Washington is still attractive to the eye of the stranger. The Capitol is a fine building in itself, but its effect is rendered still finer so at this season, by the loveliness of its cultivated grounds. You enter the wide gateway, and the eye reposes on lawns of the deepest verdure. Here and there the grassy carpet is variegated by beds of flowers, whose fragrance and beauty are almost intoxicating, seen in such numbers after the long and dreary winter. There is the burning tulip, the classic hyacinth,

—"Violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
 Or Cytherea's breath,"

and the fair daffodil, apostrophized with such

simple pathos by the poet Herrick. Over your head are trees whose graceful foliage and varied hues of green it is a simple joy to look upon. Among their branches the birds sing as freely and as sweetly as in their native woods. You ascend the broad flight of steps, and passing the unsightly monument erected to the memory of the naval officers who fell at Tripoli, walk upon the western portico of the Capitol. When you can leave the delicious air of a May morning, and the pleasant view of the noble avenue, and of the distant Potomac, enter the Rotunda. Powell's picture of "De Soto discovering the Mississippi," has been recently placed here, and it attracts many visitors. It is a striking painting from the number of its figures, and the brilliance and depth of its lights and shadows. As an historical piece it disappointed us. It might more appropriately be named "Planting the Cross among Savages." De Soto and his men, so far as one feeling actuates them, have their eyes fixed upon the elevation of a rude cross, made from a tree just felled. The group around it, regarded, as separated from the rest of the picture, and from its design, is fine. An aged priest, with an open book, repeats the prayers, while another priest swings a censer as the work progresses. The painting is a strange mixture of the warlike and the religious, appropriate perhaps to the times, but not to the event. The noble Mississippi is only seen on a corner of the canvas, and without any of its magnificent characteristics clearly and definitely drawn. We do not see its rapid and turbid current; its immense snags, reared above its waters like fabulous monsters of the deep. The shores do not show the desolate canebrake and the spreading cotton trees and cypresses of its swamps. We had hoped that this peculiarly American landscape would have had a more decided expression on the canvas, and thus have spoken to the eye of many who will never see its reality, but the river is quite secondary in the picture; no one looks toward it, or seems aware that it flows like a broad sea before them. We turned from the painting to look with pleasure upon Wier's "Embarcation of the Pilgrims." Here every figure unites in deepening the impression of the scene.

Every face expresses, in an individual manner, the common emotion. It does not need language to tell us what event in our history it represents, and the rainbow seen on the dark cloud intimates to us the heavenly hope and trust of the sorrowful band we are contemplating.

Near Powell's picture is Chapman's beautiful "Baptism of Pocahontas." There are in it some fine Indian figures and our sympathies are enlisted at once for the gentle child of the forest who kneels to receive the sacred rite. She would have been more *historical*, had the artist depicted in her face and air, some of the noble qualities which led her to risk her life for the English colonists. The incident with regard to Captain John Smith seems capable of high artistic treatment, and it would have pleased us, had this gallant son of Virginia perpetuated its remembrance in the glowing colors of his pencil. In "the Landing of Columbus," by Vanderlyn, a fine subject has been tamely treated. Columbus is not an impressive figure, and his men, searching in the land for gold the moment they step on shore, increase the want of elevation in the suggestions of the picture. The four remaining panels of the rotunda are filled by Col. Trumbull's historical paintings. Their subjects are well known. They have been criticised as unimaginative in design, and stiff in execution, but we think unjustly. The faces of the American actors are valuable as true portraits, and there is a dignity and simplicity in the scenes represented that might well belong to the reality. In the yet unfinished southern wing of the Capitol is the room of the Agricultural Committee of Congress. On one of the walls there is a fine piece of fresco painting. It represents the deputies of the Roman senate offering the Dictatorship to Cincinnatus. The patriot stands by his plough calmly listening to the earnest words addressed to him. His face and form are of the highest type of manly beauty. A barge is waiting to convey him across the Tiber, and every figure and countenance expresses the deepest interest in his reply. In a corner of the picture, with his arm around the neck of a dog, is the little son of Cincinnatus. He looks at the grave senators with such thoughtful curiosity, and he is so lovely

in his child-like beauty, as strongly to remind one of the youthful St. John in Raphael's Holy Families. It is well known that the colors of the true frescoes are laid on while the mortar is wet, and when dried they have a softness which time alone can give to vivid tints upon canvas. This painting was executed by an Italian artist, and we hope Congress will employ his taste and skill in adorning the remaining walls of the room with appropriate subjects. Few persons visit Washington without making a pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon. You are conveyed by a steamer fifteen miles down the Potomac, to this consecrated spot. At this season the banks of the river are beautiful with the fresh verdure of Spring, and enlivened at various points by the picturesque looking fishermen, drawing the seine for the annual piscatory harvest. Whole generations of the finny inhabitants are thus brought to the light of day, and here, at least, the promise seems amply fulfilled, "Thou shall seek of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." Before reaching Mount Vernon our little steamer stopped for an half hour at Fort Washington, and we walked upon the ramparts and examined the fortifications. This fort commands the river, and it has been rebuilt and strengthened since the war of 1812. Even at that time, if it had not been abandoned, the British could never have passed it and reached Washington to burn the Capitol. In case of a war it would be immediately garrisoned, but at present, only men enough are retained on duty to keep the buildings and grounds in order. It was about noon when we landed at Mount Vernon. A short walk from the shore conducts you to the tomb of Washington. Our party, about fifty in number, followed each other in silence, and as we reached the iron grated door, and looked through it upon the sarcophagus, underneath which reposes the honored dust, every hat was raised, and more than one face showed emotion. It was an interesting sight, for our company were from various parts of the Union, and many of them had never before visited this hallowed shrine. As we turned from the tomb, I am sure it was the language of every heart, our hero deserves a worthier resting-place.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!"

With sorrow we answer, there is here little outward evidence of the respect and affection cherished for the memory of Washington. Even nature seems forbidden to bring her tribute of verdure and flowers. The mortar has fallen from the arch above the inclosure, and the earth is covered with small stones and bits of clay. The fine lines of the ode, at this patriot's grave at least, can have no significance,—

"When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Return to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

It is a beautiful thing in our common humanity that love and veneration for the departed expresses itself by remembrance and care of their places of sepulchre. Far back in the patriarchal days we read, that the lords of Egypt, with a great company of chariots and horsemen, accompanied Joseph, when with pious care he laid his father, Jacob, to rest, in the family burying place, in the land of Canaan, and later, in Grecian story, the devoted Artemisia showed her grief at the death of her husband, Mausolus, by erecting a monument so splendid, as to have forever perpetuated his memory in the word it has given to the language. In modern times what wealth and magnificence has been lavished upon the tomb of Napoleon, and shall the children of America allow the Father of their Liberties to sleep in a neglected grave? We read with unfeigned satisfaction, in the last number of the Messenger, the appeal made by the "Southern Mount Vernon Association" on this subject. We hope the daughters of Virginia may succeed in their sacred enterprise, and that the time is not distant when they may, by purchase, give this cherished spot to our own state, to be held by it in trust for themselves, and for all who in our common country honor the name of Washington. With what pure pleasure shall we then walk through the venerable mansion once his home, and under the shade of trees which his care planted. No where will be seen evidences of decay and dilapidation, for love and reverence will have repaired the waste of time, and a na-

tion's generous gratitude have given a cultivation to the soil, and a beauty to its surroundings which it were now unreasonable to expect from the resources of a private fortune.

CECILIA.

May, 1855.

## IN THE CASTLE OF LUFTWICH.

Unbar the castle gate,  
Let now the bugle sound,  
A thousand swordsmen wait,  
Their chargers spurn the ground.

The booming peals that roll  
From yonder flashing plain,  
Awake the dreaming soul  
To fullest life again.

The Soul has now its birth!  
I feel its boundless might  
Cope with the deep-set Earth,  
And touch the spheres of light!

I scale the heights of life!  
Beyond the clouds of fear,  
I'm freed in noble strife!—  
Freedom is only here!

Long by the stream of thought,  
Vainly the soul has stood—  
Within its depths has sought  
The Beautiful, the Good.

Till the mock'd Soul, with taunts,  
Curs'd heaven, in wrath and pain,  
Sent with so godlike wants  
Upon Earth's poor domain.

But heaven no more I wait,  
Heaven's might is in my heart!  
Of all-decreeing Fate,  
I am myself a part!

And worlds I sought in vain,  
Shall rise beneath my hand!  
Deeds! deeds! Fate's iron reign  
Bends at their stern command!

I hear, O man, thy march,  
Struggling with countless foes,  
Move up the shining arch,  
With strong and earnest blows.

And heaven's gates will fall  
Before thy storming hand,  
And on its crystal wall  
Thy steadfast feet will stand.

## NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Retracing our steps from Baden to Frankfort, we went by rail from the latter city to Halle—a distance of nearly three hundred miles—in a single day. The route lay through the heart of Germany, and we found ourselves suddenly removed from the crowded region of summer travel into a land where all that met the eye and broke upon the ear was novel to us. The towns by which we were whirled resembled nothing we had seen before—their appearance was more antiquated and slumberous, the castles were gloomier castles, and seemed fitter theatres for the shocking, supernatural deeds we read of in German legends—Lena in her midnight ride with the spectre horseman must have galloped past just such fortresses and villages on her way to Hades. One of the latter, but a few miles out of Frankfort, with the musical name of *Butzbach*, is famous as the place from which came the broom-girls, who, some years ago, strolled around the world singing “Buy a Broom” and telling everybody they were born in Bavaria.

The language spoken around us was now German only, the dissonant syllables proving none the more intelligible for being tangled in tobacco smoke, which issued incessantly from the lips of our fellow passengers, and as they talked without intermission the whole time we were in their company, we came to the conclusion that we had never heard so voluminous a conversation. Perhaps if we had understood the discussion and it had chanced to be on German metaphysics, we should have said we had never listened to a more cloudy one.

If we could not participate in the talking of our companions, there seemed no good reason why we should not join them in their smoking, and so the remnant of a box of Havana Cigars which had run the gauntlet of the continental custom-houses, became dust and ashes on that day's jaunt to Halle. There has been a good deal of sentiment evoked from the fumes of a cigar (one of veritable Cuban manufacture of course) as all who have read the “*Reveries of a Bachelor*” can testify, and if I could here transcribe the emotions with which I emitted the last wreaths from the very last *Montoro* of that delightful box—how I thought of home and of friends four thousand miles off with whom I had puffed some of the earliest samples of that same brand, and how it seemed as the fire drew nearer and nearer to the edge of the meerschaum mouthpiece, that the last link that united me to “my native land” was parting,—I am sure this would be the most inter-



esting paragraph of my notes of travel. The moment we commenced smoking, our German friends warmed to us decidedly. Before the cigars had been produced, one of them had bewildered R—with the innocent inquiry of *Rauchen sie nicht?* and no sooner had we manifested a disposition to enter cloud-land, than fire was provided by a polite Prometheus with immense moustaches and a cap about the size of a coffee cup. Indeed the common enjoyment of tobacco proved such a provocative to sociability that Prometheus soon paraded a small stock of French, by means of which learning we were Americans, he manifested great satisfaction, since it was clear we must know his brother who resided at Milwaukie.

There was one slight inconvenience attending the Frankfort and Halle Railway communication which took us somewhat by surprise—the want of refreshment saloons. The Germans are so remarkable for immoderate eating as almost to suggest some remote etymological connection, which Mr. Trench might be able to establish, between *German* and *gourmand*, and all who are familiar with the literature of the country are aware that the knife and fork play no unimportant part in it. Goethe himself has shewn us how German sorrow turns for solace to sauerkraut. It was therefore little to be expected that in the interior of Faderland we should experience any difficulty about our commissariat, but it was not until noon that we reached a station on the railway where the cravings of hunger could have been satisfied, and there the fate of Tantalus was ours. Rushing to the counter of a very spacious hall that promised great things in the way of *provand*, we found nothing but snail-sandwiches, which, owing perhaps to a defect in early education, we could not undertake, but which the German travellers devoured with infinite gusto. This station was situated at the junction of the Frankfort and Cassel and the Cassel and Eisenach lines and is set down in Bradshaw as Gunterhausen Junction, and very near it there was a fine viaduct over which the Eisenach line passed. As we were to wait some minutes for the arrival of the Cassel train at this place, and as we could procure nothing at the *café* to refresh the inner man but lager beer, we set forth to inspect this viaduct and paid what was equivalent to five sous each for the privilege, but the train coming up rather suddenly compelled us to return in double quick time, and we went along to Eisenach poorer and hungrier, and I may add angrier in consequence of our double disappointment.

In an hour or so after leaving Gunterhausen Junction we reached Eisenach and now every stroke of the locomotive's piston bore us over classic ground. Perhaps there is no railway in the world of one hundred miles in length which pas-

ses along a region of such hallowed memories where the mind of the traveller is so crowded with associations, as this one. The train waits at Eisenach fifteen minutes—you look out of the car-window and within a stone's throw you see the famous castle of Wartburg crowning the summit of a neighbouring hill—memorable, ghostly old castle where Luther was imprisoned by his friend the Elector of Saxony to keep him out of the reach of those who sought his destruction. It was in that castle that Luther had his conflicts with Sathanas whom he put to flight by throwing an inkstand at his head—singular superstition, you will say, yet verified to the letter, for did not the bold reformer vanquish the devil and confound his devices with the contents of an inkstand? Was it not to the theories which were wrought out in that Wartburg dungeon that we owe whatever of civilization and progress the world has since accomplished—nay, would one of Mr. Norris's Philadelphia engines ever have snorted under the shadow of the venerable building but for that same inkstand of Luther? A quarter of an hour in a railway carriage is a short time for the march of centuries to evolve itself in one's imagination, yet the grand procession of great events which followed the assertion of the right of private judgment filed before me in that interval; I could not but think that the principle of civil liberty itself, so triumphantly carried out in the land of my birth, took its rise in the dark, medieval stronghold which now frowned upon us, that, as even a Catholic poet tells us, it was because

—Luther's schism had too much roused mankind  
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind—

that freedom had been able to rend the gyves which once bound her and appear in her celestial port before the world. Nor was this train of ideas at once dispelled, when the castle was left behind us, for we soon came to the Erfurt and caught a passing glimpse of the Augustine convent where the Reformer's monkish days were passed, and where he first read for himself the Bible and drew therefrom the apostolic courage which bore him up during the whole of his wonderful career.

It was not until we arrived at the Weimar station that we began to recal other reminiscences of the greatness of Germany in more modern times. Weimar as seen from the railway is as slow and provincial-looking a town as one will see anywhere, and to such as think of it in the past with the atmosphere of genius investing it with poetic interest, the collection of ordinary buildings dozing in the sunshine and flanking its silent and solitary streets will work almost a disenchantment. One cannot help fancying Weimar in the days of the Duchess Amelia, when Goethe and

Schiller and Herder and Richter and Wieland resided there, as a kind of Athens in architecture as well as in intellect—it is perhaps because in recalling the age of Pericles we think of the Propylea and the Acropolis as inevitably as of the Athenian poets and philosophers—yet the town itself shows not even grandeur in decay—indeed sixty years have probably wrought little change in its externals. But the light of genius had faded away from its sky—Weimar is no longer anything beyond a country town where the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar keeps his sleepy court, with his chamberlains and councillors nodding around him, albeit with no glory reflected upon his noble person from such men as formerly meditated in his park. How a railway train with its flag of flame and demoniac shriek, rushing into the Weimar of half-a-century ago, would have startled those dreaming verse-wrights and speculative sages: we can imagine the cold, impassive author of Faust looking at it in silent wonder and going back to his house—that “Pantheon full of pictures and statues”—to soliloquise among his visitors upon the triumphs of the human mind;—the sensitive, tender, romantic Jean Paul would have felt the thunder of its motion as a jar upon the delicate organism of his nature;—Schiller alone would probably have recognised its poetic meaning and sent its praises round the world in an ode as imperishable as that “Song of the Bell,” the clear vibrations of whose marvellous music are yet ringing through the whole domain of literature.

But Weimar soon vanishes in the distance and once again we are carried back some centuries, as approaching Weissenfels, we see the Town-House in which the dead body of Gustavus Adolphus lay the night after the great battle of Lutzen, the field of which bloody struggle is just beyond the railway on the right. The stains of his blood are yet discernible on the wall of the apartment, it is said, and the dust of the hero mingles with its parent earth beneath the floor of the Kloster Kirche, all of it but his big, brave heart which was conveyed to his northern land for which its every pulsation had beat so faithfully.

Such associations connected with the country through which we were rapidly conveyed, occupied us till sunset, when traversing some rich levels on which the departing radiance of day lay sweetly and glowingly, we entered the station house at Halle. The Hotel of the *Kronprinz* being recommended by the guide-books, we went thither, and after partaking of an excellent dinner and walking out into the principal square, soon became oblivious of all we had seen since we left Frankfort, in such deep slumber as only wearied travellers enjoy.

I have very little to say about Halle for the

satisfactory reason that I saw little of it, our visit being limited to that single night of repose. It will hereafter appear to memory as a town of curious old houses and dark, dingy streets, environed with handsome modern residences and fair gardens. It contains a great University, where seven or eight hundred students are annually instructed, and a *Kirche* of the Middle Ages with four towers of stone rising above the roofs of its most densely built quarter. Of all the German cities, Halle is perhaps the least affected by French or English manners—everything is thoroughly German there, a fact which would have induced us to linger at the comfortable inn of the *Kronprinz*, in spite of its soft and deep featherbeds, had our time allowed us so to do.

But the summer was flying and Berlin was near at hand, Berlin that we had made so great a detour to see, so the next morning we demanded *drei billete für die zweite classe*, three second class tickets, for Berlin, and were again on the rail. The railways in Germany, I may here take occasion to remark, are admirable in their appointments, and this Prussian line is nearly perfect. The first class carriages are quite spacious and resemble drawing-rooms, being fitted up with sofas, chandeliers, turkey carpets, mirrors, and invariably a marble top table in the centre decorated with a vase of flowers. For such luxuries in locomotion one pays 30 per cent. more than for the second class accommodations which are really excellent. No baggage is allowed the traveller, even the Arkansas gentleman—the short catalogue of whose effects comprised only a shirt, a pack of cards and a bowie-knife, would have been compelled to pay for their transportation, unless he carried them immediately about him. Accordingly the Germans rarely take with them more articles than can be conveniently packed in a small leathern bag which is placed under the seat of the car. The bulkier pieces are weighed and charged for proportionably, and the same weight of baggage will cost the traveller more if distributed through several packages than if contained in one. This he will soon find out as the officer enumerates his *impedimenta*, baggage in Germany being truly *impediments* now as in *Cæsar's* day. The officer will call out *ein stück*, *zwei stücke*, *drei stücke*, and if unhappily the piece should reach the unreasonable number of six there will be a considerable tax laid upon them, no matter how light each individual piece may be. It not unfrequently happens with the English who never travel without a complete outfit of dressing cases, portmanteaux, hat boxes, &c., &c., &c., from Fisher in the Strand, that the charge for baggage exceeds the railway fare. When the baggage has been weighed, a small ticket with a printed number is pasted on each.



trunk, as in France, and a receipt signed by the clerk and stamped with the corresponding number, is given to the owner, who must produce it in demanding his baggage at the end of the journey. The greatest civility is shown by the officers who manage this department of the railway and though it requires more time to dispose of trunks in this manner than in our own system of checking, the traveller is more secure of his property and is never annoyed by such rudeness as is constantly displayed by baggage-agents in the United States.

Our run from Halle to Berlin was eminently suggestive. We passed very near the old church of Wittenberg on the doors of which Luther hung his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of papal indulgences, and in whose vaults his remains with those of Melancthon were buried. If we could not make pilgrimages to the spots consecrated by his labours, it seemed that we were particularly fortunate in seeing the most interesting of them, and if we had been favored with the privilege of laying out the line between Frankfort and Halle, we could not have wished it to vary in the least from its actual position.

After leaving Wittenberg we went like lighting over a flat, sterile region, where the railway was a mathematical straight line for leagues and leagues. Our rate of progression was eight Prussian miles an hour, the distance being indicated by mile posts of granite as large as monuments with the numbers carved on them in Roman numerals. As the Prussian mile is equal to four and a half English miles, the speed was all that even a "fast man" could desire. At length, after we had lost ourselves in conjecture as to whether we could be tending over such a desert, the domes and towers of Berlin the magnificent came in view, and in a few minutes we were at rest beneath the station house in that city.

Here we were compelled to remain an hour after the rest of our fellow passengers had gone off to their hotels, by an unlucky accident which afforded infinite amusement to the crowd of clerks, soldiers and servants in attendance. Our friend D—, usually the most careful and trust-worthy of men, to whom by reason of his superiority in this respect we had always committed the baggage-ticket, had lost it. In vain we searched the car, in vain he dived to the bottom of his capacious pockets—the ticket was *non est inventus*. There were our trunks, each bore the unmistakable initials and the "Pa." "Va." and "Md." respectively designating our names and residences, but we were not allowed to lay hands on them, and when despairingly we produced the three keys as evidence of our property in them, the only answer was *Der Gepacks Schein!*—the baggage ticket. It was wonderful how strong D— came

out in this emergency. There are occasions when the sterling qualities of men are instantly developed and this was of them. At first, appearances were against him. The wearer of such a hat as that brown sombrero I have already referred to, as having got us into trouble at Strasbourg, must of necessity be a *mauvais sujet*—the officer implied as much in the look he fixed upon our friend, but the latter being by nature an orator as Brutus was, seemed suddenly endowed with an almost Pentecostal affluence of German, which he poured out with such effect that at last it was agreed between the two parties that the trunks should be restored upon our friend's signing a paper which the officer drew up. I never saw the important document, but from the length of time that passed in its preparation I should suppose it might rival in prolixity the autograph of Doppel-dickius which Hood tells us was published in a quarto volume.

I confess to a feeling of great disappointment in the earliest impressions made upon me by Berlin. It had always appeared to my boyish fancy as a city of palatial splendour in which Frederick the Great had endeavoured to revive the enchantments that surrounded Haroun al Raschid, and I had expected to walk through magnificent avenues lined with buildings of the stateliest and most imposing description, whose marble friezes gleamed through the foliage of lofty trees—in short, I fancied every street a sort of Boulevard des Italiens but much finer, and the whole city a Champs Elysées. The streets are indeed broad, but most of them unprovided with side walks, and in lieu of conduits for the water underneath the carriage-way, deep drains or gutters extend on either side, in which, so perfectly flat is the surface, the water collects and stagnates. Indeed stagnation is the general aspect of the city. To an American, especially to one who is familiar with the phase presented by life in the Western States, Berlin in the morning would seem asleep, he might imagine he had entered that fabulous capital described in the Arabian Nights in which the inhabitants have been turned into stone. Long lines of shops there are, but no purchasers are seen to enter them—the eye looks down the straight vistas of stucco seeking the rush and movement of population, but all is quiet and desolate—the visitor is puzzled, this great aggregation of buildings seems an effect without a cause, how did it arise? he asks, to what is due this large metropolis in the midst of a Sahara? The answer furnishes the explanation of the silence that reigns around him. Berlin arose from the dream of Frederick. That mighty captain, ambitious of all sorts of fame, said "go to, I will have a beautiful city," as he had said "I will be famous in letters and the flattered friend of poets," and

straightway there fell to work carpenters and masons, and out of the sterile plain—according to contract—there came “like an exhalation” miles of fresh, smart buildings of wondrous architecture, and the wish of Frederick in this regard was gratified as immediately as his literary aspirations were fulfilled when Voltaire came to Sans Souci and celebrated his glorious patron. But human successes are transitory—as Voltaire quarreled with Frederick and changed the style of his compositions from that of the eulogy to that of the lampoon, so in time the plaster was defaced upon Frederick’s noble façades and it was shown that great cities must rest upon a basis of trade and national prosperity, and however monarchs may beautify, they cannot create them. Indeed, the very manner of Berlin’s becoming great was fatal to its producing such an effect on the visitor as London or Paris. The population being scanty as compared with these capitals, it was necessary to stretch the town over as large a space as possible, and the buildings are consequently seldom more than two stories high and some of the handsomest hotels have, as the guide-book says, twenty windows on a line.

The population of Berlin, as every school boy knows, is a little over 400,000. It stands on either bank of a small stream which, has, with singular infelicity to English ears, been named the *Spree*, a sluggish, tortuous water-course which serves no other purpose apparently than that of affording appropriate location for ornamental bridges. One of these at the inner extremity of the street known as *Unter den Linden*, and connecting it with the Pleasure Garden in front of the old Palace, is flanked with several very beautiful marble statues by modern German artists. Berlin is preëminently a city of statues. Were they reckoned among the population, the census returns would be largely increased. They stand upon the balustrades of the house tops by the hundred (some of the streets look as if the statues had come into line for a review;) they occupy the centre of every public space; wherever one looks, a great staring statue is before him. He become sick, wearied as it were, with incessant statue. He can not well divine what personages they all represent. There are not enough gods in the old mythology, not enough heroes in Prussian annals, to supply subjects for all these works of art. If the range of selection were as wide as that of the statuary which adorned the Groves of Castle Blarney, where “Homer and Plutarch and Nicodamus” were exhibited in sculpture, the subjects would long ago have been exhausted. The finest of such of these works as stand in the open air, artistically considered, are of bronze and are horse pieces. On either side of the front gate of the Palace is a charger in high action attended

by a groom who holds him by the bridle rein. In one case the groom and the horse look the same way, in the other their heads are in different directions, which has afforded the wits of Berlin an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the Czar’s present to the King (for the horses were the gift of the late Emperor of Russia) in calling them “Progress checked” and “Retrogression encouraged.” Opposite the Palace and upon the portico of the museum is Kiss’s original work of the “Lion and the Amazon”—a composition familiar to the people of the United States from the very spirited copy of it sent by the author to the New York Industrial Exhibition. But the most splendid of all modern bronze statues is that of the Frederick the Great in the *Unter den Linden*. Murray says it is the grandest monument in Europe and I saw none that I thought superior to it, except the plaster model of Crawford’s Washington designed for the Capitol grounds in Richmond. The heroic figure of the old warrior on his war horse challenges the admiration of all who see it. The base, however, covered with groups of the heroes of the Seven Years’ War, is altogether too crowded for an agreeable effect, and the bas reliefs emblematic of different periods of Frederick’s life, present an amusing mixture of fact and fancy that might call forth a funny epigram from Voltaire in the shades, if we could hear from him through the Spiritual Rappers.

In one of these bas reliefs a muse is teaching Frederick history and pointing out to him the names of Cæsar and Alexander—a curious idealization of old Frederick William’s cudgelling him and kicking his books into the street which was the real experience of his student-life; in another Minerva gives him the sword; in a third he is on the field of Kolin after his memorable defeat there, drawing with his walking-stick in the sand, and we see him again in the hut of a Silesian weaver playing the flute and strolling in the alleys of Sans Souci attended by his favourite greyhounds. One picture alone is wanting—Frederick the poetaster, running his hand through his hair at the moment of inspiration and throwing off bad verses to immortality.

The Museum of Berlin contains a very fine gallery of paintings in which the tourist may spend a day or two pleasantly. Titian’s Flower Girl is here, and some very beautiful Correggio’s which, nevertheless, ought from the indelicacy of the subjects to be excluded from any public gallery. The façade of the building is glorious with the frescoes of Cornelius, which embody more of poetic inspiration than almost any other modern paintings. Four of these are cantos in oil of an enchanting pastoral—Life is prefigured in four phases of *Morning and Spring, Summer and Midday, Evening and Autumn, Winter and Night*

and to describe them would demand the idyllic grace of Theocritus with the sensuous diction of Tennyson. The subject of the last of these is the Wise Man watched by Psyche, investigating the course of the stars. The moon rides over the restless ocean upon which the seaman launches his bark. It is the trysting hour of the responsive tide with its shining mistress, but the old grey-beard observes not the splendour of the planet, nor hears the rippling laughter of the waves in his wrapt contemplation of the elements.

When we had visited the principal sights of Berlin proper, admired the Brandenburg gate, walked in the Thier Garten, (where on Sunday afternoons the Berlinese listen to fine music and eat even better ices than can be obtained in Paris) inspected the best specimens of Berlin iron work and looked on at a parade of the troops, we were thinking of Potsdam and Charlottenburg, but there set in a deluge which effectually debarred us from going there or even from leaving the hotel. This rain at last drove us from the city not greatly annoyed at having missed the Prussian Versailles, but certainly with some regrets for not having been able to visit what constitute the true glory of Prussia's capital—the laboratory of Liebig, the museum of Ehrenberg, the atelier of Cornelius, the lecture-room of Humboldt. It is the presence of such men as these that invests Berlin with interest in the nineteenth century, and not its statues, nor its pleasure gardens, nor its fine soldiers, nor its opera, though all these were much better worth seeing and hearing (as they are not) than any others in Europe.

## MEMOIRS OF ROSTOPCHINE,

BY HIMSELF.

*Translated from the French, by R. B. B.*

There is now in press, at Leipsic, a biographical notice of this famous personage, who ordered the burning of Moscow in 1812. It is a question whether the moment chosen for this retrospective publication, may not have been suggested by the present condition of things; but it is in any case interesting to trace this celebrated individual in the varied circumstances of his life, and to know the causes which developed a character, capable of performing an act which still remains a frightful incident in the history of civilization, in the nineteenth century, an atrocious act, in whose consummation were employed *criminals*, men outlawed from society, and

all the traditions of social life. And yet, that this Rostopchine was a civilized man, or rather, a savage *lacquered* with civilization, the following Memoirs written by himself, a witty conceit, humorous yet refined, sufficiently indicate.

MY MEMOIRS, OR WHAT I REALLY AM, WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.

### CONTENTS.

I. My Birth—II. My Education—III. My Sufferings—IV. Privations—V. Memorable Epochs—VI. Moral Portrait—VII. Important resolution—VIII. What I was and what I might have been—IX. Respectable principles—X. My tastes—XI. My aversions—XII. Analysis of my life—XIII. Recompense of Heaven—XIV. My Epitaph—XV. Epistle dedicatory to the public.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

### MY BIRTH.

In 1765, the 12th of March, I issued from darkness to broad day. I was measured, weighed, baptized; I was born without knowing for what, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing why.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY EDUCATION.

I was taught all sorts of things, and every kind of language. By dint of impudence and quackery, I passed sometimes for being well-informed. My head became a library of odd volumes, of which I kept the key.

## CHAPTER III.

### MY SUFFERINGS.

I have been tormented by masters, by tailors who made my clothes too tight, by women, by ambition, by self love, by useless regrets, by kings and recollections.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PRIVATIONS.

I have been deprived of three great enjoyments of the human race, theft, gluttony and pride.

## CHAPTER V.

### MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

At thirty I gave up dancing, at forty pleasing the fair sex, at fifty public opinion, at sixty thinking, and I became a true sage, or what is synonymous, an egotist.

## CHAPTER VI.

## MORAL PORTRAIT.

I was headstrong as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, lazy as a sloth, active as Bonaparte, and all at will.

## CHAPTER VII.

## IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

Having never been able to control my features, I gave loose rein to my tongue, and I contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud; this procured me some enjoyments, and a great many enemies.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I was very susceptible to friendship, to confidence, and if I had been born during the golden age, I might perhaps have been quite a good man.

## CHAPTER IX.

## RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.

I have never been implicated in any marriage or any gossip; I never recommended either a cook or a doctor, consequently I never attempted any one's life.

## CHAPTER X.

## MY TASTES.

I liked a society composed of few persons, a stroll in the woods; I had an involuntary veneration for the sun and often felt sad at his setting: in colours, I liked blue: to eat, beef with horseradish: to drink, fresh water: in sights, comedy and farce: in men and women, open and expressive features.—Humpbacks of both sexes had for me a charm, which I never could define.

## CHAPTER XI.

## MY AVERSIONS.

I felt repugnance for fools and fops, for intriguing women who feign virtue, disgust for affectation, pity for dyed men and painted women, aversion for rats, liquors, metaphysics and rhubarb, and dread of justice and mad dogs.

## CHAPTER XII.

## ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.

I await death without dread, as without impatience. My life has been a bad melodramatic show, in which I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, but never the lackey.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## RECOMPENSE OF HEAVEN.

My greatest happiness is to be independent of three individuals who rule Europe.

As I am rich enough, have turned my back on business, and am quite indifferent to music, I have consequently nothing to contend about with Rothschild, Metternich and Rossini.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## MY EPITAPH.

They have laid here,  
to rest,

With a soul—surfeited,

A heart—exhausted,

And a body—worn out,

A poor devil,

Dead.

Ladies and Gentlemen pass on.

## CHAPTER XV.

## EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO THE PUBLIC.

Dog of a public! discordant organ of the passions! You, who exalt to Heaven and plunge in the mud, who extol and calumniate without knowing why. Image of hue and cry! Echo of yourself! Absurd tyrant, escaped from a mad house. Extract of poisons the most subtil and of odors the most aromatic! Representative of the Devil to the human race! Fury! disguised in christian charity.

Public! whom I feared in my youth, respected in riper years, and despised in my old age. To you I dedicate my Memoirs. Kind Public! at length I am out of your reach; for I am *dead*, consequently *deaf*, *blind* and *dumb*. May you too enjoy, one day these advantages, for the sake of your own repose and that of mankind.



## RAMBLES ABOUT MONCLOVA.

The famous Monterey armistice, if productive of little in military diplomacy, was at least indicative of the magnanimity of a great soldier and illustrious patriot. It formed an episode in a campaign conducted with rare ability and vigor, and constitutes an interesting incident in the career of a hero, who having lived long enough for glory, died in the full possession of that integrity which through a long life he had kept with his country and his fame. Politicians remote from the scene of action, and accustomed to judge of most measures by the effect they might have upon a party triumph or defeat, were incapable of fully appreciating the motives of a commander, who could be generous in the hour of victory, and bestow upon a conquered enemy, a tribute of respect, which could in no wise detract from the honor or interests of his own government. It was an easy matter for such persons to express "regrets" for an act of noble disinterestedness, which perhaps they had as little disposition to imitate as capacity to comprehend. It is not the object of this article, however, to vindicate the policy of that measure, or the wisdom of its author. The man who "with the consciousness of pure motives," dared, while under his frown, to address an official superior, "I ask no favor and I shrink from no responsibility," may safely trust for his vindication and reward, "the final verdict of impartial history." The connection of the writer with the armistice was not a very direct one, and by it he was affected only as an obscure member of another division of the army, which having pursued an imaginary object with keen scent and untiring bottom, for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, was finally halted at Monclova, to inquire what was to be gained by going farther. The Monterey truce afforded an opportunity for the brief dialogue involved in this question and answer, as well as for the rambles about Monclova herein related.

### THE CAMP.

If our entrance into the capital of Coahuila was not quite so magnificent in its array,

as was that of Napoleon into Moscow, as a compensation, our exodus was not such an emphatic illustration of the mode of taking "French leave." Our camp was almost literally established upon the rock, for nothing but a thin covering of earth—the washings of the surrounding hills—separated us from the unyielding granite. This bank was thus not only one of deposit, but acted upon by the fitful breeze, furnished like similar institutions at home, a circulating medium for the army which found itself in other orifices than the pocket. Many of us, however, had so often had dust thrown into our eyes that we were not wholly unprepared to take it even in the concrete without winking. Apart from this annoyance the site of our encampment was one of singular attractiveness and beauty. The Sierra del Carmin threw its lofty heights against the sky to the eastward, while on the southern and western sides, the undulations of the city were visible within half a mile, the dome of the cathedral lying like a vast globe amid the verdant and tufted foliage of palm, cypress and pecan, which spring from their rocky beds in almost tropical luxuriance. To the north the eye rested upon the broad fields of corn waving in the wind, and flinging back from their ripened blades the golden and gorgeous hues of autumn. Contrasting with these rich tints, were the double lines of green distinctly marked, now straight, sharp and angular, and now winding in graceful curves, tracing the course of unseen currents, which like the silent benefaction of those good Samaritans, whom a kind Providence makes the almoners of his bounty, scatter joy and gladness along the pathway of sorrow, and conceal the cause in the munificence of the effect. The Mexicans with exemplary industry and skill, have here improved every acre of land which could be subjected by any process to the dominion of husbandry. Wherever the furrow may be turned the plough has forced its way; and though the heavens refuse to them "the early and the latter rain;" though the months of torrid heat and cloudless skies reveal to them only a heaven of brass and an earth of iron, wherever a stream bubbles from the plain or gushes from the mountain, channels are wrought in which is conveyed to the famished soil, a substi-

tute for that nourishment which the clouds withhold. From these fountains dikes are sometimes carried fifty miles, to convey the indispensable element of animal and vegetable life. The Rio Monclova supplies its valley with the means of irrigation, and it is of course well cultivated. The principal products are corn, wheat, cotton, sugar and beans; of these corn and cotton predominate. There are also extensive fields of the *Magney* (*Agave Americana*), the cultivation of which is very profitable. It has a variety of uses. It makes the best fence while growing that any country affords. It supplies the place of the hemps of Asia, and the papyrus of Egypt, as most of the Mexican manuscripts that are sent abroad, are of paper made of *Magney* leaves. The plant moreover is frequently cut up as food for animals, and from its fibrous texture is manufactured into rope, twine and coarse jeans. The fibres also in their natural state are used for thread—the writer having worn a pair of shoes thus put together. In addition to all which the plant furnishes the most popular beverage in the country—an article always in demand.

#### THE MESON DE SANTIAGO.

The omission of drills, parades and other exercises tending to familiarize the troops with company and regimental evolutions, afforded so much leisure, that officers and men were enabled daily to exchange the monotony of camp for the monotony of town, and to determine whether in Mexican as in English, "two negatives destroy one another." The only approximation to a hotel that we had found in the country was the "*Meson de Santiago*," a popular resort for refreshments, where might be obtained in addition to pulque, aguardiente and muscal, stewed rice and garlic; stewed pumpkin, squash, tomatoes and garlic; stewed beans, potatoes and garlic; stewed veal, kids and garlic; stewed pig, onions and garlic, and perhaps divers other dishes, of which a "*stew*" is the invariable form and "*garlic*" the invariable feature. In these visits it was not difficult to perceive that the people of Monclova were more hostile than those we had previously encountered, and though no serious

collision occurred, we were frequently met with frowning brows and scowling eyes, suggesting what willing hands and vengeful hearts would do but dare not. The veil was also drawn at times from before their local differences, revealing feelings of great bitterness between the Federalists and Centralists, and of still more rancorous acerbity between the rich and the poor, the Federalists being mostly included among the latter. These had hoped on our arrival to see the officials removed and disgraced, and to be thus avenged of their wrongs, by the mortification and overthrow of their wealthy enemies. They were disappointed, as it was our practice, if not our policy, to court the higher classes, whose real sentiments were disguised under the amiable hypocrisy of politeness. Yet it was known that they had attempted to organize an opposition to our entrance into the city, which had ingloriously failed. Like the army in Flanders, they "swore terribly," in advance, denounced us as ruthless invaders, plundering their homes and violating their wives and daughters, and boasted that three or four hundred men would compel us to re-cross the Rio Grande. Their valour, however, did not stick, the hundreds were not assembled; and, according to a little French woman in the city—the wife of a recent emigrant—the women of Monclova were provokingly indifferent to the reports that were circulated concerning the fates that awaited them. The husband of this woman by the way, was something of a character, as well as his wife. He was imported with a Mr. Castro's colony into Texas, but not liking the prospect there, pushed ahead with a touch of Yankee enterprise, until he reached Monclova. There he suddenly found himself baker and blacksmith, cobbler, carpenter and cabinet-maker, though in Paris he modestly confessed he knew but one trade indifferently well. He gave a more apt and comprehensive description of Texas and Mexico, than any to be found in the books, and one worthy of preservation: "If one wants nothing here he can find it everywhere."

A striking, almost startling, characteristic of Monclova, is the extreme quiet of the streets. There is no rumbling of carriages, no clattering of carts; perils from omnibuses



are unknown, and there are no crowds of pedestrians, no votaries of mammon jostling you aside in a headlong hurry from that sword of Damocles—an impending protest, and no splendid equipages of more splendid women in pursuit of blonde, beaux or brocades. Belleship and beauty are here invisible on the *pavé*. The laces lie on the shelves of the shops in unprofitable repose, the few that enter being mostly Americans. The hammer of the mechanic, the varied evidences of industry and art, the laugh of cheerfulness, the life, bustle and activity attendant upon a healthy social and political system are here unknown, or exist unseen. If it were not for the naked children playing with the dogs and donkeys, a stranger might fancy himself among the exhumed suburbs of Pompeii or Nineveh. The narrow, crooked streets, the low walls of mud which form so many dwellings—unrelieved by front doors or windows—each house looking like a prison and perhaps telling a tale of crime and its consequences, are suggestive only of sad and melancholy reflections. The activity that prevails is that of destructiveness; houses falling to the ground, walls crumbling into ruins, and half-starved, half-living wretches leaving their hovels tenantless, and trusting themselves to the tender mercies of the elements. The wealth, and pride, and grandeur which prevailed when Monclova was a miniature court, and a Spanish Hidalgo, as Viceroy, rioted and revelled in the pomp and pageantry of royalty, fell with the unfortunate revolution; and in the shipwreck of the State, which has continued from that time to this, in a series of storms and convulsions raised by priests and demagogues who had not the power to rule them, all that remained of Castilian art, elegance and refinement, has sunk to the bottom, and the relics of monarchical associations that yet float upon the surface, will soon disappear forever. The substitution of native for foreign misrule has been attended with only ruinous results; the revolution commenced, carried on and concluded by the priesthood, whose power it incalculably increased, has brought disaster after disaster upon the people, and has proved to a demonstration that the republican principle loses all vitality when its sole sustenance is derived from ignorance

and superstition—the foundation and the capstone of the Mexican system—by which mind and body are enslaved under the pretext of the soul's emancipation.

#### MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

For the purpose; perhaps, of introducing an extra item of impressiveness into their devotions, and appropriating to themselves as much of martial consequence as could be squeezed out of their positions, a detachment from head-quarters, with a respectable escort, paraded the second Sunday after our arrival, for church. The party reached the Cathedral before the commencement of service, and were thus favored with a fine opportunity for an examination of its interior decorations and novel embellishments. One side of the principal chapel was garnished with a mass of placards, which from their number and extent might have been mistaken for a broadside of theatrical advertisements: they proved to be, however, a series of papers under the highly respectable sanctions of Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI., expounding and enforcing the traffic in "indulgences." Along the opposite wall were ranged some half dozen confessional boxes, within one of which an attendant padre was listening to the mumbling utterances of a female who might have been soliciting pardon for last night's prostitution. The side chapels formed the picture galleries; the paintings were mere daubs, rudely illustrative of the superstitions of the church. Those nearest the altar were executed with some artistic skill, but could excite no admiration in minds at all elevated above the miserable idolaters for whose worship they were intended.

In the absence of an organ, the regular exercises were opened by a full blast from the brass band, whose sonorous strains attuned to the notes of the Barber of Seville, mingled in appropriate concord with the whining intonations of the priest. This functionary was arrayed in robes that rivalled those of the harlequin in variety of coloring as well as richness of material. The envy or ambition of the redoubtable Colonel Chapeau appeared to be excited either by the gay costume or active gyrations of the priest and

the responsive kneelings and crossings of the congregation, and fearful perhaps, that his presence might be unobserved by the assembled Mexicans, he made himself painfully conspicuous in pantomiming with Captain Ram-Rod, touching the conduct and positions of the Americans who were present. There was neither noise nor confusion among them, until his reformatations commenced, but both necessarily followed from this new mode of Church discipline. The fraction of the audience under his immediate influence, was kept in a state of constant fermentation. These efforts, however, were most ungratefully appreciated by the masses; the priest went on with his exhibition wholly regardless of the active competition of his military rival, and the congregation followed their sacerdotal fogleman, rather than the evolutions of heresy in epaulettes.

Many specimens of female beauty, scarcely to be met elsewhere, were present; as the feminine aristocracy of Monclova is probably much like that in the United States, in this, that its members are generally to be found at Sabbath morning service. A Mexican woman, if not beautiful, has a style and manner peculiarly her own, suggestive of pure blood and high breeding. Her figure is slight, well rounded and elastic, and in her queenly tread there floats a nameless grace, which alone embodies the idea of perfect poetry of motion. Her foot is small, well formed, and crowned with an exquisitely turned ankle. The arm is round but not so white as alabaster; the hand is small, the fingers tapering away into bewitching diminutiveness. She has regular features; a thoughtful brow, shaded by hair, long, black and glossy, a faultless mouth, nose and chin, and teeth white as ivory. Her eyes are magnificent, large and lustrous, black as night, and blazing like the stars of heaven. Her dress is light, airy and graceful, a refinement upon that of the lower classes, which usually consists of slippers without stockings; a simple chemise visible above the waist, with a supply of petticoats below, fastened by a red sash, that would completely barricade the west side of Broadway. The rebozo—a sort of scarf—is always worn abroad, instead of the bonnet, which,—though possibly a necessity in a northern climate,—

compared with the robozo sinks into a fashionable barbarism. Such a woman at her devotions is the outward embodiment of ideal purity, and loveliness. She appears a faultless isolation of religion, kneeling on the hard ground, her face bowed to the earth, or fixed with profound reverence upon the cross, with form erect like animated marble: her rebozo drawn so close to the temples as to reveal only the liquid lustre of her eyes, and arranged with a careless witchery that defies imitation, her attitude combines as much of grace and elegance and fascination, as flesh and blood have snatched from the guardian spirits of paradise.

Of the three churches in Monclova, but one of them, in the language of Sproker, of Mohawk memory, "goes." This one on account of its superiority in magnitude and general appearance, is known as the Cathedral, and is incomparably the finest structure in the city. It is in the form of a cross. the main chapel or body of the building, exclusive of the transepts, is about one hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet wide. The roof is formed by six groined arches, supported on rude massive pillars, forty or fifty feet high, with capitals resembling those of the Ionic order. The college is a stone or adobe building, handsomely located on a lofty eminence overlooking the city. It is understood to be under the patronage of the Jesuits, and the course of studies thus prescribed, tends rather to fetter and pervert the mind, than to liberalise or enlighten it. Every thing approaching to a just conception of science and its uses, is sedulously excluded; the instruction being confined to a smattering of the classics, and the reading of the "Fathers." Nothing is considered worthy to be acquired or to be taught, that does not contribute to the strength and preservation of the Papal superstition.

Directly below this edifice—the descent being perpendicular so that the face of the hill forms a natural wall to several houses—and in agreeable proximity, is the cock-pit. This is a really beautiful circular area, about forty yards in diameter, having its circumference planted with trees and arranged with seats. Professor and pupil, priest and people, are here assembled on terms of equality, as patrons of this highly refined.

ennobling, and eminently national institution.

The Custom House is an antiquated structure, original in design and limited in capacity, standing at the extreme point of the city, in the direction of Saltillo and Parras. It has a high, round tower attached, intended as a look-out for prowling contrabandistas, which is ascended by means of a spiral stairway. The masonry, like that of all old Spanish constructions, is in a good state of preservation, and the cloistered arch which forms the roof retains undiminished its symmetry and strength, though erected, according to an inscription above the entrance, in 1744. The building in 1846, formed a residence for a small Mexican family.

#### THE ALAMEDA.

Strolling about the town in one of our hours of idleness, I one day found myself loitering with no very definite object, amid the shady retreats of the Alameda. This charming resort was now desolate and forsaken. The winds scarcely sighed a passing requiem through the waving branches of the venerable trees, over past scenes and associations, probably never to be renewed. The place once enlivened by the merry laugh and innocent prattle of children, or sacred to the gentle pressure and eloquent whisperings of young Mexicos in love, had become a lounging spot for idlers—visitors from a distant region sent hither to spy out the weakness and eat out the substance of the land. The statue of an Indian maiden, which seemed to have been erected as the tutelary genius of the place, had shared the fate of its rural dominions, and in its shattered and crumbling remains, suggested no imperfect type of the downward destiny of the Aztec race and empire. The Alameda of Monclova—there is but one—forms the isthmus as it were, connecting the old Indian town or Puebla, with the modern city, and lies principally in the former. Near it are the ruins of a deserted church, and the dwellings around it are of the poorer class, resembling the aboriginal wigwam. Their occupants are the “*poor*” in contradistinction from the “*rich*,” in Mexico the only real division of parties. Centralism and Federalism may be regarded as cant terms, signifying

the antagonism of wealth and power, to poverty and weakness. As a body the masses have no very clear conceptions of their principles or their objects; and their views of the rights of man are drawn not from education but from necessity. With them liberty is but an instinct, and liberty regulated by law, a substantiality of which but very few have ever dreamed. They boast not of any proud descent from Spanish *Hidalgos*, but ground down and trodden under foot by the plagues and oppressions of successive military despotisms and a crushing ecclesiastical oligarchy, they have not yet relinquished all hopes of an ultimate deliverance from their iron task-masters. They have still faith in the potency of those original principles of right, which existed before human governments and rulers, and which will survive when human governments and rulers have passed away. They are not republicans seeking an alliance with the U. States; they have no affinity for us or for our country; they have known us only as enemies, and their habits, language and religion are opposed to any political union with the Imperial Republic of the North. Yet they seem to have an abiding confidence that a mightier revolution than any they have yet witnessed will again convulse their country, but leave behind it the elements of peace and prosperity, purified from their long contact with corruption. But these views are dreams rather than realities, shadowy outlines of a hopeful fancy, rather than the matured conclusions of reason, which, it may safely be affirmed, can never be realized in the way these people imagine. Their condition can only be improved by a fundamental change of ideas and associations, and this can hardly be effected without a change of blood. There must be something more radical than a revolution in rulers, in government, or even in forms of government. The diseases of Mexico are woven into all her institutions, social, political and religious, and the condition of the people and country is most strikingly portrayed in the language of Holy Writ. “From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. Their country is desolate, their land, strangers devour it in their presence, and it

is desolate as overthrown by strangers." The best, perhaps the only remedy for the nation is to Americanize it; but how this is to be effected, time alone must determine. The Bible and Common Schools are powerful levers, and what they have done for us, they can do for others. The Ruler of the Universe who governs all things according to the counsels of His own will, in His own way and time will solve the problem, and to Him who puts up and pulls down nations at His pleasure, must it be left.

#### A FUNERAL.

Leaving the Alameda, I ascended the hill in the direction of the plaza. In the long avenue which stretched out before me, nothing was to be seen save groups of naked children, playing with the pigs—the usual pets of the family—parties of idle soldiers, and two or three borricos loaded with fodder or wood, and so arranged as hardly to reveal any thing living except the head of the donkey at one end of the mass, the head of the rider at the other. The usual silence of the town was broken by the bells of the Cathedral, tolling in solemn cadence for a departed spirit. Moved by curiosity perhaps, I continued my course to the plaza, and before me were the realities of solemnities, of which the sepulchral quiet of the city is constantly suggestive. There are many grades of Mexican funerals, all depending for their magnificence and effect upon the wealth and liberality of the families in which they occur. The priest and the church bestow their favors only as they are paid for; and the tariff of prices for a funeral is just as well regulated and understood as for any other marketable article. One day may be seen the haggard corpse of a woman borne along the streets, the head rolling from one side of the open coffin—if there be one—to the other, with not even the humblest servant of the church in attendance. At another time, an almost naked form may be trotted to the grave, as if the bearers, indifferent to the burden, were impatient for the riddance, though followed perhaps by a single sorrowful female, and her unfortunate offspring. The funeral of to-day was of a different character. The

most imposing ceremonials of the church were mingled with dramatic effect with the pomp and circumstance of woe. The deceased was a young girl—perhaps twelve years old—the only child of her parents, who belonged to the magic circle of which the almighty dollar is the sovereign. Of course there was a large assemblage of sympathizing friends to do honor to the solemnities in paying the last offices of affection. The uncovered coffin was adorned with the rich trappings of ostentatious sorrow. The corpse was arrayed in white, the appropriate costume for one so young and beautiful, and which nature in colder climes, provides for the robes of the dying year. Her raven locks were fittingly disposed over her marble brow, there was a sweet smile upon her lip, which the angel of death had imparted with his embrace, and in her delicate hands crossed upon her bosom, she clasped a bouquet of flowers. The bier was decorated with a canopy of satin, and three large white plumes waved in the mockery of triumph over the casket, rest of the jewels of youth, innocence and beauty. Boys bearing torches, burning censers, and crosses precede the priests, who, arrayed in the most gorgeous robes of their order, chanted as they walked in unknown tongues, accompanied the while by a band of music embracing perhaps all the instruments of the King of Babylon, the "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer." Following the bier, came the parents of the deceased, and the other mourners, relatives and friends, all on foot. In this order the procession entered the church, whence, after the ceremonies, it was re-formed and proceeded to the *Campo Santo* on the outskirts of the city.

Not far from the Cathedral stands a building with the following inscription over the door:

"*Escuela Publica.*"

"*Plantel de la virtud: Esperanza de la Patria.*"

My knowledge of Spanish was just sufficient to enable me to comprehend that a school-house was before me, and presuming on the privileges of a conqueror, I entered without ceremony. I found it devoted, as are all the public schools of Mexico, exclusively to boys. These varied in their ages from seven



to fourteen years. Many of them were sprightly and intelligent, and went through their exercises on the slate and at the black board, with readiness and precision. The teacher was a low-browed, flat-headed son of the Emerald Isle; the sinister expression of his face rendered still more repulsive by numerous marks of a severe struggle with the small pox. Taken altogether, although a fair specimen of "the noblest pisentry in the world," he was a villainous looking fellow to "rear the tender thought." A church primer was the substitute for Webster's immortal spelling book, and a small grammar in question and answer, printed in Philadelphia, was the nearest approach to Lindley Murray. Amongst a people groaning under the oppressions of a military and religious despotism, the standard of education must be necessarily low, and the facilities afforded for the acquisition of learning, few and limited. Hence but little has been done for the cause in Mexico, and that little not well done. It is calculated that not more than one in ten of the inhabitants of this nominal Republic can read and write; they are the victims of those who "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." The universal system of slavish ignorance, which degrades man to the level of the beasts; which holds in a moral bondage, infinitely worse than chains or fetters, millions of human beings, invested by their Creator with high powers and capacities, is the *primum mobile* of that stupendous oligarchy which bestrides this unhappy country like a mighty Colossus. Even the schools which are permitted to exist under its supervision, contribute rather to the propagation of error and mental enslavement, than to the encouragement of enlightened views and the discipline of the understanding. That a public school properly conducted, is, as the outside of this one, ostentatiously affirms, a "nursery of virtue and a hope of the country," cannot be denied; but that a device which gives barely enough educational aliment, to enable its possessor to repeat a ritual in an unknown tongue, to mutter prayers before pewter images and invoke the interposition of painted patch-work, can contribute much to the cause of "virtue" or the "country," argues that "virtue" is but a phantom of

the "country," and that schools are but "springes to catch wood-cocks."

Returning to Camp, I was overtaken by a party of dinner eaters, who seemed to have had a more satisfactory afternoon of it than myself. The policy of conciliation and amalgamation was developed here by a series of dinners at a house in town, of which diurnal possession was taken for the purpose. The regular guests were understood to be certain officers selected from the Camp, and the magnates and upper-tendons of Monclova. The military according to Captain Bomb-Shell, was divided into three classes; the *indefatigables*, the *indifferents*, and the *independents*. These terms explain themselves, and indicated, according to the same authority, that it was the first class constantly, the second class occasionally, and the third class never, who shared in the freedom of the city.

#### A FEMALE SAMARITAN.

So little presents itself in the Mexican character worthy of approval or admiration, that a remarkable exception to the general rule, which occurred during our stay at Monclova, seems worthy of record. An officer arrived with Colonel Bissel's regiment, extremely ill, and who, on the application of his physician, was permitted to occupy quarters in the city. His friends procured a room for him with a family consisting of a man, and his wife and daughter. The latter was his principal attendant, and devoted herself to him with sisterly affection. Early and late she was at his bed-side ministering to his wants and anticipating his desires. Unmoved by the occasional peevishness of the invalid, and never weary of any effort to soothe his sufferings or alleviate his condition; ever gentle, kind and cheerful, she watched over him with a faithfulness and devotion, which could spring only from the purest and noblest impulses; and rejoiced over his gradual restoration to health, with a delight unalloyed by the consciousness that must have been ever present, that he must be to her and hers a stranger and an enemy. The golden rule has seldom had a more beautiful exemplification; nor could that "charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endu-

reth all things," have a more lovely embodiment than was here presented. Whatever may be the character of the men, the women of Mexico generally possess tender sensibilities; and their hearts are ever open to sympathy for the suffering. The incident shows that it may not be less true of woman even where she is but a hewer of wood and drawer of water, than it was on Flodden field—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

The sequel to this little episode is utterly subversive of all the laws of poetical compensation, the chivalrous young gentleman having on his return to the United States ungratefully made love to another.

#### SECRET SERVICE.

About 11 o'clock on the night of the 21st of November, Lieut. Portfire was observed proceeding to General Wool's tent, with a horseman's pistol in his hand. After a short colloquy in low tones, he emerged from the canvas, accompanied by a Mexican muffled to his eyes, and the pair took the road to Monclova. The countersign was promptly given in response to the sentry's hail, and the chain of sentinels crossed without difficulty or delay. The town was stealthily entered by an obscure lane or alley, and several streets traversed in silence. Occasionally a halt would be made, as if to listen for a follower, or to ascertain if their motions were observed, and then the walk would be cautiously resumed. Their route lay towards the Plaza—the station of the City Guard—and after satisfying themselves that they had not been noticed by any wakeful straggler at the Guard-house, and had thus far eluded the vigilance of the patrol, they took a direct course for the Southern boundary of the city. Their rapid progress was arrested somewhat suddenly, as they unexpectedly met the cavalry rounds under Colonel Yell. At the startling salutation, "who comes there?" the Mexican thrust himself into a recess between two houses, whilst Portfire promptly responded, "Friend, with the parole," and advanced to whisper the Shibboleth in the ear of the field officer of the day. A brief interview ensued, after which the

patrol was directed to proceed in charge of a junior officer, to the Plaza. The Mexican having emerged from his hiding place, and following the Colonel and Portfire, the three passed hastily to the outskirts of the town. Here all was quiet, and the spy, or courier, or whatever he might have been, finding himself beyond the guards, with nothing but the sentinel stars looking down on the lonely mountains around him, gave a hasty "buenos noches" to the officers, and struck off in the darkness.

#### THE AFRICAN IN CLOVER.

In the population of Monclova there is one element not common to Mexican towns: it is the number of negroes seen about the streets, who are probably runaways from Texas, and have made their way thither by following the Mexican armies. They were usually found lounging about the shops, and frequently served as interpreters; when of course there was a terrible havoc of Spanish and English. The Mexican character in many respects furnishes data to solve the problem whether or not negroes *existing with*, may be elevated to a moral equality with the whites. Here they are received with open arms, with no conventional disgust; with no prejudice arising from birth or education, but on terms of political and social equality. Among the men they are made to feel no inferiority, and by the women of the lower classes, it is said, they are generally regarded with a decided preference. No native can be a successful wooer, when the fascinating descendant of Ham condescends to become a rival. Yet the negro here still distinctly preserves his moral and physical degradation. Even among the indolent, vicious, and unenlightened denizens of this debased and benighted region, he maintains his lower caste, his unmistakable inferiority, and gives himself up to the last extremity of vagabondism. He is thoroughly contented with the present; satisfied when he gets his breakfast, without thinking of his dinner until reminded of it by an aching void, and then driven by necessity, he avails himself of the first and easiest means—honest or otherwise—to satisfy the demands of nature. Life ought here to present to him the same incentives to exertion, by which



the larger number of the races of mankind are influenced; the avenues to wealth and respectability are as open to him as to any one, but whether by his early condition all intellectual aspiration was crushed within him, or from other causes, his torpid, animal nature seems below an impulse of ambition. His original inheritance seems to cling to him in spite of clime and country, and the "thousand generations" of his degradation may yet swallow up centuries in their accomplishment. Objectless, aimless, but independent; the innate, inherent, inalienable inferiority of his nature, resisting any effort at improvement, any attempt to level upward, his existence is a frightful atrophy, and it would appear that he has reached in this lowest depth, a lower deep of prostituted and debased humanity.

## SONNETS.

BY N. A. T.

### I.

And dost thou ask, sweet Moira, in a tone  
Becoming the rare splendor of thy heart,  
If on the ocean-wave 'twill be my part  
To float, adventurous, from far zone to zone?  
I'll answer thee:—in sooth it will, I own;  
But the fair sea on which I shall depart,  
Of wind and wave was ne'er the restless mart:  
'Tis smooth and gentle as the winding Rhone,  
And sweet its murmur as the Zephyr's song.  
And which one is this sea? Ah! 'tis thy mind!  
O'er which in bliss my bark shall glide along;  
And ever to that sweet employ consign'd,  
New-waking virtues on my sight shall smile,  
As doth to seamen brave, some wished-for verdant isle!

### II.

Sweet Moira, when I view thy form so fair,  
Thy tender youth, blue eyes, I almost deem  
Thou art the creature of some high-wrought dream,  
Thrown on a lofty strain, in middle air.  
And when thy words, so sweet beyond compare,  
Through which the diamonds of high speech do gleam  
Like stars all pictured in a silver stream,  
Flow forth—with me thy mental worth to share—  
My reason grows, my fancy, and my soul,  
Enrapt in bliss which none also can bestow,  
Instantly bursts beyond its with'd control.  
Could mortal tongue enrapture thus? Ah, no!  
And if thou be'st not angel all, thy mind  
Of heaven breathes, so sweet, so pure, and so refin'd.

### III.

I dare not say I love thee, yet the tone,  
In eloquence that could not be suppress'd,  
Shap'd as it stole from love's tumultuous breast.  
Might all reveal what words should never own.  
Thy tender qualities that long have shone  
My heart's *enchantment*—framing its unrest,  
And thee of all earth's lovely, loveliest—  
Bid love to sigh—but not approach—o'erthrown.  
Their sweet effulgence—steadily displaying—  
For his repulsion form a strong-wrought shield,  
Before whose power his arrows, fond essaying  
May fly with loftiest effort, but to yield.  
Of modern days thou seem'st the Britomart,  
Whose armor is alone thy beauteous face and heart.  
*Hillsboro', N. C.*

## A KINGDOM MORTGAGED.

SEQUEL TO "THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHOEBUS."

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE ALCHEMISTS.

The meal finished the old man locked up what remained, then unlocked the cupboard with an impatient movement on remembering the Knight's attendants and finally led the way to the chambers of his guests.

After leaving them he slowly passed through a long corridor, opened a little square door and began to ascend a tortuous flight of stairs.

The room which was reached by these stairs was one of considerable size. The windows were tall and furnished with crimson panes and shutters of wood plated with iron.

Around the apartment on shelves and tables were scattered earthen and iron vessels, retorts, alembics, divining rods, and parchments covered with horoscopes and again in apertures hollowed in the thickness of the wall and closed by oaken panels similar to those of the wainscotting, were huge volumes bound in shagreen with brass or silver clasps, and those strange instruments which belonged to the profession of an Alchemist.

The room was occupied by a single individual. It might be seen at the first glance that this man was of that race which carries upon its forehead like Cain a mark which all understand. His face was dark, his eyes deep set and his hair and beard black. He

was wrapped in an ample robe, his back was turned to the door, and with one hand he traced cabalistic signs, as he turned over with the other the leaves of an illuminated volume.

The Seigneur de Carnac, concealed in the shadow of the door, watched the Jew in silence.

In a moment he raised his head with a movement full of satisfaction, and putting his hand into his robe drew out a small knife with a thin and sharp blade. He then raised up one of the vellum leaves and prepared to sever it from the volume. First, however, he turned his head as if something in his collar hurt him, and threw around him a glance so piercing that it penetrated the shadow and caught sight of the old man.

The Jew took the blade in his hands and traced a sign on the metal plate with the point.

The old man advanced into the room.

"What have you there, Issachar?" said he.

"Zosimus," replied the Jew.

"And what were you doing with that knife?"

"You see," said the Jew, in his cold, grave voice.

"Jew, you lie! It was to cut from that treatise the most valuable passage!"

The Jew's lip curled, and he fixed his eyes so steadily upon the old man that he lowered his forehead.

"Is it you, *Sieur Agabard*," he said, in a stern and commanding tone, "who tell me that I lie! The worm insult the possessor of the divine stone! You a poor toiler at the foot of the mountain which I have ascended, you insult him who possesses the knowledge which lends to his will the spirits of air, and makes him a god! Have you dared?"

The Alchemist quailed before the Jew's dark glance. "Yes, yes, you are my master," he said, "in evil as in power."

"In evil *Sieur Agabard*?"

"Yes, in evil, cursed Jew! Did you not confess but now that the spirits of the air were your slaves. Such men as the Jew *Issachar* do not omit such opportunities."

"And has it never entered your thoughts, *Sieur Agabardus*," said the Jew calmly,

"that there are other spirits of evil but those which appear in the smoke of an incantation, that *Barbaror*, *Orient* and the ten thousand devils who await the pleasure of the possessor of the great secret have their brethren, their compeers, in the material kingdom? Has it never struck you that arsenic, and all the vegetable and mineral poisons are quite as powerful spirits of evil in the hands of a master as those of the invisible world?"

"What do you say?" stammered the old man.

"I say, *Sieur Agabardus*," said the Jew sternly, "that the *Seigneur de Ranné* had a wife who stood in the way of his interests. I saw that he loved a great dame of the court who offered him her heart, her hand, everything in fact; and what happened? Why the lady fell sick and died of the plague, for she was covered with spots."

"Jew!" exclaimed the old man, pale as death.

"Soon after this—it happened two years ago I think—the King of France called a great council at Rheims for the purpose of freeing himself from the tutelage of his uncles. The bishop of Laor rose up and in spite of the menacing looks cast upon him by *Messieurs de Berri*, Burgundy and others proposed that henceforth the King should rule alone. Two days after the Bishop was taken sick from eating some fruit sent him by *Messire de Berri*. People thought of this when the Bishop suddenly died and none even whispered. But they were laughed at for how could poison be introduced into fruit?"

"It was impossible," said the Alchemist in a low tone. "The thing was difficult as you say and only to be accomplished by some Italian savant. The duke had such a one whose name was *Dubois*."

The old man fell into a seat.

"And now to finish, *Sieur Agabard*. The *Count de Foix* had quarreled with his wife and they lived apart, she at *Pampeluna*, he at *Orthez* in *Bearne*. Young *Gaston* the Count's son went to see his mother, and before setting out on his return was accosted by the *Viscount de Chateaubon* who gave him a bag of powder with directions to spread it on the Count's meat, if he wished his mother again to be received into favor. This

powder was supplied the Viscount by a doctor who had aided him once before when he wished to inherit the property of one of his uncles.

"Well, young Gaston returned to Orthez and while waiting for an opportunity of spreading the powder secretly (this was the direction of the Viscount,) his father discovered his intention. What then happened? Why the Count was a grand Seigneur, he drew out his poniard and stabbed his son. Do you know the name of him who caused all this, *Sieur Agabard*?"

For reply the old man advanced towards the Jew and touched the hilt of his dagger.

"Back! or I will paralyze your limbs!"

The Alchemist drew back shuddering.

"*Sieur Agabard*," continued the Jew, "do you think that I say all this to offend you, that I mean to declare my detestation of your crimes! Bah, I am a Jew!"

"Not to offend me—why then?"

"*Sieur Agabard*, are you really ignorant of your subtil craft, your deep, your all embracing skill? I stand in wonder before it, I admire you! and this is why I have revealed to you all my great discoveries."

"True, you have shown me diabolical contrivances."

"Have I not? Liquids, a drop of which in wine carries off certainly, and yet is not tasted, minerals which reduced to powder kill as surely as diamond dust, plague-garments which worn next the skin—but we understand each other, *Agabard*."

The old man listened in silence to this horrible discourse, in which the Jew with his cynical smile and sparkling eyes, seemed to take a delight in uttering aloud what the most hardened are accustomed to express by signs or circumlocution.

"But now to work!" continued the Jew.

"To work!" said the old man whose sunken eyes were lit up by a strange fire, "we lose time."

And as the Alchemist uttered these words he went to a square iron door set in the wall and opened it.

A dense vapor issued from the aperture and diffused a scorching heat throughout the apartment.

"What is the hour?" said the Jew. The

Alchemist pointed to a clock over the door; it was five minutes of twelve.

"This miserable debate," said the Jew, "has nearly destroyed all your labours. There is barely time."

"Ah, five minutes is a long time," replied the old man. And opening different repositories he brought forth pincers, jugs of water and wedge-shaped moulds or circular blocks of wood.

Above the large opening to the furnace was another much smaller closed by a round plate of iron. The Jew touched a knob and it slid into the wall. He drew back half suffocated but in an instant he looked again.

Half buried in a mass of glowing coals was seen an earthen crucible at a white heat. It contained a boiling mixture and zinc.

"Copper is it not?" asked the Jew.

"Copper," said the Alchemist.

"Which I am this moment going to change into gold."

"*Issachar! Issachar!*" said the old man while large drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks, "have you deceived me? Can you possess the divine stone?" Oh my God, can it be?"

The old man seemed going mad.

"Oh devil, say rather *Agabard!*" replied the Jew with his mocking smile, "you have long ago dissolved your connection with God."

"Yes, yes! why should we pray to the good spirit when the devil, the evil one, can alone do harm. But, *Issachar* see, it is time. Midnight is striking."

"To work then," said the Jew and putting his hand into the bosom of his robe, he drew out a little volume bound in brass and attached to his neck by a steel chain. From this he read aloud an incantation and then took a second survey of the furnace.

"Quick, quick, the stone," said the old man nervously.

"It is here." And again putting his hand into his robe, the Jew drew forth a mineral substance shaped and sparkling like a crystal. "The divine substance—the Philosopher's stone!" murmured the Alchemist.

"Behold." And the Jew dropped the crystal into the boiling metal. "Now prepare the moulds," he said.

for the night. The two elder Knights were locked up in one, the two younger in another.

Evan threw one look around him, saw that the only furniture of the apartment was a bed with coarse curtains, another of iron like those belonging to a camp, and a chair and table; and falling into the chair dropped asleep exhausted.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAPTAIN LE MORESQUE.

Seated upon a species of rude throne in the great room of the old castle, the chief of the adventurers, Captain Guy le Moresque, gazed at the prisoners who had not been placed before him on the preceding night.

Captain Le Moresque was a magnificent cavalier, with a countenance of singular nobility for one pursuing his somewhat objectionable occupation of highway robbery; and it was only after recalling the fact that in those days, desperate noblemen even became adventurers, that the prisoners gazing curiously upon his martial countenance, could satisfy themselves that they were really before the redoubtable chief of free lances.

As for the Captain, he seemed to regard them with much indifference, even with a species of careless good humor.

He was silent for some moments—then with a careless salute he said in an easy and martial voice:

"Messieurs, attention. You all no doubt wish to continue your way, and so you shall on the faith of a captain—when you have given me a sight of those fine golden florins which are lying useless at home in your coffers. As to the baggage I confiscate that, 'tis well understood, Red Squire."

"Undoubtedly, Captain," said the Red Squire.

"Let us first attend to the good father there," continued Le Moresque, "who waits so patiently behind the rest."

The ranks opened and an ecclesiastic appeared.

"What is your name, father?" asked the captain.

The Knights at the first glance recognized

Sir John Froissart. The chronicler's quick eyes had already penetrated their visors.

"How, my Lords," said Froissart, "is it possible I see you here as prisoners?"

"As prisoners," said Sir Roger, "and that at the very moment when we want liberty above all things."

"Hush!" said the canon glaring at the adventurers.

"What's that? what's that?" said the chief, "speak a little louder, father. It is always a happiness for a poor sinful layman like myself to listen to the conversation of holy men."

"Seigneur Captain," said Froissart, "in good faith you carry on your profession in a very unscrupulous manner."

"Ho, ho, the profession itself is not scrupulous, father."

"And I greatly fear," continued the chronicler, "that I shall be compelled to erase the name of Captain Le Moresque from the list of brave chevaliers I have gathered."

"The devil, that would be bad! But only for stopping a priest?"

"Messire Captain, you stop and rob the man who has narrated your chivalrous enterprises, it is not a priest only."

"Who then are you?"

"Messire Jehan Froissart, writer of chronicles."

The adventurer bowed.

"Sire Froissart! can you be he!"

"Indeed I am. Name my ransome."

The chief meditated. "Your ransome," he said at length. "Yes, you have a ransome. Ah, but," he added, "I swear Messire Jehan that if I consulted my own wishes you should go scot free without paying a livre."

"Then consult your wishes, dear captain."

"Ah, worthy sir," replied the chief shaking his head, "you do not understand—"

"What, sir Captain?"

"That I am not supreme lord in the troop."

"Who then is?"

"I mean, sire Froissart, that 'tis against the laws to release any one without ransome."

"Fix my ransome them."

The adventurer pondered. It was plain

that some struggle was taking place in his mind.

"Sire Jehan," he said at last, "are you rich?"

"No," said Froissart, "two hundred francs which I had were taken from me."

"Two hundred francs! Ah, Messire, that is rating you at far below your value. And yet rather than be mentioned as discourteous captains in that excellent good chronicle you are writing you shall proceed on your way. It is said, you are free."

"But my companions, Messire de Lerac and his niece."

"Waiting for you at Clermont."

"How Captain! Left without informing me!"

"Faith, 'tis not extraordinary. They even left without saying adieu to their host."

"Can they have escaped, Captain?" said Froissart joyfully.

"Pardieu," replied Le Moresque.

"But how was it possible? This castle is strong and well guarded."

"On the word of a captain I thought as much. If they had gone to the barriers my soldiers would have stopped them, if they had mounted in the air my cross-bows might have brought them down, but alas! Sire Jehan, they took none of these modes of exit. They burrowed, Sire Froissart, like moles."

Froissart laughed.

"A forgotten passage?" said he, "I have heard of many such."

"Just so. But come, let us have a look at these two heroes who awaited the assault so bravely. Uncase, sirs, uncase, and give us a sight of your honorable visages. Perhaps we are old acquaintances. Who knows?"

"Yes, Captain," said Even, "you are not mistaken, we have met before."

"Seigneur de Foix!" exclaimed the captain, "son of Messire Gaston Phœbus?"

"And your prisoner."

"You are wrong, fair sir, you are not my prisoner."

Then perceiving that the chiefs who had only heard his last words, looked dissatisfied.

"Do you know this gentleman?" said he.

"Who is he?" asked the chiefs.

"The son of Gaston de Foix. Is he a prisoner?"

The adventurers shook their heads.

"You see," said Le Moresque to Even.

"I see Captain, but I do not understand. You know me, you set me free. That is plain. But these chiefs—"

"Are the subjects of Count Gaston."

"He was their liege lord."

"Was Seigneur Even, how mean you?" Even was silent.

"Messire answer!" said the captain, "you don't say—"

"He is dead."

The adventurer dashed his fist upon the table.

"Dead!" he cried, his face turning red and then pale.

Even bowed his head.

The chief of adventurers covered his face with his hands and remained for a moment silent.

At last he raised his head, Something like a tear moistened his eyelids.

"Messire," he said, "you bring sorrowful news, so sorrowful indeed that I could almost weep to hear it. But men of my stamp shed no tears. Who succeeds Monseigneur Gaston?"

"The viscount de Chateaubon."

"Bah! a coward whom I hate! Do the people acknowledge him?"

"Yes, those of Bearne."

"And the Tornens—"

"The King of France has a mortgage on their lands, and they do not join with the Bearnese."

Sir Espaign was making a thousand signs to Even, some of which he perceived.

"Come Captain," said Roger D'Espaign, "despatch if you please, for our business is important."

Sir Espaign shrugged his shoulders and drew back as if all was over.

In doing so, he did no more than justice to the chieftain's acuteness. Suddenly the captain started with joy. His eyes sparkled, his mustache curled.

"I have it," he cried, "you are the envoy of Messire de Chateaubon to the king of France. Mordions! I would not have missed this day for ten thousand crowns!"

"Captain," said Espaign, "we cannot deny what we have told you in almost so many words. You have already taken our baggage from us, and that baggage is worth the



sum you have just mentioned, ten thousand crowns. Allow us to proceed on our way."

"Ho! ho! not so fast if you please; this good viscount's newly gotten lands must first sweat a little. You must pay ransome."

"But it is imperative on us to proceed at once to Paris. To advise the viscount of our situation, and have the money paid in this castle would require a month."

"Tis easily arranged and you may go on this very day."

"How so?"

Captain Le Moresque beckoned to his clerk who took a seat at the table, drew a parchment from a roll under his arm and prepared to write.

"Are you ready, master Tristem?"

"Ready," said the clerk.

"Then write what I dictate to you."

Messire Espaing de Lyon to the Lord of Chateaubon.

*'Monseigneur*; This letter will inform you that I and my party have fallen into the power of Captain Le Moresque, chief of adventurers. Before he will allow us to continue our way, the said Captain Le Moresque requires your lordship to send to his castle in Auvergne, not far from Clermont the sum of—'

"How much?" said the clerk.

"Leave a blank space."

"It is left," said the clerk.

'On this and no other condition are we allowed to proceed on our journey.'

"And now," continued Le Moresque, "all that remains is the sum."

"It would be wronging such noble chevaliers," said the Red Squire, "to estimate the three, since the Seigneur de Foix is out of the case—at any sum below thirty thousand francs."

"Thirty thousand francs!" said the Little Mechin, another of these brigands, whose rapacity was anything but in accordance with his stature, "and ambassadors too? Fifty thousand francs, Captain, fifty thousand is the least we can think of taking."

"I agree with Sir Mechin," said a third, "fifty thousand is the lowest sum possible."

"Captain," said Sir Espaing, "one would say these chiefs had not slept off the effect of their revels. They talk nonsense."

"It is true," said the Captain, "and I beg you to pardon their incivility in rating you at a sum so ridiculous."

The chiefs looked at each other with astonishment.

"Ridiculous indeed Captain," said Sir Espaing.

"It is not to be thought of for a moment."

"Not for an instant."

The chief began to understand.

"I was saying Messire, that this manner of rating you was not only uncivil but also foolish."

"Worse than foolish!"

"And that I would be ashamed," continued Le Moresque, "to estimate three noblemen like yourselves, with their attendants at any sum less than one hundred thousand livres."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from the chiefs.

Sir Roger uttered an exclamation of rage. D'Arthon and Even listened in silence.

Sir Espaing alone replied to the captain.

"One hundred thousand livres, sir chief," he said with calmness, "whence are they to come?"

"Bah! 'tis not my business. I will even add not yours."

"Whose then?"

"Messire de Chateaubon's"

"He will not pay it."

"I'll risk it," said the Captain.

"I tell you Captain it is impossible to raise such a sum."

"Foix, Foix! 'tis a very fine province."

"Fill up the blank in the letter with the first named sum of twenty thousand, or was it thirty? Put that sum in the bond I say and there may be some chance of arranging matters. But a hundred thousand! not to be thought of."

"Sir Knight," said Le Moresque, "if you were to pay this, the sum of twenty thousand livres, or even less might suffice—"

"And why not fix the ransome at that?"

"Because there is a little feud between myself and the viscount. It will not do. One hundred thousand!"

"What an exorbitant sum."

"Messire, will you fill up the blank with that?"

"Impossible," said Sir Espaign.



"Jehan," said the Captain, "lead the prisoners back to their cells, and this time examine the walls that there may be no secret passages." Then turning to Sir Espaing,

"You have not acted well in this transaction," said he, "to save this one hundred thousand francs, your lord will forfeit interests worth ten times the sum, for I shall keep you in prison until King Charles seizes on the country of Foix."

"The devil 'tis true!" muttered Sir Espaing.

"Come," said the adventurer, "is it agreed upon?"

The Knight sighed.

"Captain, say eighty thousand."

"Not a sous. I will abate nothing."

"Let it be one hundred then," said Sir Espaing.

The clerk inserted the words in the blank space and pushed it across the table to the Knight who signed it.

"Now summon Frier Ian," said Le Moresque to one of the soldiers. The adventurer went out.

"Wait an instant, gentlemen, if you wish to see a curious character," said Froissart laughing, "your time will not be thrown away."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HAWK AND THE VULTURE.

While the soldier was gone for the monk, Captain Le Moresque turned to a personage behind all the rest who was no other than the Jew Issachar whom we have seen depart from the Chateau de Carnac, hoping to avoid the net of Messire Le Moresque by travelling only in the night time. Vain hope, he had been captured.

"And this arrival," said the captain, "where was he caught, and who was the hunter?"

"In a valley," said the little Mechin, "between two hills, with rocks all round and bushes to hide under. 'Twas a regular hiding place."

"Ah parbleu! hiding was he. To think of such a thing with my sharp-nosed rascals near! Stand forth Jew, do you hear?"

The Jew advanced with a cringing smile.

"First, what money had he, Little Mechin?"

"Three hundred crowns of gold."

"Gained by usury, not so Jew?" said Le Moresque with a frown. "Ah money gripper!"

"Oh no, my Lord!" said Issachar clasping his hands, "I have never practised usury. What the honorable sieigneur has taken from me was gained by honest labor, deprive me of it and I have nothing."

"Ah, you shall be deprived of it, animal! What right has a Jew to be honest? Go, be a usurer."

"My Lord, 'tis against the law."

"And so is the profession I follow myself, rascal!"

"I am a poor Jew, you are a great seigneur," said Issachar in a wheedling tone.

"And these crowns—where are they, Little Mechin?"

"Here." And the Little Mechin handed Le Moresque the Jew's pouch.

The captain counted the crowns without the least scruple. When he had finished,

"Here are but two hundred, Little Mechin," said he, pointing to the pile, "the rest?"

"Understand captain, as a matter of course I helped myself."

"Oh!"

"I thought you saw that?"

"I see it very well, faith!"

"And I have brought you double my own share."

"And this miserable remnant of two hundred crowns is to be divided between all the chiefs! May the devil take me, but 'tis ridiculous! I will therefore take possession myself."

The chiefs uttered a discontented growl.

"Who murmured there?" said the captain.

All was silent.

"One hundred crowns shall be my share as 'twas yours Little Mechin, the rest goes to the chiefs."

And separating the pile into two equal parts, the captain pushed one towards the adventurers.

"Help yourselves, Messieurs," said he.

This was thought very generous, and after

pocketing their crowns, the chiefs had a much higher opinion of their captain.

"And you, animal," said the adventurer to the Jew, "listen to what I say."

The Jew raised his eyes

"What is your name?" asked the captain.

"Issachar of Tours, my Lords."

"Issachar, you are a thief."

The Jew smiled with humility.

"Issachar," continued the captain, "you are a fool."

"Yes, he is a thief," said the Little Mechin, "for he was counting his crowns on the grass when I caught him. The rascal!"

"He was a fool," said Le Moresque, "to suppose that my good soldiers were unable to see in the dark."

The chiefs bent terrible frowns on the Jew.

"Issachar," continued the captain, "you shall pay a ransom of three hundred crowns more."

"Holy Elias! such a sum—"

"Do you refuse, dog?"

"My Lord—"

"Your fingers shall be roasted with matches."

The Jew smiled behind his long beard.

At that moment a voice at the door was heard crying out, "make way for the holy father," and just as the Jew taking advantage of the movement glided through a side door, Friar Ian Dugrindelot entered the room reeling.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### FRIAR IAN.

Instead of exhibiting any surprise or annoyance at the state of the holy man, Captain Le Moresque smiled, and this smile was so full of good humor that one might have thought the monk was about to bring him an especial greeting from the posse.

"Father Ian!" said he, "are you sober?"

The Friar endeavored to assume an attitude whose dignity alone might silently repel this insinuation, but he only appeared ridiculous.

"I have sent for you, father, on important business," continued Le Moresque.

"Important business, my son," asked the Friar stammering.

"To relieve some expiring sinner!"

"Not so faith. 'Tis not your spiritual assistance."

"Then get another, captain, unless," he added in a whisper, "the wine of Marabella promised you by your Spanish friends has arrived. I promised you my opinion upon it."

"Oh no, the wine has not arrived, and I have not called you to moisten your palate with a new vintage. 'Tis nevertheless important business, and such as you alone can undertake. It requires a man of your boldness and talents."

"Oh Captain, you flatter me," said Friar Ian with a ludicrous affectation of modesty.

"And your business?"

"To bring me a fine sum which has here been agreed upon as ransom between myself and these honorable chevaliers."

"Oh, I am to venture *in castra hos-hostium*."

"Just so. You alone can do it."

"And the *premium*, the portion understood—"

"Two per cent.," said Le Moresque, seeing the Friar hesitate.

"'Tis not enough," said the monk.

"Wait, wait, you have not heard what the sum is, holy Friar Ian. It is one hundred thousand francs and—"

"Ah by the mass!"

"And your 'portion understood,'" said Le Moresque laughing, "will be two thousand, three if you insist."

"Yes, I insist my son, and I am ready."

"But are you sober, faith?"

"My son," said the monk solemnly, "for three days and as many nights the wine cup has not passed my lips, no, not once."

"Friar Ian, Friar Ian, what do you say. Oh!"

"Oh, oh," repeated Froissart.

"Did we not have bout together," said the captain, "and stay, what was it you said instead of the drink-word, 'Joan is a sweet wench,' was it not?"

"And I," said Froissart, "testify that if I am now sober 'tis not the holy Friar's fault."

"And who art thou?" said the monk frowning.

"Messire Jehan Froissart, a very poor brother," said Froissart, "who drank last night with your holiness."

"Ho, ho, he drank with you!" said Le Moresque.

"Alas! my son," said the Friar rolling his eyes and shaking his head, "what would you have?" Am I to receive no credit when this Sire Froissart, this man whose companions are among the unrighteous, who herds with the wicked of the earth, this—oh!"

"Holy Friar," said Froissart, "have you selected your present residence for the virtue of its inmates?"

"Answer that Friar Ian," said Le Moresque.

"Hath not the holy Moses said," replied Friar, "that Jesus came not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance?"

"Moses!" said Froissart, "why Christ himself used those words, most holy Friar."

The monk had assumed an attitude of humility.

"Do you see my son," said he, "this ignorant man presumes to doubt what I quote from the holy book—this man," continued the priest with greater humility, "who has cast far from him all shame and spent his time in passing from place to place, from one high place of iniquity to another, feasting, drinking and forgetting his eternal welfare to wrap himself up in tales of bloody enterprises, this man," continued the Friar, "has accused me of spending my time over the wine cup when all night long I was kneeling on the floor of my cell—"

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed Froissart laughing, "did you not relate to me a story concerning a certain devil who appeared to you once and only vanished when you uttered a prayer to the Holy Virgin?"

"Listen to him my son."

"Did you not tell me of a certain vision you had of purgatory?"

"Never," said the Friar.

"Nor how you deceived three fair penitents in a single night when Perrot Le Bearnois took Montferrard?"

The Friar raised his eyes to heaven.

"And rifled as many wine cellars?"

"Oh," groaned the Friar while an angry flush overspread his face.

"See now," said Froissart, "the holy father's face is red, he is weeping!"

"I weep my brother for your errors," said the Friar, making a great effort to preserve his humility.

"That Burgundy was strong, holy sir."

"I weep for your infirmities, brother," continued the monk, "and for your treatment of the saints—"

"Ah stop, brother Ian. You a saint?"

"Holy Mary! grant thy servant patience—"

"And the wine cup under afflictions."

"Pardon this erring brother, but if thy will is that he shall be punished—"

"I myself will bear half the weight of his sins."

"Oh let thy will be done."

Then the two ecclesiastics began to pour out against each other an overwhelming flood of sonorous Latin sentences. Froissart, thanks to his liberal studies, was able to speak the language with immense volubility and ease, and Friar Ian returned it with as much, equally loud, if not quite as classical.

At last the monk replied to one of the chronicler's abjurgations with a speech of rolling and formidable sound but unfortunately so unlike what unusually went for Latin that even the adventurers burst into laughter. Froissart smiled provokingly.

The Friar turned red in the face, his eyes filled with blood, and shouting "*Vade retro Sathanas!*" he aimed a blow with his heavy fist at his enemy's face. Froissart glided adroitly aside, and the ponderous mass fell with such force on the countenance of one of the chiefs, that they both came to the ground with a terrific crash.

A tremendous burst of laughter followed this exploit, in the midst of which Espaing de Lyon and his companions made their retreat.

The chronicler alone had reason to plume himself on having escaped without much loss, and he had been compelled to part with his two hundred francs. Froissart himself has told us that he lived well wherever he went. Consequently he was in a very ill-humor, and he continued to abuse the adventurers without cessation until the party arrived at Clermont.

*To be continued.*

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. Roane.]

### BOOK THIRD.

"The most powerful and prosperous king, whom fortune and victory have loaded with favors, surrounded by all the splendor of glory, yet feels not that purest happiness—that dearest sentiment to a tender heart—the certainty of being beloved. The homage offered, the praises lavished and even the fidelity shown him, look always for their reward. Interest directs their love, not to his person, but to his power. This idea torments his soul and a just want of confidence mingles in the feelings of his heart.

"But Muley, on leaving the throne returned to the private walks of life and acquired again the precious right of association with his friends. His numerous court disappeared, but the Abencerrages remained faithful. That virtuous tribe still regarded him as their king and rendered him more respect than when his power had been greater. Almanzor, Moraima and I, were rivals in every pious office to console his age. Content to consecrate our lives to an occupation so grateful to our own feelings, we could not complain of a crime which had made us so happy and had united us in the bosom of the best of fathers. If we felt the loss of his crown, it was only for his people and for him; if Muley Hassan sighed for it, it was only for his vassals and for his children.

"In the mean time the new king changed the entire condition of things in Granada. The ancient viziers were dismissed and inexperienced youths filled their places. The generals of the army, grown gray in active service, were rewarded by exile for their deeds and their wounds. Youth, known only for their vices, were placed in command of veteran soldiers, the former companions of their fathers. The ancient discipline, mother of valor and of victory, was forgotten in a moment; the army was transformed into a troop of unbridled mercenaries, bold against their officers, but cowards against their enemy. The vigilant Spaniards sur-

prised and invaded the frontiers which had been committed to unskilful governors, who had passed their lives at court; and as a climax to our misfortunes in that fatal epoch, heaven excited against us that terrible enemy of the Moors—that invincible Castilian, whose name, without doubt, has reached your far-off climes, the fiery Gonsalvo of Cordova. Neither his exploits nor his rapid conquests could awaken Boabdil from his shameful lethargy. The criminal Zegris were his councillors; and the monarch yielded himself to the pleasures with which he was surrounded by his courtiers, who were fearful lest the murmurs of the people might reach his ear. The gorgeous games and festivals which Muley established had given place to mysterious assemblies, effeminate dances and feasts, from which modesty and decency were banished. Tender and respectful love became the object of insolent mockery; and the gallantry of Granada, so celebrated among natives, degenerated into dissipation and licentiousness.

"In the midst of so many vices, the pre-sage of our misfortunes, the soul of Boabdil was inflamed anew with a love which had long been resisted. The beautiful Zoraida, daughter of old Ibrahim, was the object of this unhappy love. Zoraida was an African. From the first days of her life, she had known but misfortunes; she lost her mother when she was yet in her cradle; her father had been the Prime-Minister of the Monarch of Tremezen; after the exile of his unhappy sovereign, he was himself proscribed and despoiled of his property; he then came with his daughter to Granada to implore the protection of Muley-Hassan. My father received him in his Court, appointed him Governor of the important city of Jaen and gave orders that Zoraida should be reared in his own palace. She was scarcely out of her infancy, when her attractions and graces inflamed our warlike youth with love.

"Abenhamet, the gallant captain of the Abencerrages, who gained the prize on the day of the contest of the ring, while yet a child, selected Zoraida and adopted her as a sister. He was happy only when in her presence; he repeated a thousand times the oath to love her, long as life endured. The young African girl made the same promise



and declared that she loved but him ; sweet privilege of that happy age when frankness and candor are allowed. When Zoraida approached her fifteenth year she became more reserved and Abenhamet more timid. He dared not speak to her as before, even of friendship ; but more impressed with her charms than ever, he felt the force of that first love so ardent and so pure in an affectionate heart and occupied himself chiefly in following, in escorting, or in seeking her. In the palace, in the mosque, in the garden of the Generalife, he was ever at her side and could not exist but in her presence. But when together, their eyes sought the ground, blushes covered their cheeks and their words became tremulous and disordered.

"It was about this time, that Gonsalvo entered our territory with an army and appeared suddenly before Jaen then under the command of old Ibrahim. The city was taken by storm after a long resistance and the father of Zoraida became a prisoner. His daughter threw herself in tears at the feet of the King. 'Return me my father,' said she, 'take back the favors you have bestowed upon me—a hut with the author of my life will suffice me. Or if Gonsalvo is inflexible, grant, at least that I may share his captivity and dedicate to his service the life I owe him.' Muley moved by her tears, promised to treat with Gonsalvo and that the first article of the treaty of peace, should be the release of Ibrahim. He increased his bounties and bestowed new favors to console her unhappy lot. But Abenhamet who saw her tears and felt them in his own heart, resolved to remove their cause. Fearing that if peace were not restored, Ibrahim would long be detained as a captive—he departed—sought out Gonsalvo and came into his presence with all the confidence which youth and love inspires—'Magnanimous warrior,' said he, 'I am the captain of the Abencerrages. My age has not permitted me as yet to oppose my arms to thine, that this happy time will yet come, I hope—you well know my noble family and that they would lavish gold with a prodigal hand for my ransom. The brave Ibrahim has no property—exchange this old man for me. Restore this unfortunate father to a daughter

who has but tears to offer thee—receive in his stead the wealthiest of Granada.' He ceased, Gonsalvo was moved. 'Abencerrage' responded he, 'you shall not be my captive, thy esteem, not thy riches I desire. Return to Granada with Ibrahim ; only to thy virtuous heart, would I yield him and if this slight benefit merits thy gratitude, avoid me in battle'—ah what was the joy of Zoraida, when Abenhamet restored to her, her adored father. Still doubting the reality, she threw herself on the old man's neck and embraced him again and again. Ibrahim related his obligations to the Abencerrage and taking the hands of the lovers in his own, he promised in the name of Allah, their speedy union in marriage.

"The conduct of Abenhamet filled Granada with admiration. All praised his valor and desired the consummation of his love ; all admired the magnanimity of Gonsalvo and I cannot deny, that though that proud Castilian was the bitterest persecutor of my country, and though his invincible arm has oftentimes been stained with the blood of my brothers, his noble bearing in war, his sweet clemency after the battle, have gained him the respect of our nation. The warrior knew his valor and the captive his humanity. The Abencerrages above all desired to make a tribute to his virtues and for this purpose they liberated twelve christian captives, selected the same number of African horses and sent them to the Castilian hero as a slight proof of their gratitude.

Muley-Hassan had approved the marriage of Abenhamet and Zoraida and intended that it should take place after that of Almanzor. But the fiery Boabdil became enamored of Zoraida and made pretensions to her hand. The daughter of Ibrahim without failing in the respect due to the heir of the throne, rejected his suit. Zoraida believed herself forgotten by a heart so little capable of love, when my father lost his crown, but the first use Boabdil made of his usurped power was to prohibit her marriage with Abenhamet. Ibrahim deeply grieved, still hoped to change the mind of the monarch. Accompanied by the generous Abenhamet, he threw himself at the King's feet and begged as the only reward for his loyalty and his long services that he might

"Zoraida in the palace gave us equal inquietude ; she was overwhelmed by a profound grief, which deprived her of the power of weeping ; at times she gazed upon us with ferocious expression and pronounced without cessation the names of Ibrahim and Abenhamet and then fixing her eyes upon the ground, she still repeated those names so dear to her heart. This apparent tranquillity was often succeeded by sudden cries and convulsive movements. A burning fever seized upon her and a frightful delirium transported her into the midst of the battle. There she avenged the death of her father—there she defended her lover. All remedies, all cures were useless; we despaired of her life.

"While every family was overwhelmed in grief, the victorious Gonsalvo presented himself before the walls of Granada. My brother had foreseen it—my brother, our only hope, summoned our warriors to arms. Boabdil went out, in person, with the Zegrís, to repel the attack of the Spaniards. Almanzor at the head of the Abencerrages, drove Lara from our ramparts. But the King attacked by Gonsalvo, was put to flight and retreated precipitately into the city. The intrepid Castilian pursued him, within our walls and though abandoned by his followers, penetrated even to the Alhambra. I saw him and I yet tremble at his image. Ah! without depreciating your valor, may you never encounter that hero. Alone in the midst of our capital, braving an entire hostile people, destroying all who opposed him, he approached within a short distance of the place where I stood. There doubtless observing that he was accompanied by none of his followers, he stopped for a moment, remained motionless, then again slowly retreated along the path he had strewn with victims ; and without thinking to defend himself against the multitude by whom he was attacked, he seemed to be examining the strong holds still to be conquered. After this alarm, we returned to look after the unfortunate lovers. Abenhamet and Zoraida had, in vain, been threatened ; their vigor and youth repelled it. The hope of again seeing each other, the comfort of weeping together, attached them to life and gave them courage at last to resist their deplorable condition.

"Boabdil had waited for this moment; he went alone to see the sad Zoraida ; she she was ignorant of his guilt and received him without horror. The perfidious King honored the memory of Ibrahim with his tears and heaped eulogies upon his valor ; but after he had feigned for some days to take part in the grief of his daughter, he spoke of honoring the memory of the unfortunate old man by giving a public testimony of his esteem and gratitude ; offered her a splendid marriage as the only means of repaying his obligations to Ibrahim. 'Sir' replied Zoraida, 'I am too unhappy to attempt dissimulation—my heart is far from desiring this brilliant marriage. This heart cannot love but once and Abenhamet is the object of its love. If the services of my father, if the blood he has shed for you, have any value in your eyes, if you wish to give consolation to his spirit, comply with his last desires ; unite his daughter to him whom Ibrahim had chosen for a son-in-law. Ibrahim will see it from the Heaven above where he dwells and will rejoice that he lost his life, in the service of a King who was worthy of the offering.' On hearing these words, Boabdil could not repress his anger. 'Zoraida,' said he, in an imperious tone, 'you abuse my unhappy love. Abenhamet cannot now hope for thy hand, since the laws condemn him to death. I alone can pardon him and this depends upon you.' Boabdil went off gloomy and angry and having learned that the Abencerrage had begun to recover his strength, he gave orders that he be placed under guard and appointed the judges for his trial. The law pronounced his death. Abenhamet had lost the sacred standard of the Empire and death was the penalty. The judges reluctantly signed the sentence and the King bore it to Zoraida. 'Choose,' said he, placing it in her hands, 'choose on the spot, but one moment is left you. Abenhamet must die or you must ascend my throne. The altar and the scaffold are prepared.' Astonished and frightened by these words, Zoraida was at a loss what resolution to make. Her first impulse was to free herself, with her dagger, from the horrible election he proposed. But she stopped to consider, that the death of Abenhamet would follow her



own. Hopeless of changing the intervention of the ferocious despot, she vacillated and trembled. Boabdil urged a reply and displeased at her silence he ordered the head of his rival to be brought to him. 'Hold,' exclaimed Zoraida, 'Hold, I will be the victim. Take my hand—let us proceed to the Temple.' She ceased and the inflexible King conducted her to the Mosque, where all was prepared for the mournful marriage. Zoraida, pale and exhausted, presented herself in the midst of the people, who applauded their new Queen, and rejoiced at the happiness which they believed she would possess. She pronounced with a feeble voice, the marriage oath; a thousand acclamations responded, a thousand joyful cries mingled with the sound of music, drowned her groans. Pompous feasts celebrated that day of grief. The King was faithful to his promise; the day following the marriage he declared that the youth of Abenhamet, his valor, that of his family, had impelled him to mitigate the severity of the Judges, but wishing to accord the respect which was due to the laws, he commuted into exile the sentence pronounced by the Court. As the monarch appeared to be clement, none dared to murmur. Vile flatterers extolled his perfidious mercy. Almanzor whose penetration comprehended the horrible mystery, desired to prevent the first effects of the desperation of Abenhamet; he repaired to his prison and pressed him in his arms. 'My friend,' said he, 'your life is spared—the King exiles you from Granada only, but Zoraida.' \* \* \* 'Is Zoraida dead?' exclaimed Abenhamet. 'She will be less unhappy.' 'Listen to the horrible truth, summon all your fortitude to support you, and reflect above all, my friend, that if you yield to grief, you will cause the death of Zoraida. Zoraida is the wife of Boabdil!' On saying these words, my brother again pressed him against his heart, to prevent him from making an attempt upon his life, but Abenhamet remained senseless in his arms. My brother took advantage of his feebleness, and had him conveyed to one of his country seats, a short distance from Granada.

The generous Almanzor, with eyes fixed upon his friend, discovered in his own the impulses of his soul. He offered consola-

tion, but silently watched, followed and guarded him as one destitute of reason. Abenhamet himself observed a profound silence; he shed no tear; with head inclined on his breast and teeth firmly closed, he looked with sinister eye upon Almanzor, whose presence wearied him and opposed his designs. Three days passed in this manner and my brother did not leave him for an instant or dare to speak to him of a friendship powerless to relieve such misfortunes. At last Abenhamet broke silence. 'Fear not for me, Almanzor,' said he quietly. 'I know the soul of her—of her upon whom I had placed so much affection—I know her and it was only to save my life, that she consented to'—He stopped, raised his eyes towards Heaven, made new efforts and continued with a bitter smile: 'She was much deceived—no matter, I pardon her. I have taken my resolution irrevocably. I will place between us an impassable barrier; I will seek us other climes, where the mournful name of Granada, where the hated name of Boabdil never more can reach my ears. Tomorrow I will set out for Africa and will find in its deserts, the solitude an unhappy man requires. I will find more clemency in its lions than in our tyrants. You shall conduct me to the port of Almeria; this is the last favor which I shall ask or hope from your friendship. I dare not speak to you of my gratitude—you do not doubt it, you do not think of your kindness.' My brother was deceived by these words and believed that the courage of Abenhamet had risen superior to his misfortunes. He approved his design, and that very day they departed on the road to Almeria, where several vessels destined for Tunis, were only waiting for a favorable wind. Abenhamet appeared tranquil and the name of Zoraida never escaped his lips. Always pensive, but at the same time kind and amiable, he made known his wishes to Almanzor—prescribed the division to be made of his property and the bounties to be given to his slaves. 'In the land where I am going to live,' he added, 'riches are not necessary. I carry with me all that my wants require. My kindred and servants will think of me more frequently and kindly, when enjoying the prosperity attained through me; neither will

the valiant Almanzor forget me ; the benefits he has bestowed will not permit me to doubt it. But I reproach myself, that for my sake he is here, separated from his family and his wife. Muley-Hassan and Zuléma await you ; Moraima mourns your absence. Return, kind friend, return to enjoy the rare felicity of being the husband of one so well-beloved. She perhaps requires your cares ; without doubt, she desires your presence. The wind may delay us some days ; to delay our parting will only serve to augment our grief ; and besides, I ought to accustom myself to live, deprived of every object of love.'

"Almanzor listened to him in tears, while Abenhamet urged him anew to depart. My brother desirous of returning to Moraima, yielded to his pressing requests, embraced him, promised to execute his wishes and with a heart full of sorrow, but without uneasiness for the life of the unhappy Abencerage, took his departure for Granada. Abenhamet saw his wishes complied with and rejoiced at the success of his plan.

"Scarcely was he free, when he prepared to put into execution the terrible design he had meditated. He clothed himself in the garb of a slave ; an Asiatic turban changed his appearance already disfigured by grief ; he armed himself with a dagger—departed from Almeria and returned to Granada. He arrived, went to the Alhambra and after wandering through the spacious courts of that immense edifice, introduced himself into the Generalife and advanced with rash steps towards the apartment of the Queen.

"Night had begun to cover the earth with darkness, when Zoraida alone in the garden sat weeping for Abenhamet, beneath a rose-bush. From the day of the fatal marriage, Zoraida had heard nothing of his fate ; she had not pronounced his name. But every evening she repaired to and wept under that rose-bush, where in happier times she had sat so often at the side of Abenhamet. There, with the memory of the past, with her grief and with her love, she fancied she still saw the object she cherished in her heart. All Abenhamet had done for her, the words he had spoken, his lightest smile, the most trifling circumstance which concerned them, were pictured in her ima-

gination. She was less unhappy during those brief moments of delusion, but when she returned to a sense of her misfortunes, bitter weeping flooded her weary eyes.

"Suddenly, the Queen in surprise saw a slave approach her—she looked at him—recognized him and was about to utter a cry, but the danger to Abenhamet, to herself, the sad recollection of what he had been and what he was, restrained her. 'Abenhamet,' said she, in a low voice, 'Abenhamet, is it thou?' 'Yes,' replied the Abencerage, 'I am he who has lost you, I am he who cannot live without you, I am he whose unhappy life you have purchased by so mournful a sacrifice, who comes now to return the useless gift which your kindness has bestowed.' Saying this, he drew his dagger and raised his hand to inflict the fatal wound. Zoraida arrested his arm. 'Ungrateful friend,' said she, 'ungrateful friend, think you I am not sufficiently unhappy? Have I not yet done enough in condemning myself for you to the most cruel punishment? The axe of the executioner threatened your head, an infamous hand was ready to cut short your life if Zoraida'

'Would that,' exclaimed Abenhamet beyond himself, "would that all the torments which Boabdil could invent, had let out, drop by drop, the blood which flows in my veins. I would have blessed my afflictions in thinking you faithful, and I would have repeated, with every torture, that I bore with me your love to my grave. And what did you hope from your weak act? Did you think that I who cannot live without you, would continue to drag out my miserable life? That the joy of escape from death would obliterate the burning and passionate love which has penetrated and filled my heart from infancy? which alone has given me existence and made me virtuous? No! Zoraida, you have deceived yourself; you have but delayed my death and made it more bitter. I have desired that you should be a witness of it, to expiate your crime against love; but to forgive you in my last sighs; to say to you, to swear to you, that as I have lost the right of loving you, I have not strength to survive.'

"'Listen,' replied Zoraida, 'I do not fear death. If I could have seen you, spo-

ken to you, but one moment, I would myself have taken this dagger and have said—Let us die together—open first this heart where our oaths are so deeply graved and then free yourself afterwards from the infamy they are preparing for you! But before Boabdil!—between the tyrant and your scaffold—the barbarian had already pronounced the order to bring your head; and a slave was already on the way. Ah! Abenhamet, what I did you would have done in my place. One word only remains for me to say. Honor forbids me to see you; honor alone remains to me, and I do not wish to fail in it. Honor commands me, not to love you, but God has denied me this strength. If you renounce life, if you dare make an attempt upon an existence which has cost me so dear, I swear by yourself, by my father, that this hand, which was promised you, shall punish my coward heart for its mournful sacrifice, which your cruelty would render useless and which was but a perfidy, since it does not preserve the life of my Lover.' Zoraida returned to him the dagger. Abenhamet without courage to take it, gazed upon her for a moment and then threw himself at her feet. 'Angel of Heaven,' said he, 'how great is your power over me! One only word from your lips, one look, the sound of your voice, destroys all my designs and changes in a moment my settled resolutions. I will live then, since you wish it—this I promise you; I will suffer my misery, since your supreme will commands me to be unhappy. Abenhamet will not again see you. Ah! I know you, I love you too well, to hope or desire to see you; but at least pity my grief; for the last time, I implore you, tell me, tell me Zoraida, deign to tell me only that Abenhamet is yet dear to you; that he will always dwell in your heart, that neither time nor absence will ever efface that first and that sweet sentiment, which in other times possessed your soul. If I can again hear this avowal from your lips, I promise to live—yes, I swear to you, to take care of my life. I will not then despise it, nor regard it, with loathing. The certainty that I am beloved will appease my desperation.' Abenhamet ceased, siezed Zoraida's hand with ardor and instantly dropped it. She turned her face to hide

her tears. 'Leave, Abenhamet,' said she, 'leave this terrible place; forget not the promise you have made me, and seek not that my heart should uselessly disclose what my duty prohibits. Look! do you recognize this rose-bush? Here, each evening Zoraida weeps.'

"As she spoke these words, she thought she heard a noise in the rose-bush; she arose in fear—desired Abenhamet to leave, and at the same time retired with rapid step to her apartment, where seated at her balcony she could see by the light of the moon the garden of the Generalife; she trembled and listened with breathless attention. The silence, which every where reigned, calmed her agitation; she fixed her eyes upon the beloved rose-bush, which she distinguished from afar and then abandoned herself to sad thoughts.

"The noise she had heard betokened the misfortunes which were to follow. While the imprudent Abencerrage had forgotten at the feet of Zoraida the perils which surrounded him, four Zegriss passing through the garden, recognized the voice of Abenhamet; they stopped, concealed themselves behind the rose-bush, and through its foliage beheld the object of their hatred, whose destruction they had sworn, kneeling at the feet of the Queen—at the feet of the wife of Boabdil. Surprised, but rejoiced at seeing him in this posture, they resolved upon a most atrocious crime and repaired straightway to the Monarch. 'King of Granada,' said Morfarix,—'pardon your loyal vassals, who have come before you to afflict your heart, since on the information they bring depend your crown, your life and your honor. The Abencerrages have conspired against you and Abenhamet recalled by them from exile, has already had an interview with his companions—we ourselves have seen him, but this moment, in the Generalife, at the feet of your criminal wife, holding the dagger, with which to pierce the heart of his King.' Boabdil was like one struck with a thunderbolt—but surprise soon gave place to headlong anger. 'They all shall die,' exclaimed he, 'not one of that detested tribe shall escape and my unfaithful wife shall die upon their expiring bodies.' 'Avenge yourself,' answered Morfarix, 'but prudence is

necessary to secure vengeance. If you manifest your resentment, all Granada will take arms; the friends of the Abencerrages will defend them. Follow the counsel which my zeal dictates;—order the guards to arrest Abenhamet in the Generalife; in the meantime, issue a secret command to each of the Abencerrages separately to repair to the Alhambra, and as they enter, let them be executed on the spot.’ Boabdil adopted this horrible advice; the guards were ordered to search the garden, and the King’s messenger delivered to the Abencerrages the order to repair to the palace. The Zegrís also were summoned, who came armed; soldiers were placed at the gates of the Generalife and executioners were stationed, with drawn swords, in the Court of Lions to await Abenhamet and his companions. The unhappy Abenhamet thinking more of Zoraida than himself, had fled weeping into the shady groves when the satellites of the King discovered and seized him. In vain he attempted to defend himself. He was loaded with chains and brought before the Monarch. ‘Traitor,’ said Boabdil, whose anger almost choked his utterance, on this spot you shall expiate your detestable treachery and odious love. The infamous Zoraida shall follow you. Your desire to be united shall soon be accomplished; in the next world you may judge if I know how to chastise perfidy.’ ‘Tyrant!’ responded the Abencerrage, ‘death is the only favor I desire from you. Drink my blood—gratify your ferocious eyes with a spectacle worthy of your black heart. But Zoraida is innocent—I swear it before Heaven, before that God into whose presence I am now going, never has the chaste \* \* \* \*’ he had not finished when his head fell beneath the sabre and thrice bounded upon the marble, murmuring the name of Zoraida.”

Gonsalvo at these words uttered a groan of horror. “Ah!” resumed the princess, “this death was but the prelude to the fury of Boabdil. Scarcely had Abenhamet expired, when the Abencerrages unsuspecting, arrived from different quarters and were introduced one after another into the fatal Court of Lions; the moment they entered they were seized and borne forcibly to the alabaster fountain. There without mentioning

to them the crime of which they were accused, without answering their questions, without announcing their approaching death, off flew their heads into the waters of that fountain which has become so noted for this butchery. My tongue refuses to finish this frightful recital; my limbs shake with horror at the remembrance of these crimes. Great God, to what excesses Kings are led by unbridled anger and bad advice. Boabdil, sir, Boabdil, the son of my virtuous father, caused to be assassinated before his own eyes thirty-six young heroes—the hope and the pride of Granada, who had often shed their blood in defence of the Capital, for no greater crime than being the companions of Abenhamet.

“On that disastrous night, this illustrious family would have perished utterly, but for a child reared by the kindness of Yezid. This child attended his lord to the palace. Taking advantage of the darkness and confusion he followed Yezid even to the Court of Lions. He had scarcely seen the blood with which it was inundated, before he witnessed the death of his lord. He was rendered speechless by terror—retreated precipitately—fancied he was pursued and at last took refuge among a troop of Abencerrages, who were on their way to the palace in obedience to the orders of the King. ‘Do not approach, do not approach, companions of Yezid,’ said he—‘they have killed Yezid, my lord, my kind master, before my own eyes. I am covered with his blood. The King, the Zegrís, his executioners await you at the fountain—more than thirty are already dead at their feet—approach not, good Abencerrages—they have killed Yezid my master.’

“The Abencerrages surprised interrogated this faithful witness. By his cries, by his tears they discovered the treason. They immediately ran to inform their brothers of the plot who were on their way to the palace from every direction; they went back, armed themselves and returned torch-in-hand to reduce the Alhambra to ashes.

“The first entrances were forced—the guards were slain. Like furious tigers robbed of their young the Abencerrages rushed into the fatal Court. \* \* \* What a spectacle! thirty-six of their tribe lay dead on the mar-



ble floor; the King, the Zegrís, surrounded by executioners were still demanding more victims—the heads of their unfortunate companions were piled up in the fountain, whose waters were agitated by waves of foam and blood. Immoveable from horror the Abencerrages gazed at each other for a moment, and then with a sudden shout made a rush towards Boabdil. The Zegrís placed themselves in front of the Monarch. Superior in number, equal in valor, the Zegrís slew and were slain. The alarm spread through the City; the Gomeles, friends of the Zegrís, summoned the people in defence of the King. Thirty thousand armed Moors repaired to the palace. They saw their Monarch attacked by this formidable family; they were ignorant of his crime, and willing to defend him, united with the Zegrís. The unfortunate Abencerrages were unable to sustain themselves against so many assailants. Spite of their deeds, of their valor, after a long combat they were forced to leave the palace. Covered with wounds, weakened by loss of blood, pursued by the victors whose numbers continually increased, they were driven beyond the city. Detesting the ungrateful country which thus treated its defenders, they withdrew from its walls and swore never to return.

"Thus we lost that valiant tribe; thus on that disastrous night Granada in dishonoring herself, perhaps prepared the way for her fall. But the relentless Boabdil thought only of vengeance. His wife yet lived—his wife was yet to experience his fury. My strength fails me, I cannot continue this horrible recital and I will leave you to repose the few hours which yet remain of the day."

Zulema ceased, and spite of the entreaties of Gonsalvo, she deferred until the morrow the narration of the misfortunes of the Queen when she thus resumed.

*End of Book Third.*

Among the bitter varieties of sorrow, forming the inheritance of the human kind, there are few more humiliating, more fitted to cleave into the inmost soul, than a discovery of the unworthiness of those we love; of a breach of confidence in that heart wherein we have deposited the whole treasure of our affections. There is a degree of self abasement connected with the disappointment, which recoils with double force on our perceptions; the sharpness of the pain admits of no mitigation.—*Anon.*

## MY NATIVE HOME.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LOVE.

### I.

Oh! come like a dream to me, dearly loved home,  
Were it only a dream, O, hasten and come!  
Though the ties which once bound me to thee are undone,  
And the friends, whom I loved so, are scattered and gone,  
Those brave sons of Erin, whose courage defied  
The storm of Glenallah, or Swilly's dark tide,  
Let fancy but place me one moment in thee,  
Thou home of my childhood, so lovely to me!

### II.

On the dark rugged cliff where the king-fishers rest,  
On the peak where the eagle would dare build his nest,  
In fancy's fond dream I sink sweetly to sleep,  
Mid the hurricane's roar and the wail of the deep;  
Or, absorbed in the tempest, I gaze on the spray,  
Which the wings of its fury fast hurries away;  
Or, again with its thunder-crash falls on the sea,  
By the home of my childhood, so lovely to me.

### III.

The harp and the lute may delight the fond swain,  
Whose soul is endeared to a delicate strain;  
On the green mossy banks where the violet grows,  
The lovers enraptured may sweetly repose;  
And the stream which so soothingly ripples along,  
May mingle its softness with pastoral song;  
These also are found in perfection with thee,  
Thou home of my childhood, so lovely to me.

### IV.

But give me Nockahlah's fierce tempest again,  
When it whistles in madness through valley and glen;  
Or, let me but stand on the rock in mid air,  
'Twixt earth, sea and sky, all its madness to share,  
And list to the pipes of the winds and the waves,  
As they burst on thy shores, as they ring through thy caves;  
Oh! such is the music of Nature and thee,  
Thou home of my childhood, so lovely to me.

### V.

How enchanted I gazed, when the wind piping loud,  
Seemed to hang every wave, on a slippery cloud;  
And the white-crested billows were curled upon high,  
And filled with their thunders the storm-frightened sky;  
Then midst smoke, foam and fury from heaven they dash,  
And earth, reeling, quivers and shakes with the crash;  
Yet their foaming and roaring were music for thee,  
Thou home of my childhood, so lovely to me.

### VI.

But no more shall I gaze on thy surf-beaten shore;  
Thy rocks, hills and valleys I'll never see more;  
And the friends of my youth, who were valued and tried,  
Who sung in thy tempests, and danced on thy tide,  
Are scattered as chaff with the breath of the world,  
Or, their sails before Death's ruder tempest are furled;  
Yet, I, DEAR RAMELTON, will still dream of thee,  
Thou home of my childhood, so lovely to me.

## A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Within a stone's throw of the line of the Richmond and Petersburg rail-road, and no more than half a mile from James river, stand the blackened and roofless walls of a large brick building. Its position on a naked and barren hill renders it visible in some directions for several miles; and from various parts of Richmond, especially from the southern windows of the Capitol, it still forms a conspicuous object in the distant landscape. If the reader is not a resident of that vicinity, but has passed along the rail-road between Richmond and Petersburg, before the fire occurred by which the wood work of the building was a few months since destroyed, he may have been struck by the lone and desolate appearance of the house, and been led to make some inquiry respecting it: and if his question was asked of one in any degree familiar with neighborhood traditions, he was informed, among other particulars, that the place had long had the reputation of being haunted.

Indeed, its situation alone might well raise evil surmises in minds of a superstitious turn. No other house stood near it; no pale or hedge enclosed it; no tree or shrub or flower grew in its vicinity; nothing but the bare and sterile heath, over which a few consumptive cows and lean broken-down horses turned out to die, wandered about in quest of such subsistence as the place afforded. Its unsheltered site exposed it to every wind that blows, especially to the north wind, which, sweeping across the river from the hills on the Richmond side, raved and roared about the old mansion in such a way as to put timorous misgivings into the heart of any chance tenant who happened to occupy it. If he was right who said that superstition

"Can yells of demons in the zephyr hear,"

then certainly superstition might have heard a whole legion of demons yelling in the winds that howled round the old haunted house.

It was built by a man of wealth and standing in the days of our grandfathers. Why he selected so singular a site, I have never been able to learn. But the old gentleman

was a sort of humorist in his way, and no doubt had his own reasons for the choice. Perhaps he was ambitious to cover the barren hill with groves and gardens, and make the desert heath blossom like the rose. If such was his plan, however, the fates were against it; for whether the strange sights and sounds that gave the house its evil reputation made it an unpleasant residence to him, or whatever else was the cause, it is certain he abandoned it before any sort of out-of-door improvement had been made.

After his departure, the place fell from time to time to various tenants, who were attracted by the low rate of rent. None, however, remained long; for it was remarked that misfortune seemed to brood over the house; that sickness and death were alarmingly frequent within its walls; and that whether its stately halls and pannelled chambers were haunted by preternatural visitants or not, they certainly were singularly often the scenes of the heaviest afflictions that human life is heir to.

It is now many years since I paid the old house a visit. My curiosity was excited by the current tales in regard to it; for I always had rather a taste for superstitious marvels. I found it a large and stately building, finished within in the old aristocratic style of Virginia; though its fine mahogany panneling had been soiled and defaced in many places by the carelessness of tenants, who had of late always been persons in humble life. At the time of my visit it had been but a few weeks abandoned, and several pieces of furniture of small value were still left in some of the rooms. In one of the principal chambers I observed an old black-walnut cup-board, which may have been used as a wardrobe, a stick-backed chair without the top-board, and a black hair sofa, on which lay a single ragged cushion covered with the same material. On seeing the old sofa the thought occurred to me that as the weather was warm and no covering required, it might be made a tolerable couch for the night, if I had courage enough to despise the popular stories about the place, and defy the powers of evil that were supposed to hold their revels there. The thought I confess was a little startling; but I considered myself quite a philosopher for my years.



(then about 19,) and was vain enough to think such idle superstitions as shook the souls of the weak and credulous were far below that serene region in which my thoughts were accustomed to soar.

In short, I resolved to pass the night in the haunted house, and thus put to proof my courage and philosophy. Accordingly I returned to Richmond; and after nightfall, having wrapped up a candle in a newspaper, and put a book and match-box in one coat pocket, and a loaded pistol in the other, set forth without communicating my purpose to any one. It may raise a smile to think I should arm myself against ghosts with a pocket pistol, and I might have been puzzled to give a reason for the precaution; but I felt that my courage could somehow be firmer, and less liable to surprise by any sudden assault, if I had such a staunch and trusty supporter at hand in case of need.

It was a clear, moonlight night in midsummer, and the walk, though long, was not unpleasant. The lonely old building looked particularly grim by moonlight, and I felt an uneasy misgiving as I approached it. But I had gone too far to think of retreating. An old white horse that in the moon's uncertain light had a pale and ghostly appearance, stood a few rods from the front porch. I walked up to him in order to be quite sure that he was a veritable thing of earth; for I had no wish to be assailed by a doubt from this quarter in the midst of such a mental conflict as I might have to pass through before the night should be over. He made no movement to avoid me, but gazed mournfully at me with his large hollow eyes, as I patted his shoulder and addressed him in some kind sympathizing words. He seemed, I thought, to be worn out with years and privation, and evidently not destined to a much longer sojourn in this world of sorrow. He turned his head and looked wistfully after me when I left him; but I could do nothing to lighten his grief, and therefore endeavoured to dismiss his case from my thoughts.

The front door was open, just as I had left it in the morning. I paused on the threshold an instant, and then bracing my nerves with a long, deep breath, entered and stood a few feet within the hall. All seemed deserted, and still as a churchyard at midnight. The

moon shining through the casements shewed me the staircase leading to the room I had selected, and I commenced ascending. Every step resounded through the great empty house with a prolonged reverberation that was almost appalling. But I kept steadily on, partly groping and partly guided by the moonlight, till I stood safe in my destined apartment. I lost no time in lighting the candle by means of a match, and then looked carefully round to see that no lurking thing of evil lay hidden in any of the recesses. All was empty and still, and no enemy near. I next cast about for some sort of candlestick; and finding no better substitute, trimmed to a sharp point one of the sticks of the broken chair, and impaling the candle firmly upon it, placed it conveniently near the end of the sofa. I then reclined upon the sofa; propping up my head with the cushion, which I first carefully covered with my handkerchief, as I much misdoubted the heads that had been pillowed there before mine. Finally, I drew the book from my pocket; and resolving to give imagination the least possible leisure for idle vagaries, tried to immerse all my thoughts in reading.

The volume I had brought was Pliny's Epistles. I had some recollection of a story told by him about a haunted house, in which a sage old Greek had ventured to pass the night; and fancying a resemblance between him and myself in more points than one, I had a curiosity to learn the issue of his adventure. The letter I was in search of was soon found; but I quickly began to suspect that the choice of that story for my evening's entertainment was not very judicious, and that the disparity between the force of will and reason shown by the old philosopher, and that I could call up at need, was somewhat broader than I had imagined. The story is indeed a striking one, and impressively told. I shuddered as I read, lest a spectre like that described, of the old man, squalid and emaciated, with his long neglected beard, and clanking his iron fetters as he walked, should visit me in my lonely room. Several times I almost started at what seemed the sound of human footsteps in the adjoining apartment. I listened attentively, and thought the noises, though

strangely loud for such a cause, were produced by the multitude of rats with which the old house abounded. They scampered about in every direction, squeaking and gibbering in such a way as to deepen the vague feeling of terror which, in spite of all my philosophy, I found was fast creeping over me. They seemed not to have abandoned the house since its human occupants left it: perhaps the long waste of naked common that must have been traversed before reaching any other habitation deterred them from migrating. But to judge from the commotion among them, famine had begun its work, and was inciting a predatory cannibal war among themselves. The sounds of fierce struggling, and the shrieks of pain, sometimes so startling and loud as to make me doubt the real nature of the combatants, appeared to indicate when a death grapple had commenced; and deepened the effect which night and solitude, and the ghost story I had been reading, had already produced on my imagination.

I had, however, in my own esteem, quite too much manhood to be seriously disconcerted by a horde of rats, numerous and savage as they might be; so, calling in my straggling thoughts and rebuking my wandering attention, I again turned to the courtly old Roman, resolving to keep imagination under a steady control, as became a philosopher. But this wise resolution was destined to a speedy trial. Suddenly there issued from the next room the most demoniac yell I ever heard, which made me bound quite up from the sofa on which I was lying. Again the frightful sound arose; but accompanied this time with certain sputtering noises and lengthened wailing cadences, which I had heard too often to find a difficulty in recognizing. 'They are only cats, after all,' I mentally exclaimed; 'but, bless my soul! how much like devils in conflict their voices sound.' Taking the candle from its stick, I advanced to the next room, though with some trepidation; for old tales of the alliance of cats with the infernal powers officiously forced themselves upon my memory at the instant. On entering the room, immediately two of these animals, one grey and white, the other as black as a demon, rushed out of the opposite door, and down

the stair case. A minute after, I heard their voices in a second conflict far off in the direction of the river.

Returning to my room, I readjusted the candle and lay down again. It was now nearly one o'clock, and the fresh night breeze blowing through the open window had melted the spermaceti so rapidly that only two or three inches remained. Thinking it more prudent to reserve this portion for any emergency which might require a light, I extinguished the candle, and tried to compose myself to sleep. This was the less difficult, as the long walk had fatigued me considerably. How long I slept I cannot tell, but probably only a short time, when I was waked by a heavy pressure on the chest. The moonlight was sufficient to show me the cause of the disturbance. The large black cat I had chased out of the adjoining room had returned; and seated on my breast, was gazing intently into my face with his great glassy eyes. I gave him a smart blow with my clenched hand, on which he bounded away and disappeared. I then rose, and determined to exclude for the rest of the night all such intruders, bolted the door; after which I returned to the sofa and lay down again, musing on the occurrences of the evening. The old black cat's visit appeared a little singular. There were some nursery tales about cats destroying infants by sucking their breath; a charge which is physically absurd, but which might have arisen from occurrences like that of which I had been made the subject. The instinct seemed strange, and its object not easily guessed: but might in some way be connected with the mysterious fascination the human form seems often to exercise over the inferior animals, when not counteracted by fear.

It was quite evident, that nothing strange or unnatural had happened to me during the evening. Still, if my imagination could be excited by such trivial causes, then certainly I was not the man to undertake such philosophic knight-errantry as attacking popular superstitions and expelling ghosts from haunted houses. If any thing should occur during the night of such a nature as to baffle all my attempts to explain it, it was impossible to say how far my nervous system might be deranged, or my reason disordered, by

phantoms of my own creation. On the whole, it might be better to abandon the enterprise, and late as it was, return to Richmond to pass the night. But then, on the other hand, I was ashamed to confess even to myself that I was afraid of my own imagination, as children fear the dark, and as to ghosts, my reason, I flattered myself, was so well fortified against them, that even if one should actually appear wrapped in its winding sheet, and gliding through the room in the stealthy noiseless way which seems the approved mode among them, I should still have sense enough to despise the spectre as a mere dreaming fancy, or some other illusion quite as unreal. I concluded therefore to stay the night out, come what might; for I was determined not to yield to apprehensions which even a schoolboy ought to be ashamed of.

Feeling more secure with the door bolted, I soon sunk to sleep again; during which I had a dream that took its complexion in some degree from my present situation. I found myself in an old deserted castle, which seemed to belong to days of feudal antiquity. It was surrounded and in part overshadowed by a dark grove of gigantic oaks, that added gloom and awe to the solitude of the place. The wind which moaned sullenly through the trees dashed the shutters against the sides of the building, and made the old broken doors creak, and the walls shake, as it swept through the long empty halls. Impelled by curiosity, I wandered about from one apartment to another, till I came to a square aperture cut out of the floor, from which was seen the upper portion of a ladder communicating with the darkness below. I descended a few steps, and then, resting on one of the rounds of the ladder, gazed intently into the vaulted recess that opened before me. Something like a human figure indistinctly seen in the dim obscurity of the place arrested my attention. Shading my brow to exclude the light from above, I looked again; and my eye becoming accustomed to the darkness, I was enabled to discern an object from which I recoiled in horror. It was the body of a man suspended by a rope, and so near me that if he had been alive, I might have felt his breath upon my face. His strained staring eye-balls,

his clenched and grinning teeth, and his distorted features, livid and swollen with the blood forced back from the heart by the cord around his neck, were frightful indications of his last agony. I hastily ascended the ladder on which I stood, and was hurrying away from the place, when my dream was suddenly dispersed, and I started awake and trembling at some dreadful sound. Something I had heard to alarm me, I could not mistake in that; but what it was, I was at an utter loss to conjecture. The cats in the next room occurred to me; but I was fully convinced that in this case they were not the cause of the disturbance. I listened attentively; but all was still, except the commotion among the rats, which still continued, though much abated, and the sighing and whistling of the wind, that had risen while I slept. I was beginning to doubt whether it was not all a mere dreaming illusion, when a sound, which I at once recognized as what had made me start in terror from sleep, burst upon the silence and re-echoed through the house. It seemed a hollow, maniac laughter, choked and throttled by sudden strangulation. A second time it resounded from the next room, and a moment after appeared to float upon the air without the building. I was now terribly frightened. All my philosophy vanished in an instant, for such unearthly sounds could scarcely be imagined to proceed from a thing of this world. I lay trembling with terror, and covered with a cold sweat; but what was my horror when, a few minutes after, the hideous sounds were heard in the very room I occupied. Starting half erect from the sofa, I saw by the light of the setting moon, which now shone broadly in at the western window, what seemed an enormous spectral head, with horns and great glaring eyes, peering from above the old cupboard in the corner. With a suppressed shriek I fell back upon the sofa; on which the phantom spread its wings, and gliding out of the nearest window, again sent forth a peal of fiendish laughter, as if in derision. It was an owl, the great horned owl of Virginia.

I was now too much agitated to sleep again. These repeated alarms had disordered my imagination so far that it had be-

come a prey to all sorts of fancies ; and the reason which by daylight derided superstitious tales failed me at my utmost need. The casual remarks of some grave and reverend men of former days in favor of the reappearance of the dead, and of the interposition of preternatural agencies in human affairs, were now brought to my recollection with a vivid distinctness and almost a convincing force. Dr. Johnson declares it is impossible to account for the belief in ghosts among nearly all nations except by supposing the reality of their appearance. Wesley and Davies, both pious and able divines, entertained similar opinions, and Addison, in a number of the *Spectator* written expressly to combat popular superstitions, did not venture to disavow all belief in the visits of phantoms from the world of spirits. If then such men had to bow their minds to the weight of evidence, was not my contrary belief so dogmatically held, a vain presumption ? It is true, nothing had occurred during the night which might not be easily explained on natural principles. Cats and owls are apt to haunt deserted buildings, especially when peopled with rats as this house was. But still, the concurrence of so many startling incidents was singular ; and might have been designed by some preternatural power to punish that proud conceit of my own reason which had led me into the present undertaking. There might have been more reality in the Nemesis of the ancient belief than I suspected—possibly old Herodotus had some reason in ascribing so much of human casualty to that *jealousy of the gods* which punished pride, rather than to merely natural causes. And who could tell what more I might have to pass through during the night, as the proper punishment of my presumption ?

It is surprising what an effect thoughts of this kind, which came thronging into my brain, had upon my excited imagination. The arguments by which ordinarily I might have repelled them, either refused to come at my bidding, or seemed to have lost all force. In this state I remained a considerable time, my mind tossed to and fro, in the contest between fear and reason, and my disturbed fancy incessantly conjuring up fresh sources of alarm. Meanwhile the question of re-

turning to Richmond was again suggested. But the moon was now set, and a cloud which had for some time been gathering had overcast the sky and rendered the night intensely dark. I thought I should probably be unable to find my way back to the city before daylight. Then I should have a difficulty in rousing the toll keeper on the bridge, and a still greater difficulty in gaining access to my own room at such an hour. But what I most dreaded was, lest some of the household should be led to make enquiries which would disclose where and how I had passed the night, and the ignominious result of my enterprise. Such a discovery with the ridicule it would call forth, was too much to be borne ; and the fear of that had as much effect as any thing else in determining me to spend the entire night in the haunted house, and confront my fate, whatever it might be. I therefore lay quiet on the sofa, composing my thoughts as well as I could, but not daring to dispel the darkness by lighting my short end of candle, lest it should burn out before day, and leave me without the possibility of a light, whatever emergency might call for one. There could not, I thought, be more than an hour or two of darkness remaining, and that time I hoped to pass without farther disturbance. But in this I was destined to a signal disappointment.

The house had now become comparatively quiet. The rats no longer ranged about with the same restless energy, or fought with the same fury, as before. Except an occasional squeak, or a slight scrambling noise, they were now silent and still. The darkness, it seemed, was too thick and impenetrable, to allow even them, imps of the night as they were, to roam about with freedom. The pattering of the rain, which had begun to fall, was almost the only sound audible. I was beginning to feel the soothing influence of this continued quiet, and my imaginations were gradually assuming a less excited cast.

But an indistinct noise of what sounded like irregular tottering footsteps at length reached my ear. I listened with a beating heart and an undefined dread, fearing the sounds were the precursor of something terrible. Nor did my apprehension deceive



me. A noise as of violent struggling ensued, followed by a dreadful groan which seemed to roll upon my ear out of the pitchy darkness in which my room was shrouded. And such a groan, so long, deep and agonizing, surely never fell on mortal ears before. It was such as might have come from one of the lost spirits of Dante's *Inferno*—so much of hopeless convulsive anguish seemed poured out in the sound. Then followed a heavy stamping and struggling, as of hoofs on the floor, and again and again those awful groans resounded through the house. At length the sounds grew fainter, appearing to come far and farther away from the depths below; as if the condemned spirit my terrified imagination supposed it to be, had been seized by his jailor demon, and borne struggling downward to the dark prison from which he had escaped. All this time I lay half-mad with terror. Indeed I think I must have been for a time in a high delirium; for I lost all distinct consciousness of my situation, and fancied myself begirt by such horrible phantoms, as only an insane imagination could have presented. Devils grinned in my face, and yelled blasphemies in my ear: sheeted ghosts glided by gazing at me with their dead rayless eyes; and cold clammy corpses laid their lifeless faces against mine, and sought to fold me in their embraces. How my reason escaped an utter wreck I can scarcely conceive; but surely no one ever approached nearer the gulf of raving madness, without falling into it, than I then did.

At last I began to recover consciousness, and found that the day was perceptibly dawning. My courage in some degree revived; and I ventured to hope I might after all survive that dreadful night. Still, my limbs were twitching convulsively with nervous excitement, and I feared to move, or look around, lest some frightful spectre should blast my view. I remained therefore, lying on the sofa, trembling and anxious, till it grew light enough to distinguish surrounding objects clearly. I then summoned courage to look around my room, almost expecting some strange and terrible sight would meet my glance. Everything, however, appeared just as I had left it when the candle was extinguished the night before. At length I rose

and opened the door, glancing fearfully into the next room as I passed through the passage. But nothing was to be seen that could help to explain the mystery. I then descended the stairs, and reaching the front-door, was about to sally forth, too glad to escape from such a pandemonium; when I was startled and shocked to find the old white horse of the night before lying dead on the porch steps, with his head and forefeet resting on the flooring of the porch, which in some places was smeared with blood and foam. I gazed at him a moment, with a feeling of pity, not unmoved with terror, and then forcing my way with some difficulty (for his body left but a narrow passage,) I hurried from the fatal house.

My mind was still so much disturbed by the deep agitations it had recently suffered, that for a time I never thought of connecting the frightful sounds of the previous night with the death of the poor old horse. But while walking across Mayo's bridge on my way to the city, the truth flashed upon me at once. He had been seized with one of those painful disorders to which that species of animal is subject,—perhaps intestinal worms gnawing his vitals and causing intolerable anguish. In his distress he remembered having seen me enter the haunted house; and with that instinct which drives domestic animals to seek relief from men, he endeavoured to make his way up the porch stair-case he had seen me ascend. But his strength failed, and he sunk on the steps; and the dreadful sounds which had driven me almost to madness were the groans and convulsions of his dying agony. How I came to think the noise proceeded from my own room, I cannot well explain. Perhaps terror, combined with the startling loudness of the reverberation through the old empty house in the dead of night, may have suffered to produce the illusion.

I returned to the city, not a little humbled and crest-fallen, and reached my place of abode before the family had risen. The night's adventures, I kept a secret from every one; for I had no mind to encounter the ridicule which my ambitious design and ignoble failures merited: but they taught me such a lesson that I have never since then ventured to play the philosophic hero,

or indulged the conceit of a mission to attack and exterminate popular superstitions :

—*Sum paulo infirrior, unus  
Multorum—*

has been my modest self-estimate since the events of that memorable night.

If the reader is disposed to sneer at the timidity displayed under the circumstances I have recounted, permit me to suggest that he can scarcely anticipate how he would himself act in a like situation, unless his strength of nerve has been fairly proved by some similar trial. In ordinary conjunctures my courage, I flatter myself, may compare with that of other men. But the imagination, when fully roused, is an agent of fearful power ; and my own experience recommends it as a safe and wise maxim, never to subject it, without necessity, to dangerous experiments, in which it may escape beyond the control of the judgment, and lay reason prostrate in the dust.

## SONNETS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

### I.

An idle poet dreaming in the sun,  
One given to much unhallowed vagrancy  
Of thought, and step ; who, when he comes to die.  
In the broad world can point to nothing *done* ;  
No chartered corporations, no streets paved  
With very princely stone-work, no vast file  
Of warehouses, no slowly-hoarded pile  
Of priceless treasure, no proud sceptre waved  
O'er potent realms of stock, no \* \* \* art  
Lavished on curious gins, or works of steam  
Only—a few wild songs that melt the heart,  
Only—the glow of some unearthly dream,  
Embodied, and immortal—what are these,—  
Sneers the sage world—chaff! smoke! vain phantasies!

### II.

Yet stock depreciates, ev'n Banks decay,  
Merchant and architect are lowly laid  
In purple palls, and the shrewd Lords of trade  
Lament, for they *were* wiser in their day  
Than the clear sons of light—but prithee how  
Doth stand the matter, when the years have fled ;  
What means yon concourse thronging to the dead  
Old Poet's grave—say! do they seek him *now*?  
Now that his dust is scattered on the breath  
Of every wind that blows: what meaneth this?

It means O! sapient citizen that death  
Heralds the Bard's true life, as with a kiss.  
Wakens *two* immortalities ; then bow  
To the world's scorn, O! Poet, with calm brow.

### III.

*Suggested by the description of Fairfax Rochester in the 37th Chap. of "Jane Eyre."*

He stands beneath the bleak, bare Heavens alone,  
The baffled Passions smouldering in his face,  
Hopeless of mercy and apart from grace,  
And rigid as some monument of stone ;  
All but his innate manhood overthrown,  
That iron Hardihood which turns on Fate.  
Uplifts the Despot's gauntlet—fronts his hate  
With fiery eyes unquailing as his own ;  
Within, the maddening sorrows chase and swell  
The pent volcano stirs its depths of fire,  
But the firm lips are voiceless, and the knell  
Of love, and hope, and the consuming ire  
Of thwarted longing, find nor word, nor groan.  
O! Man that stand'st beneath the Heavens alone!

## THE BELL RINGER OF CHANZEAUX.

*From "Scenes de la Chouannerie." By Emile Souvestre.*

### CHAPTER II.

The ladies Boguais did not occupy the house generally assigned, to the *detenus*, but an old convent whose cracked roof and broken windows suffered the cold wind and rain to enter at all times—filling the whole house with gloom and dampness, almost insupportable. The Vendéans, who had been crowded in there like beasts for the slaughter, were in want of every thing, less through the negligence of the republican chiefs, than by the failure of all resources. The poverty of the nation weighed as heavily upon its defenders as upon its prisoners. La Vendée vanquished and captive, submitted now in her turn to the fate which she had prepared for her conquerors. The republicans—surrounded by famine, brought on by the insurrection of the labouring class—had for many days subsisted upon black bread, and that weighed to them by the ounce. Now even this bread shared with the prisoners began to fail. The trial and condemnation of so many prisoners would require too much time, and horrible to relate their



deaths were hastened not through hatred but by famine! and again prisons were wanting to confine them in. Since the defeat of Savenay, the republican columns had entered the towns and villages and driven the defenceless inhabitants before them like flocks before the wolves. Castles, convents, churches, all had been successively transformed into prisons to receive them, and the still swelling tide, filling every place, at length overflowed. Some means must be found to check the increasing waves—and *Carrier* found them. Maurice had been at Mans for three days and had not yet heard if the ladies Boguais were prisoners there. Every attempt to penetrate the prisons had been useless, and one evening as he was returning in deep dejection to his boarding house, he met a detachment of soldiers, and stopped under a porch to allow them to pass. He was soon surrounded by a number of citizens, attracted by curiosity to the place.

"Hold!" said a young girl, with a tricolored cockade and a Charlotte Corday cap. "These are the volunteers from Paris."

"Another expedition against the brigands!" added an old man, near Ragueneau.

"It looks very much like an expedition, truly," interrupted a youth in a red cap and a "carmagnole, bleu-tyran."

"Do you not see, they have neither knapsack or drum?"

"He is right, so they have not," cried every voice.

"This is the second detachment which has passed so."

"Are they preparing for any thing?"

"To be sure they are," replied the youth with a knowing air.

"What?" asked every one.

"Go to the prisons."

Ragueneau shuddered.

"To the prisons," repeated he.

"What will be done there?"

"Ah, what indeed," replied the boy with importance; "people may doubt it, but I know it to be a fact myself, for when I went to the house of the mayor to take him a letter from the president of the club I heard it."

"Heard what?"

"Well if you will have it, I heard, that as

there will more of these "brigands" come to-morrow, it is absolutely necessary to have a place for them and let some of the prisoners leave."

"Where will they send them?" demanded Ragueneau.

"Exactly. If you wish to know *where* they are going, listen to that noise."

"The firing of a platoon!" cried every one in horror.

"That is the rumbling of the coach which is taking them away!" added the boy with a ferocious laugh. An exclamation of consternation was succeeded by a silence of horror. As for Maurice, he had already rushed like lightning in the direction of the firing, but when he came to the prison, he was stopped by the multitude. Two ranks of bayonets bristled above the swaying heads, and a new file of prisoners left the convent. Ragueneau in utter desperation dashed aside the condensed mass—and regardless of blows or curses came to the hedge formed by the bayonets, and stood by the turn-key holding a torch. "Back!" cried he, striving to repulse Maurice, but with the determination of despair, he resisted and vowed he would remain.

"What do you want to see?" asked the turnkey, looking in astonishment upon the determined features of Maurice.

"Do you not know that it is only these 'brigands' to whom the soldiers are about to give the baptism of lead?"

"I tell you again to get back."

"I will not," cried the Bell-ringer. I will remain, and I am determined to see if they are here."

"Who?"

"The *ladies*."

"Ah, bah! you know that there are *ladies* within the prison, do you?"

"Yes, at least I fear so, but *you* could tell me—perhaps."

"If you please," said the turnkey frowning.

"I believe you\* said *you* to *me*!"

"They are a mother and three daughters," continued Maurice, paying no regard to the

\* *You* is considered disrespectful in France, and *thou* is always used.

turnkey's words, "one of them is pale and fair," and what do you call them?"

"Boguais."

The name had scarcely left his lips when a hand grasped the Vendean's arm like a vice; he turned round in astonishment. A man muffled in a cloak, by a gesture imposed silence upon him, and rapidly drew him in the shadow of one of the jutting arches of the chapel.

"Do you know the Boguais family?" asked he in a low voice.

"I do," said Maurice.

"You wish to save them?"

"Yes."

"Then breathe not their names, unfortunate ones!"

"Why?"

"Because for the moment they are concealed and to pronounce their names now, would be to recall them to their executioners."

"And they are safe, thanks to you doubtless, your name Monsieur?"

"Come with me, you shall know it."

During this short explanation, the last prisoners had left the convent and the doors closed. The stranger conducted Maurice to the dwelling, which he occupied upon the great square at Mans, and laying aside the cloak he had covered himself with, as soon as they were alone disclosed to the astounded peasant the uniform of a republican officer. Such indeed was M. de Fromental. Like many other French gentleman, he was favorable to the revolution as long as it only invaded the prerogatives of the King and Parliament, he had taken rank in the constitutional guard—destined eventually to overthrow the constitution. But when the revolution rushed on with such mad impetuosity, he became alarmed and tried in vain as many others to arrest it. Driven from Paris on the 10th of August, there was but one way for him to escape the list of the suspected, that was to solicit service in the army of the republic. He had been sent to Mans after the great defeat of the Vendéans and determined to be honorable to the trust reposed in him, he faithfully endeavored to re-establish a little order in that mighty chaos—then called the *Military Administration*, and it was to the accomplishment of

these duties that he owed the knowledge of the Boguais family. His duties obliged him to watch over the wants of the prisoners, on his first visit he remarked Mademoiselle Eulalie Boguais, and at the first glance struck with her singular loveliness, he was still more so with her dangerous position. Instead of being repelled by the dangers in which their love for a particular object would inevitably place them—noble minds are rather urged on by the obstacles which surround them. To conquer by some heroic devotion the chosen being of their hearts, is ever the dream of the nobly brave. M. de Fromental had dreamed thus and the moment had arrived for him to realize it. Advised of the morning when the prisoners should be executed en masse, he had at an immense price, assured the Boguais family of the jailor's protection, who at the setting of the sun had carried them into a small room, the entrance of which he alone knew. There these four lonely desolate ladies remained, heart throbbing against heart—arms intertwined, speechless without thought and almost without life. At every discharge of the guns, the entire group shuddered in agony, and clasped each other still more closely to their hearts. In this unutterable agony the night passed. At length when the dawn lighted their miserable room the mother and daughters dared to look around, and perceived that they were not alone. Two women in nuns' dresses silently continued the prayer begun the evening before. Completely enveloped in their faith they had heard, saw nothing. M. de Fromental and Ragueneau, interested in a common cause, could not fail to understand each other. After a frank explanation, they determined to associate together for the deliverance of the unhappy family. Less liable to be remarked than the officer, Maurice could act more freely, he could visit the prisoners without being suspected, converse with them and prepare for their flight. The next day, M. de Fromental who had taken him as a servant, sent Maurice to the prison on some pretext. The Bell-ringer returned very much dejected. He had found Madame Boguais and Celeste, both lying on a little straw, in a raging fever. The mother could neither hear, nor reply to him; but

at the sound of his voice the gentle girl seemed to awaken from a sleep—half opened her sweet blue eyes, and a smile so sad, so patient, flitted over her features, that Maurice could scarce repress his tears. On hearing this M. de Fromental declared their deliverance must be hastened, let the danger be what it may. By one of those fortunate chances which the haste and confusion of the times can explain, the names of Madame Boguais and her daughters had not been registered on the prison book. The jailor, therefore, could favor their flight without risking his head. Ragueneau took it upon himself to gain him over. Unfortunately, the jailor was a Norman brought up in Maine, that is to say, avarice had been deeply grafted upon his natural cunning. He must count sous by sous, the price of the guillotine! After all, it must not be forgotten that master “*Fructidor*,” (this was the name of the worthy sans culotte, guardian) had ever been a warm patriot, an excellent husband, and father, and an incorruptible jailor. Every one of these virtues had an intrinsic value, and demanded its full price; Ragueneau did not object, and the bargain was concluded. M. de Fromental desired to announce the happy news to the two invalids, whilst the Bell-ringer told Eulalie and her sister. These two had just left their mother and were conversing near a small window, buried in the wall, through which they could get but one glimpse of the free, glorious, heavens. A ray of the setting sun kissed their pure white foreheads, as if tenderly bidding them good night, and the soft, fresh evening breeze rippled through their ringlets. With their eyes towards the narrow opening they appeared to live upon that breeze and that ray—as a memory of their lost liberty. Oh! how they now regretted the toilsome marches through the uncultivated plains; the frozen bivouacs on the edges of the forest, the hunger scarcely appeased by the berries of the eglantine or the sorrel from the meadows, for all these miseries had been borne in the free open air, and under the blessed canopy of the glorious heavens! When Maurice approached, they had just recalled the past, and with their heads bent down they silently wept, clasping each other in their arms. The Vendean, in a low

voice, announced to them their near deliverance, and by an imperative gesture, repressing a cry of joy about to escape from them, he began rapidly to explain to them the plan of escape agreed upon with the citizen “*Fructidor*,” when a voice mingling with M. de Fromental’s, made him tremble like an aspen. He hastily turned and by the glimmering of the departing twilight, he recognized *La Rose*! The infamous wretch wore the carmagnole, the red cap and the sabre—indispensable to all “*active citizens*.”

From his silver ear rings, hung two small ivory guillotines, with these words engraved upon them. *Liberty, Fraternity, or Death!* He had stopped before Madame Boguais and Celeste, whom he had just recognized and pretended to recommend them to M. de Fromental whilst relating every thing that could destroy them. De Fromental replied with an air of indifference; but his coldness too nearly resembled contempt, for the ex valet to misunderstand it. *La Rose* suddenly stopped, cast upon his superior a side long look of concealed hatred, and having vainly sought for Eulalie and her sister, whom Maurice had instinctively thrust in the gloom, he left, promising the two invalids *not to forget them!* Scarcely had he left them when Maurice ran to rejoin M. de Fromental. He had suspected, as Maurice, the threat enclosed in the adieu of *La Rose*, and thoroughly understood the danger, when he learned that the old confidant of the Curé de Saint Laud, enjoyed the entire confidence of Carrier. Charged by him with his secret commissions, he came and went without any one knowing the cause of his absence or return. His was one of those mysterious existences, which are ignored, but despised, and suffer you not to hesitate that infamy is connected with it. I was determined not to await the effect of his hatred, and M. de Fromental left to make all the preparations for a speedy flight, whilst Maurice waited to arrange with “*Fructidor*.” He came to the jailor the moment *La Rose* had left, and the wretch had just inscribed upon the register, the names of Madame Boguais and Celeste. “*Fructidor*” declared that henceforth the flight of the four ladies was absolutely impossible. Two of the young ladies only could leave, and that very evening too; for

the next day it might be too late. Neither the threats of Ragueneau or the prayers of de Fromental, could change his determination, and they were compelled to submit and advertise Madame de Boguais of the unfortunate circumstances in which they were placed. The jailor took the note to them. After reading it, the miserable mother prayed to die; but this despair was but momentary! Two of her beloved daughters could be saved; she tenderly drew them to her and read to them the contents of the note. All three uttered the same cry—"I will remain!"

One declared that as the eldest it was her duty to remain with her mother to the last, and support her by her devotion and affectionate cares; another still too young to know what life is was ready to abandon it; the third and last, (it was Celeste) confessed that she considered her illness was of a fatal character, and by her mother she would stay the few remaining days of her life. All spoke with tears and prayers, entreating their mother to decide. But the poor mother hesitating between these equal affections felt herself incapable of doing so; night however was passing away and the prisoners slept, the jailor would soon be there.

"Oh mother! speak, speak," murmured three voices.

"No! no!" said Madame Boguais in fainting tones, not I, but God! Let us pray!" They all three fell upon their knees, their hands joined and heads inclined towards their mother, who repeated with them that sublime prayer of the simple,

"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Suddenly the doors opened, steps approached, and two shadowy forms appeared. One bent down and recognizing Eulalie, drew her to him; the other hesitating a moment; and pronounced softly and entreatingly the name Celeste. The young girl instinctively raised her head; she was immediately seized, and borne off with her sister, whilst Rosalie and Madame Boguais struggling to repress their grief, fell almost lifeless under these accumulated sorrows. The two sisters carried away separately, met behind the prison, where Celeste recognized in her deliverer, Maurice Ragueneau. She was about to speak her thanks, but he im-

posed silence upon her, put a rouleau of louis in "Fructidor's" hand, and took them to a cross street where they found a wagon guarded by M. de Fromental: they mounted and the Bell ringer striding one of the horses they soon overtook the convoy destined to the troops in Britany. M. de Fromental accompanied them until they reached Niort. There he was obliged to take the route for Nantes, after telling the young ladies Ragueneau would conduct them to Chateaubriand, where a lady whose name they knew, had consented to give them an asylum. The convoy after resting a moment, resumed its march; but the road being much encumbered, they advanced slowly. Hidden and cramped in a small baggage wagon, the two sisters suffered for air and space; and late in the evening when they reached Nozay, Celeste was delirious from fever: she imagined herself upon the fatal scaffold, near a priest, to whom she confessed, in a low voice. Eulalie greatly alarmed, acquainted Ragueneau of her sister's painful situation, and he determined to let the convoy continue its route, whilst he stopped with his precious charge at an isolated inn on the outskirts of the town. The night was dark and the place solitary. Maurice himself took Celeste like an infant in his arms to the only room of the small auberge, and laid her on a pallet, which with some benches, two tables and a ladder conducting to a loft, composed the whole furniture. Eulalie and Ragueneau hoped that the fresh air joined to a short repose, would restore the poor girl's strength, so far as to permit them to arrive at their place of destination: but far from appeasing it, the fever became more violent, the delirium more raving and poor Eulalie on her knees by the bedside, covered her sister's burning hands with tears and kisses. Maurice not less despairing was a prey to all the agony of doubt and irresolution. Surrounded by such imminent danger, what should he do? To stay would be inevitable discovery; to proceed with Mademoiselle Boguais in such a situation was almost impossible; even allowing she might survive the fatigue, her delirious ravings would betray them. The hostess who owned the auberge, approached the sick lady and felt greatly interested for her; she ad-



vised Maurice to consult a physician who had arrived in the village a few days ago. However great the danger of such a step might be, the Bell ringer felt he must hazard it, and he accepted the offer of the old woman to bring the physician. Determined upon an immediate departure, if possible—he went out and harnessed his horses again, thinking if they were discovered he might, at least, get a short distance in advance of his pursuers. The village was but a little distance and the absence of the old woman, not long. Maurice had just entered the room, when he saw her appear at the threshold accompanied by the physician. He ran to greet them, but when he stood face to face, with the new comer—he uttered a cry—it was *La Rose*! He also had recognized Ragueneau and started back pale and trembling; the Bell ringer sprang with one bound to the door closed it firmly and pressed upon it with his whole weight.

"You wretch! This is a snare you have laid for me!" cried *La Rose* turning in a rage to the stupefied woman.

"Say a fortunate chance," replied Ragueneau, "or rather the will of the good God, for you have come to receive the reward of your hellish work."

He had drawn his pistol and leveled it at *La Rose*, Eulalie and the old woman rushed between them.

"You fight not here!" said she with authority. "'Thou shalt not murder' Maurice, remember," added Mademoiselle Boguais in a supplicating voice.

"No blood! Oh no more blood! murmured Celeste, rising from her pallet and but half comprehending what was passing.

"Do you not see that if I let him go, the tiger will denounce us?" said Maurice, his fingers playing upon the trigger.

"No I will not," interrupted *La Rose* pale with fright, "I swear before Christ."

"Swear not thou Judas!" cried Maurice, "I tell you, you will betray us."

"Let us go," said Eulalie.

Ragueneau looked at Celeste. "But she," said he in a low tone, "how can we carry her?"

"Tell the citizen doctor to cure her," observed the old woman.

"She speaks right," cried Eulalie, "he can

perhaps relieve her; come Monsieur, and if you can save my darling sister, we will forget and pardon all, we will bless you!"

In her eagerness she had taken the hand of *La Rose* and led him to her sister's side, who had already fallen again into her delirium. Maurice then thought that violence would only serve to increase their danger, and dropping his pistol by his side, waited for the event. The old valet approached the sick girl with a hesitating step, but at the last movement of Maurice he appeared relieved. Eulalie rapidly related to him all that had passed, detailing the sufferings of Celeste with that touching emotion which women alone possess. As she spoke, the concealed malignancy of *La Rose's* looks gave place to one of base effrontery; there was, for one instant even, an expression of hideous joy upon his wicked face, but the flash was rapid as the lightning's. He appeared to consult.

"It is only a crisis," he said at length.

"But you can relieve her," interrupted Eulalie.

"And put her in condition to travel," said Maurice, in his anxiety for the suffering girl, forgetting his hatred for the moment.

*La Rose* fixed upon Celeste a very strange look.

"It can be done," said he.

"Have you the remedy?" asked the Bell-ringer.

"I have!"

"Can you prepare it here?"

"Upon the spot."

"Do it then."

*La Rose* ordered a glass half full of water to be brought, took from his satchel a small phial, poured a few drops into the tumbler and put it to the burning lips of the delirious girl who drank it at one draught. Ragueneau had followed the whole operation with half fearful, half suspicious astonishment. However keen his intellect, the ignorance of the peasant had left confused traces upon it, and for him the science of medicine, always partook something of sorcery. He awaited the effect of the potion with impatient curiosity. It was as rapid as powerful. A calmness succeeded to the convulsive agitation of the features; the half muttered words were extinguished upon her lips; her head fell

back, her soft blue eyes gently closed, and she appeared to sleep. La Rose pronounced her in a condition to continue her journey and moved towards the door; but Ragueneau, who had reflected, stopped him.

"One moment," said he, "we set not off leaving the enemy behind us; if you are free you will cause us to be pursued."

"No, on my honor"—

"Pah, honor and promises—I believe them—I will trust to something surer," and pointing to the ladder which led to the loft; "You and the old woman both, get up there, I will take it away and you will remain prisoners until to-morrow, and the first passer-by can assist you down: then we shall be in a place of security. La Rose began some objections.

"Not one word," interrupted Ragueneau imperiously, "It is no choice, it is an order. Go, we have no time for words, mount or I will burn you!" He seized La Rose by the arm and pointed the pistol to his breast. The old valet paled and shivered.

"Well, very well," stammered he, "since it is the only way of satisfying you I will go."

He quickly mounted, urged on by the leveled pistol, and the old woman followed. As soon as she entered the door, Ragueneau withdrew the ladder, ran to Celeste still sleeping, carried her, followed by Eulalie, to the wagon and set off in a gallop. The sky was serene and the road deserted; he therefore half uncovered the top, that the two sisters might breathe more freely. So far from being disturbed by the jolting of the cumbersome vehicle, the invalid's sleep became more profound. With her head resting upon her sister's knees, she remained immovable, and her breathing, at first loud, by degrees became soft and gentle as an infant's. Eulalie re-assured by these propitious signs and overcome by fatigue, fell into a confused and unrefreshing slumber. With her eyes half opened she saw through the light of the starry night, the trees by the road-side, solitary inns, and silent hamlets all pass as rapidly and vaguely as the fleeting images of a troubled dream. It was only at the dawn of day, and feeling the wagon stop that she aroused herself from this trance-like mood. They were before a house almost

completely hidden by the trees, the door was immediately opened and friendly voices called the names of Eulalie and Celeste: they had reached their place of safety! After the first weeping embraces, Celeste, still motionless, was carried to the sofa in the little saloon. It was then only, that Maurice, surprised at this strange lifelessness, anxiously bent down towards her. He heard no gentle respiration. He touched her delicate hands, they were cold. He quickly turned her face towards the light: the nostrils were contracted, the lips covered with a dry froth, the glassy eyes were half opened. Seized with terror he called for Eulalie and her friends, who thought at first it was only a fainting fit, but nothing availed to restore her. At last the family physician, secretly called, arrived, and declared that she had died by *poison*! Eulalie's despair, attracting the attention and sympathy of all, prevented that of Ragueneau from being noticed. Struck by this unexpected bolt he felt as if his whole being had been crushed, and falling in his agony, he was obliged to lean against the wall for support. There with his hands convulsively clasped he seemed for a moment annihilated. But in all this terrible agony, he yet preserved sufficient consciousness to make no demonstration, to utter no sound. In the most profound despair, man rarely loses his pride of nature, and the utter impossibility of explaining to those around him the grief which was killing him, made him suppress it. Standing before the sofa on which the dead girl, in all her young loveliness reposed, the bell-ringer uttered not a sigh or groan. But who can tell the agony of his soul? One tear only, cold, heavy and solid almost as a hail drop, in spite of his efforts rolled upon his embrowned cheek, and was immediately dried. Suddenly the hot blood surged over his pale features and his eyes flashed fire, vengeance had rushed into his soul, and thus to speak, given an issue to his despair. He flew from the house, ran to the wagon, unharnessed one of the horses, mounted, and burying his spurs into the quivering flanks took the route to Mosay: but when he arrived at the inn, he found only the old woman: La Rose had disappeared. For eight entire days, regardless of the danger he ran, Maurice



tracked La Rose with the unflagging energy of the grey-hound, the unrelenting vindictiveness of the tiger, but of no avail; for according to all appearance the old valet had left the kingdom. Compelled to give up his last hope, the Bell-ringer took his weary way again to Chanzeaux. These eight days had so completely changed him, that Mary Jeanne scarcely recognized him, and seeing him she clasped her hands and cried, "Surely something dreadful has happened to the *Lady!*" Ragueneau bowed in assent and sat down by the fire place. The explanation between the brother and sister never went farther. It was only indirectly, and by chance, that the young girl heard, a few months later, of Celeste's death and that of Madame Boguais, who had perished in prison. From that moment the whole being of Maurice had undergone a complete transformation; day after day saw him more taciturn more vindictive, and hatred was the only tie which bound him to life. He put himself to "*hunt the blues*," as the Tyroleans hunt the chamois, recklessly, unrelenting, borne onward by the madness of a passion, which exercise only increased. Forced to leave Chanzeaux where a republican municipality had been established, he wandered from commune to commune, gathering from time to time some of his old companions with whom he would attack the cantonements. When no one would join him, he would wait for the republicans alone, not hidden like the Chouans, but in the middle of the public roads where he would fight them face to face. On their part the brothers Cathelineau continued the campaign; Larochejacquelein had reappeared and become menacing; and Stofflet recovering all his old positions, had put himself in communication with Marigny and Charette. The committee of public safety, indignant at this resurrection of La Vendee, wrote to Thureau, that, if in one month, the war was not closed, he would be ordered to give an account of his conduct. Thureau readily comprehended the danger and spread over the whole country his infernal columns who left in their rear nothing but ashes and dead bodies.

But all at once this exterminating horde is arrested; the new revolution of the ninth of Thermidor took place at Paris; and the

Convention proclaimed the advent of a divinity, until then ignored in its pantheon *Clemency!* Proposals of peace were made to the Vendean generals, who accepted them; Stofflet alone hesitated, refused and decided to continue the war. The royalists of Chanzeaux, commanded by Peter Le Gury and Maurice maintained it in hopeless but unabating fury. Every where repulsed—they continued to fight in all places. At length on the morning of the ninth of April, they learned that a body of soldiers commanded by Generals Friderchs and Caffin were marching upon their village. Ragueneau ran to it, every thing was in confusion, and the people were frantic with fear; women were flying, they knew not where, with their children in their arms; men were taking the teams from the plough, and the old ones had laden themselves with the most valuable things they possessed. A few armed peasants, alone remained at the entrance of the village; leaning upon their guns, they looked upon that circle of lurid smoke, which ever announced the approach of the republicans, and knew not what to do. The Bell ringer, pale with rage rushed amongst them, and cried.

"Is there not one man here—that the women and old people are obliged to seek safety in the woods! Of the one hundred houses that were once counted in the village, the Blues have already burned seventy; and now you will suffer them to burn the rest!

"Of what use are your guns, if you cannot defend what belongs to you?"

"They are too many," said Musseau doggedly—"look at the horizon; I have consulted my relic—and the aureole is red as blood!"

"And you want the whole parish to be of the same color?" ironically asked Ragueneau.

"You do not blush with shame in seeing the blood and fire running like water over the very place where you were born! Then leave your arms, each one take a spade and go and dig a grave, where they may throw the bodies of those they love."

"By the Christ!"

"He is right," cried one of Stofflet's chasseurs; "we do not deserve wives and children since we cannot defend them."

"Let us defend the village!" cried several voices.

"I am ready!" said Musseau, with gloomy indifference.

"But let one say what we must do."

"To the belfry!" cried Maurice.

"In the belfry we can resist an army!"

Saying this, he ran there with sixteen of his companions. Ten of their wives and sisters followed them with Mary Jeanne at their head. The able Blanvillan, a priest who had taken the oath to the constitution but since refracted it, joined himself with them. Some provisions and munitions, hastily got together, were carried in the tower. This alone remained in the midst of the blackened wreck of the church. Of the steeple with which it was crowned and the church over which it dominated, all had been destroyed by the flames; even the stair case which led to it was burned. They had to take ladders, in order to reach the opening, which led into a small room where the bells once hung. Ragueneau closed this breach with beams; and then constructed a scaffolding, high enough for the combatants to see through the loop holes—and placed each one in his appointed station. The women were to load the guns. When the Blues arrived all was ready, and the first officer who appeared was shot down by Maurice. The attack immediately began—but the balls of the republicans could not reach the defenders of the tower, who, on the contrary laid an enemy low—with every bullet which whistled in the air, from their tower. Ragueneau upright, before one of those loop holes reproached the assailants, one after the other, with their bloody deeds. At every ball discharged by him, he cried.

"That is for the fourteen women shot by general Grignan! This for the children, murdered at Beltière! And now comes a storm, for the houses burned at Plessis. Saint Ambrose Cornier, Verouillère! At every reproach a soldier fell, and the graveyard was soon covered with the dead. The republicans discouraged suspended their fire, withdrew a short distance and there was a momentary pause.

When the smoke which filled the tower had subsided, the Vendéans could count their

numbers, not one was wounded. The women exchanged looks of anxious hope.

"The Blues are taking themselves off," said the chasseur of Stofflet.

"They have left their dead!" added a peasant.

"God is with us!" said the abbé Blanvillan.

Musseau contemplated his relic with a mournful air.

"The aureole is red! The aureole is red," he murmured to himself.

"Behold your murderers!" interrupted Ragueneau. They are returning.

It was true indeed, for the Blues were coming through the cemetery, pushing before them a cart filled with straw and faggots, which formed a rampart to protect them from the balls of the tower. Some were killed, but others soon took their places, and pushed the cart onward.

Maurice divining their intention, immediately had the beams moved from the opening below. One of the soldiers already held a torch to the straw; a shot was heard and he fell extinguishing the flames in his blood. But others ran from all parts, the firing ceased from the loop-holes to concentrate at the opening of the tower. The republicans struck down one after the other, nevertheless, succeeded each other in endless succession. The heroism of the attack equalled that of the defence. Suddenly a cry of joy burst from the assailants—a light glimmered and the pile was ignited. The remorseless flames mount, wind around the walls, and at length attack the posts. Ragueneau and his companions suffocated by the smoke are compelled to regain the scaffolding, but the flames pursue them there. The enemy assisted by the fire, can direct their balls with surer aim. Several of the Vendéans were mortally wounded. The Abbé Blanvillan, himself wounded, cries out in alarm, that they must surrender.

"Silence, monsieur," said Ragueneau reproachfully, "and thank God for his goodness, for you have once betrayed your faith, and he now gives you an occasion to atone for that fault by martyrdom."

The abbé joined his hands and bowing his head in humble submission, soon fell pierced with a mortal wound. In the meantime the flames approached nearer; tongues of flame

lick the scaffolding and glide over the dead bodies; the floor is scorched and cracked; the survivors seek refuge in the entablatures hanging over the cornices. Pierre Bureau the last of that unfortunate family, murdered in the rout at Mans, was killed in his place of refuge at the moment he had attained it. Ragueneau, black with powder and covered with blood, continues to fight. Suspended from one of the loop-holes, he discharges the guns which Marie Jeanne loads. A flame reaches him; he pays no regard to it; a second attacks him; he still perseveres, but two balls, at the same time, pierce his breast and his gun falls!

"At last!" he murmured in a low voice, like a prisoner who feels his deliverance at hand, and fell into the fiery gulf!

"Oh Maurice, wait for me!" cried Marie Jeanne, rushing with open arms into the abyss!

The Blues, witnesses of this horrible sight, ceased firing. The officer offered pardon to the survivors.

"Surrender! surrender!" cried a thousand voices.

"No," thundered Stofflet's chasseur. "Kill me!" A ball answered him, and he fell crying. "I die for the God who died for me!"

Sublime madness, which fills you at the same time with pity and indignation! On both sides, it was faith which charged the guns, it was the love of liberty which led them to death, hatred had but little to do with it. Thus ended this combat, prolonged through the entire day. Ladders were raised and the prisoners taken down. Looking upon these half clad women, frantic with grief, the stoutest heart was moved. Some soldiers threw their cloaks over the shoulders of these poor girls, who wept at this mark of kindness; they were carried to Chemillé where they remained until peace was concluded. The battle of *ideas* was over, God had decided. Great Vendée, where alone this battle had a heroic and popular character had been engulfed with Maurice in the flames of the tower at Chanzeaux. The dragoons of the republic bore away in their cloaks, these widowed and desolate women as the symbol even of the past! Old tradition had been vanquished, and France now forever belonged to a new intellectual era!

Columbus, Ga.

S. S. C.

## DER BESUCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Never, believe me, appear the Immortals,  
Never alone.

Bacchus, the jocund and generous, neareth,  
Straightway the smiling boy Cupid appeareth,  
Phæbus, the lordly, is present anon.

They near me, they come, all the hosts of Immortals,  
Celestials abide in the dwelling of mortals.

How can I, born of the Earth, entertain ye,  
Heavenly Band?

What unto ye can be gifts of a mortal?

Give me to taste your existence immortal,

Give me upon your Olympus to stand!

For joy liveth only in Jupiter's palace,

Oh pour me the nectar, oh reach me the chalice!

Reach him the chalice, and pour for the poet,

Bring, just within!

Bathe ye his vision with dew of the heaven,

So that the Styx from his sight may be driven,

So that he fancy himself of our kin.

The heavenly fountain 't bubbles, it rushes,

My vision, it brightens, my bosom, it hushes.

G. P.

## Editor's Table.

We were pained to observe in a recent South Carolina paper the death of D. J. McCord, Esq., of Columbia. This gentleman was for years the charm and delight of the society in which he moved, and many tributes of affection have already been offered at his grave. The associate of Cooper, and Nott, and Preston, he constituted a scarcely less shining ornament to the literary circles of his native State than the most distinguished of her writers, and though his contributions to the reviews and periodicals of the South have never been collected into a volume, few men have written with greater vigour and elegance than he upon the questions which have arisen in his day in literature and politics. The pages of the Southern Quarterly Review bear frequent marks of his scholarship, and we shall miss the aid of his practised pen in the Messenger. Mr. McCord had won for himself a distinguished reputation at the bar, but of late years he has devoted his time entirely to literary studies in the companionship of his gifted wife to whom in her melancholy be-

reavement the sympathies of the whole community of South Carolina flow freely forth.

We are persuaded that the term "printer's devil" owes its origin, not so much to the connection which was supposed to exist in the dark ages between the art of printing and the Parent of Evil, as to the diabolical agency which is yet at work in every printing office marring the integrity of MS. by typographical errors. No milder phrase than infernal can be applied by any one who has had much experience in writing for the press, to the mistakes that are constantly made, and which no amount of vigilance on his part can avert, in putting the plainest handwriting into print. Many are altogether subsequent to the last reading of the proof and appear for the first time when the unfortunate writer sits down to run his eye over the printed sheets. Such a one may be found in the first sentence on the first page of the present number of the Messenger, where the transposition of a parenthesis mark makes nonsense of the language. It looks indeed as if the devil had something to do with such perverse blunders. There was an article in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which a ludicrous effect was produced by an error in the quotation of the first line of the fourth Canto of Childe Harold. The printer had it

J stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs,

so that the reader was left to conjecture whether J. was Jenkins or Jobson, to the utter annihilation of the sentiment in which the writer was indulging. In the pleasant sketch of "Spring Days in Washington," in the foregoing pages of this number, by the most ingenious of all absurdities in type, Vanderlyn's picture was, in the proof, styled the "Standing of Columbus," and Powell's—"De Soto discouraging the Mississippi." We shall never forget the first typographical error which the wretch of a country compositor caused to afflict our poetic sensibility—it occurred in a little bit of tender versification which we thought exceedingly good, but which was rendered something worse than incomprehensible by the words "whispers of joy" being set up "whiskers of Job." It came like a wet blanket upon the fires of imagination, and from that day to this we have been the victim of the most cunning *diablerie* of the demon of misprints. But we endeavour to take his visitations philosophically, feeling assured that as perfection is not possible in this world, it were unreasonable to look for a perfect piece of typography.

We have too long delayed greeting the appearance of the *Southern Times*, a literary weekly started some ten weeks ago at Montgomery, Ala-

bama. Its beautiful externals of clear type and fine paper make an excellent first impression on the reader which is confirmed by the manly and healthful tone of its editorial articles, the piquancy of its correspondence and the interest and variety of its other contents, original and selected. It is just the very thing demanded by the intellectual wants of the South, and will supersede, we sincerely hope, the Philadelphia weeklies, one and all, which circulate so extensively among the Southern people. Its editorial force is strong, and we shall have a much less flattering opinion of the taste and intelligence of Alabama than we now entertain, if the educated classes of that State do not recognize it with pride as an exponent of their literary character and lend it the heartiest encouragement.

Among Mrs. Browning's minor poems which we have always preferred to her more elaborate ones, there is a beautiful little fable, entitled "The Poet and the Bird." We do not remember to have seen it quoted in any review or copied into any "Poet's Corner," perhaps for the reason that the "moral" of this fable is not so facile of acceptance at the hands of the public as that of the majority of Æsop's or La Fontaine's. It is the old story of the Poet's rejection by the world, a thousand times repeated, yet rarely with such simplicity and beauty. Let the reader judge—

Said a people to a poet—"Go out from among us straightway!

While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine,

There's a little fair brown nightingale, who, sitting in the gateway,

Makes fitter music to our ear, than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting;

"Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"

"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,

Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun."

The poet went out weeping—and died abroad, bereft there—

The bird flew to his grave and died amid a thousand wails!—

Yet, when I last came by the place, I swear the music left there

Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's!

Some miserable misogynist (perhaps the editor himself) has sent us a copy of a paper entitled the "Old Bachelor," published at Washington City, the object of which is to uphold the dignity and happiness of the single state. It contains an infinite variety of anti-matrimonial articles, in prose and verse, and its last page presents a batch



of proverbs from many languages, concerning the fickleness and inconstancy of woman, such as could only have been collected by a man with whom the course of true love has been a succession of rapids and cascades. For the benefit of all who may desire to subscribe to this paper, we subjoin its brief prospectus—

The OLD BACHELOR is published semi-occasionally, alternately, every other time, or, whenever it is most convenient, at 00 Celibate Street, under  
BACHELORS' HALL.

**TERMS—CASH.**

For Sale by all Sensible Booksellers.

Though we cannot approve the sentiments of the editor, whom some faithless "Cousin Amy" has no doubt recently made desperate—there is a very capital sketch he publishes, which may profitably be quoted in part, devoted to the tearful side of courtship and marriage. The poor wretch says—

"Meteorologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we arrive at a knowledge of the exact amount of "doo" prevailing during courtship. Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave her Ma and Pa; then because she hopes and trusts George will always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she is afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma, too, is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear, dear girl is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen. At church the water is laid on at eye-service; indeed, the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine that there was a "happy pair" among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sobs as if he were handing her over to the fiercest polygamist since Henry VIII, instead of bestowing her on one who loves his "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels, either because crying is catching, or because he thinks he ought, for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved; and the half-dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps. When the party return home, however, the thoughts of the breakfast cheer them up a little; and the bridesmaids, in particular, feel quite resigned to their fate. As if they had grown hungry by crying, or the tears had whetted their appetite, they drown their cares for a while in the white soup tureen. \* \* Then the father gets up, and, after a short and pathetic eulogium upon the virtues of that "sweet girl," whom he "loves as his own flesh and blood," thumps the table, and tells the company that "any one who would not treat her properly would be a scoundrel." Upon this, every one present turns round to look and frown at the wretched villain of a bridegroom, and then they all fall to

weeping again. But, so strongly has the feeling set in against the new son-in-law, that it is only by a speech full of the deepest pathos, that he can persuade the company that he has not the least thought of murdering, or, indeed, even assaulting his wife. At last, the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say, "Good-bye," and have a good cry all together up stairs. Then the blessing and the weeping begin again with renewed vigor. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are quite red, and their hair is as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the "happy pair" to leave, in order to catch the train for Baltimore, then the mother, father, sisters, brothers, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and every soul in the house, all cry, even down to the old cook, "who knowed her ever since she were a babby in long clothes"—as if the young couple were about being "transported for life" in the literal rather than the figurative sense of the term.

We are gratified to know that a new work by the author of the "Virginia Comedians," styled "Ellie; or the Human Comedy"—is soon to appear from the press of Morris of this City. Mr. John Esten Cooke, whose incognito has now been thrown aside, has had a rapid rise into favour with the reading public and bids fair to assume a high stand among the novelists of the age. His former work, which made so decided a sensation last summer, was not reviewed in the Messenger possibly because during the Editor's absence in Europe, Mr. Cooke was himself in charge of the magazine, but the omission shall be repaired in our next number when we propose to present a review of it from the pen of an esteemed and able contributor.

We may here mention that the gifted author of "Alone," of whom we are proud as a daughter of Virginia, has also a new work in press, entitled "The Hidden Path," which is looked for with interest by her numerous admirers.

The following paper has been sent us for publication—

**REPORT OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNION  
LADIES MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.**

The ladies of this Association offer their thanks for the liberal donations received during the past month. They also desire to express their acknowledgments to Mr. Ed. Gaskill and Messrs. T. K. & P. Collins of Philadelphia, for the printing of 1,000 pamphlets, and to an editor of Richmond for the printing of 500 circulars.

The ladies are making arrangements to visit all the principal localities of Richmond to collect donations. Their exertions are continued with unabated ardor, and there is every prospect that their efforts will be crowned with great success.

## Notices of New Works.

*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* BY R. R. MADDEN. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Much brilliant and effective criticism has been expended upon these volumes, and the editorial labours of Mr. Madden have been judged of, favorably or otherwise, according to the preconceived estimate of the Countess of Blessington which the critic had formed. To those who in former days had the run of Seamore Place and Gore House and fell under the fascination of "Blessington's eyes," we can very well understand how Mr. Madden should seem a very stupid old gentleman, but to all other people, such as have never heard the voice of the charmer and who regard the modern Aspasia at as safe a distance as the ancient one, we think he will appear to have discharged his delicate office with singular propriety and good taste. For ourselves we have rarely read a more delightful or more melancholy book. The moral of it is patent. A woman of great beauty and accomplishments and gifted with no ordinary share of intellect, but feeling the conventions of society irksome and therefore disregarding them altogether, comes out in the world of London and for years maintains a shining sway over the wits and statesmen and *sarans* of that metropolis. Adulations are heaped upon her, the incense of adoring crowds is wasted upon every air that kisses her brow, she is at once that woman of the whole kingdom who is most worshipped by the other sex and hated by her own. Yet in the midst of all this grandeur the woman is supremely unhappy, the goddess is bored by the idolatries. Like Mariana in the moated grange, she is weary, weary. The rest of the story is short and sufficiently sad. Extravagance of life brings pecuniary ruin; bankruptcy at home is followed by apoplexy abroad and an epitaph from the pen of one of her poetical admirers tells to all who visit St. Germain that Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, there moulders into dust. A more fitting place of burial could hardly have been selected. The spot which is associated with the sins and splendour of la Vallière, and with the humiliation and disgrace of the frivolous James II., the spot where Louis Quatorze was born and from which he removed, because from its magnificent terrace he could see the towers of St. Denis, the mausoleum of the Kings of France, becomes yet more eloquent of the hollowness of earthly glory from containing the dust of the Countess of Blessington.

Of the literary labours of the Countess, Mr. Madden takes, as it seems to us, a just notice. They were the merest inanities that ever sprang from the hot-bed of fashionable life—they blossomed, exhaled a little puff of perfume that resembled very much the fragrance of a Parisian *odeur* bottle, and expired. And yet it is painful to see with how persistent a devotion to her *metier* of author she labored at these works and how unsuccessfully she endeavored to make their proceeds equal to the lavish expenditures of Gore House. The only literary remains of Lady Blessington that have the semblance of feeling and reflection are those "Night Thoughts" which tell of the vanity of her existence—these are the crystals which remain in the crucible of mental suffering, distillations from the alembic of hidden sorrow.

Few works will have a wider circulation than this memoir of the most celebrated woman of her time, and we

are glad to think that its moral effect can not be other than salutary upon all who might be tempted by the possession of superior endowments to emulate her shining and miserable career.

THE SUMMER LAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

A series of very lively and graceful sketches from the pen of a Southern gentleman illustrative of Life in the Southern States. The work is neither so remarkable for its style or its interest as for giving promise of much better things in future, and we think that whatever opinion the reader may form of its merits, he will be apt to purchase the next volume the author gives to the public. There are passages in *The Summer Land* to which we might demur as by no means accurate portraiture of Southern character and society, but we have no disposition to be exacting in the case of a young author who has so much to compensate for natural and trivial faults.

The Messrs. Appleton have published during the last month many most agreeable and valuable works. *Kenneth* and the *Two Guardians* are the titles of two new novels from the busy pen of Miss Yonge. In the former there is a provoking incompleteness in not providing the pretty little heroine with a husband, but the story of the Retreat from Russia under Marshal Ney is most effectively and pathetically narrated. In both the author's Episcopalian proclivities are constantly manifested. *My Brother's Keeper*, by the author of "Dollars and Cents," is another work of fiction which will be gladly welcomed by the novel reading public. Of more grave and elaborate contributions to literature, the first volume of Lamartine's *History of Turkey* and the learned Dr. Hase's *History of the Christian Church* have been issued by these enterprising publishers in excellent style. Nor have they failed to offer volumes of scientific and practical value in *Gillespie's Land Surveying*, a full and admirable exposition both of the theory and practice, and in *The American Cook Book* which should find a place on the shelves of every lady's kitchen. Certainly no other book establishment has offered in the same time so useful a variety of publications. They may all be obtained of James Woodhouse and A. Morris of this city.

THE CHAIN BEARER; or the *Littlepage Manuscripts*. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1855.

LIONEL LINCOLN. Same author and Publishers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Two additional volumes of the excellent edition of Cooper's novels published by Stringer & Townsend of New York which we cordially commend to the public.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. J. W. Randolph of four recent publications of Henry G. Bohn sent by Messrs. Bangs, Bros. & Co. of New York. The *Memoirs of Philip De Commynes* belongs to a series of valuable French Memoirs—a new enterprise of the uniting London Publisher. The *Lectures on Modern History* by Professor Smith of the University of Cambridge constitutes a valuable addition to the *Standard Library*, while the *Classical Library* is enriched by a new translation of *Demosthenes on the Crown*. *Cervantes' Exemplary Novels* come out in another *Extra Volume*. We have too frequently commended the publications of Mr. Bohn to render any farther notice of them necessary.



# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, JULY, 1855.

NO. 7.

## THE THEORY OF LIFE, &c.\*

It has been well observed by a philosophic Poet that "the proper study of mankind is man;" not of the customs and history of the race only, but of the nature, physical and moral of the individual man. The latter subject of human study and knowledge concerns the nature of man, as he is generally asserted to be a compound creature, composed of matter and mind or spirit, as a creature supposed to be constituted by an addition to his physical organization, of rational and immortal spirit. The laws of his physical organization, form the necessary study of the anatomist and physiologist. The other forms the study of the mental philosopher, and is an useful and appropriate subject of study for every reflecting man. In order rightfully to direct and adequately to stimulate us to the improvement of the mind, we should endeavor to have just and elevated views of its dignity, its worth, and its destiny.

One school of Philosophers—should we not say *Philosophists*—men of unquestionable learning in the laws of the physical organization of man, have from early ages maintained, and are continually reviving, a tenet which affirms, that the spirit or thinking principle of man, is the result of material organization, is absolutely dependent on it, and ceases on its destruction.

Another school, including a majority of by no means the least learned physiologists as well as moral philosophers, maintains, that the mind of man is the result of a spiritual principle, endowed with powers of perception and thought, added by its Creator, to man's material structure, which survives its dissolution. They maintain, that life in gen-

eral is *some* principle of activity added by the will of Omnipotence to organized structure, and that, in man, who is endowed with an intelligent faculty in addition to this vital principle possessed by other animals, there is superadded to life and structure an *immaterial soul*. "We perceive," says the learned Abernethy, "an exact correspondence between those opinions which result from physiological researches, and those which so naturally arise from the suggestions of reason that some have considered them as intuitive. For most reflecting persons, in all ages have believed, and indeed it seems natural to believe, what modern physiology also appears to teach, that in the human body there exists an assemblage of organs, formed of common inert matter, such as we see after death, a principle of life and action, and a sentient and rational faculty, all intimately connected, yet each apparently distinct from the other."\* We would here remark a striking coincidence between what this great man asserts as the true teachings of modern physiology, and the account of the origin and nature of man, as given by the inspired penman! "God made man of the dust of the earth;" here is inert matter joined to material structure. "And breathed in his nostrils the breath of life;" here is the principle of life, added to the structure. "And man became a living soul;" here is the third principle or component part of the creature man; the master-piece of creative wisdom in our sphere, exactly coincident with the three principles of Physiology, viz—*inert matter, organized living structure, and the immaterial sentient spirit.*

"So intimate, continues Dr. Abernethy, is the connection between these, as to impose on us the opinion of their identity. The body springs and bounds as though its inert fabric were alive, yet we have good reasons for believing that life is distinct from organization. The

\*Lectures on Anatomy, &c. By John Abernethy, F. R. S. London. 1820. pp. 254.

Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man. By William Lawrence, F. R. S. 1842.

Vestiges of Creation. New Edition. 1853.

\* "An inquiry into the probability and rationality of Hunter's Theory of Life. By John Abernethy, F. R. S. &c., 1814." Page 77.

mind and the actions of life affect each other. Failure or disturbance of the actions of life prevent or disturb our feelings, and enfeeble, perplex, or distract our intellectual operations. The mind equally affects the actions of life, and thus influences the whole body. Terror seems to palsy all its parts, whilst contrary emotions cause the limbs to struggle, and become contracted from energy. Now though these facts may countenance the idea of the identity of mind and life, yet we have good reasons for believing that they are perfectly distinct, whilst, therefore, on the one hand, I feel interested in oppugning those philosophical opinions which tend to confound life with organization; I would, on the other, equally oppose those which confound perception and intelligence with mere vitality." *Inquiry—p. 77—79.* "Thus my mind rests at peace on the subject of life; and I am visionary enough to believe, that if these opinions should become so established as to be generally admitted by philosophers, that if they once saw reason to believe that life was something of an invisible and active nature superadded to organization, they would then see equal reason to believe that mind might be superadded to life, as life is to structure. They would then indeed still farther perceive how mind and matter might reciprocally operate on each other by means of an intervening substance. Thus even would physiological researches enforce the belief which I may say is natural to man; that, in addition to his bodily frame, he possesses a sensitive, intelligent, and independent mind; an opinion which tends in an eminent degree to produce virtuous, honorable, and useful actions." [*Inquiry, p. 94—95.*]

In these opinions, the learned and virtuous Abernethy was opposed by Dr. Lawrence, a learned Physiologist. Dr. Lawrence boldly announced as his creed, "that matter thinks;" "that medullary substance is capable of sensation and *thought*;" "that the *cerebral functions* which are more numerous and diversified in the higher orders of the *mammalia*, receive their last development in man; where they produce all the phenomena of intellect, all those wonderful processes of thought, known under the names of memory, reflection, association, judgment, rea-

soning, imagination, which so far transcend any analogous appearance in animals, that we *almost* feel a repugnance to refer them to the same principle."\* What principle, let us ask Dr. Lawrence? The answer shall be in his own words, "*the cerebral functions*. Thus he teaches in terms, too plain to be misunderstood, the portentous doctrine, that the principle of life, whether sentient or intelligent, is in all organized beings the same; that, whether we look to man, the highest of the animal creation, with all his faculties of invention, memory, imagination, or to an oyster or a cabbage, the vital properties are all derived from their organic structure, and that the difference of this structure constitutes the only difference in their faculties and powers. "Where," says this materialist, "shall we find proofs of mind independent of bodily structure, of that mind, which like the corporeal frame, is infantile in the child, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated in disease, enfeebled in the decline of life, doting in decrepitude, and *annihilated* by death? Where is the mind of a child just born? Do we not see it built up before our eyes by the action of the five senses, and of gradually developed internal faculties?" It is here assumed, that the mind is built up by the action of the external senses, by which it is meant, that no mind exists at first, but is formed by the senses. Whether is it more probable, or harder to believe this, or that an immaterial mind is an original part of the human being; and not that it is built up *by*, but that it derives its ideas *through*, the external senses, let any one decide. But what proof is afforded of the non-existence of an immaterial soul distinct from the material body, from the fact of the mental and corporeal faculties beginning to act together, of their growing together to maturity, of their being often strengthened and enfeebled together, and generally decaying together in the decline of life?

That the closest union subsists between the soul and body, and that the soul, during this union, carries on its functions and operates through the instrumentality of the bod-

\* Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man. By William Lawrence, F. R. S. p. 114.

ily structure, is a fact too clear to be doubted; however ignorant we are, and must ever be, of the precise nature of this union, and of the mode by which the one acts by the assistance of the other. Now if we were only acquainted with instances in which body acts upon mind, there would still, as far as this view is concerned, be no reason for concluding that the mental faculties are derived from the bodily organs, but only that their exercise depends on those organs. But how stands the fact? It is matter of every day's experience, that intense reflection, excessive grief or joy, the excitement of vehement anger and other passions, affect the bodily frame in various manners and degrees, promote or impede the circulation of the blood, assist or obstruct the digestive organs, provoke the action of particular glands, produce relaxation or tension in the nerves, and materially change the general state of the health. A sudden affection of the mind often produces a temporary suspension of all the active powers of the body, and has even been known to deprive it altogether of life. The following statement well illustrates the powerful effect of the mind upon the bodily organs. "A letter is brought to a man, containing some afflicting intelligence. He casts his eyes upon its contents, and drops down without sense or motion. What is the cause of this sudden affection? It may be said that the vessels have collapsed, that the brain is consequently disordered, and that the loss of sense is the natural consequence. But let us take one step backward, and enquire, what is the cause of the disorder itself, the effects of which are thus visible. It is produced by a sheet of white paper distinguished by a few black marks. But no one would be absurd enough to suppose, that it was the effect of the paper alone, or of the characters inscribed upon it, unless those characters conveyed some meaning to the understanding. It is thought then which so suddenly agitates and disturbs the brain, and makes its vessels to collapse. From this circumstance alone we discover the amazing influence of thought upon the external organs; of that thought which we can neither hear, nor see, nor touch, which yet produces an affection of the brain fully equal to a blow, a pressure, or any other sensible inju-

ry." Now this very action of thought upon the brain, clearly shows that the *brain does not produce it*; while the mutual influence which they possess over each other, as clearly shows that there is a strong connection between them. But it is carefully to be remembered, that *connection is not identity*.

But, says the materialist, the faculties of the mind decay with the organic structure; they are enfeebled together in old age, and perish together in death. But how does he know the truth of the last affirmation? Instances are familiar to every one, in which the exercise of some or all of the mental functions are suspended even in this life, but not destroyed. Thus in a swoon or sleep, more especially in catalepsy, a total suspension of some or all the faculties takes place for a time, yet the exercise of them is as active as ever. Thus too of atony or paralysis of some particular organ, as of vision or hearing, the use of such faculty of the mind is suspended,—let the organ be restored to its natural state of health, and the exercise of it immediately returns. But we deny, that the faculties of the mind and body decay always together. Generally, no doubt, a decaying body brings on, not a decaying mind, but an enfeebled exercise of the mind, enfeebled because of the state of the instrument of its action. Exceptions, however, continually occur to this law, of so strong a character, as wholly to defeat the inference the materialist would draw from it. In many instances, the mind decays before the body; the latter is strong and vigorous, while the former loses more or less of the exercise of its faculties. In many other cases, the mind remains clear and vigorous, in the most decayed and failing state of the body, and on the very verge of its dissolution. The lines of an old Poet are founded on actual observation and experience:

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Many Physiologists of the school of materialism, have endeavored to show, that the brain in man is larger in proportion to the bulk of the body, than in any of the brute creation; and that the mental powers of animals—among which they class man—as far as we can see, are proportional to their or-

ganization. Neither of these assertions are true. The following are some of the proportions between the weight of the brain and of the whole body, as given by Haller and Cuvier, physiologists of the very highest authority. In a child six years old, the brain is 1-22d part of the whole body, its actual weight being estimated by Haller, to be 2 lbs. 28½ drams. In an adult, the brain is, 1-35th of the body. In the orang-outang, the same proportion as the human; in the Sapa-jon, or American monkey with prensile tail, 1-22d and 1-25th; in the great baboon, 1-104th; the mole, 1-36th; the fox, 1-205th; the field mouse, 1-31st; the beaver, 1-290th; the elephant, 1-500th; the ox, 1-750th; the horse, 1-700th; the ass, 1-254th; the goose, 1-360th; the cock, 1-25th; the duck, 1-257th; the sparrow, 1-25th; the canary bird, 1-14th; the tortoise, 1-2240th. The most transient glance at these proportions, shows that nothing whatever can be made out from them. Some of the animals, whose sagacity and powers of instinct are well known to be of a very superior kind, as the elephant, the horse, the beaver, rank among the lowest in the scale; while others of an inferior class in point of sagacity, as the canary bird, the mouse, &c., rise very high. Man, according to this measure, is about equal in reasoning powers to the orang-outang and the mole, but far inferior to the cock, the field mouse, the American monkey, with prensile tail, and many others; to crown the whole, the child of six years old has higher intellectual powers than the adult man! We would here add the opinion of Sir Richard Phillips, founded on an extensive anatomical examination of the brain, that the brain in the human species attains its full development, size and vigor, at *seven* years of age. And yet, the mind is then feeble; is so far from having attained its complete vigor, at that age, that it is continually enlarging its powers for many years after.

Again: the independence of mind and the brain of each other, is strongly seen in cases of insanity. Even Dr. Lawrence, the greatest materialist of modern times, in describing the state of the brain in cases of insanity, admits, "that sometimes the mental phenomena are disturbed, *without* any visible deviation from the healthy structure of the brain."

Of thirty-seven dissections made at Bethlehem Hospital, in London, the structure of the brain, was in eleven cases, firmer than usual; in six, it was softer, and in the remaining twenty, its consistence was natural.\*

But the most satisfactory, because unanswerable argument against the doctrine of the materialist that mind and matter are the same, is derived from an admitted physiological fact, which physiologists tell us is true; that is, that our *whole bodily frame* is *changed every seven years*, or, according to others, every fourteen years; yet we are conscious that we are still the same persons, accountable to the end of our lives, for deeds committed so long ago, that if the brain was the being that thought and determined our actions, we should be irresponsible for the past, because innocent for the present. Where would there be, where could there be any thing like personal identity and continuous consciousness? But there are many medical facts, which mainly tend to prove, that the brain is only the instrument, and not the thinking and reasoning principle or being. A great variety of cases of this kind are on record, in which it has been found, that every part of the structure of the brain, has been deeply injured, if not destroyed, without impeding or obstructing any part of the process of thought. Haller mentions a case, in which a half a pound of pus was found in the ventricles of the brain, yet the faculties were unimpaired until death. Sir John Pringle found an abscess in the right hemisphere of the brain, as large as an egg, in a patient who had never been delirious, nor altogether insensible. A woman, under Diemerbroech's immediate inspection, whose skull was fractured by the fall of a large stone, lost a quantity of brain, equal in size to a man's fist, yet she lived thirty-six days after the accident, without alienation of mind though paralytic on the side opposite the fracture. Peroynée tells us of a boy six years old, who received a pistol shot in the head; a suppuration followed, during which he lost a great quantity of the brain at every dressing; at the end of eighteen days he died, having retained his faculties to the last. When the head was opened, the portion of brain remaining in the skull did not

\* See Haslern on Madness.



exceed in size a small egg. Nor is it only after the destruction of the superior or lateral parts of the brain, that the powers of thought have been known to exist; they have survived the injury, and even the destruction of the cerebellum, and of the basis of the brain. Haller mentions several instances of scirrhus affecting the cerebellum and producing death without previously injuring the faculties. Morgani gives a particular account of a fatal scirrhus of the cerebellum, slow in its progress, not affecting the patient's sense till the last, and then only at intervals.\* Dr. Brunner records the case of a blacksmith, sixty-four years of age, a hard drinker and an industrious workman, who expired in a fit of apoplexy, having passed the morning in apparent good health. On dissection, the whole brain, even the base of it, was found to be in a most diseased state, yet his *faculties had never been impaired*, and he had been remarkably acute in his judgment.\* A case came under the observation of the father of the writer, in which a young man received a pistol ball under the eye, which passed through the head, and shattered and completely separated the "*medulla oblongata*" from the base of the brain. An entire bodily paralysis ensued immediately. The sufferer became insensible to any bodily impression, yet his mind was clear and intelligent until death—a space of ten or fifteen hours. Bonnet, in a patient who died after an illness of twelve years, without suffering any alienation of mind, found the whole substance of the brain watery and so soft as hardly to bear the knife. The pineal gland, which some materialists had made the thinking part of the brain, has so often been found suppurated or petrified, or destroyed without any previous affection of the mental faculties, that it has been given up by general consent as unnecessary to thought. The celebrated Dr. Ferriar addressed a learned paper to Dr. Cooper, of our country, containing a great number of cases of the injury and destruction of every part of the brain, without any disturbance of the mind.

Strong, however, as are these facts to disprove the identity of material organization

and mind, the moral or metaphysical arguments are still stronger.

It has often occurred to us, that the singular capacity of mind to recall the past and anticipate the future—movements so utterly unlike or inalogous to any known mere organic action—peculiarly evinces the independence of mind on the material organ. Matter is moulded only by a force from without, that is in actual and present contact. But by this faculty the mind can go back, beyond any present moving force, or move forward to scenes, in which it never actually existed, or from which its organic structure never conceived an impression. In this capacity how striking is that unerring wisdom and associated goodness, which have made it, at once, the sting of guilt and the source of incalculable enjoyments of virtue. How much does old age, now decrepid and feeble in the bodily organs, still visibly enjoy in the recollections of the past. How invaluable to the good are these treasures, as unimpaired now, as when first acquired.

"Hail Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey!  
And place and time are subject to thy sway!  
The pleasures most we feel when most alone;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
If but a beam of sober reason play,  
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost work melts away!  
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
These when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light;  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!"

Nor are the enjoyments of Hope, anticipating the future, when clouds and darkness overshadow the present, less in value to the cause of virtue and happiness.

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet gardens grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:  
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour  
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!  
With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;  
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,  
That calls each slumbering passion into play.  
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command:  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career!"

\* Edin. Review, No—, 1819.

The arguments for the immateriality and immortality of the soul or spirit of man, drawn from his capacity for continual improvement, and from the moral disturbances in this world, are not in the least or remotest degree dependent for their support, and still less for their refutation, on any branch of physical science. These are too familiar to every reflecting mind to need any renewed statement. They have struck the mind of man in every age, and in every condition of his mental cultivation. One of the tragic poets of Greece evidently understood the force of them, when he speaks of the soul of man, as a "τυχη διδασχάλας," a learning nature—an improving spirit. Addison forcibly and delightfully states the argument from the capacity of mind for continual progress in virtue and knowledge, in the third number of the Spectator. "How," says he "can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing as he is at present. But a man can never take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted, capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly clime, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity."

The philosophic poet Akenside has touched the same subject in his nervous and stately verse:

"Say, why was man so eminently raised  
Amid the vast creation; why ordained  
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye  
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame?  
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth  
In sight of mortal and immortal powers  
As on a boundless theatre to run  
The great career of justice; to exalt  
His generous aim to all diviner deeds:  
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:  
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain  
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice  
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent  
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,  
Th' applauding smile of Heaven!"

How inconsistent are such views with the doctrines of Materialism? How do these doctrines degrade the nature and repress the aspirations of the generous mind?

But Materialism does not stop her course of assumed research with Physiology. It has endeavored to bring facts and principles from Natural History. A recent and reckless attempt has been made by one of its advocates to enlist the facts of the natural history of the world and of man, in the cheerless cause of Materialism. The attempt we refer to is a work styled "*Vestiges of Creation*," in which it is seriously maintained that *matter is endued with an inherent principle of development which in progress of time, from its most inert and crude atomic state has, at length, developed itself into the intellect of MAN*. In this progress of development, the brain of a *fish* has become that of a *man*, with all its wondrous faculties; that is, that the brain of some minnow has been developing itself for successive ages, until at last, it developed itself into the brain or intellect (for they are the same in this theory) of Daniel Webster!! But this absurdity is not enough. It is stated as a fact (in the *Vestiges of Creation*) that chemists have by means of electricity, brought to act on certain animal substances produced a *living, animated being*—a real *living animal*, which, no doubt, will begin the course of development, till it becomes a second Newton or Milton. In other words, that man, *himself matter*, has the power to CREATE LIFE!! Thus, by a deceptive statement of a pretended fact, the author of the



work alluded to,\* has impiously attempted to snatch creative energy from the hand of the Infinite One, and to place it in the hand of the creature man.

This attempt is worthy of the spirit and purpose of those who, in infidel France, placed the bust of Marat on the altar of God. This work which has been eagerly read by multitudes and has passed into two or three editions, has been instrumental in misleading the minds of many, especially the young and unsuspecting. It has, however, been thoroughly exposed by the late Prof. D——, now alas ! lost to the cause of science. Its principal assumption has been shown to be false by the learned Anstead, of England, in his work, *Remains of the Ancient World*.

But Materialism has ascended from earth to the skies, in order to exalt matter ; in other words, to make matter by its own *inherent* laws, irrespective of the will and creative power of a great First Intelligent Cause, create those glorious spheres, which "wheel unshaken through the void immense." La Place accounts for their formation and motions on the mere laws of matter. Atoms of matter floating in space, became by *natural causes* condensed ; then become the subjects of attraction and repulsion ; (two opposite forces with mind or intelligence or design) begin to revolve, and thus we have the wonderful systems of "Planets, Stars, and adamantine spheres." But this great Philosopher is altogether too philosophic to enquire or explain, *whence his matter came—whence* it received its laws, by which it accomplishes such wonders. Indeed, he expressly says, "that the supposition of a great and infinitely wise First Cause, is unnecessary." How true is the remark of Young, in his pathetic account of the skeptic Altamont, "a man though possessed of the talents of an angel, may yet be a fool." The nebulous theory of La Place, has been completely overthrown by the vigorous mind of Whewell, in his astronomical tract in the *Bridgewater Treatises*—another instance of infallible triumph of mind over matter, when the one is exalted into rivalry with the other.

It would have been well for the world, if the advocates of Materialism, had ended

their lucubrations in the regions of Science. But they have not seen fit to do so, for they have pushed their theories into the limits of morals and religion. The school of the modern Philosophical Necessitarians of England, deny the existence of any principle in man, than what results from his corporeal organization. They deny the existence of the spirit in the human nature. It immediately followed, that as man was but organized matter, he must be subject to a principle of necessary motion, like the matter of which he was solely composed ; and hence legitimately followed, that man was the creature of external circumstances, and was *necessarily* determined by them in his actions. Now, if a man be *necessitated* to act as he does, it requires no acuteness to perceive, that he is no longer a responsible being and cannot justly be held accountable for his conduct. The sole excitements to virtuous actions, according to Belsham, the former leader of this school, spring "from the circumstances in which men are placed, and to the impressions to which they are exposed." That is, as he teaches, all being equally the result of a necessary operation of physical impressions, the religious tendency, as well as its opposite, naturally arising out of a certain "state of the brain." These are his very words. "Again," says Belsham, "the *only difference* between the most virtuous and the most vicious person is, that the former was placed in circumstances and was exposed to impressions, which *generated* virtuous habits and affections ; and the latter in circumstances, by which vicious principles and dispositions were produced ;" the one so circumstanced that he must *unavoidably calculate right* ; the other so circumstanced that he must *unavoidably calculate wrong* ! Who but sees, that if such opinions and belief could be made general and popular, society itself would be sapped at its foundations.

The effects of Material Philosophy, have always been the same, on individual and national character. Ancient and modern times bear testimony coincident and alike on this subject. Polybius, the most accurate and philosophical observer of the ancient historians, observes, that the prevalence of the Material Philosophy of Epicurus, in Greece

\* The author of the *Vestiges* is supposed to be Robert Chambers, assistant editor of the *Edinburgh Journal*.

and Rome. changed the character of the people of those countries. It made the polished Greeks universally selfish and perfidious, and the stern Romans universally ferocious. It was not until the principles of Epicurus prevailed, that the term "*Græco fides*" became a bye word for fraud and deception; and that the awful massacres and slaughter of the Sullan and Marian factions, were known in Rome. Every one knows, that the Encyclopædists and other writers of France, who prepared its people to laugh to scorn all religions and moralities and beliefs, unceasingly spread the ideas, that man was nothing more than organized matter; that he was the creature of circumstances, during life, and wholly and forever perished at death. What, then, was the characteristic feature of the first French Revolution? Ferocious barbarity and un pitying destruction of human life. Language cannot describe, and history has not been able, therefore, adequately to record the horrors and ferocities of that event. What but the iron arm of military rule now keeps down the infidel and material Socialism of France! That the spirit and character of its principles are the same with those which formerly produced so much misery and carnage in that country, is acknowledged by all.

Let one project, originated during the last few years, suffice to prove it. The ancient Church of St. Genevieve was, in the first Revolution changed into a Pantheon, and decorated after the heathen manner of ancient Athens. In its vaults were placed the bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau, and also of Mirabeau and Marat—fit relics for its dark abodes! After the Restoration, it was reconverted into a Romish Church. Again was this Church transformed into a Pantheon, by order of the French Government. Mons. Ledru Rollin, formed the idea of converting the Pantheon, agreeable to its name into an idol temple. A celebrated Artist named Chenevard was intrusted with the execution of the project. The plan of the artist is fully stated in the published account, from which we condense the following. "Men of all nations and ages may enter that temple, the Pantheon, and find there the object of their worship." The Chaldean, his Star; the Egyptian, his Isis and Osiris;

the Indian, his Brama, with all his Avatars: the Hebrew, Jehovah; the Persian, his Ormuzd and Ahriman; the Greek and Roman, Olympus, with a full compliment of Gods; the Christian, his Christ, eighteen times glorified; the Northern barbarian, his gods shivering beneath polar snows; the Mahometan, who hates images, his Prophet, with his face veiled by a flame; the Druse, his Calif-Hakeen, with his azure eyes and lion mask. The chief idol of this Pantheistic temple, may be thus described; in the centre, the Brahmin Cow is rearing, with her full face turned upon you, her knees drawn in under her dewlaps, ruminating on some thought of cosmogony. On the right, the Persian Griffin, with long claws and shaking wing, seems to guard a treasure; while on the left, the Chaldean Sphynx makes a mock of eternity by her granite dreams. On the backs of these three beasts, soldered together, rests the Egyptian Ship, the mystical Bari, which ferries the souls across. The Ship carries the Ark of the Covenant, which is itself surrounded by a Ciborium, containing the Host amid glittering rays. This symbol, executed in red granite, is to be repeated at the farther end of the temple, and to stand in the place of an altar, under a dome of twelve columns, supporting a frieze with twelve compartments, where the Olympian Gods will be sculptured in *bas-relief*.

By this monument, compounded of the symbols of all the modes of worship, fused together, Chenevard wished to denote that *all religions* are but *different forms* of one and the *same idea*, and that seen *from a certain elevation*, their *forms* must be *indifferent*. "It is the Word, the great Pan that humanity adores under a multitude of pseudonymous characters. All the names of the Deities, are but epithets of the Litany of that one, universal and eternal God, the Word floating in light, that is the supreme ruling intelligence, of which every animate creature contains a portion, and which man alone bears unconsciously in his mind and heart. Thus he has made an idol, that is, a plastic image, which every body may worship, for it contains the worship of each with its genealogy. Such it behoved the High Altar of a Pantheistic Temple to be; for the mis-

sion of Pantheism is, to absorb in its vast bosom all ideas and forms. It excludes no religion but assimilates them all." What mind of common sense but must treat this ineffable jargon with scorn and contempt!

Such, then, are the doctrines and the tendencies of Materialism on the character of individuals and nations. They confound the truths of science and of morals, they deteriorate individual and national character; they lower the aims and repress the aspirations of man; lessen the value of the present by throwing clouds and darkness on the future; rob man of his most effectual consolations in seasons of misfortune and sorrow, by interrupting the light which Christianity sheds on the gloom of the grave; brings down man to the end and value of the brutes by degrading his nature to their level, and terminating his existence with theirs.

"There live, alas! of heaven directed mien,  
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;  
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,  
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,  
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To-night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?  
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
For this has Science searched, on weary wing,  
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!  
Ah, me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,  
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic's head.  
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
I smile on death, if Heaven-ward HOPE remain!  
But if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
If chance awaked, inexorable Power,  
This frail and feverish being of an hour;  
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;  
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain,  
His troubled pulse and visionary brain!  
Fade ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,  
And sink, ye stars that light me to the tomb!"

But are such the fortunes of our race?  
No, no! Revelation positively assures us  
that not all of man shall perish like the flowers  
of Spring, nor wither forever, as the

sere and yellow leaf of Autumn. It assures us that there is a life, a never ending life beyond the present, that there is a soul within us which *can* live distinct from the body, and which *will* live when the body shall have mouldered into dust. It tells us that there will be a day of resurrection and of judgment, a day when justice will reign triumphant and all righteousness be fulfilled. Here we have no crude speculations, no ill-digested theories of self-styled philosophers; but the sure word of God himself, confirming our belief, elevating our hopes, and teaching us the true end and destiny of our being.

It is no less truth than poetry; that

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, *immortal as its Sire*,  
Can NEVER DIE.

S. A. L.

Washington, Pa.

## THE LATIN HYMNS,

### "DIES IRÆ" AND "STABAT MATER."

[To many readers these noble old Hymns may be so familiar that translations of them at this late day may seem rather a work of supererogation; particularly as one of them ("*Dies Iræ*") has frequently been put into English. Yet as they are not generally accessible, it is hoped they may not be unacceptable here. The translator only claims for the present versions, close literalness of rendering, except where it will be observed that liberty has been taken so to modify the Popish features of the "*Stabat Mater*," as to make it unobjectionable to Protestant readers.]

Lexington, Va.

#### DIES IRÆ.\*

Dies iræ, dies illa!  
Solvat sæclum in flavilla,—  
Teste David, cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit. et natura  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicante responsura.

\*The supposed author of this Hymn is Thomas de Celano, an Italian, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis!  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,—  
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie!  
Quod sum causa tua viæ,  
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis!  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus:  
Culpa rubet vultus meus:  
Supplici parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ:  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Amen!

#### TRANSLATION.

Oh! that day—that day of ire!  
Earth shall be dissolved in fire,  
Witness Scors' and David's lyre.

What will be the tribulation,  
When the Judge shall take his station  
For the strict examination!

When the trumpet's awful thunder,  
Spreading realms sepulchral under  
Bids all to his throne in wonder.

Death and nature will be quaking,  
When creation is awaking—  
To the Judge its answer making.

Open shall be the written volume,

Holding all within its column,  
For the world's adjudgment solemn.

When the Judge shall thus be seated,  
Secret things shall be repeated—  
Vengeance unto all be meted.

What shall I, a wretch be saying?  
Unto what protector praying?  
When the just are fear betraying?

King of wondrous exultation,  
Who dost save with free salvation—  
Save me, source of all compassion!

See, blest Jesus! me, the occasion  
Of thy life's humiliation;  
Grant me, in that day, salvation!

Seeking me, thy worn steps hastened;  
Death thou on the cross hast tasted;  
Let such travail not be wasted.

Judge most just in execution!  
Give the boon of absolution,  
Ere the day of retribution.

Even now arraigned I'm sighing;  
Conscious, guilt my cheek is dyeing—  
Spare, oh! God! thy suppliant crying.

Thou, who Mary hast forgiven—  
Thou, who hast the robber shriven,  
Grant me also, hope of heaven.

Valueless is each petition;  
Holy one, make full remission,  
Lest I burn in deep perdition.

Midst the sheep a place provide me;  
From the goats securely hide me;  
Unto thine own right hand guide me.

When the cursèd unacquitted,  
Are to penal flames committed,  
Call me with the blest invited.

Bowed and humble I implore thee,  
With my heart in dust before thee;  
Lead me to thy final glory.

Amen!

#### STABAT MATER.\*

Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat filius;  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.

O! quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti!  
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,  
Et tremebat, cum videbat  
Nati pænas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
Christi matrem si videret,

\* Written by Jacobus de Benedictis, a Franciscan friar, who died in Italy in the year 1306.

In tanto supplicio ?  
 Quis posset non contristari  
 Piam matrem contemplari  
 Dolentem cum filio ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis  
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
 Et flagellis subditum !  
 Vidit suum dulcem natum,  
 Morientem desolatum,  
 Dum emisit spiritum !

Eja Mater, fons amoris !  
 Me sentire vim doloris  
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam :  
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
 In amando Christum Deum,  
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater ! istud agas,  
 Crucifixi fige plagas  
 Cordi meo valide :  
 Tui nati vulnerati,  
 Tam dignati pro me pati,  
 Pænas mecum divide.



Fac me vere tecum flere,  
 Crucifixo condolere,  
 Donec ego vixero :  
 Juxta crucem tecum stare.  
 Te libenter sociare  
 In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,  
 Mihi jam non sis amara.  
 Fac me tecum plangere :  
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
 Passionis fac consortem,  
 Et plagas recolorere.

Fac me cruce custodiri,  
 Morte Christi præmunire,  
 Confoveri gratia :  
 Quande corpus morietur,  
 Fac ut animæ denetur  
 Paradisi gloria.

## TRANSLATION.

Near the cross her vigil keeping,  
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
 While her son was hanging there ;  
 Through whose bosom iuly groaning—  
 Wrung with anguish—filled with moaning—  
 Had been thrust the cruel spear.

Oh ! how sad and desolated  
 Was that ever-consecrated  
 Mother of the Only-one !  
 How she wept, and grieved, and trembled,  
 When she saw the woes assembled  
 Thus around her glorious son !

Whose the tears would not be welling,  
 Had he seen her bosom swelling  
 With an agony so wild ?  
 Who his inward grief could smother,  
 Had he watched this loving mother  
 Sadly sorrowing with her child ?

For his people's sins in anguish  
 She beheld the Saviour languish,  
 And endure the scourge's sway ;  
 Saw her darling one—her only,  
 Dying in desertion lonely,  
 As he breathed his soul away.

Thou ! whence love its source doth borrow,  
 Let me feel the strength of sorrow,  
 That with her I too may grieve ;  
 Let my heart with ardor burning,  
 Still to Christ, the God, be turning,  
 That his grace I may receive.

Sacred Spirit ! bind the bleeding  
 Wounds the Crucified is pleading,  
 Closely to this heart of mine ;  
 To the smitten son, whose passion  
 Merits for me free salvation,  
 Let me all my guilt resign.

May I weep with Mary truly—  
 With the Saviour sorrow duly,  
 'Till I shall revive again :  
 Near the cross with her abiding,  
 Would I still be found dividing  
 Freely with her all her pain.

Thou most holy Sanctifier !  
 Who wilt scorn not my desire,—  
 Make me with contrition melt :  
 Let me, of his death a bearer,  
 In his suffering too a sharer,  
 Call to mind the strokes he felt.

By the cross may I be guarded—  
 By the death of Christ be warded—  
 Of his grace have full supplies.  
 When the cords of life are riven,  
 May my spirit then be given  
 To the bliss of Paradise !

## FIRST LOVE.

*Angelique.*

And have you felt a void in your sick heart,  
 When he whose honeyed accents and sweet words  
 Have held your too enraptur'd senses tranc'd—  
 Wrapping your soul in blissful ecstacy !  
 Seeing no form but his—hearing no voice !—  
 When he, I say, has gone—and left you chill'd,  
 As if the sun had shut its light from you—  
 Then have you felt as if the world was not—  
 As if your very soul had fled away  
 With him whose eyes are the sole orbs  
 That form your heaven !

*Francesca*

I fear 'tis true !

*Angelique.*

Why, then—you love !

*The Spanish Maiden: Old Play.*



## A KINGDOM MORTGAGED.

SEQUEL TO "THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHŒBUS."

## CHAPTER X.

## THE JESTER.

The baron de Lerac had alighted at the very first inn which presented itself. Thus when the travellers entered Clermont they stopped where he had stopped. Froissart showed great satisfaction at this occurrence, and when the travellers set out on the following morning not for Paris but for Tours where the King was, the chronicler declared his intention of waiting until the baron could ransom his suit from the adventurers, with a laudable wish not to leave him without a companion on his journey.

The Knights then continued their journey and arrived without further accident at Tours. As they entered on one side, another procession appeared at the opposite gate glittering with velvet and gold which approached to the sound of clarions. Sir Espaing recognized John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany.

It will soon be seen for what reason he had come to Tours. The knights engaged their lodgings and Sir Espaing de Lyon went to the Bishop's palace to demand a private audience of the King.

Charles fixed it for the next day.

When the hour appointed for the purpose came, the two knights went to lay the Viscount's remonstrances before the king.

It is not necessary to detail the various arguments which were alleged on the part of the Viscount, going to prove that he, King Charles, had no just right to the country of Foix. When they had finished, Charles replied that no doubt the Viscount's remonstrances were very just, if his own rights were founded simply on the non-payment of a mortgage, "but," continued the King, "Count Gaston died without heirs by marriage, hence the province of Foix belongs to the kingdom of France. This is the view taken by the Council; if you can persuade them of the justice of your cause, do so Messieurs. Meanwhile I shall not take possession of the province."

Sir Roger wished to reply to this argument advanced by the King, but just as he began, Espaing who considered the audience merely a necessary ceremony and of no real importance drew him away by the arm and making Charles a low salute, retired with his companion.

When they were gone Charles turned to the Duke of Berri, who together with Louis D'Orleans and Philip of Burgundy, had witnessed all, and said to him:

"What think you of this claim, cousin?"

"I think your own is just," said the duke.

"Oh, and on what grounds?"

"Remember that I have heard the reasons on both sides."

"Oh, you have other reasons!"

"What my Lord?"

"A dislike of this poor viscount," said Charles laughing.

"I dislike Messire de Chateaubon? why so!"

"Ah faith! cousin, because he opposed your marriage to Madame Jeanne de Boulogne."

"He oppose it," said the duke ironically.

"And he was quite right, your lordship," said Orleans.

"In opposing my marriage?"

"Yes. He is Madame's kinsman, and he very naturally wished to keep his pretty cousin so young and inexperienced from the dangerous air of the court."

The duke blushed with anger.

"A woman of true virtue," said he in a formal tone, "only appears more pure and innocent amidst the temptations of the capital."

"Oh," groaned a voice, and Bonbon the Jester inserted his long person through the half open door.

His long turned up shoes were garnished with bells, an entire song was worked in golden thread on the sleeves and back of his doublet, and on his head in place of the fool's cap was perched a large *henin* with enormous ears and two horns, which issuing out from the temples curved gracefully back like those of the antelope.

"What are you making a noise there for, fool?" said Charles, "and whose *henin* have you stolen?"

The fool came nearer to the King.



"What do I see," said Charles, "Madame the Duchess de Berri's of opal velvet, which she wore yesterday?"

"The same, gossip," said the Jester.

"What, this was given you by Madame Jeanne?"

"Indeed, and this girdle too of crimson silk."

The Duke of Berri frowned. He thought the Jester's impudence was going too far.

At this moment Orleans contrived to whisper something to the King. The duke caught the word "jealous." He turned crimson.

"Bonbon," said Charles laughing, "you are very impudent to tell me such a story."

"Impudent! you don't believe me then?"

"No, indeed," said Charles.

"Listen then, gossip, and you shall hear just how it happened. 'Bonbon,' said she, 'is not your life a hard one, a very hard one?'"

"Jeanne," I replied—

"Jeanne," exclaimed Orleans, "you said that?"

"Yes," but listen to what I said. "I lead a hard life indeed," I answered, "a very hard life. If the King or the courtiers are dull, if all are devoured with ennui, it is 'where is the rascal Bonbon, where is the spotted cat who is fed with crumbs from the royal table?' A hard life, a hard life. Then Jeanne made me the presents which your highness sees."

"And you wear her favors openly," said Charles, who had a tinge of that same spirit of malice which characterized the Duke of Orleans.

"When a woman turns fool, a fool may certainly become a woman," said the Jester, pointing to his head piece.

The duke bit his lip until it bled at this insolence,

"My faith," said Charles, too good humored to really hurt his uncle's feelings, "if you offend our cousin of Berri, we will have you well whipped."

"Offend his highness, offend his highness!"

"Yes, for you make him jealous."

"How, I make him jealous?"

"Did you not speak but now of Madame's kindness to you?"

"Of Madame's? No, of Mademoiselle's."

"Who is she?"

"Mademoiselle Jeanne, maid of Madame de Berri. Why 'tis very plain."

"Oh, and these are from the maid who receives her mistress's worn out clothes."

"It is not worn out. It is worth three crowns. I shall sell it, but meanwhile it shall be my crown."

And Bonbon glided into Charles' seat from which he had risen.

"Come," said the King, "get up."

"No, I wish to be king for a short time. The throne makes the king and I am not the first fool who has occupied one."

"How," said Charles, "and meanwhile what am I to do?"

"Be my jester, Charlot, turn about."

"Well be it so," said Charles laughing. At this freak Philip of Burgundy turned his earnest countenance towards the group. He seemed to despise joining in a conversation so frivolous.

"Bonbon," said the Jester, taking off his enormous headdress, "take our emblem of royalty. Now we are as little as our subjects. The crown weighs down our brows, take it in keeping."

"I a poor Jester!"

"Deliver it then to one of our royal uncles."

"To whom? To his highness of Orleans?"

"Oh, oh! take care. Our brother of Orleans would pawn it to the first Jew he met to sustain his extravagances."

The duke laughed heartily.

"To Berri then," said Charles.

"Oh, oh, take care! He would give it to that worthless Jacques Thibaut, whose ascendancy is so great that his highness can refuse him nothing."

The duke frowned.

"To Bourbon or Burgundy then."

"Oh gossip to Bourbon, to Bourbon, his highness of Burgundy would put it on his own head."

Philip started as if an adder had bit him, and his shaggy brows contracted violently. Charles looked round, he had become calm.

The King again turned to Bonbon.

"Speak not, good fool," said the Jester with great dignity, "but attend. Bonbon I believe thou art honest; Bonbon I believe

thou art loyal ; Bonbon I believe thou lovest thy King, therefore Bonbon I will make thy fortune."

"Thanks for the hint, I shall not take it," said the king with a laugh.

"No thanks gossip, no thanks, I will do as I say. And now listen to me. Our brother of Orleans has a favorite—"

"A favorite? Well."

"Named Pierre de Craon who struck me, you that is to say," added the Jester correcting himself.

"He struck me, did he?"

"And an order is issued for his arrest?"

"How is this?"

"Listen and you will hear. Last night our brother of Orleans went forth in search of adventures, accompanied by Pierre de Craon." The Duke became grave. "He met with a young woman hastening home and attempted to stop her. She fled. The duke and De Craon followed and had almost overtaken her when the way was suddenly barred by a man with a drawn sword. It was Messire the constable de Clisson. De Craon reached out his sword and wounded him, Messire Oliver who has got himself the name of 'Butcher,' struck him so heavily on the head with his sword hilt that his favoritiship measured his length on the pavement. The constable then would have slain our brother who is frowning so, but he cried out, 'Hold, I am the duke of Orleans!'"

"Is this true duke?" said Charles.

"In every particular."

"And your man De Craon wounded my constable."

"Yes, he did wound him."

"Well say to him," said the king with a frown, "that when he draws his weapon against Messire Oliver again he shall sleep in the lowest dungeon of the chatelet. Do you hear?"

The duke turned his back and walked out of the room without a word. Charles blushed with anger and made two steps towards the door. He was arrested by Philip of Burgundy, who said to him,

"Highness, I will now if you please lay before you these proposals from the duke of Brittany."

"Come then," said the King.

And he went out, followed by the dukes and the Jester.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOHN IV.

When the Knights of Foix went to lay their case before the King's Council, as Charles had recommended, they found that body impatiently awaiting the attendance of the Duke of Brittany.

In ten minutes a great noise of trumpets was heard, then of horsmen dismounting, and almost immediately the Duke entered.

Behind him came his train, or rather suite. John de Montfort was a man of sixty, tall, broad shouldered and grey bearded. His complexion was ruddy and his eyes had that calm but piercing expression which characterizes all great generals.

Instead of a formal accusation to be read by the clerk, which would place the Duke in the aspect of a common criminal, the lords of the counsel by a simultaneous movement rose up and saluted him.

Then La Rivière said to him,

"My Lord what I am about to say, I say in the name of the King of France your liege lord, who has summoned you hither to reply to certain charges which have been preferred against you."

"Yes, the King is my liege Lord, Messire," said the Duke, "proceed."

"You are charged with stamping golden coins in your duchy, which no vassal has the power to do. Is the accusation just?"

"Yes, I coin golden crowns because it is impossible for me to have it done elsewhere. I have sent my gold to Tours and Paris alternately, and in consequence what has happened? I ask you Messire Jean de Montaign grand master of finance. You blush! ah! ah! I wish for no better proof, you have betrayed yourself, my Lord superintendent of the mint of Paris. And even if it was safe Sire de La Rivière to have my crowns coined at the King's mint, am I to send to Paris whenever I want a few thousand? I have the power to coin copper, black money. why not also gold? Answer me."

"Because, my Lord Duke," replied La

Rivière meeting the Duke's haughty look with one as steady, "because you are the vassal of France and vassals have not the power you usurp."

"Vassals," said the Duke, who seemed to writhe at every repetition of this word. "Brittany you know well, Sir Counsellor, is no ordinary province, I am no ordinary vassal. Bah, this is childish. Proceed, proceed Messire."

"You are farther known to have driven away the prelates who came to your duchy with bulls from pope Clement"—

"God's death, he is not pope," exclaimed the Duke.

"And when the King's officers," continued La Rivière, "brought writs of summons to Brittany, you were not to be spoken with."

"And how sir did that happen?"

"They were directed to one castle; you had gone to another to avoid them."

"And am I not to visit my different châteaux, am I to confine myself to one alone? On my word this parliament will order me next to surrender myself their prisoner. They set no bounds to their arrogance."

"You are a vassal, you have disobeyed this summons"—

The Duke's rage rose like the sea.

"Sire Bereau de la Rivière," he said interrupting the counsellor and fixing on him a look of deep resentment, "you ought to know, and if you do not know you should learn that Brittany which has saved the monarchy more than once, is not a common province to be governed by your parliament or scourged by your Dukes of Berri and Orleans as Languedoc was scourged. You should know that I, John de Montfort, am no weak burger to allow my rights to be invaded, that my province can very well be governed without any aid from the parliament. If any one is dissatisfied why then let him appeal."

"It has been done. You have evaded the writs of summons."

"Sdeath Messire, have I not explained that?"

"You have denied in words the parliament's authority."

"Who brings such a charge."

"Your personal attendants."

"And I am to be declared a criminal on the oath of some dog whom I have whipped from my door and who takes this occasion to revenge himself. Ah but," continued the Duke, "listen and you will hear what I did say. I said and I repeat that when at Paris I could never obtain justice, my affairs were delayed, then decided to my prejudice; and why? Because my enemies govern this parliament, because Oliver de Clisson my mortal enemy is at their head, because you yourselves, my Lords of the council, have refused me my rights for the bribes which you received and are about to do so again."

Some of the counsel turned red with anger, others quailed before the Duke's glance of fire.

La Rivière alone was perfectly calm.

"My Lord," he said, "you came here to answer certain charges of rebellion, not to speak of your hatred to the constable de Clisson or to insult the council. Let us return if you please. Your answers are taken down by the clerk and it only remains to say what the final charge consists of. You receive it is said the absolute oath of your vassals without reservation. Do you acknowledge the truth of this accusation?"

"Yes! what do you make of it?"

"Treason!" said La Rivière rising up.

"Treason!" repeated the duke while an angry flush overspread his countenance.

The council rose up around La Rivière who was about to proceed when a great stir was seen at the door, the crowd opened and two ushers were heard crying, "Make way for the King."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LORD AND HIS VASSAL.

Charles VI. saluted all with a smile, but this smile disappeared when he perceived the flushed and angry faces of the councillors who had not yet recovered their equanimity after the Duke's insulting accusation.

"Ah, what has happened Sire de la Rivière," said Charles, "it seems that your colleagues have taken exception at something said by our cousin of Brittany?"

"Not so, my Lord," replied the council-

lor; "and if you will pay more attention your highness will perceive that the Duke and his suite are those who knit their brows."

"At what?" asked the King.

"At hearing the truth spoken," said La Rivière who dreaded the effects of the scene about to take place.

"The truth! yes that is often very offensive; but this disagreeable truth—?"

"It involves a very heavy charge."

"What charge?"

"The charge of treason"—"Of treason! the Duke has been declared guilty of treason!"

"Unless he clears himself. His highness has received the absolute oath of his vassals without any reservation of your own paramount power."

"Duke, do you acknowledge this?" said Charles who was unable to keep himself from being offended before the Duke's calm and haughty attitude.

"I acknowledge it highness and I will tell you why I receive this absolute oath.

"Oliver de Clisson, that Cyclops with his one eye, that heavy handed Brither who takes every occasion to offend me, has lately ransomed Messire Jean de Blois and asserted his claim to the duchy of Brittany when I am dead, although I have—a fact which he well knows—a son and a daughter."

"Ah but sir this oath?"

"A moment, highness. This John of Blois, a man whom I am ashamed to call my cousin, has not only sent emissaries into my land of Brittany to stir up rebellion, he has also applied to the King of France to aid him in this unjust enterprise—I was wrong Sire, to the King's council—and this council which as every one knows my bitterest foes control, has advised him to assume my arms, to excite discontent in my duchy, and to reduce from their allegiance all Knights my subjects, who in their oaths to me received a liberty of obeying the King of France in preference. What was to be done when this John de Blois attacked me on all sides so cunningly, assisted by my mortal enemies. But one course was left, and that course I have taken; I have received the absolute oath of my subjects, not to prevent their serving France, but that none may aid that traitor who as God and the Virgin live

in heaven, shall never inherit one inch of the province of Brittany."

"My Lord Duke," said Charles, "I leave this question to the council, but there is another which I wish to ask myself."

The Duke made a sign that he was prepared.

"Do you acknowledge Clement?"

"Ah the pope of Avignon—your highness pope!"

"Answer me Duke."

"Permit me first to ask you a question myself Sire. What was the name of his holiness before he became pope?" "Robert Cardinal of Geneva."

"Well Sire, this cardinal Robert on the election of Urban VI. at Rome, wrote to my cousin of Flanders with whom I then was declaring his perfect approbation of the holy conclave's choice."

"Duke"—said Charles in a tone of such doubt that all perceived it.

"But the letter was perhaps forged," said the Duke.

"Ah yes, it was doubtless forged by some wretch!"

"Perhaps highness, but I do not think so. Though not in his own hand writing, it was sealed with his seal, and bore every mark of authenticity."

"Not in his own hand writing! that is plain and conclusive proof," said the King.

"Highness you have not heard what the common people say"—

"What?" said the King.

"They affirm that the holy father who is raised so high by your support cannot either read or write."

"'Tis false," said Charles excessively displeased with the ironical tone of these words, "his letters to us are written by himself. The epistle was a forgery, else why did he soon after the election of Pope Urban declare it void and of no authority?"

"I know not my Lord unless because a pope is higher than a cardinal, and the King of France would give him Avignon in place of the Eternal City."

Charles boiled with anger.

"Duke," he said haughtily taking a step forward, "have you replied to the other charges—of coining money and refusing priests their benefices?"

"Yes, I have replied to them."

"You have denied them?"

"No I have confessed them," said the Duke proudly.

"You have not denied these charges!" said Charles advancing another step.

"I deny nothing," said the Duke looking at Charles as if their positions of vassal and liege lord were transposed, "nothing which I have ever done or procured to be done."

The King's eyes flashed.

"Duke of Brittany," he said, "you confess yourself guilty of treason, you retain your insolent calmness!"

"I am calm"—said the Duke without a muscle changing its place.

"You are calm!" said Charles overpowered with rage at this contempt of his power, "my Marshall!"

"Yes, calm, highness," replied the Duke, "because I have no reason to be otherwise. Because," he added, taking a parchment from his breast and holding it almost disdainfully before Charles' eyes, "because I have the safe conduct of the King of France. And have I reason to fear?"

This presence of mind saved the Duke from being arrested. Charles saw his own seal on the sheet.

"I came hither," said the Duke rising to his full height and throwing a glance upon the councillors before which they lowered their eyes, "I came hither to speak before my enemies, before judges who had already judged me. These gentlemen are naturally displeased with my defence, they are excited as your highness may perceive. Well and good!"

"I have said what I had to say and I now bid your highness farewell. But for you gentlemen," he added to the councillors, "I have no adieu, but au revoir, for I hope to meet you again. If this is not in my power I will convey you by some means my tokens of good will."

Then after saluting the King the Duke left the room followed by his suit and descended to the court where his horse awaited him.

"Follow him instantly," said Charles turning to a page, "and say that we desire him to come back."

The page hastened after the Duke who

was nearly a dozen yards from the palace. Charles and his nobles saw what took place through an open window.

The page ran along by the Duke's horse and was evidently delivering his message. The Duke appeared not to see him, and to call his attention the page laid his hand on the embroidered bridle. The animal started and reared almost erect, the Duke was nearly unseated. He looked down, saw the page clinging to the bridle, and raising his whip struck him a heavy blow on the shoulder. The page drew back and burst into tears of mortification.

Immediately in spite of the King's presence a great uproar arose.

"After him, after him!" cried a hundred voices.

"He is out of sight, it is useless," said the Duke of Burgundy.

Charles went out in a raging passion.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WITHOUT WHICH THE HISTORY IS NOTHING.

Charles had given Sir Roger D'Espagne and Sir Espaing de Lyon on the day of the audience an especial invitation to a hawking party arranged to take place three days from that time. The knight without ceremony asked the same favor for Evan, which the king granted at once.

The day for the hawking came.

It was one of those mornings of October which lighten the heart and make the pulses bound. The sun was rising and driving before him the mists which revealed as they rolled and vanished a landscape of wooded hills and green plains irrigated by streams flowing like liquid gold, and along the banks of these streams, which were lined with rushes or bordered with willow trees, were seen troops of men and dogs, ready on the king's appearance to start the game which fed in the shallows.

The cavalcade came in sight and the hunters slipped their animals.

At the head of the party rode Charles; at his side Isabella his queen, proudly reined in her prancing jennet, and behind them came the duke of Orleans, Pierre de Craon,



his favorite, and fifty lords and ladies in the order which pleased each the best.

Pierre de Craon was about the age of the duke. His person was well-shaped and graceful, his face as far as the features went, handsome and pleasing. The expression was, however, disagreeable in the extreme. It was that of a man who has surfeited himself with pleasures, and who, because he can enjoy nothing but what is most violent in its nature, has a cynical smile for everything.

Craon looked round and carefully scrutinized the party. Then turning to the duke,

"The constable De Clisson is not here," he said.

"No," said Orleans—"Why not?"

"Something has detained him at Tours."

"And I can guess what this something is."

"What Craon?"

"His accounts."

"Oh what a villainous smile! what do you mean."

"I mean what I parbleu!"

"*Lalet anguis in herba.*"

"Thanks, I am not learned my Lord."

"Well then, I mean that 'his accounts' has more meaning than the simple words."

"Am I so obscure then?"

"As an oracle of Delphos."

"But under that obscurity the truth was concealed?"

"And if so?"

"Why I am obscure but I am true."

"To the devil with riddles!"

De Craon was about to reply when a loud barking of dogs was heard from a little stream which ran at the bottom of the hill, followed by the scream of waterfowls.

First a wild duck of brilliant plumage appeared. Charles, to whom etiquette gave the privilege of the first cast, turned to Isabella, and said smiling:

"Now for Ancelin!"

The queen raised her wrist and took off her hawk's hood. The bird was perfectly white with the exception of a band of black spots which crossed the back and wings. His eyes were red and piercing like an eagle's.

"Look then highness," said Isabella.

The falcon remained for an instant immovable upon his soft perch, his brilliant eyes

seemed to devour the game. Then opening his broad wings and depressing his head, he made a single swoop and pinning the unfortunate bird's neck with his sharp beak bore it to the ground.

A dozen more fowls rose from the stream and every hawk was loosed.

"Messire de Foix! Messire de Foix!" said Charles.

Evan was at his side.

"Follow if you wish to see sport."

"Yes, highness." And putting spur to his horse Evan managed to keep by the king whose sharp eyes had seen at a distance a large water bird at which no one had flown his hawk.

"How is this, Craon?" said Orleans.

"What?"

"Your hawk!" "I have given it to Mademoiselle de Harcourt, who is unprovided as usual."

"Well keep at my side."

"The devil will take me then."

"Oh it will happen all the same."

"Come! come, see, there is a quarry."

"Well look." And the duke flew his hawk. The bird killed the game and returned to his master's wrist.

"Yonder by that copse I see several barons," said Craon, "let us gallop, and as we gallop we will return to the affairs of the constable?"

"What? his accounts?"

"Scandalous reports! scandalous reports."

"Well, well, dispense if you please with that ominous shake of the head, and speak more plainly."

"You then know nothing?"

"I know a thousand pieces of scandal, but they are chiefly peccadillos of the good names of the court."

"Oh, this relates to Clisson."

"Proceed then, but remember I bear the constable no ill-will for his part in that night affair which Bonbon, cursed animal! told to Charles. Clisson was not born a courtier. he cannot smile on friends and foes alike and this has made him a host of enemies."

"Now you are going to say that I am his enemy."

"No, but that unlucky encounter—"

"Cursed Clisson! my head still aches with the blow he gave me!"



"See now," said the duke laughing, "what is rather the speech of an enemy than a friend."

"I wish to be neither. This constable who is no courtier as you say, whose stout limbs are so well adapted for armor and so badly for silk, this Oliver the Butcher, as those who have felt his terrible fist call him, is not a man to inspire a fervid interest."

"But just the man to inspire hatred."

"Sdeath! then if it will out, I hate him!"

"And I know it."

"It is not this night brawl alone, 'tis his insulting ostentation, his overbearing pride!"

"Oh, now I recognise you Pierre, that flush is downright genuine passion."

"Duke," continued Craon, "do you know that Clisson in the ten years of his constableness has amassed a fortune of two millions of francs, do you hear, two millions!"

"Bah, it is not so."

"Oh but it is, I swear it. Ask the constable himself, and this man who would not lie to save his head as they say, will not dare deny the truth of this charge."

"Two millions! it cannot be."

"Oh," continued Craon, "this man thinks to govern the realm of France as he pleases through his friend the king, he imagines that this fine country was made to be taxed for himself alone, and at his own good pleasure!"

"Craon! Craon!"

"He says to himself with that smile which is so disagreeable, I am ten times richer than this poor King my master! I have a hotel which surpasses in magnificence the palaces of the Louvre and St. Paul as the dwelling of an emperor surpasses a miserable shed"—

"Rascal!" exclaimed a loud voice and on looking round Craon saw a tall iron framed man who had advanced near enough by means of a little thicket to hear the young man's last words.

"The constable!" he exclaimed turning pale with a mixture of fear and anger.

The constable rode right towards them.

"Yes, Sire Craon, a rascal! a knave! cried he, "and moreover a coward. A knave because you lie away men's characters, a coward since you do it when you think them absent!"

Craon turned crimson and rapidly put his hand to the hilt of his sword.

The Duke caught his arm.

"Chevalier!" he said in a low tone, "in heaven's name reflect. It is the constable of France!"

"Mondieu!" ejaculated Clisson touching the handle of a little dress sword hanging at his girdle. "Let the Knight go Duke! I will do him the honor to cross his blade, though it does belong to the traitor who robbed my Lord of Anjou of one hundred thousand francs spent in debaucheries at Venice."

Craon uttered a cry as hoarse as a chained lion's.

"Release him Duke, in God's name let him come! I will not kill him. He is your favorite, my Lord. Come! come! let go his arm, I will only stop his gossiping tongue for a little time. See duke! he is not a coward after all, he is mad to get loose, or at least he appears so!"

The constable uttered these words with that coolness which he had gained in a hundred encounters. But at the same time this tone was more insulting than the most raging passion.

Craon by an unceremonious jerk of his arm drew his sword from the scabbard and put spur to his horse in order to rush upon De Clisson.

Craon was not at all wanting in bravery, and only saw in the constable an enemy who offered him a challenge. The duke seized his bridle and threw the horse on his haunches. Then looking Craon steadily in the eyes, he said:

"Break your sword!"

"Duke," said Craon with trembling lips, "look! that man has insulted me!"

"Craon," said the duke, "you are mad! That man's frame is of iron, he will kill you. But if you kill him, what is the consequence? The king has already threatened to throw you into the dungeon of the Chatelet for simply scratching his shoulder. Wait! and now say nothing, I order you to break that sword."

Craon almost shuddered.

"Drop your sword," said the duke.

Overcome by the look of command, Cra-

on let fall his weapon. He began to think of the "wait," uttered by his companion.

The constable had not heard these words from the low tone in which they were spoken, but he saw the sword fall.

"Oh," he cried, "then it seems we are not to have this little bout until another time. So be it. But remember not to slander me again, Sire de Craon, or take care of your ears!"

Having uttered these words with a menacing shake of the head, Clisson rode away.

Craon's flush had been succeeded by an ashy paleness, and he replied touching his poinard, "we shall meet again!"

The constable galloped toward the king, who, with Evan at his side, was riding along beneath the shade of some willows.

Suddenly the king stopped and fixed his eyes on some point above the tops of the trees.

Isabelle had loosed her falcon at a large heron which had just risen from the stream.

The hawk sailed towards the heron as if a hurricane bore him along, rising by a series of gyrations higher and higher. At last he was above the heron and he made his swoop with outstretched beak and talons. The quarry received his breast on its long bill. For an instant the two birds turned over and over in the air, apparently caught in each others' clutches. Then the falcon was seen to disengage himself and mount languidly, a second time. The heron presented its bill as at first, the hawk darted down.

The queen clasped her hands.

"By heaven," said Charles, "Ancelin will certainly impale himself. He is already wounded."

"Give me your bow," said Evan to one of the hunters who held one strung in his hand. Then first questioning the king with a glance, he fitted an arrow to the string.

The hawk was within a foot of the heron and about to impale himself blindly on its beak when the queen saw an arrow rise like a flash above the willows and pierce the heron's wing.

The two birds fell to the ground; the heron maimed, the falcon exhausted.

"A good shot!" said Charles.

Evan gave the bow to the huntsman and bowed to the king.

"Madame Isabelle is coming," continued the king putting spur to his horse, "let us go there."

The queen hastened to the spot where the hawk stood looking at his fallen enemy, and taking him to her bosom, smoothed down his ruffled feathers.

"Madame," said Charles, "you have forgotten to thank your poor hawk's preserver. It is Messire de Foix whom I now present to you."

Evan bowed.

"Many thanks, sire chevalier," said Isabelle, and she stretched out her hand for him to kiss.

Evan knelt and pressed the hand to his lips, and immediately Isabelle turned with an indifference which was too great not to be feigned.

Soon after this the party returned to Tours.

On the way Sir Roger D'Espagne said to the knight:

"You have attracted the queen's favorable regard Evan. Take my advice and go to pay your respects this evening at the palace."

"Her favorable regard! You jest Sir Roger. But I shall go all the same because—"

"Well, what stops you, because—"

"Madame the duchess de Berri my old playmate has deigned to remember me."

"Madame Jeanne de Boulogne," said Sir Roger with the same sigh which had attracted the attention of Gaston de Foix, "yes I have seen her to-day."

"Courtesy requires me to visit her," said Evan.

"I will go with you," said Sir Roger.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### YOLANDE DE LA POLE.

Isabella of Bavaria, queen of France, was seated in the great saloon of the palace, surrounded by the ladies of her bed chamber and her court.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the mingled taste and extravagance of the costumes of that period. Long velvet shoes with upturned points, fashioned into serpents and affixed to the knees by chains of gold, silken hose of elastic net

work which defined every muscle of the limbs, jackets of white, black, green and blue velvet with animals or love songs embroidered upon them in seed pearls, this was the dress of the men.

The women with their arms bared to the shoulder and their low-bosomed dresses seemed unwilling that any part of their charms should be hidden which they could display with decency.

To form an idea of the gigantic head dress called a *henin*, which forced the wearer to stoop on entering the room, it must be seen in the pictures of the period.

Among all these beautiful and seductive forms, the queen appeared like a tall lily rising above a bed of poppies.

With her long golden hair which fell in curls from beneath her head-dress of velvet and jewels, with her delicately formed features, her fair complexion and dark voluptuous eyes, Isabella of Bavaria was the living type of those enchantresses of the old poems who lure men on to sacrifice their souls for the possession of their beauty.

This drooping head which sank languidly towards her naked shoulder was supported by a white and swan-like neck. It was Isabella who first set the fashion of leaving the neck and shoulders bare.

The queen was conversing with the duke of Orleans who occupied a stool at her feet, and was negligently playing with the tassel of her girdle.

"What do you think of this young girl, my lord," said Isabella, "she who is talking to Messire de Foix?"

The young girl was Alice.

"Mademoiselle de Roye?" asked Orleans.

"Yes, whom I have given a room next my own in the palace. You know she is the daughter of Madame who was once a lady of my bed chamber."

"Oh, she is quite pretty," said the duke, "but," he added in a languishing tone.

"Well, my Lord?" said Isabella.

"But before Diana the stars must veil their faces."

"Oh, what a fine compliment," said Isabella.

The duke lowered his face and behind his long yellow hair it assumed a mocking expression. Perhaps as he was a learned man

for that age, he had just thought of the epithet bestowed by the Latins on the goddess of the woods.

"And very poetical," said the queen, "this is the reply of a troubadour."

"I am not a troubadour Madam, would that I were, for he alone can claim before all the world the laurel crown from the hand of his mistress."

"The laurel-crown," said Isabella laughing.

"Before all the world."

"Oh, but my Lord," continued the queen, "if you take the pains to question your memory, it will tell you that my hands have already bestowed upon you the crown and that before all the world."

"Madam, of what do you speak?"

"At the tournament in the Place St. Catherine."

"Oh," said the duke.

"Have you forgotten it my Lord," said Isabel in a haughty and imperious tone.

"What have you forgotten duke?" said a gay voice, and on turning round Isabella saw the king.

For a moment she was disconcerted.

As for the duke a burning blush overspread his features in spite of his cynical effrontery.

Charles looked at him in perfect astonishment.

"Why this blush, my brother?" said he after a moment's silence. "Sire—sire!"—stammered the duke.

"I will tell your highness," said the voice of Pierre de Craon, who seemed to be his patron's attendant spirit.

"What then is it, Messire de Craon? It must needs be something very scandalous."

"Your highness, permit me to say, is mistaken. Monseigneur's confusion arises from a chiding he has received from Madam, the queen."

"A chiding?" asked Charles.

"In truth, my Lord, the duke has not behaved properly to your majesty."

The duke gave his favorite a Medusa look.

"In what Messire de Craon?" said the king.

"And even more improperly towards Madam."

"In what; speak, since our brother of Or-

leans seems to labor under an unusual attack of modesty."

"Imagine then Sire," said Craon, "that his lordship was commissioned by Madam, the queen, to procure for your highness a gorgeous suit of Milan steel."

"A suit of armor, Madam," said Charles, turning to Isabella.

The queen smiled.

"For the approaching tourney," said Craon.

"Who speaks of a tourney?" replied the king.

"My faith, sire, many persons," answered Craon impudently, "since her highness has signified her gracious intention of allowing the chivalry of France an opportunity to display their prowess. But Madam gave his highness an order of much more importance. It was to procure her a supply of Flanders' lace, and he has failed in both."

"And this Madam," said the king, "is the cause of your anger?"

"I confess sire that I spoke too harshly, and in token of forgiveness, I present his highness this hand to kiss."

The duke pressed his lips to the olive fingers.

"And now sire," said the queen anxious to turn the conversation, "I call on you as my good knight to defend me."

"Oh the Sire de la Pole who is coming to pay you his respects, from him I must defend you?"

"Yes, from a rampart. When that man bows I feel afraid as if a mountain was about to overwhelm me."

It was in the midst of a chorus of gay laughter that the Sire de la Pole approached the queen.

He was immensely fat and unwieldy, his face was red and consequential in its expression, and his figure had long before come to resemble a barrel.

Added to this, he was clad in the most gorgeous stuffs, and every movement betrayed that arrogance of the purse-proud man which the Roman poet calls his insolent joy.

"To the knight's arm clung his daughter Yolande, a graceful, arch-looking girl of nineteen, with blue eyes, fair locks, a skin like satin, and red and pouting lips which disclosed when she smiled a row of snow white teeth.

"Madam," said the fat knight when he had approached within three paces of the queen's chair, "I am your highness' humble slave."

And the Sieur of La Pole raised his head proudly.

The queen maliciously held out her hand proudly.

The knight dropped upon his knees pretty much as an elephant performs that movement, and in doing so sent a tremor through the saloon.

However, without appearing to observe the titter which came from a group of young women near, he gallantly kissed the queen's hand, and after immense exertion rose up puffing and flushed.

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Yolande was exchanging repartees with Pierre de Craon like another Beatrice with Benedick.

"Madame, the queen," said de Craon, "Mademoiselle Yolande wishes to know how you are pleased with your new servant."

Yolande opened her lips to refute this impudent assertion, but she was prevented by the queen who asked,

"What new servant, Messire de Craon?"

"The knight of the Grey Falcon yonder, Madam."

"The chevalier de Foix?"

"Yes, Madam, he who has shot so well in your highness' service, and also in his own."

"How in his own?" said Isabel evading the first question.

"Does not that young lady demean herself very affectionately towards him Madam? Stay, she smiles—what beautiful teeth!"

"'Tis a clear case," said Charles.

The queen frowned, and then this frown disappeared to give place to a smile which had a crafty look on her thin cut lips.

The duke of Orleans saw this frown and a dark shade seemed to pass across his face.

"Mademoiselle de Roye is already betrothed," said Isabella, "and it is not to the Sieur de Foix. Messire Hugh de Guisay is the happy man."

"My faith, I agree with you Madam," said the king, "he will be a fortunate man."

"And this poor Sieur de Foix," said De Craon, "what does your highness think of him. I am anxious to know for the satisfac-

tion of my charming friend here whose modesty will not allow her to ask the question herself."

And De Craon bowed with ironical ceremony to Yolande.

"His complexion is marvellously fair for one who accompanied the African expedition. I know he was at the siege," said Charles.

"Oh highness," said Yolande, "his face is indeed fair, much too fair. It does not please me."

Pierre de Craon whose complexion, thanks to a thousand francs a year spent in cosmetics, was as fair as alabaster, made a movement of vexation.

"It seems unnatural," continued Yolande, "that a cavalier should have the fairness of a woman. I ask for my part a head of bronze, a little fierce if you choose, and a little brigandish; above all, with dark locks. There you find expression, there you find spirit!"

The queen laughed.

"Does your highness disagree with me, Madam?"

"You pay but a poor compliment to the king and the duke, Mademoiselle."

"Not to speak of my humble self," said De Craon.

"Sieur de Craon," said the young woman pouting, "I had no intention of paying you a compliment, and as for your highness, the king, it cannot be of any importance what opinion a simple young girl has of him."

This speech perfectly unprecedented drew a most unequivocal stare from the other damsels of the court.

The duke of Orleans made a wry face.

Pierre de Craon laughed.

"Oh Madam," said he, "in truth you do not compliment me, and yet methinks I deserve it a little. How often have I told you of your amiability, your beauty, to say nothing of your brilliant wit."

"Tiresome," said the young woman turning away.

"Look," said the king, "there is Sir Hugh de Guisay, the accepted lover, and he seems to be very ill-pleased, upon my word."

"And now the Sire de Foix is coming this way," said Isabella.

"No," said Yolande, "he is too bashful."

With the complexion of a young girl he has inherited her bashfulness."

"Is it always thus with young girls?" asked Pierre de Craon with an affectation of great interest.

"See," said Charles, "it is singular; he goes away just as the dancing is about to commence."

"And without saluting me," said Isabelle.

"He is afraid of Sir Hugh," said Yolande, "stay, I will obey the gospel precept. Sir Hugh de Guisay shall ask me to dance. Oh, I yawn in perspective."

But before the young lady could put into effect her philanthropic intentions, Evan had disappeared at the opposite end of the saloon.

## THE FATHER OF MARSHAL NEY.

BY L. J. CIST.

"The father of Marshal Ney died a few years ago, at the age of nearly a hundred years. He loved his son with tenderness, mingled with respect, and although of a singularly robust habit of body, his family feared the effect of the shock which the sad events of 1815 might produce upon him. He was never informed of them. The mourning of his daughter with whom he lived, and his grand children, only made him aware that some dreadful calamity had befallen the family. He ventured to ask no questions, and ever after, sad and melancholy, pronouncing but rarely the name of his son. He lingered on till 1826, when he died, without having learned his tragical fate."—*Memoires du Marechal Ney, publiés par sa famille, Paris. 1833.*

Ye marvel that I don these weeds,  
In mourning for the death of one,  
The echo of whose daring deeds  
Hath filled the earth—my pride! my Son!  
Yet that I ask not how or when,  
His lofty spirit passed away,  
Who hath, among the race of men,  
No equal left—My gallant NEY!

Yet wherefore marvel?—Is it not  
Enough for me that I *do* mourn,  
That he who ne'er his sire forgot  
Will never more to me return?—  
That *here* I feel a deadlier woe  
Than when the soul and body part?  
But how I learned it ye would know—  
I felt it in a Father's heart!

I know that in his pale white shroud,  
Imprisoned in the narrow grave,  
Lies he, of whom all France was proud,  
MY SON—"the bravest of the brave!"



But how he died, or when, or where—  
In deadly conflict with the foe—  
Alone, or watched with tenderest care,  
I neither know, nor seek to know!

If from yon sky were blotted out  
The noonday brilliance of the sun,  
What, as we darkly groped about,  
Cared we to know *how* it was done?  
If from the starry hosts of Heaven,  
(As the lost Pleiades were wept,)  
We missed our guiding star at even,  
Should we ask *where* it had been swept?

It is enough—enough for me,  
To know and feel that he is gone;  
That I no more, on earth, shall see  
*My* Star of Hope—of Life *my* Sun:  
Enough that I already know  
(The instinct of a Father's pride,)  
That he I love in death lies low—  
That when he fell a HERO died!

I shall not long survive him—*here*  
Th' unerring archer's shaft is sped;  
I go to join a son so dear,  
To share with him his narrow bed:  
And when my eyes are closed in night,  
And in the earth my form ye lay,  
The only epitaph ye write  
For me, be this—"THE SIRE OF NEY!"  
*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

## THE THREE RENCONTRES.

From "Le Foyer Breton." By *Emile Souvestre*.

In those times when the Blessed Virgin and her Son often came to visit lower Brittany—when as many holy hermitages were seen upon the high road as now are found new houses, having near the threshold a manger and a sprig of the *herb which comes from on high*;<sup>\*</sup> there was in the bishopric of Leon, two young noblemen as rich as heart could wish, and so handsome that their mother could not find in their persons any thing to change; they were called Tonyk and Mylio. Mylio, the elder, was near sixteen, and Tonyk had not reached his fourteenth year. Both had received lessons from such skilful masters that they might have been received as priests if age and vocation had not been wanting. However, Tonyk was pious, always ready to assist the poor and pardon offences. Money clung no closer to his hands than resentment to his heart, whilst Mylio would

not give to every one his due; he still hoarded, and if any one offended him he failed not to avenge himself with all his power. As God had taken their father from them whilst they still wore the infant's robes, his widow, who was a woman of very great virtue, had brought them up herself; but when then they began to attain to man's estate, she judged it was time to send them to an uncle from whom they might expect good advice and—a *great inheritance*. One day, therefore, after giving to each a new hat, shoes with silver buckles, a violet cloak, a full purse and a fine horse, she bade them set off for their uncle's house. The boys began their journey, filled with joy at the idea of seeing new countries. Their horses traveled so fast that at the end of some days they found themselves in another kingdom, which produced neither the same trees or grain as their country did. Now, one morning when they had reached the cross roads, they saw a poor woman seated near a cross, and the figure<sup>\*</sup> lying on her apron. Tonyk stopped his horse short to ask her what was the matter, and the mendicant sighing, told him she had just lost her son, her only wealth, and now she was abandoned to christian charity. The young man was greatly touched, but Mylio, who had gone forward a few steps, cried out to him in a mocking tone: "Are you going to believe all the first weeper tells you? This woman just put herself there to *pipe* the money from the purses of the passers by!"

"Hush! my brother," replied Tonyk—"hush, for Heaven's sake; your harsh words make her weep more. Don't you see that she is the same form and age of our dear mother; whom, may God protect!" and bending towards the beggar he held his purse to her, "here, my poor woman I can only assist you, but I will pray God to comfort and console you."

The mendicant took the purse and kissing it, she said to Tonyk, "since my young lord desired to enrich a poor woman, he will not refuse to accept from her this walnut which encloses a wasp with a diamond sting."

Tonyk took the walnut, and thanking the beggar, pursued his way with Mylio. They soon arrived at the edge of a great forest.

<sup>\*</sup>The Mistletoe.

<sup>\*</sup>Crucifix.



where they perceived a little child almost naked, searching in the hollow trees, singing an unknown air, sadder than the mournful mass for the dead. He often stopped to rub his little frozen hands together and mingled in his chant the words—" *I am cold! I am cold!*" and they heard his teeth chatter.

Tonyk felt ready to weep at this piteous sight, and said to his brother: "Jesus! Mylio, look how that poor innocent suffers from this cold north wind!"

"He must be extremely chilly, then," replied Mylio, "for I do not find the wind so cold."

"It is because you have on a warm vest, a cloth coat, and over all a violet cloak, whilst he is clothed only with the air of heaven."

"Very well," observed Mylio, "he is nothing but a little peasant."

"Alas!" replied Tonyk, "when I think that you might have been born in his station my heart breaks and I cannot see him suffer so." He stopped his horse, called the poor little boy to him and asked him what he was doing.

"I am seeking the flies with the azure wings, they sleep in the hollow of the trees," replied the child.

"And what will you do with these azure wings?" said Mylio.

"When I have found enough I will take them to the city and buy me a cloak which will keep me as warm as the sun."

"How many have you found?" said the young lord.

"Only one," replied the child, showing a little rush cage, in which he had enclosed the blue fly.

"Well, I will take it," interrupted Tonyk, who threw his cloak to the child; "wrap your limbs in that precious cloth, dear little innocent, and every evening add to your prayers an Ave for Mylio and another for her who brought us into the world."

The two brothers continued their journey, and Tonyk at first suffered greatly from the keen north wind; but when they had crossed the forest the wind began to blow more gently, the fog arose and a *vein of sunshine*\* glittered in the clouds. Soon afterwards they

came to a flowery meadow where a fountain was casting up its crystal waters, there they saw an old man in rags, carrying upon his shoulders the wallet of the *bread seekers*—(beggars.) As soon as he saw the two horsemen, he called to them in a supplicating voice. Tonyk approached him.

"What do you wish, my old father?" asked he, taking his hat from his head out of respect for the aged mendicant.

"Alas! my dear little lords," said he, "you see my whitened hair and wrinkled features! Old age has deprived me of my strength, and my feeble feet can no longer support my tottering frame. I must die in this place unless one of you consents to sell me your horse."

"Sell you one of our horses, old bread seeker!" cried Mylio, with an air of contempt, "and what have you to pay us?"

"You see this hollow acorn?" replied the beggar mildly, "it encloses a spider which spins cloth stronger than steel. Leave me one of your horses and I will give in exchange the spider and the acorn."

The elder of the young men burst into a loud laugh. "Hear you that, Tonyk?" cried he, turning to his brother. "By my baptism! there must be two *calves' feet in that old man's sabots*."

But the youngest answered in a low voice, "the poor man can offer no more than he has." And dismounting from his horse, he went to the mendicant, "I will give you my horse, my brave man," said he, "not because of the price you offer for him, but in remembrance of Jesus Christ, who hath said the *bread seekers* are his people. Take him as your own and thank God for making me the instrument of serving you."

The old man murmured a thousand blessings upon the youthful head of the compassionate boy, with whose assistance he mounted the horse and disappeared from the meadow. But Mylio would not pardon this last act of his brother's alms; and his resentment burst forth. "*Big mouth!*" (an epithet of contempt) cried he to Tonyk, "you ought to be ashamed for the situation in which your folly has placed you. You thought doubtless that when once despoiled of all your own I would share with you my money, cloak and horse; but hope it not! I

\* An expression made use of in Brittany to indicate a ray of sunshine.

want you to profit by this lesson, and in feeling the inconveniences resulting from your prodigality, you will become more economical in future."

"It is indeed a good lesson, my brother," replied Tonyk gently, "and I refuse not to take it. I did not dream of partaking of your money, cloak and horse: therefore follow your road without being anxious at all about me, and may the queen of angels guide and protect you."

Mylio would not reply, and set off in a trot, whilst his young brother continued on foot, looking at him in the distance, and making no reproaches to him in his heart. They soon came to the entrance of a narrow passage, bordered on each side by two steep mountains, their heads lost in the clouds. It was called the *Cursed Passage*—because a giant dwelt on the top of the mountains and kept watch for the travellers who passed that way, like a hunter watching for game. He was blind and had no feet, but his hearing was so acute that he heard the worm digging his hole in the earth. His servants were two eagles which he had subjected to his power, (for he was a great magician) and he sent them to bring the prey when he heard it coming. So the people of the country crossed this passage with their shoes in their hands, as the girls do when they go to the market towns, and dared to breathe lest the giant should hear them. Mylio, who did not know this, entered in full gallop; the ogre awakened at the noise of the horse's shoes striking against the stones.

"What! Ho! my trusty greyhounds, where are you!" cried he.

The red and white eagles ran to him.

"Go bring me my supper which is passing!" cried the ogre. They flew, swift as the arrow from the strong bow, plunged in the depths of the ravine, seized Mylio by his violet cloak and carried him to the giant's dwelling.

At that moment Tonyk arrived at the entrance of the passage. He saw his brother carried off by the eagles and he ran towards them with an agonizing shriek; but the eagles and Mylio disappeared in the clouds which covered the tops of the mountains. The poor boy remained motionless and stunned, looking up to the heavens and the two

steep sides of the mountains which rose like a wall on each side of him; then fell upon his knees and clasping his hands said, "Almighty God, who created the world, save my brother Mylio!"

"Do not trouble the Father to do such a small thing," replied three soft little voices, which were heard all at once near him.

Tonyk turned round in wonder and astonishment.

"Who spoke, and where are you?" demanded he.

"In your coat pocket," replied the three voices.

The young man felt in his pocket and drew out the walnut, the acorn, and the little rush cage, in which the three insects were enclosed.

"And which of you can save Mylio?" said he.

"I, I, I," replied all three.

"How can you do it my *poor little nothings*," said Tonyk.

"Open our prisons and you shall soon see.

The youth did as they demanded; then the spider rushed to a tree and began spinning a web, as brilliant and hard as steel; then mounting on the azure wings of the little fly, it raised her gently in the air, whilst she continued her web, each thread of which was separated and formed the steps of a ladder. Tonyk followed them, mounting the steps of the wonderful ladder as it unrolled itself, until he reached the top of the mountain. Then the wasp flew before him and they all came to the giant's dwelling. It was a cave dug in the rock, and as high as a church steeple. The blind and legless ogre was seated in the centre of it. He was swinging his body back and forth, like a poplar swayed by the winds whilst he sung these words:

"I love to eat the men of Leon, for they are fed with rich meats:

The Tregonois taste of wheaten cakes and sweet fresh milk;

But those of Vannes and Quimper, God bye!

These people eat too much black rye!"

Whilst singing he was arranging the slices of pork to roast with Mylio, who was lying at his feet, his legs and arms tied behind like a chicken ready for the spit. The two

eagles were at a little distance near the fireplace, one arranging the spit and the other making the fire. The noise the giant made in singing and his close attention to the slices of bacon had prevented his hearing the approach of Tonyk and his three little servants. But the red eagle saw the boy. He rushed to bear him away in his terrible talons. The little wasp pierced his eyes with the diamond sting. The white eagle ran to his brother's rescue and shared the same fate. Then the wasp flew to the giant (who had raised himself when he heard the shrieks of his two servants,) and pierced him on all sides with the diamond sting: the strokes fell as fast as drops from an overcharged cloud. The giant bellowed like bulls in the month of August. In vain his arms flew round like the wings of a windmill under full sail, he could not strike the fly for want of eyes, and for the want of feet it was equally impossible to fly. At last he fell in despair with his face to the earth, to escape from the fiery dart. Then the spider ran to him and began immediately to spin a net of steel, in which he was bound, fixed and immovable. In vain he called the two eagles to his rescue; agony made them furious, and knowing the ogre vanquished they were resolved upon a terrible retribution for their long slavery; flapping their wings with vindictive ferocity, they rushed upon their old tyrant and began tearing his flesh under the net of steel and ceased not one instant until they came to the *cardinal* bones. When filled to repletion they laid down upon the carcass, and as the flesh of the giant could not be digested they both burst without rising. As to Tonyk, he had unfastened his brother, and embracing him with tears of joy and gratitude, he carried him out the ogre's dwelling to the edge of the precipice. The azure wings and the wasp soon appeared, drawing the little rush cage which was transformed into a coach. They invited the two brothers to seat themselves in it, whilst the spider placed himself behind as the lacquais of a great nobleman. The equipage set off with the rapidity of the winds. Tonyk and Mylio crossed mountains and valleys as if they were smooth plains, (for in the air the roads are always in a good state) and soon arrived before their uncle's castle.

The coach touched the ground and rolled toward the drawbridge where the brothers perceived their two horses awaiting them; but on Tonyk's horse hung his cloak and purse, with this difference, the purse was larger and filled with gold, and the cloak was covered with diamonds. The astonished boy turned towards the coach to ask an explanation, but the coach had disappeared, and in the place of the fly, the wasp and the spider stood three angels of dazzling brightness. In amazement the two brothers fell upon their knees. Then the most beautiful and shining of the angels came to Tonyk and said to him:

"Fear not, good heart! for the woman, the child and the old man were no other than the Virgin Mary, Jesus, her son, and St. Joseph. They gave us to you to protect you from danger during your journey, now that you have come to the end of it we return to Paradise. Recollect hereafter what has happened, and let it ever stimulate you to do good to the poor, so will you be rewarded here and hereafter!"

Then the three angels spread their shining wings and rose upwards like the birds of heaven, filling the air with their heavenly music as they chanted the sweet *Hosannas* which are sung in our churches.

S. S. C.

Columbus, Ga.

## THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

From a garden bright and sunny,  
 Sept by breezes soft and free,  
 Where the joyous birds are singing,  
 I have come to gladden thee;  
 Come to whisper of a dear one,  
 Who has loved thee long and well;  
 Very pleasant is the message,  
 Sleeping in my tiny cell,  
 Breathing more of truth and kindness  
 Than the giver's life could tell.

Take me from my snowy prison,  
 Place me in some favorite book;  
 Place me very, very softly,  
 Where thine eyes will often look;  
 And I will forever whisper,  
 From my little fragrant cell,  
 Of the heart that fondly loves thee,  
 That has loved thee long and well;  
 Guard that heart's love like a treasure,  
 I have died its truth to tell.

MATILDA.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

BOOK FOURTH.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. Roane.]

NOTE.—I intended to have offered some remarks to the readers of "Gonsalvo of Cordova" in the form of a note, to the first book, upon what I conceive to be the very important subject of proper names taken from foreign languages. At the risk even now, of having such remarks considered as inappropriate and out of place, I will present some loose thoughts which occur to me, leaving it to another occasion or to other persons to discuss the subject more thoroughly.

We, in America, as a matter of course, have heretofore blindly followed English authorities in all questions relating to literature and science. This has resulted partly from the traditions of our origin, and partly from the necessity of our position as a nation, compelled to struggle chiefly with our material wants, and to subjugate our new country and prepare it for the abode of a higher civilization and culture. Of late years we have given indications of greater independence, and we already begin to perceive the germination of an original literature which promises to be more imbued with the national spirit. In fact without this national spirit, no literature can ever be either great or permanent. In consequence of our disposition heretofore, to accept, almost without examination, the *dicta* of English writers, we have adopted many very gross errors and in nothing is this more apparent than in the adoption of geographical and other proper names from foreign languages.

The English authors themselves, up to a very recent period, have slavishly received and impressed upon our language, the French adaptation of such names. The very simple rule of taking the foreign name as far as it can be done, without alteration of orthography or pronunciation from the country to which it belongs, would, it seems to me, commend itself to the good sense of every one. The German or Alemanic nations have more generally followed this rule, and we find in their languages only, and those of the Slavonic nations, an approach to uniformity and consistency upon this point. Of late years the English have begun to think for themselves. Sir William Jones took the first steps in the right direction with regard to Hindu names, and since his day many intelligent travellers have followed in the same path.

In a recently published Hydrographic Memoir of the Mediterranean, by Rear Admiral W. H.

Smith, we find from page 406 to 413, some very valuable remarks upon this subject. He shows that the changes in geographical names have taken place chiefly through the Frank conquest of the Eastern Empire—through the domination of the Turks, and through the corruptions of travellers. He gives many interesting illustrations of corruptions from all these sources. For instance with regard to the origin of Stamboul for Constantinople; Constantinople on account of its importance was called by the Byzantine Greeks 'ηπολις,' the city—'τηνπολιν,' in the accusative, to which the 'εις' contracted 'σ' was generally prefixed to express "to the city," making it 'στηπολις' pronounced Stambolin, the Greek η being pronounced α, the ν μ, and the π sometimes β. These changes being made the name becomes Stambolin, and by a further trifling alteration Stamboul. The origin of Point St. James, as the name of a Cape near the city of Smyrna, is not a little curious and illustrates how servilely the English have followed the French in geographical names, when a very slight knowledge would have prevented a very ludicrous mistake. There is a point at the quarantine ground in the harbour of Smyrna where vessels are examined: the Turkish flag called in their language "Sanjak," is displayed here. The French *gallicised* this name and called the place, *Pointe St. Jacques*, which the English soon after translated into Point St. James, by which appellation it is still known. The name Otaheite for Tahiti, resulting from a mistake of Capt. Cook who correctly wrote *o* before the name and attempted to represent the native sound *heety* (heety) by heite, which in no case in English is so pronounced.

The Greek and Roman names too in our language have been hopelessly corrupted through the carelessness and subserviency of the early English authors to the French, as the following examples will abundantly illustrate: Latin—Horatius, Ovidius, Virgilius, Livius, Homerus. French—Horace, Ovide, Virgile, Live, Homere. English—Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Livy, Homer. This comparison might be carried much further and show how little independence was exercised in transferring these and similar names into English.

Grote, in his recent valuable History of Greece, has attempted to remedy this with regard to Greek names as far as it can now be effected. The attempt deserves success, but I almost fear that it has been made too late. The *Latinized* and *Frenchified* appellations have become so fixed and rooted in the language that an alteration now would be next to impossible. He gives the Greek names in the Mythology instead of the Latin such as Zeus, Poseidon, Aphrodite, Artemis, &c. in place of Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Diana. He also spells Socrates, Alcibiades, Themistocles.



and words of that character with a *k* instead of a *c*. This orthography is certainly more in analogy with correct principles than the orthography now in vogue, and if it had been adopted by the early writers, the *conditores linguæ* it would have served to have given to our language *quoad hoc*, a more accurate and scientific character.

To give another illustration of the ludicrous changes which names sometimes undergo, it is said, but I do not vouch its truth, that a certain Peter Gunn left his country to reside in France; his name was first translated *Pierre Fusil*; very naturally *de* was afterwards added and the name became *Pierre de Fusil*, which when he returned to his own country, was translated *Mr. Flint*, (*pi-erre de fusil* in French signifying flint.) Poor Pythagoras has suffered in a similar manner. The name in French is Pythagore, the *h* being silent in pronunciation, he became in English plain *Peter Gower*.

This reminds me of the transformations of name one Mr. Trotter had to submit to, in the course of his travels through different countries. He went to Ireland and was called Mr. O'Trotter, to Scotland and was called Mr. McTrotter, in France he was known as Monsieur Trottingnac, in Italy as Signor Trottini, in Holland as Mynheer Von Trotter, in Russia as — Trottenhoff, in Poland as — Trottinski, and if he had extended his travels to China it is very probable that he would have rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Trottin fou.

The above anecdotes are probably untrue, but they give a pleasant illustration of the absurd changes to which proper names have been subjected by passing through different languages.

There are some geographical names however in English which we may assume the credit of having derived from original sources and not through the French, such as Leghorn, Florence and Naples, as representing the Italian Livorno, Firenze and Napoli. It is true that the corresponding French names are Livourne, Florence and Naples, but the ancient Italian on the medieval Latin names were Legorno, Florentia and Neapolis, from which the English appellations were derived independently of the French.

In regard to the Spanish names used in this work and herein consists the application of this note, we find that they too have come to us through the French. "Gonsalvo" is "Gonsalo" in Spanish and unquestionably ought to be so in English. So "Muley Hassan" ought to be "Muley Hacen," "Boabdil" "Abu Abdalah," "Guadalquiver" "Wadal-Kebir," according to the Arabic designation. It is true that the early Spanish writers have themselves corrupted the Arabic names, but the more modern authors, as Conde, in his great work, "*Arabes en España*" and others have re-

jected the received appellations and adopted those in the original languages.

Had my attention been directed to this subject previous to my translation of "Gonsalvo of Cordova," the principles pointed out in the preceding remarks would certainly have been acted upon and at the risk both of an appearance of pedantry and in some cases of not being understood, I should have written the proper names as they appear in the languages to which they belong. And I do trust this system will hereafter be pursued in America.

"Unhappy is the victim of a cruel duty, who is compelled to sacrifice an affection which is the hope and solace of her life. After such a sacrifice, she thinks that time will soothe her misery and perhaps alleviate her unhappiness. Vain illusion! Time but prolongs its duration. If in the tumult of life, she seeks to be relieved for an instant from her suffering, every object augments it. The sight of a happy couple forces her tears; of a mother surrounded by children, oppresses her heart. If in the retirement of solitude, she makes new efforts to blunt the arrow which afflicts her, she uselessly increases and irritates the wound, by yielding in silence to her sad recollections. Virtue is her only asylum and virtue itself in her enemy. It forces her to love the adored object she mourns and at the same time reproaches her for the violation of her first promise. Such were the sad reflections of Zoraida at the very moment when the Zegrís accused her to Boabdil. Ignorant of the bitter misfortunes which impended over her, alone in the balcony which overlooked the Generalife, she believed that Abenhamet had secured himself in flight. For this she thanked Heaven and still gazing at the rose-bush which had been the faithful witness of their innocent intercourse, directed to it the following verses:

\* How delightful thy fragrance,  
'Thou beautiful rose,  
When under thy shadow  
I found sweet repose;  
'Twas there, when thy foliage  
Was kissed by the dew  
I respired every zephyr  
Thy balmy breath blew.

How lovely thy flowers

\* The above verses are from the same source as those before given.

Which the hand I adored  
 So faithfully gathered,  
 So faithfully stored;  
 But the magic has changed  
 Thy coral buds fled  
 And the deep blushing beauties  
 Which decked thee are dead.

From the still limpid streamlet  
 I bathed each green leaf  
 And forgot in my cares  
 That my charms were so brief,  
 But the streamlet is dry,  
 Which fed thee for years,  
 And the waters which nourish  
 Thee now, are my tears.

"As she ceased, she heard from afar the tumult of the people. Inez a young Spanish captive, who was the confidant of her sorrows and her most attached friend, ran to her mistress in haste. 'Blood flows in the Alhambra' said she, 'the Abencerrages are attacking and will burn the palace. I attempted to go to the place of combat, but the guards are approaching your apartment and no one is permitted to enter or to leave. At least I will perish by your side.'

"The noise increased, they heard the clashing of swords, the shouts of the Abencerrages and the voices of their enemies. The Queen pale and ghastly fell into the arms of Inez, deprived of speech and strength; she could only weep and groan. She passed the night in this horrible situation and the first rays of day had scarcely appeared when a messenger from Boabdil presented himself to Zoraida, with an order from the King, to appear immediately before the assembly of the people. Confused and affrighted, she asked the occasion of the message; no answer was given. The Queen obeyed immediately—she covered herself with a veil and leaning upon her dear Inez and escorted by the guard, went with trembling step towards the plaza. She passed in the midst the people, who were touched with her appearance; advanced to the King whom she discovered among the Zegrís—raised her veil and with timid voice demanded to be informed by her barbarous husband, of what she was accused. 'You shall hear,' replied Boabdil, in a disdainful manner, and turning to the people who listened attentively—'Mussulmen,' said he, 'you probably believe that you have preserved my life only, on this memorable night, but you have saved the empire. Hear

what were the perfidious designs of the treacherous Abencerrages, whom you have driven from your walls. A shameful treaty with the Spaniards promised them my head. You yourselves witnessed their attack upon me in my own palace and after penetrating my heart, Granada would next have been delivered to the flames by their hands. The country owes its safety to you; your King asks of you the vindication of his honor. The ungrateful Abenhamet who owed his life to my mercy, was the assassin selected by his companions. My criminal wife was his accomplice, and this very night was seen with Abenhamet in the Generalife. Shame will not permit me to say more. Mussulmen, I accuse Zoraida before you; you will avenge the outrage committed against our religion, our laws and your monarch.' Zoraida remained mute, surprised and horrified. A confused murmur of the people indicated a disbelief of her guilt. Morfarix Ali, Sahal and Mochtader the most valiant of the Zegrís, then presented themselves and declared that they had seen the Queen in the arms of Abenhamet beneath a rose-bush in the Generalife. Each affirmed the declaration by oath and drawing their scimitars promised to maintain it. Zoraida heard them, fixed upon them an indignant gaze, raised her eyes to Heaven and fell down senseless. They carried her to the palace, where her apartment served as a prison. Ten judges were named on the spot and the King ordered the head of Abenhamet to be brought before them, the dagger found on his person and the dress of the slave in which he was disguised. These mournful proofs together with the attack on the palace, the flight of the Abencerrages and the testimony of the formidable Zegrís either convinced or intimidated. No one dared to defend the cause of Zoraida and the short-lived pity of the populace, vanished the moment it sprung up. The laws, the witnesses, the proofs of the crime compelled the judges to pronounce the horrible sentence, which exiled forever from Granada the tribe of the Abencerrages and condemned the Queen to perish in the flames, if within three days she could find no defender to enter the lists against her accusers.

"The palace of Albayzin, which my father



occupied with his family, was on the summit of a lofty hill distant from the Alhambra. We were the last who knew our misfortunes. Almanzor accusing himself of the death of Abenhamet hastened to the apartment of the Queen, and demanded to speak to her. Boabdil dared not deny Almanzor. Muley-Hassan, Moraima and I followed my brother and arrived at the moment the unhappy Zoraida had been informed of the sentence of the judges and the death of Abenhamet. I will not attempt to depict her deplorable condition; her eyes wandered—her hair was dishevelled and her countenance disfigured; she uttered deafening groans and sounds so articulated that they had in them nothing of human accent. Her hands and feet and whole body were agitated with trembling and convulsions. The faithful Inez was seated at her side and sustained her head upon her own breast. She scarcely recognized us as we approached; without responding to our endearing expressions, she permitted us to carry her to a sofa, where we gathered around and sustained her in our arms. The white locks of the venerable Muley fell upon the face of Zoraida; Almanzor gazed upon her and remained silent and pensive.

"The entire day passed without her being able to understand our words; and the young slave requested that we should leave her to repose. My brother resolved to carry into execution the generous intent he had meditated, left us to seek the bloody remains of the Abencerrages in the fatal Court of Lions. He had them transported from the city, to a distant valley where he performed the sad rites of burial; he concealed in a dense grove the grave of the ill-starred Abenhamet. While he was discharging these mournful duties, Muley-Hassan returned with Moraima to his palace and spite of the urgent requests of Inez, I remained to attend Zoraida and did not leave her for a moment. Inez throwing herself at my feet and manifesting gratitude in her countenance, said to me: 'You who take so much interest in the unhappy lot of my lady, you who would assist me without doubt to save her life, swear by all that is dearest to your heart, not to divulge the secret I am about to confide to you.' I made the prom-

ise she required—she placed my hand in the Queen's and pressed them both against her heart—'Hear me,' said she. 'And oh that you may approve the resolution, with which Heaven inspires me. Two days remain to Zoraida, to seek the warriors to defend her. Her detestable accusers are the terror of Granada and the confidants of the King. No Moor will dare oppose them; the most valiant fear the anger of Boabdil more than the power of their adversaries. Zoraida will perish if we trust her defence to the Granadians. I am a Spaniard and a Christian. I am acquainted with the Cavaliers of my nation and above all, I know Gonsalvo, at whose name your armies tremble and whose virtues and humanity exceed his valor. The Queen has but to write to Gonsalvo, calling Heaven to witness for the justice of her cause and place it in his hands. Gonsalvo will appear at the moment, alone or accompanied by other heroes, you will see him triumph, give life to my lady and restore the honor of which they wish to deprive her.'

"Thus spoke the amiable Inez: Zoraida would scarcely listen to her—'Leave me to die,' replied she, 'I desire and seek death, I have been the cause of the death of the most virtuous of men. Abenhamet perished for me and I desire, I wish to follow him, I ought.'

"'You owe it to yourself to preserve your honor,' answered the young captive, 'you owe it to yourself to go down to the grave, pure and spotless as you have lived. Do you desire that your memory shall be stained with the suspicion of crime? Do you desire that ignominy shall rest upon your name, and that the horrible word 'adultery' be engraved upon your sepulchre. Daughter of Ibrahim, life is your own, but honor is of God, and you owe an account of it to men. Let them recognize your innocence, publish it to the world and then you can put an end to your life if you please.'

"Surprised at these words, pronounced in a strong tone of voice, the queen embraced the captive and yielded to her counsels. The fear of dishonor restored to her her lost strength. We examined the bold project of Inez and weighed its difficulties. War had been declared. Ferdinand and Isabel

were advancing to besiege us. Gonsalvo could not enter within our walls without great peril; his terrible arm perhaps would not suffice against four brave Zegrís. The fear of displeasing their sovereign might perhaps keep back the other Castilians and he might not be able to find the three companions he desired. In spite of these sad reflections and the little hope of success, the Queen approved the design and improving the precious moments wrote to Gonsalvo the following words: 'You are the enemy of the Moors—I am their unhappy Queen and implore your assistance. I am condemned to death and I call the God whom I adore and whom you adore to witness, that I am innocent. Within two days I must perish in the flames—this fate cannot be avoided unless I find four warriors who will fight and conquer the four most valiant of the Zegrís. I have selected Gonsalvo for my defender. If this hero, for the first time, refuses his aid to innocence, I will believe that Heaven desires my death and I will suffer it, without complaint. *Zoraida, Queen of Granada.*'

"As soon as the letter was sealed, I sought a captive Spaniard, whose liberty I had purchased and asked of him as the only proof of his gratitude, to deliver this letter to Gonsalvo; I increased his zeal by confiding to him the importance of the message and instructed him in what manner he might move the heart of the Castilian. That very night I conducted him to one of the gates of the city, where a horse was in waiting by my order—I remained there until I saw him depart on the road leading to the camp of the Christians. I then returned more tranquil and even with something of exultation and gave account to the Queen of what I had done. She wept and embraced me. Her slave comforted, caressed and encouraged her—calculated the time the courier would require—that Gonsalvo would consume in coming and feeling certain that no obstacle would detain that hero, she assured us, that we would see him in Granada on the morning of the third day.

"The captive faithful to his word arrived in the Spanish camp at daylight and asked in a loud voice for Gonsalvo, but what was his grief to hear that Gonsalvo had left. Gon-

salvo having been appointed Ambassador to Fez, was at that moment ploughing the African sea. The Spaniard shed tears and bitterly complained to Heaven of his lot. A soldier moved by his grief proposed to him, to see the valiant and generous Lara, the friend and companion of the hero. He immediately went to his tent, spoke to him in secret—confided what he was instructed to say to Gonsalvo and delivered the letter which he bore. Lara opened and read it. His features became animated, his cheeks burned, his eyes became inflamed.

'Friend,' said he to the captive, 'return instantly to the Queen. Tell her that Gonsalvo is absent, but that he has left behind him another Gonsalvo. To-morrow I will repair to Granada with three of my companions. Gonsalvo always leaves to me the good deeds which he cannot himself perform and if his heart knows envy it is only when I defend the oppressed in his place.'

At this point of the narrative, Gonsalvo was strongly moved and could not repress his admiration. Friendship caused him to shed tears, which fell copiously upon his cheek. Gonsalvo sought forgiveness of the princess and Zulema easily pardoned every proof of the sensibility of the hero.

The princess resumed: "The captive returned and brought us the answer of Lara.

'Your accusers are conquered,' exclaimed Inez. 'Lara equal to Gonsalvo, would be his rival in glory, if he were not his dearest friend. To-morrow your innocence will be made manifest and the blood of the Abencerrages will be avenged.'

"Inez was transported beyond herself—she kissed the hands of the Queen, related to us the exploits of Lara and of the deeds of valor which illustrated the cavaliers of her nation. The hope which burned in her bosom communicated itself to Zoraida; her weeping ceased, her soul enjoyed repose for a time and lighted in her eyes a transient cheerfulness. The following morning was appointed for the combat. The entire city wept for Zoraida, but no one dared to defend her. Since the departure of the Abencerrages the unhappy had no protectors. Almanzor came to her before daylight—

'Queen of Granada,' said he, 'the fatal day has arrived. Neither my diligence nor my zeal can find defenders. I am ashamed of my country, but not for this will I neglect my duty. I alone will enter the lists against the four Zegrís. I alone can save you, if as my heart believes, the God of Heaven protects the innocent. Come, my Queen, declare that you place in my hands your cause. To you, my sister, if I perish, I entrust Moraima and Muley-Hassan.' On hearing these words pronounced with the calmness of a great soul and believing that he was fulfilling but a simple duty, Zoraida pressed the hands of my brother.

" 'Generous Almanzor,' said she, 'I expected of you this noble demonstration of heroism and goodness—but would I not merit my fate, if to preserve my worthless life, I exposed that of the support of Granada—of the son of Muley-Hassan, of the tender husband of Moraima, of the hero whose virtues disarm the Supreme Being, ready to punish this wicked city. No! I must seek defenders, who after the victory can despise the vengeance of Boabdil. Such I have found and they will present themselves at the proper time. I only beseech you, conjure you by the kindness you have manifested in my misfortunes, by that love of justice which guides your actions, that with your friends, with mine, if I still have any, you will protect these defenders from treachery and see that fairness preside at the combat. Pardon these suspicions. Zoraida may justly distrust the Zegrís.' Almanzor looked at me in surprise, and respecting the secret of the Queen, asked no questions. He promised to guard the palisades and be himself the judge of the field and went straightway to make the necessary preparations.

"In the mean time Zoraida, when she saw the hour approach, retired for some moments and on her knees before the Supreme Being pronounced a fervent prayer in behalf of her protectors. She arose with a serene countenance, thanked me for my attention, spoke of her gratitude and besought the All Powerful to bestow upon me more happiness than had fallen to her lot. While I mingled my tears with hers, she turned to the captive and presented to her a casket containing her jewels.

" 'My best friend!' said she,—'Receive in presence of Zulema, your liberty and these gifts, the only remains of my fatal grandeur. Accept them, faithful Inez, as the last proof of my love and as the only favor which your Queen can bestow upon you. If Heaven has decreed my death, they will recall Zoraida to your memory. In your own country you will find a peaceful retreat where sometimes you will think of me. Above all, moderate your grief. The only authority I reserve over you, is to command you not to lay violent hands upon yourself and to beseech you to remember that to your tender zeal, to your firm friendship, I owe the only pleasant moments I have passed.' On saying these words, Zoraida embraced her; Inez threw herself at the feet of her mistress, pressed her knees and bathed them in tears. I repressed my sobs and left them to put an end to so affecting a scene which deprived us of the strength we so much needed. Zoraida penetrated my thoughts, approved them with her looks and tore herself from the arms of Inez and entered her apartment to put on a dress of mourning. A thick veil concealed her face and a long black mantle covered her entire body. The captive and I, resolved to accompany her to the place of combat, also arrayed ourselves in mourning and waited in silence for the summons of the guard. They arrived at last, preceded by the judges. The Queen received them with respect, without affecting a tranquillity, which might appear like pride, or showing a depression of spirits becoming only to the guilty. She followed them—ascended the car they had brought and I seated myself at her side; and Inez placed herself at her feet. Six horses caparisoned with mourning veils, conducted us slowly to the plaza which was filled with an immense concourse. In this place, a huge palisade surrounded by barriers had been erected; near by was a scaffold covered with black and further off a funeral pyre. At sight of it, the Queen trembled and was about to fall into my arms; but supported by Inez and gathering all her strength, she ascended the scaffold, where seats covered with crape had been prepared—she pressed my hands between her own and besought me in a low voice not to leave her. Tears

choked my utterance and I was unable to reply. The judges read the sentence; the people responded with groans. The sound of the trumpets was heard, and the terrible Morfarix, Ali, Sahal and Mochtader appeared, mounted upon superb horses clothed in glittering armor. They forced their way through the crowd, but on passing before the Queen, they turned aside or lowered their eyes. Zoraida drew nearer to me, when she saw them. The Zegrís entered within the palisade. My brother then presented himself in a brilliant coat-of-mail, accompanied by a troop of armed Alabaces—closed the barrier and proclaimed himself the guard of the camp. The imans, the people, and the judges preserved a profound silence. All remained motionless in their places and with eyes fixed upon Zoraida, on the Zegrís, on the flame, impatiently waited for the defenders of her who excited universal compassion. The Queen counted the moments, turned her face towards the Spanish gate and when she saw no signs of the coming of her defenders looked at Inez and sighed. Inez, pale, attentive and trembling feared that some accident had detained the valiant Lara. The hours flew by, the clock struck and every time it was heard, the judges arose, walked around the plaza, and in a loud voice called upon the defenders of the Queen to make their appearance and then returning, seated themselves in silence. Five times they repeated their demand and five times without response. Almanzor gazed at me, went away, returned, became agitated, ordered his horse to be brought and asked for his lance. Three times he was about to present himself at the barrier, thrice he was detained and pointed to the sun approaching the horizon.

It had already struck five, when at the extremity of the plaza opposite the Spanish gate, was heard the noise of horses, which excited the clamors of the people. The multitude opened a passage and four warriors entered, dressed in the garb and armor of Asia, mounted upon nimble and active steeds. One was scarcely out of his youth, the other two were in the flower of their age and the last, whose white beard indicated his years, bore a huge shield, which he managed as if he did not feel its weight.

They stopped in front of Zoraida and saluted her respectfully; their chief leaped gracefully to the ground and requested in the Turkish language, permission to speak to the Queen. Almanzor observed him attentively and asked him to explain himself in Arabic. The warrior did so, and my brother, by order of the judges, conducted him to the scaffold, where the stranger kneeling before Zoraida, raised high his voice and said—'Queen of Granada, we are the vassals of the invincible monarch who rules within the walls of Stamboul and were on our way to Tunis, bearing the orders of His Highness. A tempest has thrown us on these coasts, where we have been informed by rumor, that a victim to calumny you were about to suffer a horrible death. Accept the succor, which Heaven sends you; deign to confide to us thy cause, that all our blood shed for thee, will perhaps prove to Granada that Asiatics know how to conquer or to die in defence of virtue.'

"A general applause followed this speech; the warrior of the East inclined his head, crossed his arms upon his breast and permitted the letter she had written to Gonsalvo to fall at her feet. Inez took the paper, recognized it immediately and scarcely able to repress her joy said in a low voice—'This is Lara—these are our friends.'" Lara heard her, exchanged looks—the Queen was convinced, she disguised her joy and replied, 'I accept you—I regard you as sent by God himself and may I perish on the spot if I am not innocent.' The warrior arose, my brother guided him and ordered the barrier to be opened. The Turk mounted his horse, brandished his terrible lance and followed by his three companions entered within the palisade, which Almanzor immediately closed. These four cavaliers were the invincible Lara, the young Hernando Cortez worthy pupil of Gonsalvo, the fiery Aguilar father of this hero and the venerable Zellez, Grand Master of the Knights of Calatrava. Lara had selected them as associates in his enterprise and all, fearful that Ferdinand would oppose their designs, had left the army in secret. By the advice of Zellez they disguised themselves as Turks, because on entering a hostile city, by the rights of war they could be made prisoners. The time



necessary for these preparations, the circuitous route they had taken, in order to arrive from the direction of Murcia, had caused their delay. The eight warriors were already within the palisades; they examined each other for some moments to select their adversaries. Lara placed himself before Ali, the most formidable in appearance; the old Zellez before Morfarix author of the calumny; Aguilar opposed himself to Sahal and Cortez to Moctader. The signal was given and the eight combatants advanced. In the first onset no one fell, but the horse of Cortez received a mortal wound; Cortez immediately dismounted, covered himself with his shield and awaited his enemy sword-in-hand, who improving the circumstance turned to attack him. Cortez dexterously retired and buried his sword in the belly of the horse of his antagonist. Moctader fell, again rose, and was wounded. The young Spaniard less robust than the Moor, avoided his blows, retreated, seemed to flee, that Moctader, in the pursuit, might lose his strength, become exhausted and finally yield him the victory.

"By this time the brave Aguilar had cleaved the head of Sahal. He was approaching his victim when he directed his eyes towards his companions and saw the venerable Zellez already enfeebled by a deep wound, furiously attacked by Morfaix, who was raising his sabre again to attack him. Aguilar uttered a cry; Morfarix turned his face—Zellez took advantage of this movement and wounded Morfarix under the arm. The Zegri fell—the old man rushed upon him, again wounded—disarmed him and purposely left him some moments of life. At this instant, Cortez followed by Moctader, suddenly stopped, presented his sword, passed the point through his bowels and Moctader closed his eyes in death. But the formidable Ali sustained a contest more equal with the magnanimous Lara. At the first blow helmets and breast plates flew into the air, both were wounded, became inflamed with anger and unable from on horseback to direct their blows as near as they wished, they leaped to the ground at the same moment and attacked each other with increased fury. Victory was yet doubtful, the people preserved a profound silence; Zoraida, Inez and I

looked on in fear, when Ali confused by the sight of his immolated companions, felt his courage diminish. Lara was filled with a new ardor, and indignant at being the last to conquer, parried with his sabre the blows which threatened his head, drew a dagger with his left hand, precipitated himself upon his enemy, compressed him in his robust arms, twice drove the steel into his breast and prostrated him in the dust. The people burst forth into joyful acclamations, and the queen fainted in our arms. While we were restoring her to life, Almanzor hastened to the spot, embraced the victors and offered them his palace as a retreat.

" 'Prince,' said the old Zellez, pointing to Morfarix about to expire, 'have this Zegri brought before the judges; perhaps moved by repentance he may confess his crime and honorably bring the truth to light.'

"Morfarix heard him, opened his eyes—the judges approached—'I have merited my fate,' said he, 'Zoraida is innocent, Abenhamet only wished to die at her feet. His unfortunate conversation was not criminal; God of Heaven pardon me, and may the Zegrís improving this terrible example....'

"He could not finish; cruel fate cut him short. The judges proclaimed his last confession. The four victors made preparations to return, and notwithstanding their wounds, notwithstanding the prayers of Almanzor, they advanced to salute the queen whose tears expressed her gratitude. Covered with glory they departed on the road they came; Almanzor and the Alabaces accompanied them to the gates. Then the four Spaniards took their leave and directed their course towards a grove near by where their retinue awaited them.

"Boabdil having learned the issue and the tardy confession of the Zegri, hastened to the plaza and mounted the scaffold. Zoraida saw him, trembled, turned aside her face and fell into our arms. Boabdil on his knees implored pardon for so many outrages, swore to repair them by respect hereafter and besought her to return to the Alhambra to reign over his people and himself. On hearing this, indignation restored to Zoraida her strength.

" 'What dare you propose?' said she. 'God and these people are witnesses that

you have condemned me to death—that you have delivered me to ignominy. Heaven has made manifest my innocence—the ignominy I no longer fear, if I must live under your power—if I must return to the hands of an executioner I am ready for the flame. I renounce the benefit conferred by these strangers. Granadians, deliver me to the flames or free me from this tyrant.

“She spoke and clamors every where proclaimed that the queen was free and that the bonds of her marriage had been broken. The judges and the old men approached and declared to Boabdil that Zoraida delivered from punishment had ceased to be his wife. The monster preserved silence; he dared not irritate his vassals and feared to offend the laws which had so often veiled his crimes. Forced for the first time to curb his anger, he returned to the Alhambra to conceal his chagrin, but he could not smother his remorse.

“Zoraida desired to leave Granada on the spot. Almanzor offered her his chariot and with the Alabaces accompanied her to Cartama, a city in which the unhappy companions of Abenhamet had taken refuge. Having delivered her into their hands, Almanzor returned and informed us that the Spaniards were within two miles of our walls. A common danger extinguished hatred. The Alabaces and the Almorades forgetting their resentment, united with the Zegrís and all the tribes became reconciled, and swore to Boabdil to die for their country. My brother was appointed General and prepared for a vigorous defence. The venerable Muley whose only thought was the safety of the empire, embraced the knees of his son and besought him to repair the injustice done the Abencerrages by recalling them to the city. Fear obliged Boabdil to consent. Ambassadors were appointed to bear to that valiant tribe the excuses and presents of the king; to invite them to return and take possession of their goods, their offices and their honors. My father himself went as chief of the embassy. He departed, arrived at Cartama, assembled that noble family which on seeing him was transported with joy and love. Muley humiliated himself for the sake of Boabdil to most submissive prayers, complained of the sad lot of kings, surround-

ed by deceitful flatterers, excused the youth of his son, spoke of the perils which menaced their religion, their laws and their country, and employed in favor of an ungrateful monarch, that eloquence of the soul which is the only art allowed to virtue.

“After he had ceased, Zeir the new captain of the Abencerrages, took the advice of his companions, and in the name of all responded.

“‘King of Granada!’ said he, ‘for we recognise you alone as our king, you have received the most earnest proof of our respect, the most difficult to our hearts, for we have listened to you to the end. Now hear us: we are ready to die for our religion and for you; but if there is one Abencerrage so unworthy, so vile as to pardon Boabdil, we would immolate him on the spot. Boabdil! Great God, his name alone excites our fury. Muley do not again pronounce it and make us remember you were so unfortunate as to give being to this monster. But tyrants pass away and country remains forever. Our country is in danger and we will perish in its defence. Cartama is ours and we have the power to maintain this impregnable place; in it we will remain independent, but we will send our armies to fight under your walls, and will shed our blood in defence of our assassins. Ask not more, Muley; never will the Abencerrages enter Granada while its air is infected by the breath of Boabdil.’

“Thus spoke Zeir; his companions applauded him, rejected with horror the presents brought by the Ambassadors and ordered them to leave the city immediately. Muley resisted their tender solicitations to remain and returned to bear to the king the response of the haughty tribe.

“I inquired for Zoraida, but she was no longer in Cartama; accompanied by Inez, she had disappeared several days before. Uneasiness took possession of my heart and tears flowed from my eyes. But alas! how soon was I to mourn my own misfortunes. Boabdil had sent ambassadors through all Africa to solicit assistance. The wandering tribes of the Bereberes, a pastoral people, sent six thousand horsemen commanded by the young Ishmael and Zora his spouse, a happy and amiable pair, whose chaste man-



ners, whose tender union might serve as a model for imitation. Prince Alamar accompanied them, famous in Ethiopia for his strength and his valor ; he brought with him ten thousand blacks to defend our walls. Boabdil received him as a tutelar God, heaped upon him kindness and promises ; and the similarity of their dispositions very soon united them in a close friendship. I had the misfortune to find favor with the ferocious Alamar. Incapable of that tender respect, that timid delicacy which makes love contagious, the rash African dared to declare to me his desires. His ardent and ferocious eyes, his gigantic statue, his black countenance alone inspired horror. I trembled when I heard his voice ; his sanguinary valor, his contempt of God and men, had excited in my soul an insuperable aversion. I responded with the pride suitable to my birth, and above all to my sentiments, and at the same time took care not to offend the ally of my country and the terrible friend of Boabdil. It was then that queen Isabel uniting her army with that of Ferdinand had pitched her camp before our walls and announced by heralds that she had sworn to perish or take Granada. The response of Boabdil was to send the African prince to attack the Spanish camp. Alamar carried terror to the tent of the queen herself, conquered all the warriors who opposed him, made a terrible slaughter among the Christians and then returned and demanded of Boabdil my hand as a reward for his deeds. Boabdil assented with joy and conducted the African to the palace of my father, declared to the unhappy Muley that he had disposed of his daughter, and announced that on the following day I should become the wife of Alamar. My father had not the power to defend me. Almanzor was in the Alpuxarras collecting troops. With no support but my tears which had no influence with my tyrants, my only hope was in my courage and desperation dictated to me my course. I sought the young Zora, that valiant Amazon, who had come with the Bereberes to the defence of our country. From the first I felt towards her that involuntary inclination which virtue inspires. Zora understood and pitied my misfortunes—she abhorred Alamar. I confided myself to her zeal and requested her

aid. The kind stranger made arrangements for my flight, and ordered thirty of her valiant Numidians to accompany me, made them swear to defend, to die, rather than abandon me. Confident of their fidelity, she opened in silence and darkness the gate entrusted to her care. I left Granada, surrounded by my escort without yet knowing whither to direct my steps. The city of the Abencerrages was the most secure asylum, but Zeir its chief and two of his companions had made propositions for my hand, and I felt unwilling to trust my life to the keeping of my lovers, although they were honorable men. It occurred to me that the solitary palace of Malaga which my father Muley-Hassan had bestowed upon me in other times, might conceal me from the inquiries of Alamar, and from that place I could inform my brother of his purposes.

“ I took this road, travelling only by night, for fear of being surprised and beseeching Heaven to protect me from the hands of my enemy. My prayers were vain, for I had scarcely reached the coast when I was surrounded by a squadron of Alamar's troops. The valiant Bereberes resisted and defended me, but they were overwhelmed by numbers, were butchered or loaded with chains. The captain of these terrible Blacks conveyed me in dismay on board a ship, which had been placed in readiness, and there told me for the first time that his Lord to secure his spouse had ordered him to take me to his dominions. My misfortunes had come to the climax, and death alone could liberate me from the unhappy fate which awaited me. I intended to seek it in the waves during the tempest, but the soldiers bound me to the mast of the ship. The rest you already know ; your more than human courage has saved me from these Barbarians, but my misfortunes have led us to the dominions of Boabdil. The dangers which threaten terrify me, but I feel I know not what secret comfort when I reflect that you defend me.”

Thus finished the beautiful Zulema ; Gonsalvo felt happy that he had heard her story and could scarce contain his joy. Agitated by his thoughts he yielded his soul to hope, to sadness and to fear. Zulema left him a prey to these feelings.

*End of Book Fourth.*

## THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

BY J. E. LEIGH.

Farewell to thee, my native land,  
I love thee, held my life for thee,  
A smile from thee had been command,  
Thy child, thy slave fore'er to be.

Farewell to thee, my native land!  
And hast thou sons with hearts more true?  
Smile on them then, a patriot band,  
And bid them glory's paths pursue.

Farewell to thee, my native land!  
When under foreign skies I roam,  
Reluctant led by fortune's hand,  
I'll love thee still, my childhood's home,

Farewell to thee, my native land!  
To greatness, glory, speed thy way;  
Foremost among the nations stand,  
And let thy rule be virtue's sway.

Where Mississippi's gloomy tide  
In fearful grandeur darkly flows  
Within my heart I'll learn to hide  
The keenness of an exile's woes.

## RAMBLES ABOUT MONCLOVA.

## MILITARY IN MOTION.

The Center Division—so called perhaps because not circumferential—vacated its camp near Monclova on Tuesday, the 24th of November; the last detachment taking its departure about noon. Two companies of Arkansas Cavalry, and two of Illinois foot, remained to garrison the town, and protect the supplies which had been collected there by that energetic and invaluable officer, Commissary Patrick. On arriving at the plaza, where the troops which occupied the city were drawn up to receive us, Colonel Hardin halted his battalion, and gave the order for three cheers for "our flag," which was then waving in triumph from the highest point in the vicinity, and three more for "our country." These were given with an emphasis that startled, for at least once in their lives, the slumbering sombreros, and made the surrounding walls ring again. The Colonel then made a brief and patriotic speech, bade farewell to the comrades we were leaving, and filed out of the city, with

drums beating and banners waving, and took up his line of march to Castaña, at which place we were to encamp for the night.

The distance from Monclova to this position, is about nine miles; the road winding, broken and much of the way very stony. It leads through a narrow, barren, undulating valley, and the march was excessively fatiguing and disagreeable from the dust. Several specimens of magnetic iron ore "cropped out" along the road, but none of our geologists concluded that the metal abounded in any considerable quantity.

We halted about 3 o'clock, in the midst of an old corn field, the adobe walls of Castaña showing their mottled visage a short distance in advance. The precaution of sending Captain Tripod a day ahead, to select a camp was not attended with eminent success, for though he had commenced operations in the morning, the reconnoissance was not completed when we arrived, and we were therefore kept broiling in the sun, and dancing attendance for an hour or more upon the cusp point of a scientific conclusion. The Inspector General at length became indignant at the preposterous delay, the train was ordered into position, and before the researches of science were ended, Artillery, Infantry and Dragoons, were distributed for the night. In consequence of the detention, however, before the tents were pitched a violent "Norther" came dashing through the mountains with such force, as to resist all efforts at stretching canvass, and prostrating many of the tents that had already risen. In spite of labor and vexation nevertheless, we all got into camp after a fashion, and managed to get our suppers, of which probably not more than one-fourth was an involuntary appropriation of Mexican soil.

The hacienda, estancia, or rancho of Castaña, is a small group of adobe hovels, in which are congregated in frightful wretchedness, several hundreds of the bondmen of some Mexican nabob. Within the circumference of a few miles, they here toil and sweat through a life of almost hopeless misery, sustained only by the uncertain glimmerings of that freedom, which it is their destiny to contemplate, but never to realize. The produce of their labor goes to increase

the wealth and power of their oppressors, and to the support of a monstrous hierarchy, which too often regards them as illegitimate children, without the pale of protection. South of Castaña the valley widens to an extent of six or eight miles, athwart which the irrigating dikes carry their healthful influences in the production of several thousand bushels of corn per annum. Among the loftiest peaks of the mountains on both sides may be mentioned the "Pinacula de Gabriel" on the west, which rears its summit three thousand feet above the plain, and on the east the "Mont de Dios," which intercepts the morning sun-beams still nearer the heavens.

After a night of more suffering than sleep, the thermometer below freezing, and the wind penetrating every orifice and opening, with something like the strides of a mill saw, we were roused at 4 o'clock by the notes of reveille, indifferent alike to heat or cold, to calm or storm. Our breakfasts were bolted somewhat after the fashion of our suppers, and at sun-rise the column was in motion. With the exception of the dust, which was of indefinite depth—the road was comparatively good. The country is wild and uninviting, the soil of clay or marl, little vegetation, and even the chaparral, scarce and diminutive. The command advanced by two routes, one of which is so near a straight line, that, improbable as it appears in Mexico, it seems to have been run by compass. Both roads unite at Bajan, an old rancho, now deserted, but which exhibits in its ruins, evidences of past importance. Water was obtained from a neighboring pond, which, bad as it was at first, the mounted troops made worse, by the ingenious introduction of their horses. In consequence of the scarcity of fuel, the men proceeded to demolish the wood work of the old buildings; and door sills, window lintels and rafters formed the staple of our fires.

This place—sometimes called Acatila de Bajan—is famous in Mexican revolutionary history, as it was here that one of the first republican armies under Hidalgo and Allande, met with a disastrous defeat on the 21st of March, 1811. The result was attributed to treachery on the part of the republican leader or rebel, Ignacio Elizondo, operated

upon by certain citizens of Monclova. The revolutionary Generals were captured, and Hidalgo, after degradation from holy orders, was executed at Chihuahua on the 27th of July following.

We left camp in broken doses, and as the road at Bajan diverges to Monterey in one direction and to Saltillo and Parras in another, there was something more than the usual matutinal confusion in getting on the right track and inaugurating the day's march. The various corps and combinations however finally found themselves in line, and moving over a region of calcareous marl similar to that of the day before, blistering to the feet and blinding to the eyes. The mountains rose frowning around in gloomy sterility and barren grandeur, reflecting with intensified aridity the desert waste over which we pursued our weary course. The constant and characteristic emblem of the country was still seen, and the cactus and chaparral defiantly maintained their ground as solitary representatives of the vegetable kingdom. Of the former, the day's march furnished a new specimen, bearing a berry not unlike the pea and resembling the currant a little in taste, yet of course presenting the gorgon head of Medusa, wreathed, twisted and reticulated with thorns, instead of serpents, and turning whatever it touched to blood instead of stone.

We halted at an early hour near a spring completely enveloped with a dense curtain of muzquit, and considering the vastness of the desert on all sides of it, not unworthy of its baptismal designation, which our guide informs us is *la joya*—the jewel. Its lustre and value are by no means diminished by the venomous casket which enshrines it. The operation of selecting a camp and arranging the troops was as usual elaborate and scientific; Tripod and Ramrod being eminently active and conspicuous. The extreme confidence and affection which have succeeded to alienation and distrust, it is delightful to behold. Tripod had recently taken to a *mulo*, for the better discharge of his "arduous and multifarious duties," and now excited as much admiration by his beautiful exhibitions of mulemanship, as he had heretofore, when mounted upon his gay and thick ribbed sorrel. Ramrod rejoined the

column at night. There was an unnatural sageness in his looks surpassing the wisdom of his lips. He said nothing, but was evidently pregnant with a great secret, which time might or might not unfold. It was conjectured that the Chihuahua bubble had burst, and that the government acknowledged the failure.

The certainty of a long day's march without water, created necessity for an early start the morning of the 27th, and the first blast of the bugle swept over camp at 2 o'clock. Rolls were called and fires lighted in a few minutes. The continuous hum of a multitude in motion, crept through the grove of muzquit, like the soft breeze of summer, wafted from the south, rippling over the foliage. The stars were veiled by a curtain of atmospheric haziness, and in the fitful light of the scattered camp fires, the movements of the men resembled the mysterious tread of phantoms, and reminding one of those shadowy traditions, in which the descendants of the woman of Endor, are represented in their unhallowed vocations, over blazing fires and boiling caldrons. There is undoubtedly a difference in reality between a company cook over a camp kettle, and one of the "weird sisters" over her household utensils; but with reveille at 2 o'clock of a cloudy morning, among the muzquit of the Mexican mountains, this difference is not quite so broad, as by day light on the banks of the Mississippi.

The head of the column was in motion; ere the first appearance of the dawn flickered over the eastern horizon, and long before the earliest ray of the sun gilded the loftiest mountain top, the whole body had left the encampment and was wending the way through the devious avenue of cactus and chaparral. A long and tortuous coil of dust, which seemed suspended between earth and sky, revealed at a glance the whole column from front to rear, as soon as the darkness disappeared, and the sun had carefully lifted the veil of vapor from above us. The heat then became intense, and almost overpowering. The soil beneath us into the depth of several inches was ground to impalpable powder, and every step created new clouds of dust, which accompanied us, as did the cloud the Israelites in the wilderness. On,

on, on; tramp, tramp, tramp; for seven miles through a stunted forest of noxious vegetation, the dwarf palmetto and the prickly pear—natural spurs of chivalry—rearing their horrid fronts in spiteful emulation, and reigning rival monarchs of the vegetable kingdom of the prairie. After running this fiery gauntlet between blazing air and blistering earth, we entered by a slight change of direction, a long and narrow valley, bounded by two high parallel ridges. The immense floods which here sweep down from the mountains on each side, have formed deep and rugged ravines, which traverse the plain in all directions, and give to the road a crooked and broken course. On one side the mountains rise almost perpendicularly, to the height of several thousand feet, and forming what appear in the distance, as perfect specimens of the columnar structure: while on the opposite side, the ascent though less precipitous, is little less grand and imposing. The former ridge has the appearance of sandstone, the latter of limestone; though both are probably of the same material. Each one *dips from* the valley, and indeed this fact is common to all the ranges along which we have marched.

In consequence of the long drought the ravines which skirt the way side, were perfectly dry; scars upon the earth's surface, indicating the power of the elements, with none of the blessings with which Providence usually tempers the display. The earth was baked to the hardness of the rock around it: there was neither tree nor shrub that claimed vitality; all was barrenness, desolation and death. There no plant takes root; no verdure quickens into life. The sterile and arid sides of the mountains which gird the valley, are unrelieved by a single leaf; their thickly seamed slopes looking like the naked ribs of some vast ante-diluvian monster. Their hoary masses appeared to act like two huge mirrors, concentrating the burning rays of the sun upon us, as panting, breathless, almost lifeless, we struggled for nearly four hours under their withering influence. The whole pent up atmosphere was like flickering flame. With an extremity of sterility that stifles even the spontaneous growth of the cactus; with no breeze but that of



"The red hot breath of the most lone simoom  
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er  
The barren sands which bear no shrubs ;"

and with venerable mountains, standing like monuments of greatness in ruins, scarred and furrowed by the centuries of desolation which have passed in review before them, frowning upon us for profaning with unhallowed footsteps, the solemn silence which is their only minister, surely it would not be inappropriate to call the lifeless vale, "the valley of the shadow of death." No monumental marble or eulogistic epitaph here strikes the eye, yet whatever of gloom and awe and melancholy, that attends the tomb, here accompanies every foot-fall, conveying in the still small voice of nature the universal truth that—

"The boast of heraldry—the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

It was high noon when we reached the "Tanque de San Felip," where we hoped to get a drop of water to moisten our parched lips and tongues clinging to the roofs of our mouths, but we were cruelly disappointed. The little that stood in green pools at the bottom of the tanque, was so putrescent that the animals refused it, and with weary limbs and fast failing strength, we were compelled to re-nerve ourselves for the onward march.

This "tanque" is a sort of basin which the Mexicans have constructed at the foot of three mountains, the third being one that rises from the termination of the valley through which we passed. It is capable of holding many thousand gallons, but the clouds had withheld their offerings for months and it was now exhausted. At this point the road forks to Saltillo and Parras, and with regret on the part of many, the head of the column was seen defiling to the right. On turning the mountain, we at once emerged upon a broad plain, and were presented with a view of grand and thrilling magnificence. There are few objects in nature resembling in sombre nakedness of aspect and lonely and isolated grandeur, a Mexican mountain; but here, the towering sierras fairly enveloped us on all sides, and in their fantastic

and picturesque forms, seem to have been hurled at random from above by some angry god, or heaved from below by the hands of some giant Titan, sporting with his strength. The lofty tower and the stately pyramid appeared to be incorporated with redoubts and battlements and castles, while tapering high towards the heavens, single columns were outlined against the sky, looking like needles in the dizziness of distance. Faint and famished as we were, we caught energy from our admiration of the sublimity which was unveiled before us. The very earth gave signs of having received inspiration from the scene, and the vegetation—noxious though it be—here affords a variety that partly relieves its venom. The cactus assumes a multiplicity of forms, ranging from a pear to a pine apple, from a cucumber to a cauliflower, and from a siphon to a shuttle-cock.

The road again becomes dusty, with frequent deposits of sharp stones and gravel. The heat continued overwhelmingly oppressive. Men were constantly giving out, and the wagons were stowed with hundreds who could no longer drag themselves along. Yet on, on, on; toil, toil, toil; sweat, sweat, sweat; there is no pause: over the broken and rugged way we pursue our course, supported by the hope that the next turn in the mountains will give us a glimpse of our journey's end. Vain expectation: hills recede behind us and the shadows lengthen on the ground; the sun becomes less hot, and the dust less blinding; but still we stagger onward, or fall by the way side. The sun has almost reached the culminating point of the western mountains, when a sudden deviation in our course, reveals a winding outline of shrubbery, and within its green and grateful shade, we doubted not there was water. A few miles farther and we reached the banks of a narrow rivulet. Several parties had arrived before us, and when Colonel Hardin came in at the head of his regiment, he had probably not more than a hundred followers. The intense heat and the long and toilsome march without water, had exhausted the energies of most of the men, and compelled large numbers to linger by the way, who were unable to find places in the wagons.

These lines were scrawled under extreme physical depression, and convey but a faint and feeble idea of the sufferings of this long and long-to-be-remembered march of thirty-three miles.

It was found impossible to proceed the next day on account of the exhaustion of the troops, many of whom did not reach camp until the morning. Their blistered feet had marked many a mile with blood. We were in a fine position for a day's rest, having grass, fuel and water close at hand and in abundance. It is true there was some little consternation at one time in regard to the water, our supply being drawn from an irrigating canal—connecting with the Arroyo Venedito—which suddenly fell to an alarming degree of emptiness. It was immediately suspected to be a trick of our most excellent Mexican friends, and the immortal Monsoon with a party of Dragoons, was sent as a committee of investigation. On arriving at the hacienda de Venedito, he was told in reply to his inquiries that nothing was there known about it, but on proceeding a mile or two farther, he found our ditch dammed up, and the water turned into another. With much less labor than Hercules was subjected to on a similar occasion, when turning a river out of its course instead of into it, the Major soon directed the water into its former channel, and having left a guard at the point returned to camp.

There were more indications of human life around us here, than we had any where seen this side of Castaña. Several corn fields were visible, and a few herds of goats and cattle grazing in the distance. A cheering spectacle after traversing a distance of sixty or seventy miles, without seeing a single inhabited or inhabitable dwelling. Lieut. Azimuth arrived at this encampment from Saltillo, whither he had been with despatches for General Taylor. The only item of intelligence that he brought was that the Navy was still taking Alvarado.

The march was resumed on the 29th, a little after day break. We passed the hacienda de Venedito, about two miles from camp. It is an establishment that numbers among its retainers some two hundred and fifty peons, who live in the same squalid wretchedness, of which we have heretofore

seen so many examples. After leaving this place the country becomes an unproductive desert, showing the sandstone formation and occasional traces of iron. The march of a few hours brought us to the hacienda de Garapatos—also situated on the Venedito—which produces corn, cotton, beans, &c., and, it is said, oranges.

While determining the position of the troops, the congregation about head quarters was thrown into momentary consternation by an explosion from Captain P.'s pistol, his horse shaking himself so violently as to force the trigger. Fortunately no one was injured, though the pistol was thrown from the holster. The incident led to a discussion among the knowing ones present, of different corps, touching the use and value of the weapon in the military service, and it was unanimously decided that of all the varieties of fire-arms employed in modern warfare, the pistol is the most worthless, producing the greatest number of accidents, of least use in emergency, and seldom if ever resorted to in a battle.

We found during the day's march several specimens of the plant, recognised at present by the botanical world as *Fremon-tia*. Has it not been forgotten that this plant was discovered and described as early as 1806, by the then Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike; and that his specimens in their progress to the United States were lost? At that period the press was not so potent in conferring greatness and distinction on the results of plodding enterprise and fearless industry as at present, and the honor of the name was therefore withheld from him, to whom it appears as justly to belong as to a later traveller who with more facilities has been successful in traversing a region which others had partially explored before.

Late in the evening supplies of corn came in from the hacienda Saucedo, on the backs of a score or two of borricos, which were assembled to be unloaded near the tent of the Commanding General. Hours before the regular musicians dreamed of reveille the next morning, a most symphonious and sonorous blast, loud, shrill and piercing, a golden chain of "linked sweetness long drawn out," vibrated upon the tympanum—which were in repose in the vicinity of head



quarters, rousing many a sleeper from the delicious dreams of a morning nap.

Men started from their blankets in terror, as if the Mexican vultures were screaming in their ears, literally "*moved* by the concord of sweet sounds." It was a beautiful display of musical respect on the part of those docile and benevolent creatures, thus to exert their fine vocal powers in a farewell serenade to those so eminently qualified to appreciate the elegance of the compliment; nor will the effect be soon forgotten by any who were fortunate enough to inhale those touching and delicate notes, as they trembled on the morning air.

We started about sun rise, and for several miles pursued our usual route through the palmetto and the cactus. Of the latter plant we found one in great abundance, known as the Turban or Turk's head variety. The palm trees were uncommonly large, many of them thirty or forty feet high. The land rises as we advance, and the road—little better than a mule path—is rough and stony. The pioneers true to their "elevated" instincts, were active with the pickaxe and shovel. About thirteen miles from Saucedá, we passed the hacienda San Antonio de Jarral, a small enclosure of adobe walls which furnished to the hungry a species of curd, something like what, in the neighborhood of Albany, they call "Dutch cheese." Three miles beyond we reached a second establishment, which appears to be a branch of the other. We found here extensive corn fields, wheat and cotton in small quantities, and a few cattle. Almost the entire valley of the Venedito and its tributaries, is sterile and unproductive, and niggardly repays the labor of cultivation even in spots few and far between.

Our tents were pitched in a corn field, a few stalks standing as sentries, the ground dusty and uneven, and no wood in the vicinity. The positions of the different corps were not fixed without much delay; and considerable dissatisfaction existed in the Arkansas regiment, that body having been placed for several days below the troops, as they were charged with the habit of taking their horses into the water and thus rendering it unfit for use.

The joint haciendas of San Antonio, em-

ploy about two hundred peons, who are engaged chiefly in the cultivation of corn. The place was of some peculiar interest to the few Texans along with us, as it was here the Mier prisoners were re-captured and handcuffed.

Sunrise saw us again in motion, with our long line measuring itself amidst the palmetto, the magney, the huisachi, and the interminable, ever abounding cactus. The road was rather better than that of yesterday, and the valley here narrows to a width of six or seven miles, the mountains still preserving their lofty peaks and rugged aspects.

After proceeding three or four miles many of our party were startled at beholding, apparently but a short distance in advance, where there had just been an open plain, as if suddenly ejected from the earth, a pile of buildings, resembling somewhat the irregular walls and moss grown turrets of an old baronial castle. The structure was completely developed against the sky, presenting in the hazy sun light, an outline distinctly defined. Near it appeared also a huge mountain, rising solitary and alone from the valley, and looking like an Aztec temple towering to the clouds. The illusion lasted but a few moments and as suddenly disappeared. It was the first case of mirage we had witnessed and we subsequently ascertained that the objects presented so majestically were the mud walls of the rancho del Pastora, looming up before us at an interval of twelve miles, and creating an "enchantment" borrowed entirely from that "distance." The mountain so distinctly visible at the same time, is known among the Mexicans as "*el Sombrestillo*," from a fancied resemblance to a hat. The camp was fixed about a mile from the rancho, near an irrigating ditch and reservoir. Little grain is produced here, the labors of the proprietor being mostly devoted to the rearing of cattle.

A very amusing exhibition came off just before our arrival at camp, in which there were several prominent actors. Two or three horsemen were espied half a mile in advance, who from their appearance and movements, were at once pronounced by the highest authority in such matters to be Mexicans, and of course Mexican spies. In

an instant the whole party, seeing with the eagle eyes of "Ajax," was in a ferment; Optics levelled his glass, and before discerning any thing called on Ramrod and Fifth-chain with an escort of Dragoons, for the purpose of pursuit. These within hearing dashed off without knowing what they were going for, while the Dragoons were still in the rear. There was of course scolding and shouting, with most tempestuous results. However away went the party at last with the speed of Jehu or Gilpin; the leader fired with the idea of the capture perhaps of Santa Anna, and the men eager for a fray of any sort. In the meantime the suspicious horsemen appeared strangely indifferent to the approach of their enemies, and made no effort to escape. Suddenly our own men were observed to slacken their pace, hesitate, halt, and then turn their horses' heads to the rear. They had discovered that the Mexican spies were Captain Drum and two other officers, who had been sent ahead to select a camp. Optics was moved to the indignation of Hamlet: he looked daggers at Ajax—but said nothing.

The ill humor which had been brewing in the Arkansas regiment for some days, in consequence of its location in camp, was brought to a crisis this evening, when Colonel Yell positively refused to obey the order assigning his regiment to its usual downstream position, and selected a camp for himself. The Colonel was arrested. The order was then given to the Lieut. Colonel, upon whom the command devolved, who declined complying and was also arrested. The Major's turn came next; he took the same course and shared the same fate. What would have been the result, had the matter thus continued, can only be conjectured; the order however was not given to the Senior Captain, and the affair rested, leaving him in command of the regiment.

An alarming sensation was created in camp, and many feared that so near an approach to mutiny might lead to the shedding of our own blood. The crisis was indeed a fearful one, but was boldly met. The larger portion of the command was of volunteers, and it was natural that they should sympathize with each other. But as a whole, we were but a handful surrounded by

enemies, and if discipline was relaxed, or if dissensions arose, we might have become an easy prey to our foes, or have been given up to self-destruction. The sudden refusal of all the field officers of a regiment to obey orders; an example of insubordination in such high quarters, might well have excited apprehension and alarm. If the authority of a Commander in Chief may be thus set at defiance with impunity, an army at once becomes an armed mob—a hydra-headed monster, more to be dreaded by itself than by others. In the delicate position in which he became thus unexpectedly placed, General Wool acted with tact and judgment, and with a rare combination of moderation, prudence, and firmness. He maintained his own authority, and evinced so much mildness as to disarm sympathizers, and as not to exasperate the officers themselves or the regiment.

With our course bearing directly upon the dark and frowning summits of Sombrestillo, we left camp a little after sun rise, and pushed ahead over the same sterile plains, with which we have been so long familiar. Dwarf muzquit, cactus, fremontia, Spanish bayonet and the magney, are the grim children of the prairie, springing from the bosom of the earth, but yielding nothing to enrich or adorn it. In two hour's march we reached the Rio Tenagua, and having been informed here that there was no water ahead for twenty five miles, a halt was ordered, and after a delay and discussion, a camp was solicited, and we got under cover of our tents at an early hour.

The little rivulet, here dignified as a river, is a beautiful stream, which we were told gushes from the mountains near Castanula—a rancho on the road from Parras to Saltillo—and, after a series of romantic cascades, formed by forcing its way through narrow gorges and over rocky ledges, it here flows with a rapid current over a bottom of pearly pebbles, its clear transparent waters revealing the entire depth below. The west side of the Tenagua is bounded by a red sandstone rock, seamed with a broad layer of pure silex.

A short distance from our encampment are the ruins of a rancho, once a flourishing establishment, but now a mass of naked

blackened walls, desolate and deserted. In a country rent and distracted as this has been since the revolution, with no energy in government or people, there can be no real security for life or property, which are now as they have been for years, at the mercy of the strongest. Three years since, thirty families, embracing about one hundred and twenty persons, women and children included, were, with few exceptions, inhumanly slaughtered here, by a party of Camanches, on a plundering and marauding expedition. The buildings were then fired, and the savages departed with whatever of booty they could collect, taking with them twenty seven women as prisoners. A solitary inhabitant is left, from whom these facts are derived, and who, with the fascination of affection, lingers around the spot where he lost wife and children, uncertain whether to mourn their death, or a captivity even more terrible.

The indomitable Daybreak was in his saddle the following morning at 2 o'clock. For several hours we traversed an open area, with a smooth and not very dusty road. Soon after sun rise we passed the Sombrestillo, leaving it a few miles to the right.

A few miles beyond, the road makes a détour to the south, winding between several ranges of small hills, and then inclines towards a small forest of chaparral. The road is here reduced to a Mexican cart track, and is very broken and stony. Following this for a few miles, we unexpectedly emerged upon cultivated ground, and threaded our way through an extensive field of unplucked corn, when we were suddenly stopped by an irrigating canal, which made it necessary to call on the pioneers. The passage having been effected, we came in full view of the hacienda de Cienega Grande, being separated from it by a beautiful field of wheat. The troops were divided, so as to form a camp on opposite sides of the field, and of course double the ordinary amount of confusion ensued.

The estate of Cienega Grande, is described as being very valuable, producing large quantities of corn and wheat, considerable cotton, and horses, mules and cattle without number. The buildings however are in wretched condition, the proprietor

being a mere mass of indolence, having no ideas of the comforts of life, and no disposition to enjoy them. Every thing around betrays the most palpable evidence of neglect and imbecility. Some of the command more ravenous than usual, succeeded in getting a sort of dinner at the establishment, but report a very scanty supply of plates—some broken; knives only here and there, and but two forks on the table.

The retainers of this hacienda, in their costume, bearing and personal qualities, gave us the best illustration of that class of Mexicans, known as the domestic "ranchero," which we had seen. There is probably not more than half the poetry about the character, which we read of in the books, but there is enough of other attributes to make up the deficiency. Considered as the Mameluke of Mexico, unrivalled as a horseman; inexhaustible in his powers of endurance; capable of subsisting on whatever chance may give him; indifferent to heat or cold, storm or sunshine, night or day; terrible in battle and remorseless in victory; he is a widely different character from what constitutes the ranchero that the war called into being, or the ordinary ranchero of the road side. The latter as seen at the plantations are generally Mestizos; half Spanish—half Indian, half savage—half civilized beings, sometimes hearty and round faced, but usually lean and lank, gaunt and shrivelled, though not wanting in muscle. They have swarthy visages, keen dark eyes, and ferocious looking brows; the general expression of the face, decidedly cruel and sanguinary. They frequently wear moustaches, sometimes as indicative of their foppish pretensions, and sometimes with the view of giving to their hard and repulsive features, as much of the hideous and disgusting as possible. The costume of the ranchero usually consists of a pair of leathern trousers, made of the tanned hide of the ox, horse or buffalo, open from the knee down, displaying rows of bright buttons along the seams, and on extra occasions, the ample dimensions of his white drawers; the whole being confined at the waist by a red sash. Instead of shoes, the soles of his feet are garnished with sandals, of the same durable material as his leggins, which are fastened with thongs, also

of leather. A shirt is sometimes worn, but, as the fellow frequently sets up for a dandy, it is not an indispensable part of his apparel—as he prefers for convenience a “front.” Over the whole the blanket is put on: having in the centre a hole just large enough to admit the head, and falling loosely over the shoulders, it has a not ungrateful effect, and leaves the arms almost wholly unencumbered. The head is covered with a broad brimmed conical straw or felt hat—nearly as hard and heavy as the helmet of Amadis de Gaul—twice encircled as a band, with a stout cord an inch in diameter. The *ranchero* mounted, has his lasso hanging from his saddle bow, and his blanket lashed to the cantle. Thus accoutred he is ready for the service of the prairie or plantation; and when dashing off in pursuit of the wild beast, or some little less wild domestic animal, his horse at full speed, his eye fixed on his object, his head slightly inclined forward, and his fatal lasso held high in the air or whirling in circles like the coils of a serpent, he is a picturesque if not a poetical object, but when the lasso is thrown with nervous arm and unerring aim, and his victim is in his power, the romance is past, and you see him as he really is, a brutal bundle of barbarities. The *ranchero* of the army has, in addition to the accoutrements already described, a long lance or spear, decorated with a small pennon of scarlet bunting, and is girdled with pistols and knives; a bandit rather than a soldier, in feeling, sentiment and action.

Just in rear of the hacienda, a mountain rises almost perpendicularly to the height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, near the top of which there is a natural cave about fifteen feet square and six or seven feet high. This serves as a constant residence for a family, and is a general place of resort for the women when the Indians are in the vicinity, being reached by a rude sort of stair way.

To illustrate the constant terror in which these people live, it may be stated that Captain Drum's party, which had been sent ahead, and not anticipating our short march, the preceding day arrived here, were taken at their first appearance for *Camanches*, and when they reached the houses, found them

deserted, and men, women and children clambering up the mountains in the greatest terror and consternation. Some were directing their affrighted course towards the cave, and others to a cross, on another mountain round which the foremost were already clinging with frantic desperation. Blood followed their progress as their feet came in contact with the sharp stones which lined the ascent, and the extremity of their terror may be inferred from the indifference with which they submitted to this suffering. Mothers were clasping their little ones to their bosoms, while young children on foot were hanging to their parents for protection from a danger the imminence of which they knew only by instinct. Hoary age and lisping childhood were rushing forward with the energy of despair, literally obeying the command of the Angel to Lot, when fleeing from the proud cities doomed to destruction. “Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed.”

We were in motion the next morning at sunrise. Our course lay in a westerly direction, the road for the first five or six miles, winding, rugged and dilapidated. The country constantly becomes more uneven and rocky, as we approach the Puerto San Francisco, a narrow gorge between two high sierras. The approach to this “pass” is through the stormy bed of a ravine, scarcely wide enough for twenty men to stand abreast, and which notwithstanding, appears to have accumulated force enough to break down the rocky barrier which opposed its progress.

A few hundred men might maintain the pass against the army of Xerxes. Five miles beyond this point, we found a suitable place for an encampment. The column was accordingly halted, and the positions of the different bodies assigned them, when the Commanding General and Staff, rode on to the “hacienda de San Lorenzo,” about two miles in advance.

The arrival of this party had been already anticipated by some fifteen or twenty officers and men connected in various ways with the command. They had been entertained in the most liberal manner, and con-



ducted over the establishment, by the hospitable and gentlemanly proprietor, who in consideration that he was educated in Kentucky, seems to entertain a fraternal regard for every one from the United States. The wines and viands which had been reduced in quantity by the ravenous inroads made upon them by so many who had fasted for nine hours, were replenished when General Wool appeared, who, after the first compliments were over, fell as vigorously to work upon the "creature comforts" as any of the cormorants who had preceded him. While justice was thus being done to the collation, Major Monsoon arrived in a condition that might probably indicate a speedy transition to the third battle, and marching up to the General with an air of the most appalling consequence, in a formal and pompous manner thus addressed him: "General, I have the honor to report to you the arrival of the Artillery in camp." This flourish affected his purpose. He was invited to join the party. He accordingly took a seat with the most princely *nonchalance*, and entered with an appreciative spirit into the incisorian and intellectual discussion going on. As the good things said however, bear but a very small proportion to those that were eaten, it is hardly worth the trouble to report them.

The hacienda of San Lorenzo, commonly called the "hacienda abajo" (below) in contradistinction from another, the the "hacienda arriba" (above). on the side of Parras, is the property of Senor Don Manuel Ybarra, and comprises an estate about a hundred miles long, and thirty wide. Of course the greater portion is uncultivated, and valueless even for the rearing of stock. It produces annually from twenty five to thirty thousand bushels of corn and wheat each, and nearly forty thousand gallons of wine and brandy. The latter are sent all over Mexico, and are sold at high prices. Parras wine consists of three kinds, the *vino blanco*, *carlon* and *dulce*; corresponding respectively, as an oracular wine bibber informs me, to the Claret, Madeira and Muscatel. No artificial force is employed in the expression of the grape, and the wines are all pure juice, without any infusion of foreign matters. Hence Mexican wines are a nearer approach in quality to those of other

countries, than the brandies, for in the distillation of the latter, no great perfection has been attained, and it is said the *aguardiente* has generally a sharp acrid taste, arising from certain products not expelled in the process of rectification. It has been said that no barrels are used in Mexico, hides being a substitute therefor, but a walk through the wine cellars, or rather wine chambers, of Don Manuel, revealed tier above tier of well coopered casks, filling to the rafters a building some hundred feet long, and about thirty wide.

The household establishment of the hacienda is on a princely scale, and corresponds to the magnificence of the estate of which it is the focus. A pellucid stream murmurs its gentle music at the base of its walls, and sends forth in various directions, copious fountains for irrigating, healthful, and ornamental purposes. The banks of these artificial currents are fringed with trees, with which also the walks leading over the grounds are gratefully shaded. The peons, numbering about twelve hundred, inhabit neat cottages distributed in groups around the mansion of the proprietor, and smilingly contrasting with the loathsome dwellings, which we had previously seen as the inviolable abodes of these unfortunate people. The residence of Don Manuel—as every body calls him—forms a hollow quadrangle about four hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifty feet wide, divided by an interior transverse building, so as to make the principal court yard nearly a square. This enclosure is paved throughout, and is far neater in appearance than any parlor before seen in Mexico. The walls are stuccoed, white and hard, and at each angle surmounted by a tower arranged with loop holes for musketry, so as to flank two sides. The floors—for the rooms though in Mexico have floors—are of cement, hard as marble, highly polished, and of the color of mahogany. They look well when new but use mars their beauty. For this reason, probably, the billiard room is an exception to the general rule, the floor of which is of wood. The house is without regular glass windows, the interior shutters being furnished with four panes each of large crown. The inner walls are similar to those of the best houses

of the country, but defaced by a display of execrable taste—a border of tawdry colored vines—found no where but in the painter's fancy—running around the entire room about four feet from the floor. In the parlor the usual allowance of carpeting—a strip two yards wide—honors the upper end, as a foreground to the sofas and lounges. The most striking objects to me were Mitchell's Map of the United States, and a wax figure of the Virgin, attired for a promenade, in a pink bonnet and other appliances, stuck up like a doll in a mahogany case with a glass door. As a few of us were grouped round the latter, our host joined us and rather apologetically accounted for its presence, by stating that it was kept for the benefit of the laborers—showing that tickling the ears of the groundlings without touching the heart or improving the understanding is practised as well in Mexico as in Rome.

The out houses and shops are all arranged with taste and judgment, and a cotton gin just erected—the cultivation of this great staple having only recently commenced here—is under cover of the most American looking building in Northern Mexico. The machinery is from the United States, and every thing around indicates that the proprietor has not forgotten the lessons which he there acquired in his youth.

When the various parties returned to camp about sun-set, the truth of history demands the acknowledgment, that there were not a few who demonstrated that Parras brandy had been added to the list of their acquaintances, and had proved the most successful enemy we had encountered.

As Saturday, the 5th of December, was to be signalled by our entrance into the city of Parras, there was no inconsiderable bustle in camp during the morning. A new order of march was issued, and Staff officers attached to the head-quarters were dashing about in all the variety of their multifarious uniforms. This was an unerring indication of a prospective sensation. The column was in motion at 8 o'clock. In a short time we passed the hacienda of San Lorenzo, the line of march flanked by a high adobe wall for more than a mile, which forms one side of the enclosure of the principal vineyard. At the house, Señor Ybarra

joined the General, and detached him from the column, for the purpose of conducting him by a shorter route than the road, to the site of the proposed encampment. On arriving at the ground, there was as usual no little provocation for vamping, as Capt. Tripod who had been sent ahead, had been unable in the course of two or three hours, to complete his explorations and determine his lines according to the fixed principles of castrametation. This gentlemen is nothing if not scientific, and science requires time. A Doctor Wormwood, hailing from Cayuga County, New York, and then a resident of Parras, here attacked himself to head quarters, and reported that the Ayuntamiento the City Union or Common Council, would soon arrive to pay their respects to the Commander of the Army. After about an hour of "coy, reluctant, amorous delay," the representatives of the city—looking not half so formidable as their title—made their appearance. The usual dialogue and exchange of platitudes followed. Doctor W.—all self exiled Americans are Doctors in Mexico—who, it is to be hoped speaks better Spanish than English, acted as interpreter, to the great mortification of Ajax. The chief Mexican spokesman was fluent, energetic and graceful, while the American speaker delivered himself of his accustomed compound of military and moral philosophy.

Our tents were pitched upon an extensive plain, clothed with thick tufted grass, soft as velvet, and yielding to the foot like a Wilton carpet, while water pure and sparkling gushed from the earth in three noble springs, conveniently distributed along the lines. Mountains were around us in their unmatched grandeur; the city unveiled itself before us, attractive and imposing in its stately alamedas and luxuriant vineyards, while extending far on our left were waving fields of ripened grain, ready for the harvest.

Parras derives its name from *parra*, a vine nailed to a wall, the city forming as it were a trellis work for the graperies which enrich and adorn it. The town is handsomely located, being built upon an easy slope, at the base of one of the highest peaks of Sierra Madre, and near the centre of the richest and most fertile valley in Northern Mexico. The streets are musical with the murmur of



cascades and rivulets, formed by the water rushing from the mountains, which is collected in capacious reservoirs of substantial masonry above the city, from which it is readily distributed in open channels, by a constant descent, to every street. The buildings are mostly of adobe, the better class of which are stuccoed and painted. Several of those on the principal plaza are two stories high—not common in Mexican architecture—and the residence of Senor Viesca—formerly an eminent statesman of Coahula—presents a façade of very considerable beauty and would be called “palatial” by the parvenus of Gotham. There are two churches which divide pretty equally the honors of respectability, so that a member of the *haut ton* may be dressed for one, and yet commit no serious impropriety, nor hazard her “position” in the *beau monde*, by attending the other. They are emblazoned with paintings of little merit, and the gildings of the altars has assembled the hue of shabby genteel. One of them possesses a small golden image of the Saviour, which was the nearest approach that fell under our observation to a realization of the ribaldry which prevailed in the United States, soon after the war commenced, on the subject of Mexican church ornaments. It was reported that the Parish Church had one painting of rare merit and value, which a Priest over his cups acknowledged had been removed before our arrival. They very wisely entertained no fears for the safety of those that remained.

On the eastern boundary of the city, stands the hacienda *arriba*, the property of Don Rafael Aguirra, a retired Colonel of the Mexican army. This establishment is little less extensive than the hacienda *Abajo*, but exhibits none of the system, order, and elegance apparent at San Lorenzo. The proprietor evinced no friendly feeling towards us or our government, and in this respect doubtless, reflected popular sentiment around him. And as there was but little American feeling in him, so there was no evidences of American enterprise or intelligence—so conspicuous about his neighbor—to be discovered in the lordly establishment over which he presides. He speaks and his mandate is obeyed; he nods and hundreds are in atten-

dance; he wishes and his desires are gratified; but in all this he resembles only some oriental tyrant, whose wealth and power are ministers to the passions rather than the affections, and have never been employed to dispel the darkness in which ignorance and superstition have so fearfully enveloped his retainers. His peons are ill fed, ill housed, and ill clothed; they gaze upon the chance visitor with the vacant, unmeaning stare of boorish stupidity; the wretchedness of their condition stamped in every lineament of their wild and haggard countenances, and branding them as hopeless victims to grinding tyranny and usurped dominion.

The Arkansas officers were released from arrest and restored to duty, soon after our arrival at Parras. The negotiations which led to this result were not protracted, and it is understood that should the facts be made public, some new features in diplomacy will be revealed. The compromise was brought about by Lancet and Grapeshot, the latter of whom, it is said, contrived to give a turn to the correspondence on both sides, and was effected without any sacrifice of principle by either party, but by an exercise of those sentiments of magnanimity and chivalry, which should characterize not only the profession of arms, but the ordinary intercourse of society.

The night of the 7th of December was given up to a grand celebration in Parras, in commemoration of the conception (not then known to be immaculate!) of the Virgin Mary. At an early hour the half of the Parish church nearest the chancel was lighted up with an immense number of candles; “alps on alps arose” of tallow, wax and spermaceti, so that the altar was encircled with an almost unbroken blaze of fire. Pyramids of flame flashed one above another, until they were lost in the deep caverns of the lofty roof, presenting a gorgeous coloring to painting and statuary, and converting by no forced imagination, this so-called house of God into a temple of the fire-worshippers. The walls were also hung with mirrors, which for the time were magical, and multiplied magnificence and gave a ruddier glow to the radiant luminaries.

The congregation was not large, and composed mostly of females. These glided into

the church with the noiseless step of spectres, and their graceful and elastic motions, (in the dim darkness of the outer extremity of the building,) might well have been taken for the fairy foot-fall of phantoms, to which they seemed more nearly allied than to muscular and breathing forms of flesh and blood. Meekly and reverentially they bowed before the image of Christ crucified, bending the knee in profound humility and self-abasement upon the hard brick floor of the sanctuary, while the males in their indifference, too closely resembled the Guebers of the east. The services consisted of the usual pantomimical exercises of the papacy. The priests (two of them) in their gayest robes, knelt down and rose up, darted to the altar like arrows, and returned escorted by boys in red jackets and trousers, and carrying long candles mounted upon longer poles; they muttered in unknown tongues and chanted in unheard of nasalities; the boys, each one active as an infant Hercules, swung their burning censers until the fumes rose high over all; they waved their lights; they put on and pulled off the priests' robes, and again put on others; the music of fiddles, drums, and clarionets, gave exhilaration to the show, sometimes mingled with the notes of the human voice in strains of devotion, and sometimes in the gay and lively airs of the voluptuous waltz. A few men and boys stood near the doors, sometimes kneeling and crossing themselves after the manner of the priests with a sort of contemptuous indifference, and sometimes staring with stupid or sullen wonderment at the ceremonies before them. In all the vast building, and the vast variety of its congregation, there was no semblance of sincerity or piety, save in the kneeling forms of the females. With their faces turned reverentially towards the altar, and their eyes fixed so intently upon the images before them, they might have carried conviction of the truth of that religion which wields such terrific power over the souls and bodies of its votaries, had it not been for the unmistakeable evidences of heartless formality and hollow mockery, which glared upon you alike from priests and people.

While these ecclesiastical ceremonies were going forward for the benefit of the more de-

vout, the celebration was industriously carried on outside, in the display of fire-works and the discharge of pop-guns.

After the dispersion of the congregation, some Americans present were invited by a priest to go into the Sacristy. Nominally this is the apartment in which the consecrated vessels of the church, and the robes of the clergymen are deposited, and where the priest is supposed to commune with his Maker and himself, in preparations for the edification of his people. The walls of the room were hung round with paintings of the Virgin and other objects of Catholic devotion. These of course were to have been expected. But knowing the place, and having just seen the priest engaged in what ought to be the highest duties to which man can aspire, what must have been the feelings of those who entered this apartment, to find it more like the scene of a recent drunken revel, than like the abode of a human being, and how much less like an apartment in a temple to the living God! The room was foul with the fumes of brandy and tobacco smoke; the floor was filthy, and the walls and ceiling dark and dingy with the accumulations of multiplied orgies. The occupants seemed to have been habitually engaged in libations to Bacchus, rather than in services consecrated to Heaven. Wine and brandy were immediately circulated, as if in continuation of convivialities temporarily suspended; the priests and their associates drinking of the latter as if it were like learning, of which "shallow draughts intoxicate the brain." These, it was remarked, were the "*horns*" of the altar. When the bottle had passed several times, and the usual levity and ribaldry consequent thereon were somewhat exhausted, the exhibition closed and the party took leave of their reverend entertainers.

The transition to the open air was not unpleasant, and a very animated spectacle was presented in the street. In front of the church some eight or ten piles of faggots had been formed, to which the fire was about to be applied. At the windows, and on the roof, dome and towers, lights were blazing and flashing far up in the sky. The streets were crowded with men and boys, porticoes and piazzas were crammed with females, and

the tops of the houses seemed to be growing human heads. Rockets were hissing and sparkling through the air, a vast reel of combustibles, surmounted by a revolving castle, on the principle of Barker's mill—fire the agent instead of water—was emitting flames and flashes and explosions; while other pyrotechnical displays were adding to the interest and brilliancy of the exhibition. The band from camp made its appearance about 8 o'clock, and the air was rent anew with the *vivas* of the boys. The combustibles, however, were not imperishable, and the extinguishment of the fires was the signal for the dispersion of most of the crowd, though many lingered, attracted by the sounds perhaps, rather by the music of the Illinois band. And thus ended the eve of Conception day in Parras.

The Commanding General and some fifteen or twenty officers, by invitation, dined with Don Manuel Ybarra, at the hacienda Abajo. The entertainment is represented by the favored guests as having been of the most sumptuous character, resembling those that we read of at old baronial castles, centuries since. When the guests entered the parlor they were greeted with music on the harp, and on being ushered into the dining hall, it was found that the music had also been transplanted. Pieces were played from the most popular operas, and our musical amateurs were agreeably surprised at the brilliancy of the execution. The dinner consisted, according to the report of one of the General's fat friends, of twenty one courses, and there was *provant* enough, as Dugald Dalgetty would have rejoicingly observed, for two hundred persons. Servants of both sexes were in attendance in great numbers, not in livery, but neatly dressed in the becoming costume of the country, forming sometimes an avenue like two lines of grenadiers, and sometimes a constant current and counter current, between the kitchen and dining room, bringing in and taking out. The host himself partook of nothing during the repast, except cod-fish, which was doubtless a compliment to his guests; though unfortunately, Captain C. who hails from the Cape region, was for the first time on such occasions, absent, and could not therefore make a fitting acknowledgment.

The wines and liquors were of course abundant, but it did not appear that the goblet passed so freely as to render any one *hors de combat*. Those who were present will not soon forget this specimen of Mexican hospitality, nor the amiable and delightful qualities of Don and Donna Manuel Ybarra. The party returned to camp at sun set.

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### EPITHALAMIUM.

Lovely, gentle, winsome Alice,  
In this hour of gloom and glee,  
Now, when Joy fills up her chalice  
To the brim for thee—

When new ties around thee woven,  
Bid thee leave thy girlish scenes,  
And 'mid Friendships time has proven  
Love now intervenes—

Take our blessing for the morrow  
Which to offer all combine,  
And, to soothe us in our sorrow  
Alice! leave us thine!

In the home where fond affection  
All thy dearest hopes shall crown,  
(Though meantime a deep dejection  
Here may weigh us down,)

Sometimes muse at eve or morning  
Fondly on the blissful past,  
Which thy presence once adorning  
Made too bright to last.

Each fair scene of sunny weather—  
All our quiet social mirth—  
Hours that we have spent together  
By thy childhood's hearth.

We shall miss thee very often  
From our little circle—yet  
*Thou art happy*—this shall soften  
Every sad regret.

Gentle, winsome, lovely Alice,  
Ever bright thy future be,  
May Joy's overflowing chalice  
Lose no drop for thee!

## THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE, *Executor of the late  
Henry Ellen.*

Spurring onward, Captain Nolan,  
Spurring furiously is seen—  
And although the road meander,  
His no heavy steed of Flanders,  
But one fit for the Commander,  
Of Her Majesty the Queen.

Halting where the noble squadrons  
Stood impatient of delay,  
Out he drew his brief despatches  
Which their leader quickly snatches,  
At a glance their meaning catches—  
They are ordered to the fray!

All that morning they had waited  
(As their frowning faces show'd)  
Horses stamping; riders fretting  
And their teeth together setting—  
Not a single sword blade wetting  
As the battle ebb'd and flow'd.

Now the fevered spell is broken,  
Every man feels twice as large—  
Every heart is fiercely leaping  
As a lion roused from sleeping,  
For they know they shall be sweeping  
In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleams six hundred sabres  
And the trumpets shrilly ring,  
Steeds are gathered—spurs are driven  
And the heavens wildly riven  
With a mad shout upward given,  
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning: had not Gallia  
Looking on her valiant sons?  
In each mind this thought implanted—  
Undismayed, and all undaunted—  
By the battle-fiends enchanted  
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward! on! the chargers trample.  
Quicker falls each iron heel,  
And the headlong pace grows faster.  
Noble steed and noble master,  
Rushing on to red disaster,  
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan,  
Wide his flying tresses wave,  
And his heavy broad sword flashes  
As upon the foe he dashes—  
God! his face turns white as ashes,  
He has ridden to his grave.

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,  
Without motion—without breath:  
(Never more at trumpet waken)—  
He, the very first one taken,  
From the bough so sorely shaken  
In that vintage time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling  
He was gathered to his rest,  
In the time for which he'd waited—

With his gallant heart elated,  
Down went Nolan—decorated  
Like a soldier—on the breast.

Courades still are onward charging,  
He is lying on the sod;  
Onward still their steeds are rushing  
Where the shot and shell are crushing,  
From his corpse the blood is gushing,  
And his soul is with its God.

As they spur on, what strange visions  
Flit across each rider's brain!  
Thoughts of maidens fair—of mothers,  
Friends and sisters—wives and brothers  
Blent with images of others  
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder,  
Knightly hearts were theirs and brave;  
Men and horses without number  
All the furrowed ground encumber,  
Falling fast to their last slumber,  
Bloody slumber—bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava,  
In its chivalry sublime—  
Vivid, grand, historic pages  
Shall descend to future ages,  
Poets, painters, hoary sages  
Shall record it for all time.

Telling how those English horsemen  
Rode the Russian gunners down—  
How with ranks all torn and shattered,  
How with helmets hacked and battered,  
How with sword arms blood bespattered,  
They won honour and renown.

'Twas "not war;" but it was splendid  
As a dream of old romance:  
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors  
Thrilled to watch them at their labours,  
Hewing red graves with their sabres  
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier—  
Down went many a stout Dragoon:  
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,  
On the crimson field of glory,  
Leaving us a wondrous story—  
And their white cliff'd home a boon.

And to night the moon shall shudder  
As she looks down on the moor,  
Where the dead of hostile races,  
Slumber, slaughtered in their places,  
All their rigid, ghastly faces  
Spattered hideously with gore.

Here a noble charger stiffens—  
There his rider grasps the hilt  
Of his sabre, lying bloody  
By his side, upon the muddy  
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy  
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And the sleepers, ah! the sleepers  
Made a Westminster that day,  
'Mid the battle's seething lava,  
And each man who fell shall have a  
Proud inscription—BALAKLAVA—  
Which shall never fade away!



## THE WAR OF THE WINDOWS.\*

*Journal of the Siege of a Pretty Woman.*

### PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

No offence to our brave officers in general, the art of strategy is not entirely contained in the "Treatise on Fortifications." The manner of storming a place is not taught exclusively to the young gentlemen in spectacles of the Polytechnic school. The sieges of Troy, of La Rochelle, of Anvers or of Sebastopol, are not the only exploits of Mathematics applied to the great art of reducing an enemy to submission. There are other wars, less murderous perhaps, but which have, as you are about to see, their important terminations. There is, directly opposite my window, another which is always closed. The curtains are of embroidered muslin, lined with sky blue silk. It cannot be a smoker or a linen draper that uses such drapery.

The veil has betrayed the goddess. The muslin in festoons reveals the taste of a woman: the blue tapestry shows she is a blonde; a brunette would have adopted crimson or orange—the colors which whiten the complexion and soften its decided tone. When night comes on, a servant hermetically closes the shutters with the frightened look of a *tourière* of a convent. Evidently a cavalry officer, or an exhibitor at the great fair of '55, would not take so many precautions to preserve to his charms the benefits of being unpublished. It is certainly a woman.

The street is narrow: the houses are placed indiscriminately before each other, not at a respectful distance, but as if they desired to chat together, which would be very excusable after having been neighbours for two hundred years. I would like to know if my neighbour is heartless, unfeeling. Should she prove ugly or bold—but that cannot be. Madonnas only hide themselves in niches. Bold faced Venuses, with brazen look and floating drapery, stand on one foot in the gardens. *Ma foi!* I have time, a free heart, a warlike spirit. I wish pretty window, to invest what you hide from me by a regular siege; but a loyal, discreet, courteous siege,

in which nothing can be *condemned* as beyond the limits of a frank, honorable warfare. I will not enter the house of the Diva in a monstrous toy as the Greeks did in the Trojan war. I will not drug her baker to take her by famine, as Louis XIV. before Utrecht. I would prefer, like Henry IV. to throw cakes and sugar plums into her balcony. No, love's strategy has other laws to which Mad'elle Scudery would not object. To-morrow I attack the place. Admirable season for a campaign! Spring is but two months old, and summer behind the scenes in the "*green*" room of nature, prepares her costume starred with flowers. The sky is full of brightness, the air is redolent with perfume, the opening of the trenches will be sweet and easy.

### FORMING PLANS.

The weather has favored the operations of the siege. To-day has been as warm as June. The window is at length opened, but nobody has appeared but the servant who had charge of the shutters. I could easily bribe her at a low fee, but that is too much on the order of Italian comedy;—besides, I would not encourage bribery,—in times of war spies and deserters are shot. I seize my arms for the first time,—my spyglass—and I have examined the apartment; I am very well satisfied with this first reconnoissance, the furniture is simple—sure sign of distinction. The piano is small, a miniature one of Erard's make, and not one of those great cameleopards, or so called grand pianos, which look like extension dining tables. To a little piano evidently belong small hands; the fingers of an English governess, would look like the whalebones of a parasol sprawling over those lilliputian keys. Upon a rose-wood work-table there is an embroidery frame, with work commenced—a bouquet sketched in brilliant tints of worsted. Does my fair one undo at night, like Penelope, the work of the day before? Is she working a pair of slippers for some Ulysses, absent in the tourney of political life?

### FIRST HOSTILITIES.

April in the fields smiles through the tears of his recent showers still wet upon his cheek, and the enemy has at last appeared at the

\* From the French.



window. Goodness! what artillery, and how the place is armed. The fair one is tall, slender, elegant, graceful, but her eyes were all I could look at, two Paixhan mortars, whose fire is incessant. She cast upon me a single glance of her eye and has fired my heart like a powder-magazine by a spark. The look of a pretty woman kills at a greater distance than a Minié rifle.

#### RECONNOITERING.

After having recovered from this first alarm, I examined the besieged. She is a woman of barely 22 years,—a blonde with black eyes, a perfect type of a Spanish beauty. She is graceful without awkwardness, dignified without stiffness and evidently not a daughter of a mamma seeking an establishment; she is archly coquettish, without being a practised coquette; gay without levity; self-possessed without boldness, and she is not married. The slippers have no proprietor.

I take more warlike measures, I have regarded her by stealth to show the pleasure I take in it,—she shut the window in my face, and then took her refuge behind the curtains, her first parallel,—she thinks I don't see her, but I clearly distinguish her nose and rosy lips peeping through the folds of muslin. The enemy is abstracted, preoccupied, unquiet—the day is not lost.

#### THE AMBUSH.

There has been some excitement all the evening—tapers have been lighted, numberless shadows move about in the vacillating light. I watched with interest their dark outlines lengthening on the wall; then I distinguished numberless plants in bouquets, pots, boxes and vases. They have then discounted in advance with Flora the flowers of next month, parbleu! In war each discovery is of value to the skilful general. This harvest of flowers and lilies, indicate a festival quick! The calenders! I wish to know her name, how they call it in Paradise.

This is the eve of the 9th of April. Saint Jule; her name then is Julia, name of a Catholic martyr and a Roman courtesan, half mediæval, half modern.

Julia! one of those common names which so well suit distinguished females. Very

well! Since I know her name, I am no longer a perfect stranger. I can make songs and anagrams on her name. My nymph Egeria has left the sacred grove! It is night, yet the moon silvers the houses with its gentle rays. She comes to the window, cold, imposing, severe, disdaining my mute admiration. She thinks herself free in her disdain and in her own will, but Luna shining just above her head, shews me her outline completely. Thanks to the reflection, her shadow is thrown on my white wall. Charming shadow! that Hoffman would have idolized. I have at my side, drawn as in crayon on the light surface her slender form, her madonna-like head, her arm like an empress, her little hands move and seem to invite mine. I will occupy myself in contemplating this precious reflection which comes like a friendly divinity, to console my trouble and charm my solitude. Has she noticed my sentimental folly? The shadow has disappeared, the window is closed again, and Luna in the heavens seems to look at me with mocking eyes.

#### FEIGNED RETREAT.

Let us change tactics. Instead of attacking, let us resist, let us feign indifference: let us close our curtains—let us barricade our windows. Half of the day is passed, and she gives no signs of life. There she is! she looks over at my side. Nothing? she seems astonished. She is a woman and is already accustomed to being admired.

However, I must resume the offensive. What do I hear? A wandering musician sings in the street one of those simple melodies more touching than a poem. The singer is old and poor. Julia comes to the window. I do the same, and at the same time we throw an alms to the poor minstrel. Our two pieces of money roll far from the poor man, as if fortune so adverse to him, had in its implacable and incessant fury given them the order. We are obliged to point out to our protégé the way the money has taken. Julia smiles without wishing or perhaps knowing it. I am in some way connected with her life—her colaborer in giving alms—her accomplice in a good action.

## FORMING THE TROOPS IN COLUMN.

I have remarked that Julia loves violets. She has placed some in boxes in her balcony. I have bargained with Migeon for all the Parmesan violets which he shall receive. I look as if hid in the midst of an immense opera bouquet. She has noticed the intention, but how can she take offence? Every one is at liberty to buy flowers, and then when the wind blows from my side, I return her, as a good neighbour, the perfumes which the opposite wind brings me.

## ASSAULT BY THE LIGHT TROOPS.

Flowers are charming auxiliaries, their mute language has an interpreter in all loving hearts; but when we wish to storm a place, guarded by wisdom and beauty, we cannot seek too many reinforcements. Flowers are faithful troops who die at their post; but I must have my light cohorts, native soldiers, my Zouaves, Sepoys, Cossacks, Mamelukes or what you will, to harass the enemy. I have enlisted them, noisy, invincible, bold as court pages, thievish as the moss-troopers of an age gone by, I have won them by kindness. A bun crumbled on my terrace has attracted there a legion of undisciplined sparrows. There are some from every country and clime, by dozens, by hundreds, by legions. Quitting me, they flew to Julia's window. She imitated my example. In this meal, given to these children of the air, she takes upon herself a second service. We have now common dependants, our pensioners. My light troops have scaled the place.

## MINES. MYSTERIOUS WORKS.

I wished this evening to do as the lovers of the time of Queen Catherine de Medicis did. I have called sorcery to my aid, thus undermining the outworks of the enemy! I have in my student's library a rusty tome, entitled "the admirable secrets of the great Albert," I have sought the simplest means of knowing her whom fate destines for me. The index directs me to the following recipe. "At 12 o'clock, place a mirror in the centre of your room, open your window to the full ray of the sun; sprinkle fine salt on the floor; say three times 'Abelkabi,' and in the mirror will appear the image of your fu-

ture wife." The preparation being so simple, and neither the blood of a new born child, nor the tongue of a viper, nor a decoction of five-leaved trefoil, nor the hashed eyelid of a sphynx being necessary to the incantation, I tried the charm. I rolled my large dressing glass before the open window; having sprinkled the salt, and pronounced the mystic word, I looked in the crystal, and the beautiful Julia appeared at full length lively and smiling in the depths of my mirror. It was not a miracle, it was her elegant form reflected from her window in my elegant cheval glass. She had long gone before I ceased embracing the inanimate glass. Mirrors, so often called flatterers, revenge themselves for the taunt; they are also ingrates;—they keep no traces of the absent.

## OPENING OF THE BREACH.

There was a religious festival to-day, which has purified me from the odor of sulphur, which my practice of illumination had left me. There has been a religious procession, canopy and carpet of verdure. It is one of the numerous festivals of the Virgin, and triumphal arches are constructed everywhere. Ingeniously pious hands have built, as if by chance, an arch of flowers which unites the two houses and connects Julia's window with mine. The censer throws its aromatic smoke in the air, the priest blesses us. We both kneel at each end of this electric chain of roses, lilies and woodbine. He says to us "Dominus vobiscum,"—we reply together, "et cum spiritu tuo," our voices are united in the same prayer.

In Russia in processions, the village saints go before their superiors, the saints of the cities, when even the blessed ones first named are represented only by a fragment of a toe or leg. It is well understood among the hierarchy.

Though I be not a martyr; though I have never been on the gridiron as St. Lawrence, or even crisped as St. Anastasim, I would willingly go to meet this beautiful saint who prays with such ardor at the other end of our arch of flowers. The impromptu shrine has disappeared, the rain falls, the flowers will be submerged, Julia looks at me! We must save from the deluge this consecrated garland, which has served as a triumphal

arch to religion. I untie it from my side and say timidly, "draw it to you, madam." How can she abandon this fragrant garland which the priest has blessed. Julia smiles, and in the twinkling of an eye the triumphal arch is drawn into her house, and with it a billet, an avowal, a declaration placed between two open lilies. I wrote, "I love you with a *pure* and *holy* love! do you permit? Will you reject me? A sign will suffice me. If I am odious or ridiculous to you, throw the garland in the street, for it is guilty, having screened my confession among its inoffensive flowers." Why do I tremble? Have I not made a breach in place; have I not wounded my dark-haired enemy?

#### EPIDEMIC IN THE CAMP.

She has not thrown away these poor flowers; the Virgin for whom they were twined has protected them, but she has closed everything, window, curtains and shutters. There is no vestige of life in the neat little abode. The besieged has abandoned her casement. I am then an intruder, rough and ill-bred. I take from this child liberty, air and light. I besiege her and she threatens me with famine; for not to see her, is not to exist. In this blockade in which I fight in the cause of my heart, I yield before this strength of inertia. What must I do? send a herald to call a parley? I rave, this would compromise her—Days pass, my head, my blood heats; I have a fever. I do not know what I am about, but they have put me to bed. I speak of my flowers, of my sparrows, of the adored shadow, traced on my wall, of the great Albert and his falsehood. I repeatedly ask the Virgin to give me back her garland, and in my delirium I often call her whose name is enshrined in my heart.

#### TREATY OF PEACE.

I have been sick a long time; my good mother sent for in haste, has watched over me like a saint. I am recovering yet still weak and feeble as an infant. No more siege, no more dangerous contemplations at the window. "Oh! mother," said I, "the siege is raised, the army is routed, the flowers are dead for want of water, the birds have flown for want of food during the illness of the general."

"Bah!" said she, "you slander your troops, your violets are superb in their sapphire tippets, and listen, your birds dispute on the window, as if talking politics."

"You have taken care of my allies then," I asked her.

"I, no! I had enough to do to hold you in your paroxysms, imprudent poet,—butterfly, burned in the attractive flames; but in a loyal war the victorious enemy leaves the soldier his sword, the flower its perfume, the bird its song. Your soldiers have had the benefit of an honorable capitulation."

"You are joking."

"No! on my honor as a mother having the sixty years necessary for a good diplomatist. I have called a congress, I have opened conferences, I have arranged protocols, I have discussed warrants as if in person agitating the eastern question."

"I do not comprehend."

"You do not understand that as we are dealing with a free, noble, virtuous power, sympathising with my alarms, confiding in my promises, I have contracted with her a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, the deed of which is with the notary."

"What do you mean?"

"Look," said my mother, "imagine yourself at Tilsit, this is the interview between the two emperors." Then at my bedside agitated and with downcast eyes, leaning on my mother's arm, I saw Julia,—Julia herself! who held out to me her delicate little hand. "Monsieur," she said, "there is at my house the half of a garland which belongs to you."

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ABSENCE.—I wish I could realize what you call my "*grand* idea of being independent of the absent." I have not a friend worthy the name. whose absence is not pain and dread to me. death itself is terrible only as it is absence. At some moments, if I could, I would cease to love those who are absent from me, or to speak more correctly, those whose path in life diverges from mine—whose dwelling-place is far off; with whom I am united in the strongest bonds of sympathy while separated by duties and interests, by space and time. The presence of those whom we love is as a double life; absence, in its anxious longing, and sense of vacancy, is as a foretaste of death.—*Mrs. Jameson's Common-Place Book.*

## NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

There came under the window of my room at the *Hotel de Russie* at Berlin, every morning during our short sojourn in that city, a blind clarinet-player, led by a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age, with fair flowing hair and eyes of a deeper blue than the sky that bends over the *Thier Garten* in the sunny summer evenings. One sees so many strolling musicians in Europe, playing upon all sorts of instruments and afflicted with every kind of bodily infirmity, that the first impulse upon hearing them strike up is to close the window, in default of resorting to those means of getting rid of the annoyance which Holmes recommends in his "Music Grinders." But whether the sad, sweet face of the child, which wore an expression beyond its years as if suffering had prematurely sharpened her faculties, awakened a sympathetic interest in me, or whether the strain of the *pauvre aveugle* was in itself unusually plaintive and appealing, I did not turn away from them on their first visit, but sat down and heard the music out, and for a few small coins thrown to the girl received the most respectful curtsey and grateful kiss of the hand that ever gipsy gave. It was a better picture than any of those beggar boys of Murillo which we had seen at the Museum over the way—yet one need not go to Berlin surely to meet such; there are blind mendicants the world over that little children lead on their rounds, and among the poor whom we have with us always, we might see faces as sorrowful in their childish beauty and hear tunes as expressive of human suffering any day as rose to my eye and ear in the second story of the *Hotel de Russie*. Ah me! I fear there are lessons we might learn at home but will not, and which force themselves upon our apprehension abroad with something of a twinge at that much-ignored part of one's nature that is called a conscience. I wonder if the little pauper still stops in the narrow street with her blind father—poor child! I trust she frequently gets more abundant than she received from us, and that when the last tune has been played upon the old clarinet and she has no longer a father to lead, an unseen Hand may lead her in the way that she should go.

I cannot dismiss Berlin forever without paying the tribute of my praise to the financial ability of our host of the *Hotel de Russie*. There was a grace beyond the reach of art in the splendid total of his account: we had been overcharged, here and there, before—it was no novel sensation therefore to meet with a landlord of such

enlarged views of the value of entertainment—but the figures at the foot of *his* column were really magnificent. The man seemed indeed to have conquered arithmetic and bent simple addition to his purposes: in vain might you run up the column in the hope of detecting some latent error as the cause of the enormous result; in vain attempt to disprove the accuracy of his reduction into francs; it was all right, yet somehow there was a strange expansion, a monstrous swelling out of details which you were not able to understand, and five and four made the biggest nine under his hands that ever was set down in a calculation. I am therefore free to recommend the *Hotel de Russie* to Americans visiting Berlin, feeling assured that as they cannot escape extortion at any inn of that city, they will be gratified at the easy and brilliant way in which it is done at that particular establishment.

The first sight we caught of the domes and towers of beautiful Dresden, after four hours of railway travel from Berlin, was like an illusion of phantasmagoria. The leaden canopy of cloud which enveloped the vicinity of Berlin had disappeared, as if the man at the engine were a *Deus ex machina*, and there was the fair capital of Saxony on the pleasant borders of the Elbe, with every line of building in clear relief against a sky of ultra-marine. Indeed the notion of its unreality was never weakened, and even now I look back upon Dresden, with its pictures and its jewels and its Terrasse and its quaint old squares, as something that was taken out of a box for our amusement and put back again after our departure.

On our way we had fallen in with two Swedish gentlemen who occupied the same compartment of the railway carriage with us and whose acquaintance we formed under circumstances that may furnish a hint of caution to travellers how they presume upon a stranger's ignorance of their vernacular. Our Scandinavian companions had been conversing in their own Norse dialect, which sounded in our ears as rugged and discordant as might one of those curtain lectures that Freya the blue-eyed was wont to give Odin the hen-pecked, after too many horns of hydromel in the evening, and for some time we were puzzled to conjecture which of the confused and shattered tongues of Babel they employed.

It belonged to none of the languages of Southern Europe which came from the "soft, bastard Latin"—that was clear enough.

D—— declared it was nothing like German.

"It strikes me it's a confounded odd language," said R——.

My own opinion leaned to Russia, and I suggested that they were subjects of the Czar, travelling over the continent upon business connected



with the existing hostilities between Russia and the Allies.

After we had fully discussed the matter, with some allusions to the personal appearance of our fellow travellers, the elder of them turned to me, with a polite nod of the head, and asked

"How long shall we be before we reach Dresden?"

The question startled us, uttered as it was with an accent which though decided was not disagreeable, and had the railway carriage been of similar construction with one of our American cars, I think we should all three have found ourselves speedily in the smoking apartment. Our embarrassment was however soon dispelled by the good-humour and pleasant manner of the gentlemanly Swede, with whom and his compatriot, who spoke English tolerably, we entered into a general conversation which terminated in an agreement to stop at the same hotel in Dresden and make the round of its famous sights in company. Four or five days were we thus thrown together, and I have somewhere, carefully put away, the cards of these Northmen which will recal, whenever they may turn up, the most agreeable reminiscences of sunset drives and capital hock wine and glorious pictures and droll adventures enjoyed with them, though these bits of pasteboard will also forever remind me of the impropriety of remarking upon the language or the person of a stranger. Should I meet a Kalmuck Tartar or a gentleman from the Feejee Islands, I think I should hesitate to offer observations concerning him in his hearing.

The pride of Dresden is its gallery, renowned beyond any other collection of paintings in the world, and filled with creations which can not but afford the highest delight to all tastes. The artist and the peasant may alike derive intense satisfaction from visiting it, nor can I imagine a nature so dead to the sense of beauty as not to be roused to enthusiasm by looking upon the treasures of art which hang upon its walls. If the reader of these sketches is offended with me for endeavouring to describe some of its finest things, which he or she has possibly read of a dozen times before, let him or her lay down the record or pass on to something else. I trust Mademoiselle, who complains of another picture gallery infliction, may one of these days lounge through those enchanting rooms herself and see what glory shines through them, reflected from the dream-like images of woman which the great masters saw and caught for all time in their studios some centuries ago.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," sang poor Keats, and surely the world has been much better for this gallery of Dresden. What gratification has it not afforded to the lover of the beau-

tiful through rolling years—poets have sat down before its Madonnas and recognized the sweet idols of their fancy—the universal literature of modern times is illustrated by its shapes of ideal loveliness—mighty captains of armies, bombarding the storied city reckless of what destruction their shells might work, have gratefully ordered the gunners to spare the building where so much of grace was enshrined, and the idle wanderer from other lands walks along the chambers so rich in genius and in memories, to the apartment where stands the immortal Virgin of Raphael, with a feeling of thankfulness that he has been permitted to gaze upon excellence so rare.

The *Madonna di San Sisto* is probably familiar to the majority of my readers in some form—copies of it in oils, wretched enough it must be admitted, abound in the United States and there is scarcely a picture shop in the land where a print of it can not be obtained. It derives its name from Pope Sixtus, by whose order it was painted and whose episcopal person the artist has transmitted to us in sacerdotal vestments kneeling on the left hand of the canvass. We ought to feel indebted to his Holiness for having caused such a work to be executed, yet we like him not in the picture at all, he is decidedly *de trop*, and the same thing may be said of St. Barbara who kneels opposite to him. Not that this young lady lacks any one point of female comeliness: she has an exquisite neck set upon charming shoulders and supporting a head nearly perfect, indeed she is altogether satisfactory as a saint or a sinner in whichever character you choose to look at her—the objection is not to her individually but to the placing her where she is. Take out from the canvass the angels at the foot and the Virgin and child in the centre, and the Pope and St. Barbara between the faded green curtain—would look very like a *tableau vivant* at a French theatre.

But it requires a short time only for one to forget all the accessories of the picture in the contemplation of the heavenly faces of the Madonna and the infant Jesus. Sir David Wilkie, speaking of this Madonna in the measured language of artistic criticism, says she is "nearer the perfection of female elegance and grace than anything in painting." But surely she is much more than this. The limit at which the thoughts of other men have been stayed in the portraiture of female elegance by the sense of the finite, has been transcended here, and a countenance lighted up with the glory of actual transfiguration, looking down from the deep blue of the highest heaven which falls around her like drapery. Eyes infinitely tender and lustrous and sad, yet never know tears; lips overflowing with love and roseate with the glow of the unfailing fires of the Eter-



nal Altar; a brow beaming with benignity and the peace that passeth all understanding—and this vision of celestial joy stamped with the immutability of the Everlasting and fadeless forevermore.

I have said that the eyes were sad: it is this sadness which affects the beholder more perhaps than anything else, as it connects the woman with earth and assures us that it was not altogether as an angel, assoiled of all human taint, that the great artist saw the Virgin in his dream. In the face of the child Jesus, too, which bears a mysterious resemblance to that of Mary, there is an expression of earnest sorrow, as if there resided in the soul of the yet unconscious infant some presage of the day when the bitter cup of Atonement was to be lifted to his lips and the will of the Father was to be accomplished, albeit the inexpressible anguish of the woman who now bears him in her arms with the affectionate grasp of maternity. It is this blending of the human with the divine nature, this bodying forth of the immortal attributes of the Redeemer, this sanctification, as it were, of the mother of God without causing her to resign all trace of her earthly being, that speaks to the sympathy of all who look upon the picture. It seems like a glimpse of the spirit-world vouchsafed to us while yet dwelling within the barriers of clay—a chink through which there slants downward from the regions of revolutionless day a pencil of light into the valley of bleeding and broken hearts, and especially is this feeling experienced when one regards the angels who sit at the foot of the painting, those fair representatives of the *angel idea* which has possessed the minds of all people since the world began, with their thoughtful upturned faces and their wings of rainbow plumage.

There is one other picture in the world which appeals as powerfully to the unartistic beholder, and this is suggestive of emotions directly of an opposite character. I saw it upon the easel of Ary Scheffer,\* the poet painter of Paris, who occupies the first rank of living artists, who expressed upon canvass the touching and marvelous melancholy of *Mignon* and whose glorious pieces of the *Christus Consolator* and the *Christus Remunerator* have awakened such universal admiration. The picture is that of *Francesca*

\* The atelier of Ary Scheffer is not one of those artists' lounging places where everybody is free to go to kill time and discuss "high art" over a morning cigar. Admission to it is difficult to obtain and is accorded to few. I desire to return my grateful acknowledgments to William W. Mann Esq. the distinguished Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* (and well known to the readers of the *Messenger* as formerly a regular contributor to its pages) for his kindness in presenting me to M. Scheffer whose courteous reception I shall never forget.

*di Rimini*, and I refer to it here because it seems to give as faithful a foreshadowing of the cloudy and remorseful atmosphere of the realms of despair as Raphael's painting presents of the brilliance of Paradise. The story is told by Dante and has been made the subject of a poem by Leigh Hunt, but Scheffer has translated it with all the horror and vividness of the Italian master. Two forms of matchless beauty, condemned through eternity to endure the pangs of hopelessness, because guilty love, are sweeping before Virgil and Dante as they pass through the shades, wrapt in a deep and agonizing gloom—what inconceivable anguish is written upon the sweet features of the woman which are turned towards you in deathlike yet deathless pallor! The face of the man is averted, as if the painter acknowledged the impossibility of depicting his more intense and unutterable despair. There is nothing repulsive in this wonderful work of art, though it speaks to us of retribution with the most awful distinctness, and in recalling the light such as "never was on sea or land" that burns around the *Madonna di San Sisto*, I shall always think of the subtle depths of gloom that envelop Francesca and her wretched lover.

The Madonnas of Raphael, which are scattered through the galleries of Europe from London to Naples, bear so striking a resemblance to each other as to hint at an earthly original, the probable *inamorata* of his youth, of whom Vasari tells us nothing, concerning whom indeed all the biographers are silent. That they are not purely ideal, the uniform fidelity and *vraisemblance* of the lineaments would imply, apart from their general likeness to each other, and that the lovely being whom they represent was not a companion of the artist's maturer days is almost certain from the fact that she appears only in that glorified form of the Blessed Virgin. We can fancy her to have been some sunny-haired, azure-eyed maiden with whom he had rambled over the breezy hillsides of Urbino, or who had sat down beside him in the painting-room of Perugino his master, as the first sweet flowers of imagination rose at the touch of his magic pencil, and whom death had wrested from his arms and canonized to his perception. Thus he came to regard her ever afterwards through the halo of a heavenly ether, and that wondrous and happy change was effected so exquisitely described by the Friar in the case of Hero.

The idea of her life had sweetly crept  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Had come apparelled in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed.

We can suppose this to have been the history of the Madonna whom we see with the Goldfinch, in the Chair, beneath the palm trees, or poised in mid-heaven, in whatever attitude she has been painted, and rejoice that it was so—rejoice that the soul-empress of Raphael lived not to be transmitted to posterity in like manner with the mistress of Titian or the fair sinner whom Correggio worshipped.

Occupied with such thoughts I sat, perhaps, an hour before the *Madonna di San Sisto*, forgetting the fact that I must soon bid it good-bye, and ignoring the crowd that passed along the rooms, gentlemen with glasses stuck in their dexter orbs and Murray under their left arms, young ladies throwing a glance upon the finest object in the collection and tripping off to see something else, till R—— roused me from my reverie and begged that I would come and look at a picture that was really “slap up.” For his part he liked the old masters well enough, but there were other things to be seen in the gallery besides Raphaels, and this one ought not to be slighted. There was so much good sense in the remark that I went away with him and soon found myself taking off my hat to *La Belle Chocolatière*. Some years ago, it seems, there was a young woman who served chocolate to the *habitués* of a coffee-house in Vienna, with such infinite grace, that there was not a young gallant in the Austrian capital who did not esteem it a rare privilege to receive that fragrant beverage from her dainty hands. Numberless were the compliments offered to her charms as she would appear bearing the chocolate tray like another Hebe translated from the skies to the Danube, but she hearkened to none of them, and the Vienna dandies swore that of all the cruel tormentors that ever wore petticoats, *La Belle Chocolatière* was the most heartless and indifferent. At length one of the proudest and noblest of the Austrian Effulgencies paid suit in the most honorable way to the beauty of the coffee-room, and she became a *Dietrichstein* and shone thereafter in the proud halls of the Hapsburgs. The virtuous creature has been dead these hundred years, but we had the satisfaction of offering our homage to her excellence of character and her pulchritude of person, in a charming crayon which exhibits her in her capacity of waitress, bearing a cup of chocolate. The Swede declared it was one picture of the most agreeable. R—— went off looking for a copy of it to adorn the dining-room of his Philadelphia home.

To tell of the other gems of the Dresden gallery; of the enchanting recumbent Magdalen of Battoni; of the famous *Notte* of Correggio in which the light is thrown like a visible glory from the person of the infant Saviour; of the delicious Vandykes introducing us to the

most stately and aristocratic old ladies and gentlemen whom we could wish to have been our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers: to speak of all these things would render these idle and rambling sketches as tedious as a catalogue and not half so satisfactory. I lingered by each of them till absolutely drunk with the joy of my eyes for what they saw, and came away reluctantly enough. As we reached the portico of the building, I missed my faithful Murray and went back to look for it, while my companions waited for me without. The *gardiens* were shutting up the gallery—the artists engaged in making copies of the pictures came shuffling along with their palettes and pencils—all the loungers were filing towards the entrance. On I hurried from room to room until I found my red-covered *vade mecum* lying on the sofa before the Sistine Virgin. The apartment was hushed and the partially closed windows admitted only a sufficient quantity of light to enable me to see the picture, which appeared all the more mystical and majestic in the soft obscurity. So I sat down to enjoy a farewell sight of it. How long I remained there I know not, but until one of the officials shook me and notified me that it was *tempus abire*—time to be off—and when I got out, R—— swore that by his watch it had been three-quarters of an hour, and that, but for a mere accident which took the custodian back into the gallery, I would have been locked up there for the night. What dreams might not have visited my slumbers, what angels might not have descended to look upon their counterparts in those seraph-inhabited rooms and thus appeared to my enraptured vision had I remained there, it was pleasant to conjecture.

I have no incidents to narrate of our sojourn in Dresden, though had we been a week earlier we might have heard a concert of Jenny Goldschmidt which was given at the *Hotel de Saxe* where we were lodged, and which the landlord confidentially informed me was not that shower of brilliants that a concert of Jenny Lind had been in days gone by. It was melancholy, that individual said, to observe what a failing there had been of her wonderful powers, yet who can think of Jenny singing a nursery version of *ah mon fils!* and happy in her quiet home, and wish to bring her back to the footlights, though she sang as never *prima donna* did before? The concert she had given was for a charitable purpose and had been of course eminently successful in a pecuniary point of view.

We drove out of Dresden one afternoon to a fair, where we saw some very odd things indeed, which Dickens only would be competent to describe. Very distinctly do I remember the intensely funny panorama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that afforded so much satisfaction to our Swedish friend-

who had read that veracious history, and the revolving railways with their crowded trains of fat children, and the *Tanz Saal* or dancing room, entrance two groschen, where the fair daughters of Saxony Redowa'd themselves into a condition of positive inflammability, until their round faces were absolutely red hot and glistened like burnished kettles,—all these remain fresh in my recollection as when I laughed over them at the *Hotel de Saxe* with a bottle of Rhine wine constantly passing from Swede to American and repassing from American to Swede.

The time soon came for us to leave the Saxon capital, and as I ran over in my mind its pleasures and attractions, I thought that if there was any one of the rulers of Europe whose position was to be envied, any King or Kaiser or Margraf or Hereditary Herzog who was less bored than another by his condition of royalty, whose life might be supposed only a round of reasonable enjoyments and with whom a republican might be willing to exchange lots, it was perhaps the quiet, easy, philosophizing *faineant* of a monarch who ruled over Saxony and owned the flashings jewels and the miraculous paintings and the pretty opera house and the lofty palace that Dresden contains. At that moment, the King had gone into the Tyrol to botanize and to die. Two weeks afterwards his body was brought back to his beautiful Dresden, a refractory horse having by an unlucky kick given him a passport to another world.

Sceptre and crown must tumble down  
says truly the poet.

**MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.**—The ladies of this Association announce a celebration of the 4th of July, in Richmond, at the African Church. Oration will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Burrows of the Baptist Church, also by Mr. Beverley R. Wellford. The military are engaged to attend. Since the report of the ladies in the last month's Messenger a large number of circulars and subscription papers have been distributed over the Union, and from the flattering notices that have appeared in various remote sections there is a prospect of the wide extension of the cause. Persons of influence are daily sending in valuable donations and warm expressions of sympathy with the patriotic efforts of the ladies.

We have also to record that the Virginia State Committee have been extremely zealous in taking up subscriptions throughout Richmond and a very large sum has been collected. These are inspiring auguries of almost certain success.

## WOMAN'S APPEAL.

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

*Praying for their aid, in purchasing the ground and erecting a Mausoleum, at Mount Vernon, sacred to the memory of*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN.

Haste with your jewels, Sisters, bring  
The brilliants, that adorn your brow ;  
The diamonds, and the crystal string  
Of pearls, the ruby's crimson glow ;  
From coffer and from casquet pour,  
With lavish hand, the golden ore,  
That o'er our Father's dust may rise,  
A peerless column to the skies.

O! shame, that o'er his sacred head,  
O! shame, that o'er his precious dust,  
No, grand, illustrious dome is spread,  
Nor stately shrine, nor sculptur'd bust,  
Nor soaring shaft, to bear his name ;  
Emblazon'd with his deeds of fame,  
In morning's glow, and evening's flame.

But rankly there wild grasses wave,  
Nettles and thistles, briery weeds,  
Luxuriant, scatter there their seeds,  
O'er him, the bravest of the brave !  
And choke a sad neglected grave !  
O! rather there, the roses red,  
And lilies pure, their blooms should shed,  
And myrtle boughs adorn his bed.

O! rather there, where mouldering stone  
And crumbled wall decaying lean,  
A bower should twine its flowery zone  
And belt the spot with living green ;  
A fountain spout its showery bow,  
And birds should sing, flowers should blow,  
And statues lift their brows serene,  
And high a marble altar show  
That our Great Father sleeps below !

Then, Sisters of this wide-spread land,  
Come link'd with flowers, come hand in hand,  
A filial, reverential band ;  
Come from gray hut, from sumptuous hall,  
Snow-headed age, and youthful bloom,  
Singing sweet hymns, approach this tomb,  
Exalt our Temple, let it climb  
To heaven, majestic and sublime.

New York, June, 1855.

## MACAULAY AND KIRKE WHITE.

A writer in the *New York Times* thus traces back to its rightful source an idea which has been long admired in one of the most rhetorical of Macaulay's Essays—

In the *DAILY TIMES* of yesterday, in the remarks on "Misplaced Ideas," little more was done than correcting the *Albion's* mistake in attributing to SYDNEY SMITH the paternity of an idea which MACAULAY has made popular, but did not create. The originator of the picturesque passage was no doubt HENRY KIRKE WHITE, but we think that MACAULAY did not borrow from him but from SHELLEY, who it is clear had the lines of WHITE in his mind. We shall trace the progress of the idea, or rather, the progress of the wandering artist through the pages of English literature and into a popular reputation—thus commencing with what is generally conceded as his present "local habitation," and conveying him back to that home from which he was kidnapped.

In MACAULAY's brilliant review of RANKE's *Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes, &c.*, the passage alluded to occurs. Tracing the antiquity and strength of the papacy, and marveling at its continuous "life and youthful vigor," he writes :

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor *when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*"

This was published in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1840. So much for MACAULAY. Now for SHELLEY.

In the dedication of *Peter Bell the Third*, by Miching Mallecho (PERCY B. SHELLEY,) to Thomas Brown, Esq., the younger, (TOM MOORE,) author of the *Fudge Family* we have the following passage :

"Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them, and in the firm expectation that *when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism*, the respective merits of the Bells and Fudges, and their historians."

This is dated Dec. 1, 1819.

We give not only the parallel passages, but a little of their settings, so to speak, the more fully to confirm our belief that the reviewer fashioned his succinct picture from the more various details of SHELLEY's composition. In MACAULAY we find the idea of KIRKE WHITE and the details of SHELLEY; because in the latter we have the idea and some of the details of WHITE's passage, which we give.

In the series of poetic fragments entitled *Time*, and which was begun about 1803, and written on between that period and WHITE's death, in 1806, we arrive at the birth-home of MACAULAY's "Traveller from New-Zealand," SHELLEY's "Transatlantic Commentator," and KIRKE WHITE's "Bold Adventurer," all of whom are reducible to the same skeleton, in a variety of disguises, seeking the picturesque under some difficulties, and each persisting in the "ruin" of St. Paul's.

Reviewing the weakness of mortal man, who "dly reasons of eternity," ruminating on the fate of empires, of Rome,

"Living but in the tale of other times,"

and

"polished Greece become the seat  
Of ignorance and sloth," &c.

the poet, pondering, like MARIUS amid the ruins, shows his mind to travel into the future; and seeing it, through the desolation of the past, his imagination bodies forth the time when Britain shall follow

"Cities numberless;  
Tyre, Sydon, Babylon and Troy,  
And rich Phœnicia."

and when

"Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,  
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back  
To primitive barbarity—

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er her marts,  
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry  
Of the loud curlew, and the pensive dash  
Of distant billows, breaks along the void;  
*Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitol, and heard  
The bittern booming in the woods, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude.*"

Thus far KIRKE WHITE's parental authority is undeniable; but if even it were slightly doubtful, the annexed quotation on the decline of Albion, the growth of the arts elsewhere, and its effect, is conclusive evidence against SHELLEY and MACAULAY :

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,  
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,  
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,  
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,  
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow  
Hath ever plow'd before—espies the cliffs  
Of fallen Albion. To that land unknown  
He journeys joyful; and perhaps describes  
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:  
Then he with vain conjecture fills his mind  
Of the unheard of race, which had arrived  
At science in that solitary nook,  
Far from the civilized world; and sagely sighs  
And moralizes on the state of man."



## Notices of New Works.

PEG WOFFINGTON. CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE—Novels. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97, Main Street.

We have in these two neatly printed volumes, something very unlike the great mass of fiction which has been thundered down upon the present generation. Mr. Reade certainly derives his inspiration neither from Bulwer or Dickens or Thackeray or any other magnate of letters—and the path he pursues is wholly apart from, and independent of the literary *preserves* of those “distinguished names.” Brief, rapid, summing up in a few words, and with the ease of a dramatist a multitude of details which an ordinary writer would spread remorselessly over an hundred pages—Mr. Reade produces the impression he aims to produce, with great success, and in the briefest time. It is true that this brevity is occasionally pushed to extravagance, and that the narrative hurries on with the too great rapidity of a regularly constructed play; and the author should remember that what is called *authorial comment* must in romances supply the place of scenery, dresses, and acting in the drama; but the dramatic force with which the scenes are portrayed, goes far to redeem these novels from our critical objection. What is indisputable about these two little works is the actual dramatic power of the writer. The character of Christie Johnstone is a *creation*—not an adaptation, or a weak or strong copy, or an imaginary personage out of real life. She lives and breathes, and is delineated with a vigor which carries the reader along with surprise and delight. In Peg Woffington we have an admirable picture of a celebrated actress of the last century, who flourished, the delight of “the town” about the year 1756. Mr. Reade has drawn her portrait with great effect, and her anomalous character is traced admirably in all its windings. The story seems to be *adapted* from a comedy, and it might be turned into one again by cutting out the narrative portions; and the effect of this has been a *quasi* unreality in the plot, which we need not pause to dwell further upon. But the creative genius of the author informs and colors all, and Peg, and Triplet, and Mabel Vane are all admirable.

We trust that we shall have many more stories as vigorous and entertaining from Mr. Reade, who writes in the tone and spirit of a Christian gentleman. With the most obvious pet theories on the subject of his art, and with a misconception of its capabilities we think—he yet possesses an original creative vigor which will give him deserved celebrity.

CONSTANCE HERBERT. *A Novel.* By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Miss Jewsbury's first appearance in authorship was by means of a novel entitled *Zoe*, which created a certain sensation in its day, but was considered of rather questionable reputation. Her later works the *Half Sisters* and *Marian Withers* gained for her the name of a “strong minded woman” desirous of reforming society through the employment of fictions which, however admired for their power and passion by the world at large, are apt to be regarded with much the same sort of suspicion by “proper people” that they look upon the writings of Madame Dudevant.

“Constance Herbert” is likely to meet with more favor at the hands of such than any of its predecessors. The design of it is to inculcate the excellent lesson that duty should always triumph over inclination and that happiness can only result from a strict adherence to the former without regard to any consequences that may ensue. Perhaps the *moral* of the book may be more accurately stated in the commandment “Thou shalt have none other Gods but me,” for to the idealization and idolatry of mere human beings, in the case of the love-lorn maiden who blindly elevates the weak, erring creature of her *tendre* to the only niche in the temple of her heart before which she worships, the authoress traces all the sorrow of this life which consists in vain regrets over the past. With the hope of impressing this more strongly upon the reader, Miss Jewsbury artfully makes all the gentlemen of her story, who are the objects of female adoration in the beginning, become disagreeable and even repulsive before the close, and Titania herself, when she awoke from the sweet influence of Puck's lethargic juices, was not more disgusted with the thing she had loved, than was Constance Herbert with Mr. Philip Marchmont when he was presented to her divested of all his fascinations. Thus a healthful solace is administered to disappointed lovers who are taught that after all they may have only escaped making very wretched alliances when the love-letters and presents have been packed up and sent back, and they have buried their *affaires du cœur* and written a cruel epitaph and shed bitter tears upon the tomb of the affections. To young men who have suffered and “dearest girls” who are pining, as well as to all who would read a highly entertaining narrative enforcing the demands of duty, we commend the volume.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. *In two Volumes.* By J. S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. [From A. Morris 97, Main Street.

The pious labours of the Rev. Mr. Abbott, which for two years have been watched with such absorbing interest by the readers of Harper's Magazine are at length completed and we have the result before us in the form of two goodly volumes filled with spirited wood engravings and embellished with two fine steel portraits of Napoleon as First Consul and Emperor. As a History there is little to be said in favour of this work, though as an imaginative production it might fairly claim our mingled praise and astonishment. If Mr. Abbott had attempted to see how far he could practise upon the credulity of mankind, he could not have falsified the annals of the world more completely than in this strange tissue of absurd flatteries. The present Emperor should lose no time in bestowing upon the reverend gentleman the ribbon of the Legion of Honour and in securing his invaluable services as Historian of the *Coup d'Etat*, since the man who can find matter for commendation in the little affair at Jaffa might even give a pleasant colour to the violation of one's oath.

BEL SMITH ABROAD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. [From Butters and Simons, 157 Main Street.

“Bel Smith” is the *nom-de-plume* of Mrs. Don Piatt, the accomplished wife of our Secretary of Legation at Paris, under which she has written much for the *Home Journal* and other Northern publications. Her sketches of European travel and Life in Paris are highly piquant and entertaining, as might be expected when we consider the talent of the writer and her stand-point of observa-



tion at the court of the French Emperor. The work is illustrated with numerous wood-engravings which would have been admirable if they had been executed with half the spirit manifested in the original drawings which were shown us by Bel Smith herself—but unfortunately many of them have been shockingly done, especially the portrait of Judge Mason, which would hardly be recognised by his friends. We commend the volume to all summer travellers as a delightful companion for the railway or the steamboat.

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A COMMONPLACE BOOK of *Thoughts, Memories and Fancies*. By Mrs. JAMESON. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Truly a charming book—one to carry with you to the country and read beneath the shade of friendly trees in the long days of summer—indulging in pleasant “thoughts,” running over with happy “memories,” and beguiling with delicate “fancies”—indeed just what we should expect the album of Mrs. Jameson to be. The “Revelation of Childhood” is of deep interest as unfolding the growth and development of a superior mind, and abounds in the most important truths concerning education and the proper treatment of the infant character. We rejoice that the fragments composing the volume have not been lost to the world, which cannot but profit by their genial and healthful philosophy.

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A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY. By DR. LEONARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1855. [From G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.]

The object of this work is to give a popular summary of the remote history of the world of which little is now studied except the annals of Greece and Rome. This has been done with great perspicuity by the learned author who is well known as “Rector of the High School of Edinburgh,” and to whom we are indebted for many previous works of permanent interest and value.

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THE MISSING BRIDE, OR MIRIAM THE AVENGER. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. [From Butters and Simons, 157 Main Street.]

The scene of this story is laid in this country about the year 1814 and the incidents, as the reader may judge from the terrific title, are of the intensest sort of “thrilling interest.” The admirers of Mrs. Southworth, and she has created many by her passionately sensuous style, will no doubt find the “*Missing Bride*” highly entertaining. For ourselves, we never sup on horrors with any satisfaction nor can we approve that class of fiction to which the previous works of this lady belong.

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The busy press of Messrs. Appleton of New York has given us during the month a batch of most agreeable publications. Of these “*The Brief Remark on the Ways of Man, by Ezra Sampson*” is compact of earnest thoughts fitly expressed and should be read and pondered by young and old. It might be introduced in our schools and academies with great propriety as a work on Ethics. “*The Iroquois, By Minnie Myrtle*” is a full

and excellent treatise upon the Indian character, showing the bright side of it and presenting many interesting incidents in border life. For the lovers of fiction two original novels, both founded on home materials, are offered in “*The Winkles*” and “*The English Orphans*.” The former work has a numerous but striking *dramatis personæ* which affords the author abundant room for the illustration of salient points of character. All these publications are beautifully printed and may be obtained of A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

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One of the most delightful books we have read for many a day is “*Pictures from the Battle Fields*,” by the “*Roving Englishman*,” just issued from the house of George Routledge, London and New York. We have no idea who this “*Roving Englishman*” may be, but he has the keenest eye for the ludicrous side of life and the most brilliant way of recording incident and adventure of any gentleman that has visited the East, since Mr. Titmarsh went on that famous journey from Cornhill to Cairo. His pictures of the Turk, the Russian, the French soldier, the Zouave, are wonderfully life-like and fresh, though some allowance must be made for the prejudices of the author. There is withal a rare command of the pathetic displayed in his touching episodes of the pillage and disaster of battle. Beneath the glittering surface of the writer's wit we detect moreover an earnest purpose of reforming the abuses of patronage and the senile maladministration which have wrought such evil effects in the Crimean campaign. In the preface especially, the author comes down with just and well-timed severity upon the hereditary aristocracy of England, and it is impossible to resist the force of his reasoning with regard to this immemorial incubus upon the country. We hope to hear from the “*Roving Englishman*” again, and commend him cordially to the American public in the beautiful dress in which the clear typography of Mr. Routledge has introduced him to their acquaintance.

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We return our acknowledgments to Ex-President Tyler for a copy of his “*Lecture delivered before the Maryland Institute for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts, on Tuesday Evening, March 20, 1855*.” It is a valuable *résumé* of historical events in the United States between the years 1812 and 1836, and shows that the distinguished author is not unprofitably employing those intervals of time which are left him from agricultural pursuits, in his retirement from the public arena.

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Our thanks are due to the Rev. T. V. Moore of this City for a copy of “*Prize Essays on Juvenile Delinquency*,” recently brought out in pamphlet form in Philadelphia. Mr. Moore is the author of one of these Essays, entitled “*God's University; or the Family considered as a Government, a School and a Church*,” which, like everything else that comes from his pen, is marked by dignity of style and strength of thought.

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Mr. G. M. West has sent us a copy of the “*Watchman*,” a novel which has attained a very wide circulation, but upon which we cannot here pronounce judgment.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1855.

NO. 8.

## SMITHSON'S BEQUEST:

### ITS OBJECTS AND ISSUES.

- I. *Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the operations, expenditures and condition of the Institution up to January 1, 1854, and the proceedings of the Board up to July 8, 1854.*
- II. *North American Review. October. 1854. "The Smithsonian Institution."*
- III. *Congressional Documents. Report No. 141. Thirty-third Congress, 2d, Session. "Smithsonian Institution."*

While we shall not dispute the right of the philosophic historian to seek a law of development in the complicated web of human affairs, we cannot help thinking that a curious if not instructive chapter might be written on the lucky accidents, as we may term them for want of a better phrase, by which civilization has been modified and society moulded to the form it now exhibits. The "*cardines rerum*," the pivot upon which events have turned, seem at times to have been such mere fortuities, that the *deus intersit* which forms the expedient of the dramatic poet, would appear in actual life to be oftentimes a plain and logical necessity. The hazards we speak of must have been pre-eminently frequent during the ages when all that was valuable in ancient wisdom depended for preservation on the safety of a few perishable parchments. There was a time we know when the finding "a book of the Law as given by Moses," was of such moment as to warrant distinct notice by the sacred historian—what if it had not been found?—but the eventualities we have in view at present, relate only to the transmission of that body of secular learning which forms so important a part of the mental inheritance of mankind. Could we but follow the history of one manuscript, perhaps the

sole chance for survivorship of some invaluable sage, or poet, or historian, through all the perils of its descent, we might wonder rather that it arrived at all, than that it has come to us mutilated and obscure, a theme for perpetual comment and unlimited conjecture. Considering the scarcity of materials for writing, the conversion of manuscript known as *palimpsest* must in itself have endangered this whole department of intellectual culture; and Homer, Plato and Livy have no doubt run greater risks from obscure causes like this, than from the brutal rage of a Caligula, or the flames of Saracenic bagnios.

Later ages have enjoyed an exemption from all contingencies of this sort—thanks as well to the rapid production of paper as to that priceless invention of Guttenberg's, whose just and exclusive distinction it is to be termed "the art preservative of all arts." But modern civilization has an interest beyond that of mere preservation—progress is no less one of its distinctive and indispensable conditions. We can therefore scarcely overrate the value of those instrumentalities which have been devised to secure incessant activity and well directed effort in every department of useful research. For, it would be a mistake to suppose that adversity of position, whether resulting from isolation on the part of the cultivators of science, from a defect of means for communicating with the public, or even from the pressure of great national calamities, might not at times seriously impede, if not arrest, the progress of philosophic inquiry. To avert these disqualifying influences, and at the same time "to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific discovery, to point out the lines in which it should move by indicating the particulars which most immediately demand investigation"—these form the leading purpose of many existing organizations, with the name and objects of which the public is too familiar to make special designation necessary. Of one of the earliest and most distinguished, however, the Royal

Society of England, it is not out of place to remark that it sprang up amidst those great convulsions which marked the middle of the seventeenth century, as if science had instinctively sought shelter in her appointed sanctuary from the storms whose undistinguishing ravage spared neither the altar nor domestic hearth. The general idea of such institutions had received light and system, like so many other important interests, from the pen of Bacon, in whose philosophic romance of the New Atlantis might yet be found perhaps useful hints for the ordering of similar establishments. "That work," the ancient editor informs us, "my lord devised to the end that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a college, instituted for the interpreting of nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of men." No better description could be asked of the scope and meaning of such institutions as they exist at the present day—and though all their efforts may not have sufficed to fill the circle traced by the abounding imagination of Bacon—for what human ministries can hope to do so?—yet no unbiassed mind, we are confident, will question their actual efficiency or usefulness. On the contrary, they have found favor in proportion as they have grown familiar to the experience of the intelligent public.

Familiar, however, as the idea of organization—"for the increase and diffusion of knowledge"—for there were examples of both kinds—had become, there was still something unusual in the conditions under which the establishment of a new one was presented by the will of Smithson to the American Legislature. Hitherto the choice of specific means for such purposes had been left to those directly engaged in the work, or was defined by pre-existing considerations in form as well as destination: legislative subvention was invoked only to legalize or endow. There might even be room to doubt whether a determination of the relative efficiency of such instrumentalities in the abstract did not lie somewhat beyond the allotted limits of legislation and pertain rather to the "pensive citadels" of philosophy than to the halls of popular debate. But there is more than enough in the Reports before us, to justify this step in advance of the pre-

scribed routine, if such it should be considered; much which, impartially viewed, will excite both admiration and surprise at the skill and fidelity with which the workings of a complex system have been ordered, so as to produce the most comprehensive results, in the shortest time, with the least possible pressure on a really inadequate fund. These are the practical requirements of the Smithsonian problem, and there is no reason to doubt that they have been satisfactorily fulfilled.

That differences of opinion would arise when the eligibility of different modes of accomplishing the objects of the bequest came to be considered, might well have been anticipated, yet few probably were prepared to expect quite so great a diversity as was actually manifested. Still less could it have been supposed that occasion would have been given for the heat and animosity exhibited by assailants of the Institution at later stages of the discussion. But the retreats of learning unhappily are not always the *templa serena* the poet pictured them. Even were worse motives necessarily excluded, there is a bigotry in opinions once advanced and warmly supported, which cannot stop within the limits prescribed by common charity, nor always within those prescribed by common decency. Zeal, says the Dean of St. Patrick's, proceeded from a word into a thing, and ripened in a hot summer into a tangible substance. In this quaint deduction a process is described which has been before now exemplified in the maturing of an abstraction—a mere dialectic subtlety it may have been—into such startling and tangible realities as are represented by the rack and fag-got. And though civilization has softened the methods of modern controversy, so that men do not now-a-days burn one another for opinion's sake, yet, it must be admitted, the press is but too often ready to supply the potential cauterizer where the actual is out of the question, and the divine gift of speech is employed to show how readily the seeds of prejudice might yet ripen into the bitter fruits of persecution. Hence there is no ground of surprise, whatever there may be of regret, when we observe zeal laboring in its old vocation, though without its old weapons. Nor, as regards the purely intelle-

tual issues, as we consider them, suggested by the Smithsonian bequest, is there any intrinsic reason why they should be exempt from the common fate of other abstract questions, or fail to be sometimes debated with an asperity of feeling and language which might seem more in place, if the affair concerned not the interests of knowledge, but the bestowal of a salary or the advancement of a partisan.

These considerations, apart from the permanent interest of the subject, persuade us that in giving an account of the disposal of a fund held by the United States for so peculiar a purpose, we shall at once gratify our readers and discharge the duty of guarding them against rash and unwarranted impressions. We shall perform this duty the more conscientiously as we hold every American citizen to be invested with at least so much responsibility as implies an intelligent consideration of the ends of this important trust, and, though possessed of quite decided opinions ourselves, shall endeavor to keep in mind the excellent aphorism of Voltaire:

*Qui discute à raison, et qui dispute à tort.*

In order to bring the subject methodically under review, we propose to consider—(1.) The purpose of the testator in making his bequest: (2.) The provisions of Congress for carrying it into effect. These two heads will introduce the chief topics of controversy which have arisen, and a third may properly be occupied in noticing the more recent transactions in Congress bearing upon the interests of the Smithsonian Institution.

1. In December 1835, the Executive gave notice to Congress that a large sum of money, which had been bequeathed by a private individual to the United States awaited in the English Court of Chancery the acceptance and disposal of the American Government. The testator was James Smithson of London, styling himself in his will, "son of Hugh, first duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, niece of Charles the proud, duke of Somerset." He was, in effect, the natural son of the first named nobleman. His life had been devoted to science, chiefly to chemistry, in which he had shown himself no unworthy rival, as he was thus the friend

and associate of Wollaston and Cavendish. Numerous contributions to the transactions of the Royal Society, of which he was a member, prove that his skill and attainments had received the highest acknowledgment to which the scientific men of his country can aspire. He had resided much abroad, being without family, but had never visited the country which had become the depository of his fortune and should consider itself the guardian of his fame. Never bequest of such an amount was more frugal in words than that by which he wills "his whole property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The acceptance of so general a trust was met in Congress by some constitutional objections, but these were overruled in consideration of the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal legislature over the District of Columbia where the Institution was to be established. Having passed this first ordeal, the legacy was formally accepted and in due time paid into the hands of Hon. Richard Rush who had been empowered to receive it. The amount realised was 515,169 dollars, and was deposited in the United States treasury the first day of September, 1838.

Early the following session, committees of the Senate and House of Representatives were appointed for joint deliberation on the mode of carrying into effect the purpose of the testator. Mr. Robbins of Rhode Island and Mr. Adams of Massachusetts were the chairmen, and these enlightened men, on behalf of their respective committees, recommended entirely different and incompatible modes of procedure. In the Senate, the former introduced a plan for a national university or institute of education: in the House, the latter advised that the interest of the fund should be applied in the first instance to provide an astronomical observatory and afterwards in succession to special objects of like general and acknowledged utility. This opposition of views at the outset may be supposed to have discouraged any farther attempt at immediate solution. for the subject does not appear to have been again seriously taken up until 1844, when



the same diversity of opinion was found to exist, complicated however by still new plans for attaining the common object. The debate now proceeded, side by side with the still more exciting one respecting the annexation of Texas, showing that Congress was at length thoroughly in earnest to redeem the pledge given in 1836, that the money should be faithfully applied "to found an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." In the Spring of 1846, after undergoing many modifications, the Act organizing the Smithsonian Institution appeared as it now stands, and received the executive approval the following August—ten years after the passage of the Act of acceptance.

In the meantime the money had been lent to two of the Western States, and when now wanted, was found like many investments of the period, not available. This gave occasion to a somewhat facetious motion on the part of Mr. Adams, to stay farther proceedings until the States of Arkansas and Illinois could be prevailed on "by the use of suitable means of *moral suasion* and no others" to pay their bonds. Congress, however, decided to act promptly and justly. It recognised the national responsibility for the original sum, together with interest for the time it had been unemployed. The principal was declared to be lent to the United States' treasury "for the perpetual maintenance and support of the Institution" from the income of the fund, and the accrued interest, amounting to 242,169 dollars, was placed at the disposal of the Board of Regents "for the erection of suitable buildings and for other current incidental expenses."\*

\* We may take this occasion to remark that, large as was the legacy, it soon became apparent that a still larger sum could be usefully employed. The Regents determined therefore, as no term for the completion of the building had been prescribed, to protract its erection through a few years in order to accumulate an additional sum from the saving of the annual interest. In this way, now that the building is finished, the capital is found to be increased by an amount estimated at 130,000 dollars. As no delay has been thereby incurred in the essential operations of the Institution, a measure like this must be deemed as judicious, as, in this age of rapid financial disbursements and equally rapid deficiencies, it is likely, we apprehend, to be singular. The gratifying fact was announced in the House of Representatives by Mr. English of Indiana (February 27th 1855) that "after paying

Diversity of opinion, as we have seen with respect to suitable means for carrying into effect the beneficent intentions of Smithson, had marked the introduction of the subject into Congress, and prevailed up to the moment of final decision. On the judicious solution of this question every thing was felt to depend, yet for guidance there appeared only the few plain and comprehensive, but practically indefinite expressions which have been quoted from the will. With regard to the verbal construction, none seemed to doubt, nor until quite lately have we ever known it questioned, that the increase of knowledge is not to be confounded with its diffusion, and that in relation to collective mankind the former can mean only the addition of new truths to the existing stock, not as it might do, in the case of an individual, the inculcation of old ones. In this latter sense, as applied to the whole human family, the increase of knowledge would still be only its diffusion, and the analytic mind of the man of science must be supposed incapable of so barren a tautology. "Knowledge," must be taken in its most comprehensive sense, unless by resorting to the testator's personal tastes and pursuits (a doubtful mode of exegesis) a preference might be established in favor of the physical or natural sciences. Yet these principles go but a little way toward the determination of definite instrumentalities, and in so wide a field of speculation it is scarcely to be wondered at, if personal prepossessions sometimes prevailed over a fair and logical construction of the testamentary language. The views of eminent men in different parts of the country, having been given in answer to a circular letter issued by the Secretary of State, still farther multiplied the number of plans: so that now there might be considered to be before Congress, in addition to those already mentioned propositions for a model farm or botanic garden, annual premiums for the best treatises on given subjects, a national library lectures, a normal school or professional institute, with divers combinations or modifi-

*all current expenses the funds and property of the Institution are this day actually worth double the amount of the original bequest."*



cations of these several modes of intellectual culture and social improvement.

We hope to show in the sequel that Congress extricated itself from this embarrassing profusion of schemes and suggestions with satisfactory skill and consistency. In the meantime, it may be remarked, that though the terms of the bequest might be considered indefinite with respect to the precise means to be employed, there were negative tests or principles of exclusion clearly deducible from its language, which could not be properly neglected in determining a mode of procedure. Thus the distinction to be observed between the increase and diffusion of knowledge is too well founded to be mistaken or disregarded: indeed the propositions submitted by so many men of clear insight pointed in their very diversity to this dualism in the functions of the proposed institution, for, while some provided for the former purpose, others regarded the latter. Yet failing to embrace both, any scheme, however meritorious in itself, must be considered as having evaded to that extent a complete solution of the problem. But what we think still more worthy of remark, is the narrow sense to which "knowledge" seems in some instances to have been restricted;—a concession, no doubt to the practical leadings of the age, but only the more deserving of scrutiny on that account.

The world has been so often abused by the reveries of self-styled philosophers, that it is no wonder if it has come quite generally to consider scientific inquiry as but of little value, when it does not bear the stamp of obvious and immediate reference to some economic purpose of life. To some such characteristic of the times we owe the fling in which a splenetic observer indulged himself: "the world is an old woman, who having been imposed upon by counterfeit coin, will afterwards trust nothing but the honest copper." We shall not adopt the sarcasm, yet cannot doubt that the tendency, as regards science at least, is alike unworthy and injurious. Not that science need fear the assay of the most determined utilitarianism. "The germs of the most valuable improvements and inventions have been found and developed by scientific research, the original forms of which have often

seemed to the many to be as idle and useless as they were curious. A proposition relating to the pendulum, which for many years remained only a curious theoretical relation, ultimately furnished a unit for the standard measures of States and nations." Torricelli weighing the atmosphere, must have appeared to the uninstructed to be engaged in the most fruitless of speculations, yet he was providing an instrument which would enable the mariner to predict the tempest and guard against its violence. But examples need not be multiplied; an age, under whose eyes the steam engine has been evolved from the insignificant digester of Papin, and the electric telegraph from the simple pile of Volta—is in no position to deny to science the utility of her widest abstractions or minutest processes. Even on his own narrow ground, the advocate of the practical is forced to confess the value of the speculative, since it is certain that in proportion as any principle rises by successive inductions into a sphere of wider generalization, is it likely in the end to touch upon human interests at more points and to enter with more efficiency into the service of the useful arts. The doctrine of equivalents in this manner pervades the whole science of modern chemistry, with all its varied and beneficent applications to the uses and conveniences of life.

It is not on this ground, probably, that a Cuvier, a Davy or a Smithson would have chosen to justify his devotion to the pursuit of scientific truth; yet we are by no means disposed to deny to such considerations the weight which properly belongs to them. We insist, however, that even when this humbler standard of appreciation is employed, the cultivation of science in its purest and most comprehensive form would still be not only advisable but indispensable. But whether principles or practice, knowledge or its applications, be the point immediately aimed at, there can surely be no warrant found in Smithson's will, for giving to one kind of knowledge exclusive preference over another. A model farm or astronomical observatory, an agricultural bureau or botanic garden, are all objects of undeniable importance. It would be the office of each to collect facts in some particular field

of research, but these could only be made extensively useful by inductions, which, in giving them the form of axioms or general principles, would transfer them to that sphere of elementary truth where all the sciences are found to connect with and promote one another. Thus Agriculture, limited as it has generally been to a few traditional practices, would, as is remarked in one of the Smithsonian Reports, "have forever remained an empirical art, had it not been for the light shed upon it by the atomic theory of chemistry; and incomparably more is to be expected as to its future advancement from the perfection of the microscope, than from improvements in the ordinary instruments of husbandry." Not even the favored objects of pursuit therefore, would be benefited by detaching them from that *hierarchic* circle, which, if we may believe Comte and his followers, embraces alike the sciences of observation and those of development: for "no rational study of social development," they tell us, "is possible otherwise than by combining sociological speculations with the whole of the doctrines of inorganic philosophy."

We have thus endeavored to show that some of the plans for a Smithsonian Institution were defective through an inadequate definition of "knowledge," while others, in virtually ignoring the *copula* which connects the increase of knowledge with its diffusion, satisfied but one term of the proposition to the exclusion of the other. Another plan remains to be noticed, which, no unfriendly criticism leads us to say, would have satisfied neither term, since it provides no direct instrumentality for increasing knowledge in the sense of the will, or for diffusing it in any sense at all. Yet this plan, which regarded the collection of a library as a competent execution of the testator's purpose, was pressed with more earnestness, and has been revived with more pertinacity than any other, and therefore cannot be passed by without a few words of comment.

Books, in the well known inscription of the Ptolemaic library, are called "the medicine of the soul," yet a glance at any large collection might lead us to think the state of the

patient precarious at least, so confused, discordant and even contradictory, are the utterances given forth by the doctors of the intellectual dispensary. Hobbes, at any rate did not think very highly of the medicine when he said, that "if he had bestowed as much time on reading, as other men of letters, he should have been as ignorant as they," while Milton terms the indiscriminate resort to books for doctrine and authority "a vain foraging for straw," and teaches in another place that he "who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A mind and judgment equal or superior,  
Unsettled and uncertain still remains,  
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself."

Humboldt, as Professor Agassiz informs us, never owned a book, "being too poor," he once said, "to secure a copy of his own works," and having constantly distributed to needy students those which other scientific men had presented to himself.

Yet we are ourselves devoted lovers of books, and despite of Hobbes, should fear no infection of "learned ignorance" from the presence of a Bodleian or Ambrosian in the City of Washington. We hope, on the contrary, that Congress may some day find it within the scope of its constitutional powers and obligations to provide, as Mr. Choate says, that "the *soul* of this country may eat as good food and as much of it as the soul of Europe." But the present is a question of fair construction, not expediency; and when it is asked whether by an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, Smithson meant a Library, or whether that form of words could without perversion be used to designate a vast collection of books—*ingentem librorum supellectilem*—we are forced to avow that, in our opinion, there can be for the candid mind only a decided answer in the negative.

We have been told indeed, that "Congress is not amenable to any authority upon earth, except their own constituency, for the interpretation they put upon the will." For the present, however, we must assume on behalf of that eminent body of citizens, that they hold themselves amenable to reason, and shall defer to another place the task of showing with what degree of success they acquitted themselves in the present instance. In

the meantime we may remark that the office of books is something very different from enlarging knowledge by adding new stores to the existing sum of cognitions. Their true relation to progress is determined by the consideration that "all science has for its object prediction, in contradistinction to simple erudition which relates only to events that have been accomplished." The habits of mind which an addiction to books is apt to superinduce are in many respects opposed to those which are formed and strengthened by the exercise of the inductive faculties : and hence the general sentiment which attributes something of incapacity for original thought to those whose minds are trained in the task or loaded with the spoils of learning. Authority, which is the tutelary genius of the Library, has in truth often arrested the progress of scientific exploration, raising barriers which only the undisciplined force of some intrepid thinker has availed to overthrow. Yet the function of books, properly understood, though indirect and secondary, is of undeniable importance even with reference to the augmentation of knowledge. They define its boundaries if they do not extend them, and enable the inquirer to ascertain the exact position in which he stands with regard to what has been done and what remains to be done. Hence a Library should find a place in any institution for increasing knowledge, though it can be no substitute for more direct instrumentalities. It is bringing together the sum of human experiences for reference or verification, but the same active and independent efforts are always to be had recourse to, for opening new fields or adding new powers to the service of mankind.

With regard to the diffusion of knowledge the case seems still plainer : and here, we think the language of Mr. Choate in opposing the conversion of the fund to purposes of education, might be applied with equal force to the establishment of a library. "It could hardly appear to be an instrumentality coming up to the sonorous promise of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men. Who would the readers be ? Who could afford to come all the way to Washington from the South West and North to learn ? An expensive and tedious pilgrimage to the

shrine could of course be only the privilege of a few, "but for any purpose of wide utility the library would be no more felt than so much sunshine on the poles." The truth is, the world will not meet even its benefactors half way—it will not spare them the trouble of a thorough, honest and systematic search for opportunities of doing good. The daily press must lay its contribution at every man's door before it can aspire to be a moral or social power ; and what the press is with respect to the general business of life, that in its office of diffusing knowledge, the Smithsonian Institution must be with respect to the special interests of science. The passive or permissive facilities of a library may enable ingenious men to give, from time to time, their lucubrations to the world, but such a resource seems altogether too precarious to enter largely into any scheme organized for the purpose of doing that on system, which such volunteers would only do from occasional impulse.

The fact that no great library exists in this country which can rival the immense collections of the old world, seems to have been regarded by many as at once a reproach and misfortune. It has been much deplored that no such work as Gibbon's (which affords the favorite illustration) could have been written here ; but this grief might be mitigated, we think, by the reflection that, even for ends of erudition, the stores of the world are within easier reach now to the American scholar than they were in his own day to the historian of the Decline and Fall. This very Smithsonian Institution of which we are writing is to perform no inefficient part, as we may hereafter show, in throwing open to common use the darkest and dustiest recesses in which learning has ever hid itself. But as the special want here spoken of is not likely to be soon supplied, we shall quote a passage on the value of great libraries which ought to be consolatory under the deficiency, and the more so, as proceeding from an authority which cannot be suspected of having disparaged an advantage which it could not enjoy.

"The soundest system of policy and morality have flourished in countries where no libraries had been formed. Indeed we might

almost say that in a great many cases, collections of books have been resorted to, not as the complement, but as the supplement of wisdom; and it is obvious that the same motives may induce monarchs to form stupendous heaps of volumes as of other things. If books were wisdom, Asia Minor would have been more civilized than the Peloponnesus, and Pergamus would not have found a rival even in Athens: Rome, under Julius Cæsar and Augustus, would have been wiser and more moral than in the days of Numa, Fabius and Regulus. The city which contained the most renowned library of antiquity was not either the best or wisest of those times; for we find from Quintilian that Alexandrian voluptuousness was proverbial; and one of the Ptolemies in particular, treated its inhabitants in a manner which no tyrant could have done with impunity, if their wisdom had been proportioned to their 700,000 volumes.

"One of the great benefits which men have derived from libraries is the preservation of many precious documents through ages inimical to intellectual progress. In this point of view, monastic institutions claim a large portion of our gratitude; and we must even extend our thanks to some of the most detestable sovereigns that have ever disgraced human nature. But what in one state of society is invaluable, may at another be worthless: and the progress which the world has made within a very few centuries has considerably reduced the estimation which is due to such establishments. We will say more. Such is the state of knowledge at this day in Europe, that we should be inclined to suspect the nations which make the greatest parade of their libraries and collections of volumes, not to be those which have the most contributed to civilization. The principal event which destroyed the value of great public libraries was that which multiplied their contents, and opened the possession of what was valuable in them to a greater number of persons. By the invention of printing, the destruction of knowledge became less probable: and the means of literary researches were diffused among classes of men, who never before aspired to such occupations. The two great ends of these store-houses of instruction was there-

fore more than answered by the new process."—*Edinburgh Review*, November 1820.

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11.—The topics which we have been discussing must not be supposed to have lost their interest when Congress had once decided on the form which the Institution should receive: they will be found, on the contrary, scarcely less important and decisive as principles of action under the law than as principles of construction in regard to the will. The act being declared to be "for the faithful execution of the trust according to the will of the liberal and enlightened donor," makes the purpose of the testator the measure for all apportionments among the objects specified by law as well as the guide to a proper exercise of all delegated or discretionary powers. The following *precis* will give a sufficient view of the material enactments of the Statute.

1. "An establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" is first constituted; to consist of the President and Vice President of the United States, of the Secretaries or heads of departments, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Commissioner of the Patent Office, the Mayor of Washington, and such other persons as they may elect honorary members: with perpetual succession, &c.

2. A Board of Regents is established to conduct the business of the Institution; the Vice President, the Chief Justice, the Mayor of the city, three members of the Senate and three of the House of Representatives, with six other persons appointed by joint resolution, no two of whom shall be inhabitants of the same State, compose the Board. It is made their duty to direct the application of the income, and to submit to Congress at each session a report of the operations, expenditures and condition of the institution.

3. The Board is required to elect a suitable person as Secretary of the Institution, who, among other duties, shall take charge of the building and property, and likewise act as librarian and keeper of the museum. He is authorized to employ assistants and made liable, with such assistants to be named by the Board whenever, in their judgment,



the interests of the Institution require any of its officers to be changed.

So far, the *personnel* of the Institution. We cannot avoid remarking that, although the official dignity and personal eminence of such functionaries would be only in just proportion to the expressed purpose of the testator, they would appear almost ludicrously disproportionate to any purposes having in view merely the conservation of property, whether in buildings or books. The creation, more especially, of a permanent establishment, distinct from the usual managery, assimilates it unmistakeably to those collegiate or governmental foundations in which, however strict the accountability for the details of management, a capacity for adopting their course to unforeseen conditions, and a discretion regulated by the ultimate purpose of the trust, are incidents necessarily resulting from the importance, variety and extent of their duties.

4. The act directs that the Regents shall cause to be erected a suitable building, of sufficient size for the reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet; also a chemical laboratory, a library, a gallery of art and the necessary lecture rooms.

5. And finally, it is enacted that "of any moneys which have accrued, or shall hereafter accrue, as interest upon the Smithsonian fund, not appropriated in the act, or required for the purposes therein provided, the managers are authorized to make such disposal as they shall deem best suited for the promotion of the purpose of the testator, anything contained in the act to the contrary notwithstanding."

The enumeration of objects or instrumentalities specifically provided by Congress, observes in the above summary, the words and order in which they are mentioned in the act. A library is not first, nor is it marked by any note of favor or pre-eminence. But in a subsequent section, with which it has no apparent connection, a clause is introduced requiring the Regents to appropriate a sum "*not exceeding* an average of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum for the *gradual* formation of a library, to be composed of *valuable* works pertaining to all de-

partments of human knowledge." On this text, the partisans of a library have always rallied, contending that it reinstates their favorite project in its fullest proportions, though it must reduce every other interest, scientific or artistic, to little more than "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

If the clause thus loosely introduced, could be made to bear this meaning, it would indeed be subversive of every other specific provision in the Bill. In order to account for so remarkable a legislative *bevue*, (for it would be nothing less) we should be forced to recur to the untiring efforts made by the advocates of "the library plan," up to the last moment. Nor could we possibly leave out of account the speech delivered by the Hon. Rufus Choate in the Senate, January 8th. 1845, since the Boston reviewer assures us, that "it will, in future times, render more memorable the day on which it was delivered, than that gallant military achievement of which it is the anniversary!"

This is a remarkable prediction at any rate, and likely, we should think, to reverse for its author the usual fate of prophets, bringing him honor possibly *at home*—but nowhere else. We cannot, however, allow even vaticination to interfere with our sense of right, and must therefore request the reader to observe the phrases which we have emphasized in our transcript of the above clause. With respect to the first of them, he will find that the expression is simply restrictive, and that though the expenditure cannot be more, nothing forbids it should be less. How much less, can of course only be determined by circumstances, clearly within the competency of the Board to estimate. Of these, none can be more obvious or exigent than the claims of the co-ordinate objects prescribed by law—except, indeed, self-preservation. Yet the appropriation of any thing like five-sixths of the income to a library, would not only expunge from the scheme every thing elsewhere determined on—cabinet, laboratory, gallery and lectures, all vanishing before the ambush of this indefinite provision—but it would in reality leave the Institution without the means of continuing its own economic existence. The conclusion then at which we arrive is this, that, notwithstanding the in-



ference from this liminary clause which would make the expenditure for a library exhaustive or nearly so, the rule holds good in this instance, which is understood to prevail in all cases where discretionary powers of appointment or appropriation among several objects have been conferred; the performance must not in any case be *illusory*, but shall be regulated nevertheless by the sound and independent judgment of those to whom the distribution is entrusted. And this view is confirmed by the use of the word "gradual;" for nothing can be plainer than that, where there is responsibility for the *gradual* accomplishment of a purpose, there must be entire control over every intermediate step; and where several purposes are to be simultaneously advanced, a power of discriminating amongst them according to the urgency and opportunities of each. Again, we cannot believe that the word "valuable" has been introduced inadvertently, or that, in an Act of Congress, it is ever permissible to interpret it in a bibliomaniacal sense. It is impossible to believe that Congress, with its practical leanings, ever meant to designate by that epithet, an unwieldy collection of books, which, like some vast *limbus*, must always contain an immense proportion of what the world has proved itself willing to lose by hurrying to forget. The expenditure of 25,000 dollars annually would soon bring to an end the labors of any collector who should admit only what is really valuable to his shelves. Nor should we require him to be "a strict constructionist;" we would allow him any latitude short of the *helluosity* of a D'Israeli or a Parr.

The reader would be led very far astray however, who should infer from anything we have said, that the Regents had in any manner neglected the admitted intent of Congress, in behalf of a library. We have it in our power to say, that they have already founded one, which would of itself give character to any institution, and which offers much that, without the peculiar advantages of the Smithsonian, could never probably have formed a portion of any American collection. It is thus becoming what enlightened minds could have most wished, the complement rather than duplicate of

other public libraries, while its shelves are daily receiving accessions which attest the fidelity of the Board, at once to the behests of Congress, and to the interests of American science and letters. Character, more than any thing else, is the indication to which we look in the beginnings of such an enterprise, and books, more than most things, are to be estimated *non numero sed pondere*. Twenty thousand volumes therefore, collected with an intelligent purpose may well surpass, by any just criterion of value, 200,000 swept together, with little regard to any purpose but rapid accumulation. At the same time, it gives us pleasure to learn, that from its connections with the learned men and associations of other countries, and the title which it has established to their interest and confidence, the Smithsonian Institution occupies already a position of unrivalled advantage for the transmission of knowledge, and is thus fulfilling one of its highest intentions, by placing the literary stores of each country at the command of every other.

The Reports give a satisfactory account of the progress of the other departments specified by the Act—particularly those of natural history, mineralogy, and geology, under the immediate superintendence of Professor Baird. Thus, the Institution is said to possess "one of the best general collections of specimens of North American natural history in the country \* \* \*

\* \* it has been the work of but three years to raise this collection from nothing, to the front rank among American cabinets, exceeding all perhaps in the number of new species first brought to light within its limits. Nor has effort been confined merely to the acquisition of specimens, but to their concentration in mass, so as to supply all working naturalists with the materials of research. Applications for such assistance are constantly being received, and always met with all possible promptness; so that scarcely any natural history, monograph or memoir of any extent has been published in this country within a year or two which has not been indebted in this way to the Institution. From the care, too, taken to keep separate all the localities, however near together, of any species, the collection affords

information in reference to the geographical distribution of species of the very highest value." *Eighth annual Report*, p. 53.—"The gallery of art," which has least relation to the ends of the bequest, must also submit to the law of greatest retardation—for so costly, we may say unattainable, are the rarer productions of genius in this walk, that our countrymen must find consolation, like the Roman poet, in a proud acknowledgment of an unavoidable deficiency;

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,—*

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.*

The motive of Congress, however, in establishing this department, was doubtless, not the gratification of a luxurious taste, but the promotion of the arts of design by the collection of specimens or series illustrative of their past and present condition, and of the principles by which their farther development should be guided. In this point of view, the acquisitions already made, chiefly of engravings, are well entitled to notice; among them, by way of instance, being the magnificent work of Lepsius on the antiquities of Egypt, presented by the King of Prussia—a donation made, we believe, to no other institution of the country, and due to the appreciation abroad of the Smithsonian system of exchanges and publications. Of the remaining function prescribed by the Act, we need only say, that, to all who make Washington their sojourn during the sessions of Congress, the lectures afford a resource of great interest, while they furnish to the representatives of science and literature from distant parts of the country, opportunities of beneficial intercourse with one another and with the national authorities.

The reader, who has glanced at these several specialities, will feel, if we mistake not, that much was yet wanting to fulfil the intentions of the donor, and that resources might naturally be expected to reside in the living organization of the Institution for supplying the defect. We must now, therefore, recal to his attention the section of the Act, which authorizes the Regents to dispose of "moneys not otherwise appropriated" in such manner as they may deem promotive of the general purpose of the trust. But what if the law-giver have taken care by

previous provisions that no unappropriated moneys shall remain? for to that issue the question is brought by those who insist that the whole virtue of the Act was exhausted in providing books, specimens and other local apparatus—objects, which seem to bear much the same relation to the increase and diffusion of knowledge that the scaffolding does to the building, and which, however suitable as a preparation for the work, could not fail to be generally regarded as a most lame and impotent performance of it. For, books acquire no new faculty of usefulness by being transferred from Leipsic to Washington; the museum is but a vulgar show, if no key unlock the generalizations with which it is pregnant: lecture-rooms had as well been dormitories, unless authority can be found for supplying lectures. The existence of such things in connection with a scheme for benefiting mankind, implies not casual, but systematic use and effort,—publications, researches, lectures; and the broadest construction of the section in question claims no more latitude of discretion for the Regents than results from the nature of the objects expressly mentioned in the statute.

So little hesitation did the Regents feel in giving this extent to their powers, that it was one of their earliest acts to organize a "plan of active operations," which has since been steadily pursued, and which has already won for the Institution a high place among the most efficient ministries of the scientific world. In conformity with the language of the founder, this plan directs its efforts both to the increase and the diffusion of knowledge—to its increase, by prompting, aiding and directing the investigations of original inquirers wherever found—to its diffusion, by means of publications, periodical and occasional, and by a system of literary exchanges peculiar to itself. It gives to "knowledge" no stinted, partial or technical meaning—none which need excite a jealousy of its being "confounded with science" in the limited sense, to the exclusion of literature, history, antiquities, language or bibliography; none which need imply an engrossing pursuit of abstract truth to the neglect of the homelier interests and practical pursuits of men. It is a plan which

may be as readily accommodated to the service of the artisan in the humblest processes of his calling, as to that of the astronomer in computing the perturbations of Uranus "in his path among the stars." Such a design, so comprehensive and in many respects so original, might well have justified apprehension at the outset, that there would be found to exist a fatal disproportion between its means and objects; nor, indeed could anything but the most vigilant economy of resources and entire concentration of purpose have maintained a balance between them. At this day, however, the Institution stands a fixed and incontestable success, approved by services in behalf of knowledge to which it may well challenge the attention of the world, and sustained by the nearly unanimous attestation of enlightened minds in our own and every other civilized country. There needs for the future but the same steadfastness of purpose on the part its managers, and a discreet forbearance on the part of Congress, to insure it a degree of development, whose benefit to science, and, through science, to men, it would be difficult to over-rate. At the same time (a consideration which will not be indifferent to generous minds) it must win for the benefaction of Smithson a world-wide acknowledgement which no other means could have secured, causing his name truly "to live in the memory of men, when," in his own language, "the titles of the Northumberland and Percies are extinct or forgotten."

It far exceeds of course any limits which we can propose to ourselves to give the merest sketch of what has been done by the Smithsonian Institution for the advancement of its great objects. For this the reader must be referred to the very able reports which have been submitted yearly to Congress. Two branches of its active labors, however, tempts us to a distinct notice, not less on account of their indirect than immediate benefits.

Publication, we have seen, is relied on as a prominent means of accomplishing the ends of the Institution. With this view, in addition to reports and occasional memoirs, a series of quarto volumes has been sent forth, and is to be continued from time to time, containing original papers and even

whole treatises in all departments of useful research. These are known by the name of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." They are widely and freely distributed to the learned societies and libraries of the world, and their effect has been to bring in return to the library of the Institution, a body of scientific literature, unrivalled in this country, and not surpassed probably by the largest collections of the kind in Europe. By no other mode could so extensive a series of the transactions and publications of scientific associations have been procured. "Thus," as is observed by an intelligent writer, "the money bestowed upon the publication of the Smithsonian contributions has served a two-fold purpose. It has brought into the library precisely the class of books most needed, which, if to be purchased at all, could not have been bought with thrice the amount; and all this in addition to disseminating throughout the world the results of the patient thought and toilsome investigation of men who have labored for truth and for mankind, and who ask for no reward excepting that the product of their intellectual toil be given freely to the world. Go to the farthest boundaries of civilization, and if learning be there respected or science revered, you will find there the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Wherever on the face of the earth a public library exists numbering ten thousand volumes, there are the Smithsonian books. From Norway to Bengal, from Cairo to Brazil, in every one of the divisions of the globe; there they are, stimulating and encouraging the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

"A subsidiary feature of the Institution which has been productive of singularly beneficial results, is its system of general international scientific and literary exchange. In connection with the arrangements for the distribution of its own publications and the reception of the works returned in exchange, it offered to render such service as it could, in forwarding or receiving books from or to any society or incorporated institution of learning. The Royal Society of England has entered into co-operation, and by special order of the American and British authorities, these parcels are addressed to the collectors of customs and admitted into the two

countries duty free. The Smithsonian Institution thus becomes, at extremely small additional expense, a gratuitous agent for receiving and distributing packages of books from or to learned institutions in any quarter of the world. The labors of students in different nations are thus made serviceable to all—the old and the new world are brought into closer intellectual relations than before seemed possible, and a great step has thus been taken toward bringing the active intellects of widely distant regions into a common and intimate brotherhood."

We should not feel justified in closing our remarks on the "active operations" of the Institution without adverting to the part which has been done by the distinguished secretary, Dr. Joseph Henry, as well in the preliminary measures of organization, as in every subsequent step necessary to carry into successful effect the designs of the Regents. The law has devolved on this officer the care of the building and property; and, while this alone would exact great vigilance and application, it is to be remembered that he is charged likewise with the voluminous correspondence of the Institution, with the consideration of all scientific and other claims upon its notice, the preparation of reports to the Regents and to Congress, the oversight of publications and purchases, the scrutiny of accounts, and many minute yet not unimportant details of daily recurrence—forming together an amount of labor and responsibility which no superficial observer can properly appreciate. All this, however, he has encountered not only faithfully but successfully, and is entitled accordingly to an augmentation of the honors which he had previously earned by researches "pursued," as the committee of the Academy of Arts and Sciences remark, "with such credit to himself and to the scientific character of the country." When we add that these abundant labors and this eminent merit have not exempted him from misrepresentation and obloquy, we only testify that his lot has been that of many who have devoted high attainments to the service of mankind; nor is it permitted us to forget that such wounds have been often inflicted on science in the house of its friends. A Flamsteed, recalled from the sublime contemplations which had en-

grossed his life, to waste its remnant in unavailing appeals to the justice of scientific associates; a Young, arrested in a career of public and philosophic usefulness, and hunted to the grave by the persecutions of unscrupulous rivals, are but examples from one of the most painful chapters in the history of human infirmity. As for that lower grade of assailants, such as abound everywhere, who look upon a public fund, no matter to what purpose devoted, as a legitimate object for sordid competition, we could well afford to pass them in silence were it not that their efforts seem calculated to produce an impression that "even now," as an eloquent Senator expressed himself, "when the beams of light and knowledge which are to flow from Smithson's bequest have but begun to make their appearance, we are scrambling indecently over the cradle of the trust."

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III.—Our subject now leads us, according to the order we premised, to speak of recent transactions, forming a part of the current history of the Institution; but here both space and inclination prescribe a commendable brevity.

Few, probably, were aware how deep a schism existed in the Board of Regents, until a letter of resignation from Mr. Choate of Massachusetts, (laid before Congress, January 13th. 1855) gave a notoriety to the fact which it had not before attained. In this letter, the writer took occasion to inform Congress that the Board had given an interpretation to the law which practically repealed it, and which, at the same time, "fundamentally changed and greatly enlarged the office and powers of the Secretary of the Institution."

Yet Mr. Choate had been a Regent from the first, and certainly the Board had taken no important steps of late in regard to the administration of the law, except by the adoption of two resolutions which seem scarcely calculated to bear the freight of so grave an accusation. The first of these resolutions, after rescinding an arrangement which had been made by the Board, at an early period, for the equal division of the income between the library and the active operations, declared that thenceforth "the annual appropriations should be apportioned



among the different objects and operations according to their intrinsic importance and a compliance in good faith with the law." The second imported, that the Secretary, whom the law permitted "to employ assistants," might justifiably remove them. This last resolution had been preceded by the report of a committee, to the effect that "a spirit of excessive insubordination and active hostility towards the Secretary and Regents" had been evinced by the assistant in charge of the library, and that harmonious action between the officers in question could be no longer expected.

Thus, as the reader perceives, the old struggle of the library for pre-eminence had been transferred from the floor of Congress into the bosom of the Institution, and, after having involved the Regents, had extended even to the officials. There would seem, however, to be a wide step between altering the ratio of apportionment among existing objects, and "building up an institution substantially unlike that which the law intended:"—between recognising the right of the Secretary to remove a contumacious assistant, and a fundamental change and dangerous enlargement of his office.

The reception which the letter met with in the Senate was not flattering. Mr. Pearce of Maryland and Mr. Mason of Virginia, who, as Regents, had supported the resolutions, naturally repelled with indignation the charge of having been concerned in a plan "to disappoint the will of Congress" by substituting a purpose of their own. Other Senators commented on the taste of the retiring regent, who in the moment of separation had launched this missile against his late associates; and some were even heard to speak of a certain arrogance in the tone with which Congress was admonished respecting the true purpose and right construction of the law. Mr. Seward of New York considered that the dignity of the Senate required the letter to be "laid on the table;" while Mr. Clayton of Delaware (that it might be no matter of conjecture or doubt in what manner the Senate regarded the course of the Institution) moved that the subject, not the letter, should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. This course was adopted without objection.

The report of this committee, of which Mr. Butler of South Carolina was chairman, briefly but lucidly discusses the question, "whether the Regents have given a fair and proper construction, within the range of discretion allowed to them, to the Act of Congress putting into operation the trust which Mr. Smithson had devolved on the Federal Government?" It concludes by declaring that the objects of the Institution "have been carried out by the Regents, under the immediate superintendence of Professor Henry, with zeal, energy, and discretion, and with the strictest regard to economy in the expenditure of the funds. The committee see nothing therefore in their conduct which calls for any new legislation, or any change in the powers now exercised by the Regents."

In the House of Representatives, the advocacy of the views expressed in the letter was undertaken by Mr. Meacham of Vermont, himself a regent, and not less uncompromising than Mr. Choate in his opposition to the course pursued by the majority of the Board. On his motion, the appointment of a committee was accompanied by "a power to send for persons and papers," and thus the inquiry took a strictly judicial character, being conducted on charges and specifications submitted by Mr. Meacham. The examination of witnesses was quite as protracted and minute as the occasion warranted, but we shall spare details and shall by no means re-open the discussion of principles. In regard to these, it may suffice to say, that the labors of the committee resulted in two reports; the one signed by Mr. Upham of Vermont, advocating several speculative changes in the administration of the trust: the other by Mr. Witte of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Taylor of Indiana, reviewing and vindicating the course of the Regents as well in its general policy as in the special instances which had furnished occasion to reproduce the subject in Congress.

But the charges of maladministration, being of a personal nature, will justify us in making an extract from each report to show with what success those charges had been sustained. In the report of Mr. Upham which cannot be considered as too partial to the inculpatated parties, we find this topic dis-



posed of in the following manner:—"The committee are unwilling to enter at all into the discussion of the private grievances or personal controversies or official misunderstandings which were brought before them in the course of the investigation. They regard the evidence which was adduced on these matters as important only because it illustrates the difficulties encountered in administering an institution of this sort upon the plan that has been attempted. They are particularly desirous to have it understood that they attach no blame to any person in any quarter; the evils are the result of the system. At the same time they do not cast blame or censure of any sort upon those who suggested and have labored to carry out that system. The design was, in itself, commendable and elevated. It has unquestionably been pursued with zeal, sincerity, integrity, and high motives and aims, but it is, we think, necessarily surrounded with very great difficulties."

The report of Messrs. Witte and Taylor is more specific, and shows from what quarter the fundamental changes of office and enlargements of power, apprehended by Mr. Choate, were in reality likely to come. "All the difficulties in the Institution," they say, "which have resulted in the dismissal by the Secretary of one of his assistants and of a person temporarily employed upon the meteorological computations, seem to have arisen from the desire of independent positions, engendering rivalry and hostility, producing collisions and insubordination utterly incompatible with the proper authority of the Secretary and the harmonious action so necessary to the welfare of the Institution. One of the assistants construed the law in one way; the Secretary construed it differently. He told the Secretary, in effect, that if he attempted to make the change proposed, he would shake the Institution to its centre. It is evident that he was impatient of the restraints of a subordinate position, and entertained feelings towards the Secretary which made their harmonious co-operation impossible. The interests of the Institution, therefore, required their separation. The committee feel bound to say that they consider the Secretary as entirely relieved from the charge of maladministration

in every particular. They believe that the Regents and Secretary have managed the affairs of the Institution wisely, faithfully and judiciously; that there is no necessity for further legislation on the subject; that if the Institution be allowed to continue the plan which has been adopted, and so far pursued with unquestionable success, it will satisfy all the requirements of the law, and the purposes of Smithson's will by increasing and diffusing knowledge among men."

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### EXULTEMUS IGITUR.

Bacchus hail! we drink to thee,  
Jocund god of generous pleasure!  
Earth forget and heaven see,  
Drinking from thy purple treasure.  
By the midnight torches' glare,  
Over mountains steep and hoar,  
O'er the sounding, vine-clad shore,  
Crown'd with ivy! thee we bear.

Bacchus hail! we drink to thee!  
Wreath the goblet's flashing brim,  
Mirth with myrtle crown'd and Glee  
Wildly chant the midnight hymn.  
By the midnight torches' glare  
Over mountains steep and hoar,  
O'er the sounding, vine-clad shore,  
Crown'd with ivy! thee we bear.

Bacchus hail! we drink to thee!  
Shouting till the hills about,  
Hills and heavens return the shout,  
Evoc Bacche, triumphe!

G. P.

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### The First of the Yellow Leaves.

Ere frosts and storms have come,  
The warm South wind that breath'd upon thy birth  
First of the yellow leaves! hath borne thee home,  
Upon the quickening earth.

While yet the skies are warm,  
And warm and bright the clouds in summer sky,  
Ere thy green resting place hath lost a charm,  
Thou goest mid flowers to lie.

So they who ere life's sky  
With coming woes and cares is overcast,  
Drop gently from the ranks which bye and bye  
Shall fall with many a blast.

G. P.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. Roane.]

### BOOK FIFTH.

Ye tender hearts enthralled by love, have you forgotten when first you trembled in the presence of the object of your affection? Have you forgotten the sweet pleasure, the delicious sensation, the fear, lest a rival more fortunate may have anticipated you, or lest other ties may have been formed by her you desire to win. So beautiful, so amiable, it seems impossible that she could be seen without being loved. Before daring to tell her what your confusion had already announced, how great your efforts to discover her feelings. A word alarms you, a look makes you sad; and when at last you become assured that her free and peaceful soul has known no master, and that you can aspire to the happiness, to the supreme felicity of enjoying her first love. . . . Ah, young lover, recall what you then felt and you would be willing to relinquish the remnant of your life again to enjoy so sweet a moment!

Gonsalvo enjoyed this happiness; the Moorish princess in relating her aversion to the ferocious Alamar, and in the history of her life had given evidence that she had never loved.

Gonsalvo opened his soul to hope and possessed with her story, had it ever in his thoughts and in the silence of the night seemed to converse with Zulema. The image of the African who dared aspire to her affections inflamed his anger and irritated him with the desire of returning instantly to Granada, to see, to encounter that famous warrior, to conquer him and chastise his criminal audacity. He was surprised to find hatred in his heart.

Other thoughts more pleasant and not less tender agitated the young princess. Certain of the affection of the stranger, she resolved to consecrate her life to him without confessing her love—formed the design of returning under his protection to the house of her father and seemed to think that with him she would

have nothing to fear. Muley, Almanzor. B. abdil, Alamar himself, all the Moorish people, would respect or fear that hero. His valor might liberate Granada, and the daughter of Muley-Hassan would be the only recompense worthy of such services. Such were the chimeras which Zulema cherished: but as the wounds of Gonsalvo would long detain him, the princess secretly sent a slave to advise Muley-Hassan of her place of retreat, and until the return of the faithful messenger she employed all her time in attentions to her preserver. She watched the progress of his cure, was ever at his side and charmed him with her conversation.

While the necessary time for Gonsalvo to regain his lost strength rolled on, the Spanish army before Granada lamented the absence of its hero and humiliated by the exploits of Alamar, burned to avenge itself. The young warriors, Guzman, Cortez, the Prince of Portugal, the soldiers, the captains, all loudly demanded the assault, but Ferdinand was not yet ready and opposed their desires.

Granada, defended by a thousand towers, too spacious to be besieged, communicating on the east with the Alpuxarras, a mountain country capable of furnishing provisions and soldiers in abundance—with Cortama towards the South, built upon inaccessible rocks and garrisoned by the Abencerrages—disquieted the Spaniards. A numerous and warlike people and brave bands of allies defended the city; the fiery courage of Alamar and the tranquil valor of Almanzor prepared a resistance which time alone could overcome.

The king of Arragon, instructed by the long wars of his father against the French, sent detachments of troops to surprise and cut off their supplies from the Alpuxarras, to intercept their communications, and thus, if possible, to starve the enemy. His penetration extended further: master of the terrible art which places the thunderbolt in the hands of men and renders skill and fortifications useless, Ferdinand opened narrow subterranean passages even to the walls of Granada; in them he placed saltpetre and sulphur, which on application of the torch would explode and blow up the massive towers and open to the besiegers a wide and

easy entrance. All the preparations, all the machines which war has invented were employed by Ferdinand, but in order to secure the result it was necessary to delay its execution. Aguilar praised his prudence, Zellez approved his delay, and the intrepid Lara gave to understand by his silence that he could not conquer without his friend.

In this long inaction, likely to discourage the army, Isabel sought to distract the ardent youth. The great queen knew how much the presence of a beloved object augments the valor of the Spaniard, and knowing that in her nation, love, ardent love, was the strongest incentive to glory had commanded the dames of her Court to accompany her to the camp. The most beautiful of the Castilian ladies repaired there. Blanca de Medina-Celli, Leonora de Cerdan, Seraphina de Mendoza, Leocadia de Fernan-Nunez and many other beauties, each one the idol of a hero, surrounded the queen, rivalling each other in grace and elegance. But excelling all, was the young princess of Portugal, daughter of Isabel, proud of her name—worthy of it for her charms, and even more so for her virtues. Adored by the happy Alfonso who had just received her plighted faith, the chief care of the young princess was to restrain the imprudent valor of her spouse. Jealous of the fame of Almanzor, honor and column of Granada, Alfonso was inflamed with a desire to meet him as an adversary. His trembling wife dared not dissuade him, but a fatal presentiment took possession of her soul, and even the name of Almanzor caused her fear.

By command of the august queen, a spacious circus had been laid out in a vast plain. Deeply skilled in all the artifices of gaining the affections of her people, by facilitating their pleasures, she invited her warriors to this place to the enjoyment of a spectacle dear to Spaniards. There the young chiefs, clothed only in light garments of silk and mounted upon swift horses, attacked savage bulls. Soldiers on foot were stationed near, holding in one hand a purple veil and an arrow in the other. The king and queen surrounded by their court presided at these games; the entire army occupied the amphitheatre, and manifested by joyful cries and repeated acclamations, their excessive love

for these ancient combats. The trumpets sounded; the barriers were opened; the bull rushed headlong into the circus. But frightened by the noise of the instruments, by the shouts, by the sight of the spectators, he stopped as if confused. His nostrils foamed, his eyes wandered over the amphitheatre and he seemed a prey both to fury and surprise.

He suddenly attacked a cavalier who had goaded him and had then fled quickly across the arena. The bull became irritated—pursued him, pawed the ground and rushed impetuously upon a purple veil, which a combatant on foot had thrown before him. The dexterous Spaniard leaped aside, suspended the light veil upon his horns and transfixed him with an arrow, which drew a copious stream of blood. Pierced by so many lances and wounded by so many arrows, the animal bounded upon the sand, lowed hideously—ran around the circus, loosened the arrow buried in his neck; covered with blood and foam—exhausted by his efforts, he fell at last and yielded his strength in anger and in pain.

In one of these combats, the rash Cortez had nearly lost his life, destined afterwards for the performance of such glorious deeds. Ambitious to signalize himself in presence of the beautiful Seraphina de Mendoza, who had long possessed his affections, Cortez mounted upon an Andalusian horse, had wounded a furious bull and then escaped. The lover took no note of the danger in which he was placed and was gazing at the beauty who adored him, at the moment when a sprig of orange blossom, which adorned his breast, dropped in the sand. Cortez dismounted and stooped down—the bull rushed at him and was about to impale the imprudent lover, when a cry from Seraphina admonished him of his danger. Cortez picked up the flower, directed his lance with a steady nerve at the shoulder of the animal and left him dying on the sand. The whole army applauded; Isabel desired to place a chaplet upon the brow of Cortez; he refused it, showed her the precious flower which had so nearly cost his life; he ardently kissed it, pressed it against his heart, broke his lance and left the circus.

Thus passed the days; as soon as night showed forth the stars, lighted torches re-

flected in the waters, illuminated the sumptuous quarter of the queen. The beauties of the Court glittering with gold and precious stones, their heads adorned only with their long and flowing hair, were there assembled. A space was left in the centre, where the warlike youth were summoned by hautboys and timbrels. They appeared in the short rich cloak peculiar to their nation, gracefully sustained by a buckle of gold; their hats were crowned with plumes, fastened with a diamond tie; their hair fell in ringlets upon their shoulders, and a light ebon down permitted to grow above their lips added new charms to their sweet and warlike expression. Each offered his hand to the choice of his heart. The signal was given and in a noble and measured dance in which gravity takes nothing from pleasure and propriety adds to grace, the two lovers excite the attention of all, but think only of themselves. Soon quicker airs are heard and arouse a new spirit: they mingle, join hands, separate, precipitately return to the place they had left—again fly off to return anew, picturing in their movements, the transport, the tender surprise and the sweet languor of love.

When the severe Isabel put an end to their diversions and the young beauties had retired to their retreats, they consecrated to tender thoughts, the hours intended for sleep; their lovers who were equally on the watch, wandered around the fortunate tent which enclosed the object of their affections.

During one of these nights when silence reigned throughout the camp, the deep darkness inviting to repose, when nothing was heard, save the lamentations of lovers, Almanzor fatigued by the labors and anxiety of the day, enjoyed at the side of Moraima the sweetness of a tranquil sleep. This hero, whose intrepid soul was influenced only by glory and love of his wife, after consuming the day in reconnoitering the walls, fortifying the barracks, encouraging the soldiers by his example, returned at the shade of evening to the solitary Moraima, to calm her inquietude and seek in her arms that pure recompense which chaste love gives to virtue. While both were reposing in a retired part of the palace on a bed of purple, Moraima uttered a piercing cry—awoke confused and

breathless and threw herself into the arms of Almanzor. pressed him against her breast and bathed him with tears.

"Moraima," said the hero, "why this sudden terror? What frights you? I am at your side—mine is the heart against which your own palpitates—it is Almanzor who speaks to you—who guards, who defends you."

"Ah! my beloved," responded she, "what a horrible dream has terrified me! I saw—my breath fails me, my strength abandons me—I was going through the spacious plain, which separates us from our enemies, where both armies were in view; the Moors surrounded our walls—I saw you resplendent in the glitter of steel armor, advance alone, defy and fight with Gonsalvo. I saw you the victor, but covered with a veil which completely enveloped you in its black folds—none dared approach. I ran to meet you, I was about to throw my feeble arms around you, when the veil was extended over my head and we both fell into a lake of blood! Ah, my husband! my beloved, I well know that I cannot intimidate your great soul, but I ask, I beseech you to remember—that in the whole universe, Moraima has but you. My family have all perished; my father and my brothers were destroyed by Boabdil, my mother died of grief, the remnant of the Abencerrages have been exiled from Granada. I have suffered every thing and have survived—for Heaven has left me Almanzor. On you I have placed all the love I have lost, you possess all the affection my heart is capable of feeling. Would you deprive me of the only blessing which fate has left me? Would you wish to condemn your Moraima?—Moraima would die on the spot—she would die in the greatest agony. Pity me, valiant Almanzor, promise not to leave our walls, confine yourself to defend these towers, whose only support is your arm. Promise not to abandon your wife, your Moraima, by exposing your life in that fatal plain, in defence of a perfidious King who detests your virtues and perhaps will deliver you to the executioner after you have preserved his empire."

"Moraima," answered Almanzor unable to repress his tears—"You are dearer to me than life, but my duty is yet more dear. I



know Boabdil well. Nor are you ignorant that I have always a sure means of freeing myself from his power, in a poison which this ring encloses—I do not fight for this monster, but for my religion and my country—I fight to leave upon my tomb a name, which will cause respect to my wife. Oh worthy and faithful spouse, attempt not to enfeeble my virtue; you alone have created it in my soul, you have cherished it, with holy examples, you have beautified it with your pure attractions. To cease to love it, I must cease to adore you. Quiet yourself, Moraima, I will not leave our walls, unless the interest of our nation prohibits my remaining within with you, I remain with you who with one look, with one word, can repay me for all my fatigues. Restrain your tears. The God of Combats will give a prompt end to our miseries. Perhaps my efforts may obtain a happy peace. What could be greater glory, what greater happiness, than for the people liberated by me, to say when they see you pass—Behold the wife—the beloved of our deliverer.”

In saying this, he embraced her and promised not to leave the walls of the city. Moraima requested him to repeat those consoling words. Moraima believed him—Moraima always believed the promise of Almanzor; but her fears were not quieted—her tears did not cease to flow, when suddenly the sound of trumpets was heard near the palace. Almanzor arose in astonishment. He listened—he heard the mingled clang of arms and the loud tread of horses. He took his sword hastily, put on his turban and helmet and no longer listening to Moraima, he went forth to learn the cause of the movements. He had scarcely arrived in the plaza, when he saw by the light of torches the ferocious Alamar at the head of his blacks, mounted upon a horse from Suz, protected by a coat of mail formed of scales made of a serpent-skin, the hideous and bloody head of the monster showing in his green turban.

“Prince of Granada,” said the barbarian, “you may sleep, but I am going to the fight—You may repose by the side of your wife, but I intend to fire the camp of Ferdinand. Boabdil has given me orders and I alone with my soldiers will attack these fie-

ry Spaniards, who believing us to be cowards wait in gaieties and festivities for famine to make us captives. I will disturb their magnificent feasts—I will inundate in blood those tents now dedicated to pleasures, will Almanzor dare to follow me?

He spoke; the hero cast upon him an indignant look.

“Be not uneasy,” said he. “Almanzor will precede you.”

He immediately summoned the Zegrís and Alabaces to arms, demanded a horse, armed himself with a heavy mace, placed himself at the side of Alamar and like the God of Battles ordered the united squadron to defile in silence and leave the city through the gates of Elvira. They marched through the spacious plain; before they arrived at the advanced guards, Almanzor and Alamar consulted about the plan of attack. The Zegrís commanded by Maaz were to attack the centre of the camp, where Castilian warriors guarded the Queen; Alamar with his Africans was to attack the left wing defended by Zellez and the Knights of Calatrava: Almanzor and the loyal Alabaces were to direct their movements to the right wing against King Ferdinand and the Arragonese. When the orders were given, they advanced rapidly but without confusion. Darkness favored the Moors, and the security of their enemy seemed to assure success. The picket guards were slain; the inner guard met the same fate. They reached the entrenchments and the African coursers leaped over them; the troops of Alamar uttered loud cries; those of Almanzor responded and the Zegrís from the centre repeated the clamor. The Moors attacked the camp on three sides at the same instant. Like Getulian lions when they encounter a flock of timid lambs in the desert, they precipitated themselves upon the Spaniards, pursued them, massacred those who fled and who resisted, heaped up their dying bodies and feared that their wearied arms would not have power to satisfy their fury. Alamar athirst for blood, alone, in advance of his troops, in the tumult and in darkness, proceeded towards the quarters of Zellez, destroying, immolating whatever presented itself to his rage. The old Zellez at the first noise, had sounded the trumpet: armed



only with a sword, without helmet or shield, preceded by torches, he summoned his troop. Alamar heard his order, sprung towards him, prostrated his companions, seized the old man by his white hair spared in more than a hundred battles, and with a single blow severed the venerable head from his body. The African without stopping rushed impetuously towards the squadron of Calatrava, which was then forming in confusion in obedience to the command of Zellez. Alamar advanced like a thunderbolt. "Behold your chief," said he, "I give him up, without ransom."

He then threw the bloody head in their midst, rushed precipitately on the squadron, put it to flight and covered the ground with dead bodies. At the same time the valiant Almanzor spread terror in the quarters of the King. The Arragonese surprised, perished or dispersed. In vain Aranda and Montalvan their chiefs attempted to rally the fugitives; the Alabaces in compact body, like the ocean in its wrath, overwhelming its shores, advanced and slaughtered all who resisted. Almanzor directed their course and disdaining to massacre the conquered, rather desired a victorious result than to shed the blood necessary to obtain it. The order was given—lighted torches were applied to the tents—torrents of thick smoke arose in the air, vomiting curling waves of flames. Alamar and his Africans discovered it on the left wing and immediately fired the quarters of Zellez. The tents fell—the fire increased and the two flames flashing up together threatened to unite.

Ferdinand half-naked, at the first alarm, seized his sword and hastened towards the tent of Isabel. He found the Queen surrounded by the Prince of Portugal, Lara, Cortez, Aguilar and all the heroes of Castile. Three times the fiery Zegrís had been repulsed, and Maaz their chief pursued by Lara had yielded the victory. The august Isabel was already on her way to the assistance of the King, when the monarch arrived in search of her, trembling on account of the danger to which she was exposed. Her presence reassured Ferdinand who returned to his tent, and armed himself to engage with Almanzor. On hearing this name, moved by the fame of his exploits, by the

sight of the devouring flame, the prince of Portugal rushed towards the impetuous Almanzor, like the young fawn that seeks the deadly arrow. Guided by cries of terror, he ran through the flames, found Almanzor—directed his lance—shivered it on the armor of the Granadian; Almanzor paused—turned his eyes inflamed with anger towards the Portuguese and was about to let fall his enormous mace, but observing that he was on foot and almost alone, generosity conquered anger. He leaped from his horse—drew his scimeter and advanced towards Alfonso, who awaited him sword-in-hand. Fire sparkled from their crossed swords—their armor resisted the formidable blows; Almanzor received a deep wound in the arm. Alfonso uttered an exclamation of joy, Almanzor grasped his scimeter with his left hand and pressing nearer to his enemy, by a back blow opened the breast of the intrepid Portuguese. Alfonso fell and made useless efforts to strike his conqueror. His voice and his breath failed him at the same moment.

Unhappy Isabel! the wife—the beloved of the hero who had just expired! At that very moment she had been informed that the rash Alfonso was engaged in contest with Almanzor. Neither the voice of the queen, nor the prayers of Ferdinand could detain the tender Isabel; pale—haggard—with dishevelled hair, she ran amidst the flames crying out "Alfonso, Alfonso," she reached the spot—saw her spouse already despoiled of his helmet, turning his half-closed eyes towards Almanzor who turned away from him.

"My Alfonso," exclaimed she, throwing herself upon the body, "Alfonso! your wife awaits you! Is this the marriage which was to assure us of a happy life? Are these the sweet bonds, which were to unite us forever? Dear Alfonso! the love of Isabel did not suffice you! Ah! I have not longer deserved to be your wife. Hard fate has willed otherwise, but at least it cannot separate us."

She then seized the sword of Alfonso, in despair, and was about to bury it in her bosom, when the queen and Ferdinand coming up, arrested her arm. In vain they attempted to remove her from the mournful place—

their efforts were useless. Not recognizing the voice of her mother, she repelled her tender caresses, again threw herself upon the body of Alfonso and pressed it in her feeble arms. Almanzor saw her from afar, by the light of the devouring element and could not repress his tears.

"Ah me!" said he, "what have I done! My arm has destroyed the husband of that unhappy woman! I have been the cause of the misery of that despairing heart. Ah! Moraima! Moraima! such may soon be—"

His tears flowed faster and he ceased; but suppressing these melancholy thoughts and recalling to mind his country, he pursued his rapid course,—augmented—spread the flames and at last joined Alamar, who covered with blood—wearied with carnage approached him over mountains of dead bodies. The two heroes felicitated themselves on their success—and concerted together new designs. By the light of the fire, at a distance from the smoking camp, they discovered a battalion of bristling Castilian lances. They had three times conquered the Zegrís whom Maaz had in vain attempted to rally. In their midst queen Isabel was holding her dying daughter in her arms—she pressed her to her bosom, bathed her in tears and attempted to remind the inconsolable widow that a mother yet remained to her. Around, were Ferdinand, Aguilar, Cortez, Guzman and Lara, the Chiefs, the heroes of the army. They were touched at the sight of such a spectacle—indignant against fortune—shed tears of anger and compassion, turned to attack the Moor, but were without power to leave that place—the last refuge of their sovereigns—the last asylum of their flag. Impelled by vengeance and rage, they left their ranks in search of Almanzor, but the monarch recalled them and they reluctantly obeyed his command. As the valiant dog reared among the rocks of the Pyrenees, for the defence of flocks, chained at the sheepfold, seeing from afar the devouring wolf, bristles up, threatens, fills the air with frightful bark and bites the chain which subjects his strength.

Tranquil in the bosom of victory, regarding success as naught, while Granada was still threatened by her enemy. Almanzor proposed

to Alamar to attack together and destroy the invincible phalanx and finish the war. But the strength of Almanzor was not equal to his valor. The blood which flowed abundantly from his wound, the pain which he concealed, increasing each instant of repose, prevented the brave prince from returning to the combat. The Alabaces fearing to risk so valuable a life, loudly refused to follow him. The Africans—Alamar himself satisfied with the exploits of the night—clamored to return to Granada. The hero listened pensively, meditated new means to preserve the advantage, and increase the consternation of the conquered. He knew how important it was in war to inspire terror and that sometimes a pompous ceremony imposes more than victory itself, called the fiery Alamar, called around him his captains and assumed that ascendancy which self-consciousness gives to great men, but yielded at length and said, "Almanzor consents to rest, but will not consent to lose the fruits of victory, nor again enter the walls, while we are menaced by a foe. Friends," said he, "let us swear, never to return until we have conquered these barbarians and exterminated our enemies. Let us build here our quarters and encamp our entire army. Let the camp of the conquerors oppose the camp which has been destroyed—let the besieged Spaniards in turn experience the evils we have long been made to suffer." The soldiers applauded, Alamar approved the grand design and left immediately in search of King Boabdil to conduct there the troops and bring the necessary supplies. He arrived at the Alhambra, spread the joyful news and the people burst into acclamations. The gates of the city were opened and Boabdil accompanied by Alamar, set out at the head of his battalions. The plain was covered with Moors, loaded with arms and provisions. The army surrounded Almanzor, called him their tutelar God, their hero, their liberator and the King himself confirmed these titles. Their tents were pitched in the space which had been laid out; a sumptuous mansion destined for Boabdil was built in the centre. Almanzor and the Alabaces took charge of the right wing and the Africans of the left. In a few hours, the army was established; a fresh and numerous troop occupied the ad-

vanced positions. Six thousand lances were ranged in front of the camp, bearing the bloody heads which the ferocious Africans had brought from the combat. The first rays of day discovered to the Castilians that spectacle and presented to them the horrible image of their misfortunes, in the burnt cantonments, the storehouses smoking under mountains of ashes, in the thousands of dead bodies swimming in rivulets of blood. Here, some unfortunate wounded man yet breathed, there, half-naked soldiers had received their death, while asleep. Each one sought his companion—the friend whom he missed; the aspect of the mutilated body aroused his pious grief and looking afar, he recognized the head of him he mourned upon the point of a lance. He turned aside and trembled with terror and fear. Ferdinand, Lara, all the chiefs exchanged looks of dismay; the august Isabel grew pale; the Castilians intimidated preserved a fearful silence; terror was depicted in their countenances; disorder stalked through the camp; all trembled and were ready for flight. But Isabel who knew the character of the Spaniards, invoked religion to the aid of their extinguished valor. Accompanied by two holy priests, preceded by a huge cross, the sacred standard of the army, she went among the troops and with the fervid accent which hope inspired,

“Friends” said she, “let us adore the hand which smites us; it will raise us up again. The God of armies is with us. Believe not that he will grant final victory to an enemy who outrages him. He wishes to prove his soldiers—he wishes to make you worthy of the reward destined for you. Those for whom you now weep, already possess it. Yes, they whom fate cut short this disastrous night, contemplate us from the lofty heavens where now they dwell and hold the immortal palm which angels have placed in their hands. Cease, Christians, cease to water their remains with your tears. They have no need for your weeping, but we need their succor. Let us invoke it; let us turn our eyes, with respect and confidence towards those bloody bodies which you look upon with trembling nerves. They are the remains of the martyrs—the sacred relics to which we will be indebted for our

success. They assure certain perdition to the barbarous Mussulmen and will call down upon these wretches the anger of the All Powerful, who never leaves unpunished the outrages committed on his saints.”

The religious Spaniards answered with sobs, swore to die for their God, at the feet of their beloved queen, invoked the Supreme Being, blessed the name of Isabel and animated by new valor they were clamorous to march against the enemy. Ferdinand moderated their ardor, but he knew how to take advantage of it. Half of the troops remained under arms, while the other half collected the wounded and buried the dead. The queen bestowed funeral honors upon them with a liberal hand. Lara, during this time, at a short distance from the site of the old camp, had dug a deep ditch and thrown up a huge rampart. The day was consumed in these sad occupations, while the dejected army laid aside their arms, only to work. But the constancy, the submission and the frugality of the Castilians suffered all without a murmur. They returned to their entrenchments; a select guard protected the entrance. All slept upon the ground, their heads supported by their shields, lances in hand, ready for the fight when the signal was given. The chiefs reposed by the side of the soldiers. But the sovereigns even more worthy of compassion than their unfortunate vassals dared not deliver themselves to sleep.

*End of Book Fifth.*

## SONNET.

### PRE-EXISTENCE.

If Immortality be not a dream  
Wherefore should we have never known of yore,  
Another life than ours, a distant shore,  
Whose memory haunts as a shadowy beam  
Of pallid starlight haunts a clouded stream  
What lives for aye hereafter, may before  
Have felt the pulse of being; our weak lore  
Declares it not, is 't therefore the false gleam  
Of phantasy, which holds we rise to Heaven  
By infinite gradations, through all round  
Of multiform experience—by the levin—  
Of fiery trial hallowed in the bounds  
Of many worlds, till the immaculate soul  
Stands on the height: of Godhead pure and whole  
PAUL H. HAYNE.

## MY MOTHER.

Mother! Dear sound, that brings thine image drest  
In charms which memory culls from distant years,  
Waking emotions in the yearning breast  
Which hush the tongue, to utter only tears.

Not drops of anguish, from the haggard eye  
Of wan Remorse, when o'er the past he weeps—  
For no unfilial act of murky dye,  
Stains the fair chronicle that memory keeps—

But, that I ne'er could love thee as I ought,  
For all the tenderness 'twas mine to prove,  
And that my heart such meagre off'rings brought.  
When kneeling at the shrine of filial love.

O did'st thou breathe when *now* my heart can weigh  
Thro' every fibre of its thrilling core,  
The crushing debt, my childhood ne'er could pay—  
Yet, thou would'st bid me nought but Heaven adore.

"For O my child, forbear the foul regret"—  
Methinks I hear thee gently chiding say  
"Heaven's generous King hath more than paid thy debt,  
In one short moment of celestial day."

I see thee now; the matron meek and mild;  
Subduing picture of maternal worth!  
Those gently parting lips—so once they smiled—  
Tell of some kindly feeling's recent birth.

So full thy soul, of wasteless sympathy,  
All breathing Nature seemed of thee a part;  
For when a scene of suff'ring met thine eye,  
It threw a pang reflected on thy heart.

Thanks to the matchless pathos that rehearsed  
At nursery hours, the tale of other's woe—  
Then in my soul a fount of feeling burst,  
I trust in Heaven, will forever flow.

While thus on thy beloved form I gaze,  
The misty curtain of the past is drawn,  
Revealing glimpses of my halcyon days,  
Gilded with raptures that can ne'er return.

The kind extravagance of thanks conferred  
On puny aid about thy household cares—  
Sounding like irony when others heard—  
Was cordial communication to my cares.

How prized the boon to climb thy fragrant bed!  
My childish aspirations rose no higher,  
Than in thy arms to lay my happy head  
Upon the pillow of my absent sire.

No callow eagle in his rock-built nest  
Beneath the parent wing less dreamed of harm,  
Than I, when gathered to thy faithful breast  
By the soft girle of thy circling arm.

How oft in graver duties did'st thou pause  
To prompt the clatter of my tiny mill,  
Or help to build the edifice of straws,  
Making me marvel at thy wondrous skill.

Whene'er a luckless tumble in my sport,  
Had changed to tears the notes of infant glee—

Tho' plain to all, far fluster'd more than hurt,  
How surely blubb'ring would I haste to thee.

No vaunted nostrum from the stores of Art,  
Could greet a bruise with feeling half so bland  
Or soothe so pleasantly the ailing part  
As the soft pattle of thy pitying hand.

Full well do I recall the joyous day,  
In dapper coat and trowsers so elate,  
With which maternal pride will aye array  
The first born candidate for man's estate.

Th' inspiring change to lofty thoughts gave birth,  
While to and fro I stalk'd in manly dress,  
Weaning my heart from things of brighter worth,  
The nightly blessing and the fond caress.

Ah, little deems the urchin who would stray  
From the warm precincts of a mother's side,  
From what a blissful spot he tears away,  
To tempt the world, that waste so drear and wide.

Here, 'neath the sunshine of a mother's love,  
A little Eden springs, of fadeless bloom;  
But peril waits our footsteps when we rove,  
The world compared, is treachery and gloom.

CHARLOTTE, VA.

## A KINGDOM MORTGAGED.

SEQUEL TO "THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHIBUS."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TACTICS OF SIRESPAING DE LYON.

Whilst all these events were taking place, while the King was being defied by his vassal, Evan attending hawking parties, and Sir Roger and his companion each in their way attending to the affairs of the Viscount de Chateaubon, where was D'Arthon, the reserved, the gloomy interrogator of his own thoughts and feelings?

We reply that the Knight took long and solitary walks by moonlight, and to make up for the hours thus spent in rumination, slept in the day time.

Meanwhile Sir Espaing like a machine which once set in motion, forgets the hand which started it, advanced steadily in the business which he had been compelled to undertake.

The result of his inquiries, was very simple and it left him no further trouble of the same sort. The Duke of Berri governed the council absolutely, hence it was necessary

to propitiate the Duke of Berri, and the question presented itself, "what means promised to effect this end most surely."

"Let us see," said the old negotiator, "the Duke has a valet called Jacques Thibaut, who is abominably worthless and who therefore rules his master. Shall I draw this valet into a corner and fill his two hands with gold, in return for his saying to his master 'The envoys of Messire de Chateaubon humbly request your lordship's aid?'"

"No! that would be a very uncertain—an exceedingly doubtful measure. Moreover 'tis repugnant to a gentleman to treat with servants."

"Shall I go to the Duke himself and say Monseigneur every one knows of your love of justice, of your nobility, of your power as an uncle of the King in the King's council, therefore I confidently solicit your lordship's co-operation in this affair?" Love of justice! nobility! 'faith I am getting old—I dream. The Duke of Berri a lover of justice!

"Ah I have it, I no longer hesitate. I shall go to him and say, 'My Lord, the late Count de Foix, of happy memory, whose soul may God preserve, before his death directed that a dower of twenty thousand francs should be paid at his decease to Madame de Berri his former ward, I will say that many Lords of Bearne and Foix wished to reverse this donation, but that the good and just Viscount (oh, oh, Espaing de Lyon) would not for an instant hear of it. 'Tis a little deceptive, indeed it looks very much like a lie, but no one is ignorant that the sin is the Viscount's, my own honor is not in the case. Ah, but,' continued the old Knight, 'it is impossible, I could never make Messire de Chateaubon out so fine a character. 'Tis repugnant as before.'"

Thereupon Sir Espaing knit his brows and cogitated deeply.

He was interrupted by an attendant clad in the Duke of Berri's livery who brought a note, couched in the most courteous terms, from his master, praying a visit from the Sieur de Lyon. "And the seigneur's reply?" said the lackey.

"Say that I follow you, my friend," replied the Knight.

The lackey went out.

Sir Espaing immediately set off in search of Sir Roger, whom he found drawing up a petition to the council on a sheet of parchment.

"Come, come," said Espaing, "the business is done. Lay by these trifles Messire Roger, the Duke of Berri has sent for me. Get ready."

"Sent for you? Why?"

"Ah come and you will see."

Sir Espaing then ordered his horse to be brought to the door and accompanied by Sir Roger took his way to the hotel of the Duke.

They found the Duke clad in a long night robe and reading from a gorgeously illuminated missal.

On the entrance of the two Knights he rose and advancing half way to meet them

"Welcome Messire Espaing," he said, shaking him cordially by the hand. "and you also Sire Roger."

The Knights bowed without speaking.

"Let us proceed at once to business," said the Duke who had figured in too many similar affairs to be at all embarrassed. "You came to Tours, did you not gentlemen, to prevail on the King to receive 60,000 crowns and release his mortgage on Foix."

"The Viscount offers sixty thousand with fair interest as the law requires, my Lord," said Sir Roger.

"Well, have you succeeded?"

"I am sorry to say not."

"Why not, is your cause unjust?"

"Oh no, it is perfectly righteous."

"Oh, well, you shall succeed?"

"How, my Lord?"

"By my assistance, what say you Messire Espaing?"

"I say my Lord that I am listening."

"But you do not speak."

"Because I approve of all which your lordship has heretofore said."

"I will then continue, but you have no hopes of succeeding here without powerful assistance."

"Oh my Lord," said Espaing, "not so fast! Your lordship is powerful, but the King is just."

He is avaricious, he will not say to the gentlemen," thought the Knight.



He was not mistaken in the Duke's character.

"You do not want my assistance then?"

"Oh certainly, my Lord."

"Well you shall have it, but I attach a condition."

"What condition!" said Sir Roger.

Espaing listened in silence.

"Allow me to ask in the first place gentlemen," said the Duke, "do you remember the occasion of my sending the Marshal de Sancerre and two other lords to Orthez to demand in marriage Madame Jeanne de Boulogne."

"Yes my Lord, perfectly," said Sir Espaing; "the two other Knights were La Tremouille and La Riviere."

Sir Roger was silent, an acute pain seemed to have contracted his muscles at the Duke's words.

"Well then, Messire Espaing," said the Duke, "if you remember the names of these Knights, you must also recollect Seigneur Gaston's reply."

"He replied by sending his ward to your highness."

"But a condition was attached. I was to pay the sum of thirty thousand francs for her education."

Ten more than I calculated upon, thought the Knight.

"And I paid this money."

"Well my Lord."

"I then swore," continued the Duke, "that on the first favorable opportunity I would have this money restored."

"Ah indeed!"

"Well Sir Espaing, that time has come."

"The time for demanding this money."

"Yes. On no other condition shall you succeed. My influence shall be for or against you. Which do you choose?"

"Ah let it be for us, my Lord Duke, by all means."

"Pay me this thirty thousand francs then."

"Thirty thousand, a large sum my Lord!"

"I must have just that to a crown. I need it."

"And our suit is to succeed?"

"In two days it shall be decided in your favor, I shall not until then send for my money."

"That's very honorable highness."

"And so you accept?"

"Hum!"

"Answer, Sir Espaing."

"Yes, and I presume to say my friend Sir Roger will also, Messire?" said Espaing in a moment.

Sir Roger made no reply. He seemed buried in his own thoughts. He only nodded.

"Farewell then gentlemen," said the Duke, "and rest tranquil. Your suit is already gained."

The two Knights bowed and left the room.

"Thirty thousand francs," said Sir Espaing, when they had once more mounted, "where are they to come from? That rascal Le Moresque has squeezed us dry, like a sponge."

"Some Jew," said his companion whose good sense had made him say nothing during the interview, to offend the rapacious Duke, "we have nothing."

"Well then let us look about."

At the hostelry they found Evan and D'Arthon at the table talking over their wine.

"Come, come, Messieurs," said Espaing, "begin to clasp your helmets and gird on your armor. 'Tis a necessary precaution, though the proverb says non bis in idem. That is to say, that Captain Le Moresque will not again make a capture of our troop."

"Captain Le Moresque! what do you mean?" asked Evan, arresting the cup which he was about to raise to his lips.

"I mean chevalier," said Sir Espaing, "that our business in Tours is finished and that in two days we set off for Bearne."

Evan's lips became white and his trembling hand scarcely kept the cup from falling.

No one paid any attention to D'Arthon for his pale countenance like a mask expressed nothing.

"In two days Messire Espaing?" said Evan.

"Yes chevalier, why this agitation?"

"Oh, it is nothing," said Evan, and rising he walked out of the room hastily.

"What does this mean?" asked the knight of D'Arthon.

"Can't say," replied D'Arthon, draining his cup; then looking into the pitcher, "host," he said, "more wine."

Meanwhile Evan was taking a long walk by starlight. As he returned to the inn, and just when he was about to enter some one pulled him by the sleeve. He looked round. A female wrapped in a cloak put a note into his hand and disappeared.

Evan looked at the retreating figure, then at the note, and finally opened it. These words were traced on satin paper.

"The Seigneur de Foix is expected on the right hand court of the Bishop's palace to-night at nine. Let him not fail, for this is written by  
A FRIEND."

"From Alice? Can it be!" murmured Evan, "'tis a tearful, a bitter pleasure which she offers me."

And after reading the note a second time Evan placed it in his bosom and entered the inn.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE JEW.

On inquiring of his host for the name of some Jew or money lender who could supply him with the sum agreed to be paid to the Duke of Berri, Sir Espaing de Lyon was directed to the abode of a certain Issachar. This man, master Jacques informed the knight, had already acquired immense riches by lending to the young spendthrift lords of the court at usurious interest, and that he would not fail to obtain any sum, however large, provided he offered good surety.

The knight therefore took his way toward the Jew's house, accompanied only by D'Arthon. It was a tall narrow building which grew broader at every successive story, and so much at last had it overlooked its base that it seemed in danger of falling with the next wind. And yet it had stood thus perhaps more than a century. The knights made their approach to it through a street clogged with mud and dirty straw from which rose a suffocating odor, and so narrow that two horsemen could not have passed through it abreast. At the summit of the houses opposite neighbours might have joined hands.

They were shown by a little light haired Jew into a sort of drawing-room which overlooked the river, small in size, and furnished after the eastern fashion, with a divan and

piles of cushions in place of chairs. Here the Jew left them and went to inform his master of their presence. Ten minutes passed and no one came. Sir Espaing began to get angry.

"Why does this accursed Israelite keep us waiting?" said he.

"Because we come to borrow and he is rich."

"Rich sir?" said a voice at that moment from the door, "who calls the poor Jew rich?" And drawing aside the tapestry Issachar appeared.

"Ah, you have come at last Messire! Now let us to business."

"In what way can the humble Issachar serve your noble lordships?"

"Jew," said Sir Espaing, "do not be hypocritical, you know very well that we want money. Come, can you supply us with the sum we wish?"

"Money, sir!" interrupted the Jew.

"I forewarn you however," continued the knight, "that it is a large one."

"Moneys, much moneys! who has sent you to me, noble sirs."

"A certain viscount, whose title deeds are in your strong chest."

The Jew's face assumed a strange mixture of sarcasm and humility.

"Is it true?" said the knight, "do you never lend money at interest?"

"In truth, sir, I have done such a thing often, but time must be given for borrowing. I am a poor Israelite, the poorest of my tribe and when these honorable lords visit my humble abode to borrow moneys to support their pleasures, I, in my turn, must go a borrowing."

"Well."

"And Messire," continued the Jew, "I must pay interest on the moneys borrowed of my brethren, even as you pay it to me."

"What interest must I pay you?"

"What sum does your lordship wish to have?"

"The sum of 30,000 francs."

"30,000 francs! holy Jacob, 'tis the treasure of Solomon the King!"

"Come, let us cut this short, master Issachar. I have had dealing with your tribe too often to be affected by these idle arts. Speak, will you supply me with this sum?"

"May the holy Elias—"

"Will you lend the money, or shall we go elsewhere?" said the knight in an abrupt tone.

"Ah, Messire, how am I to raise such a sum?"

"Come D'Arthon," said Sir Espaign.

"Whither go you, noble sirs?" said Issachar.

"To some other establishment. Do not think Jew that there are none but yourself who lend money in the good city of Tours."

"Thirty thousand francs," repeated the Jew as if to himself, "I must borrow of an hundred members of my tribe and the interest would be much."

"Well, what interest do you demand?" said the knight who knew all these artful turnings from experience.

"The interest would be Messire—yes it must be ten in the hundred, no less."

"Usurer! I will have you before the bailiff."

The Jew smiled.

"For what my Lord?" said he.

"For lending money at usurious interest."

"I have lent you none."

"True, but you will lend me it, and the whole which I have mentioned."

"On two conditions, sir: unless these are understood, I present my humble respects to your lordships."

"In the first place it is understood that you are noble gentlemen who want money, and in consideration of the poor Jew's supplying you with what you want, he shall be paid ten per cent, and that without making the transaction public. Now, as I have said Messieurs, you are noble gentlemen, and if you pass your word to the Jew he will have no fear."

"And what is the second condition?"

"Ah, by the holy Moses! that is by far the most important. You can guess it my Lords."

"Yes I do guess it, but speak on."

"Surety, sir—it is the surety of having my monies returned."

"What security do you demand, is not my word enough?"

"Doubtless, Messire, your word should be enough to the poor Jew who knows you are noble knights, though he is yet ignorant of

your names, but habit is powerful and I never lend my moneys but on good valid surety."

"What for instance?"

"On land, estates, Messire."

"Well, I will give you better than a mortgage on the estate of a poor knight. I will give you the word of Messire, the Viscount de Chateaubon, who will be Count of Foix and Bearn in a month, and who possesses in the castle of Orthes alone 300,000 livres. Does it suffice?"

"Not at all, noble sir," said the Jew, "I have heard much of the Viscount, and I think verily that he would hang up the poor Jew to the next tree in order to rid himself of a disagreeable creditor."

"You will not take the Viscount's words; will you take my own, the word of Espaign de Lyon?"

"Noble sir," said the Jew bowing, "I would take your word as soon as any other whatever, but unfortunately I have made an oath never to do so."

"Hypocritical scoundrel," murmured the knight, then he added aloud, "draw up a mortgage deed on my estate in Bigorre."

"The estate of the noble chevalier Espaign de Lyon?"

"Called La Vedra."

The Jew was silent.

"Why do you hesitate Jew," said the Knight.

"Messire, you will pardon me—"

"Well," said the Knight, casting on the Jew a look that seemed to pierce through and through him.

"I have another custom—to be certain of my sureties."

"Dog," said the Knight, taking a step toward the Jew, "do you dare to doubt my word, the word of Espaign de Lyon?"

"My Lord," said the Jew with humility, "may the holy Elias preserve me from such injustice to so noble a chevalier as yourself. What I tell you is a habit I have and here I am again bound by my oath. But why should this disquiet you? You want money, you come and offer me a mortgage on the estate of La Vedra in Bigorre. Good! I despatch a carrier dove to Joseph of Toulouse, who will send me one in return. Thus in two or three weeks at the farthest I shall know

everything, and my oath will not be broken. Does this please your Lordship?"

"No, rascal! it does not please me. You doubt my word, that I can forgive, because it gives me no pleasure to tread on worms. I am dissatisfied because I must and will have this money in three days instead of as many weeks."

"That is impossible, sir."

"Come, let us leave this accursed den which smells as if that rascal and his master the devil were practising alchemy," said Sir Espaign.

The Jew threw a piercing glance upon the Knight.

"You do the poor Israelite injustice sir," said he, "I have not the pleasure to be a rascal, though the noble Knight calls me one, after I have offered my best services."

"Let us go," said the knight.

"Not so fast," said D'Arthon, "I wish first to ask Messire's opinion of an antique coin, which has preserved its warmth in a remarkable manner." And D'Arthon held up before the eyes of Issachar a bright golden crown apparently fresh from the mint.

A sickly pallor overspread the Jew's face, his eyes glared and he laid his hand on the hilt of a dagger which hung at his girdle.

"Will Messire consent to lend the Sieur de Lyon the sum he asks?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"Yes."

"Bring writing materials then."

"They are there," said the Jew, in a stifled voice, and pointing to a desk fixed against the wall and covered with parchment and pens.

Sir Espaign de Lyon full of astonishment at this sudden change, went and drew up a mortgage which he signed and gave to the Jew.

"When will you have the money my Lord?" said the Jew to D'Arthon, "shall I send it to your lordship's house?"

"No, I will take it myself, now."

"In gold or silver, sir?"

"In silver, said D'Arthon, 'tis heavier, but I prefer it."

The Jew went out.

"What does this mean?" said Sir Espaign.

"I will tell you when we are on our way back," said D'Arthon.

In ten minutes the Jew returned with three bags full of franc pieces furnished with straps by which they were supported at the girdle. These the Jew delivered to D'Arthon with the most abject humility.

"Do not fear, my Lord," said he, "I do not wish to deceive you. It is correct."

"Good," said the Knight, "and for yourself Messire Issachar, I only say take care."

And without noticing the humble inclination made by the Jew, D'Arthon went out followed by the Knight of Lyon.

"What in the name of the Holy Mary," said the Knight, "has given you this power over the Jew?"

"Listen, Messire Espaign, and I will tell you" said D'Arthon. "Do you remember that during the ten minutes which we were compelled to wait before this man's entrance you stood at the window overlooking the river?"

"Yes. I was watching a boat which the rising tide was dashing against the rocks to which it was chained."

"I was differently engaged. As I leaned against the wood work protruding from the wainscot running round the room, I felt a band under the hangings which I knew at once to be the spring of one of those hidden doors which are found in all old houses of this sort. I drew aside the tapestry and pressed the spring so as to make the door slide into the wall though the works were rather rusty. What do you think I saw?"

"May the fiend seize me if I can form a conjecture."

"An alchemist's workshop, what do you say to that?"

"The Jew an alchemist?"

"An alchemist indeed, but that is the least part of his profession."

"Explain yourself D'Arthon."

"Not content with waiting for the Philosopher's stone he has taken a surer way of making himself rich. He is a coiner."

"A forger!"

"Yes. Examine this piece of money, yet hot from the furnace. It is only by the severest scrutiny that you detect the dull appearance produced by the alloy. This. I

have heard disappears when the coin is cold."

"And you took this piece from his laboratory?"

"Yes; directly before the aperture stood a table covered with a pile of them. As I opened the secret door, I heard a noise of locks and bolts from the opposite side. Doubtless the Jew had been engaged in the work."

"And what will you do chevalier, inform upon this man?"

"Not at all," said D'Arthon, "what have I to do with the King's justice; let it take its course. I shall say nothing, I hope you will do the same. I even ask it of you, Messire Espaing."

"Since you make the request I will not certainly, but I do not conceal from you what I think. We should expose this man."

"Let us leave that to some one else, the wicked are ultimately punished for their crimes—at least I have been told as much. This knowledge will some day be very useful to me if I need this man's aid."

"Ah, chevalier," said Sir Espaing with surprise, "let him pay you for secrecy!"

"No. But in certain circumstances nevertheless, it may be serviceable. The present case for instance is one."

"True. But are you not afraid that he has given us false coin or false measure?"

"Neither, Messire Espaing. I fully understood the trust you placed in me and I have no fear. This Jew would not dare to cheat us, while I know his secret."

"Good," said the Knight, and they returned in silence to the hostelry.

"Look here D'Arthon," said Evan, "here is a letter I have received. Is it from Alice? read it and tell me."

D'Arthon took the note and read it.

"A Friend," he muttered; "no, by all the Gods, 'tis not from her!"

And a strange expression showed itself on his pale face.

"Well," said Evan.

"Probably 'twas sent you by this wench whom you have told me you loved," replied D'Arthon. "Go at all events. It is almost a certainty that she wrote it."

"Well then I go," said Evan, "this coldness with which she addresses me persuaded

me that she did not write it. However, it must have been Alice, for who else knows me?"

"No one in truth, but the Duchess de Berri and the queen."

And D'Arthon smiled.

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE INTERVIEW.

At half past eight in the evening, and just as every visitor who lodged in the town was leaving the palace, Evan entered the right hand court as the note had directed.

This court was small in size, surrounded by a gallery, and only to be reached by one of two doors opposite each other. Evan had passed through the first, he now saw the latter before him.

The palace clock struck the hour of nine, and the young man seeing no one approach, went to the door opposite.

Looking round first to see if the galleries and the court itself was entirely deserted, he gently knocked.

In an instant it was opened, he felt himself drawn forward by the hand, and the door closing, he found that the passage was perfectly dark.

He took ten steps, conducted in silence by his guide. All he could determine was that a woman's hand held his own and that the air was warm and perfumed.

"Who are you Madam!" asked Evan.

"Silence, Seigneur," whispered a voice.

"But where do you lead me, to whom. You may answer so much."

"It is useless, for we have come to the end." And throwing open a door from which issued a stream of light, the female pushed Evan into a small boudoir.

He saw before him queen Isabella.

Evan drew back in utter astonishment.

"The queen!" he exclaimed.

"Yes Seigneur Evan, the queen," said Isabella with the smile of a Circe. "Come."

The young Knight made no reply. He looked round and saw that the door was closed.

Isabella frowned slightly.



"I ask you to approach, Seigneur," she said.

Evan bowed profoundly and came within three steps of the queen.

"Madam," he said, "doubtless there is some mistake. I beg your highness to believe that I should never have been guilty of such an offence as entering your private room when you have dismissed your suit."

"It is no offence Sir," said Isabel smiling.

"Madam," said Evan, calmly, "then it is a great honor."

This calmness displeased the queen. She turned the conversation.

"You did me a great service," she said, "you preserved Ancelin, a falcon given me by my uncle when I left Bavaria."

"Oh your highness do not speak as if I had obliged you in a matter so slight as saving a hawk."

"The Bavarians attach a superstitious value to some things and a falcon is of the number *Sieur Evan*; therefore I thank you from the bottom of my heart for preserving *Ancelin*."

Evan bowed respectfully.

"It is I who should be grateful Madam," he said, for your highness' words surpass my merits a thousand times."

"Do you know *Seigneur Evan* what the court says?" asked *Isabella* with her enchanting smile.

"Of what Madam?"

"Of your adventure of the hawk—do you know?"

"Madam, I live so little in the air of the court that all its thoughts, feelings and sentiments pass over my humble head like the wind, without stopping an instant. I live in an atmosphere more close to the earth."

"Oh it only needs your own consent—if you wish it you may be to-morrow distinguished by the favors of your queen."

"Madam!" said Evan bowing.

"But let us continue. The courtiers say that your introduction to myself was both striking and romantic. They moreover add that I ought to bestow upon you some reward." *Isabella* took off a ring.

Evan drew back.

"Madam," he said, "I do not wish for any reward."

"But you will take this as a gift from

your queen?" said *Isabella* with her seducing smile.

Evan began to feel a strange agitation.

"Give me your hand," said *Isabella* still smiling, "It is I who will place it on your finger."

Evan blushed slightly, knelt down and stretched out his hand.

The queen placed the ring on his finger.

"Do not rise," she said, "I like you in that position. 'Tis more humble."

And while her parted lips showed a row of beautiful and pearly teeth, *Isabella* threw upon Evan the most charmingly familiar glances. The majesty of her manner had disappeared. She was all kindness.

"Madam! Madam!" murmured Evan. "you are very gracious."

"Remain at my court, my handsome cavalier, and I will be more so."

Evan rose up as if on springs.

The cause of this abrupt movement was simply the figure of a young girl which appeared in the mist dancing before his eyes.

"Madam," he said, bowing coldly, "I cannot remain. Your highness has already rewarded my services beyond their merits. Receive my humble thanks."

*Isabella* was for a moment struck dumb by this sudden change.

Her smooth fair face first took an expression of haughty scorn, then it was contracted by a wild rage.

"What mean you?" she said rising and stamping with fury, "you refuse!"

"Madam," said Evan with icy calmness, "I had the honor but now of saying that this jewel was quite sufficient as a recompense for my services. It comes from the hand of the queen, that is enough. But since you are displeased with me it will no longer give me any pleasure to wear it."

And tearing off the ring, Evan presented it to the queen.

She took it with a gesture of anger and threw it to the other end of the room.

"Queens do not take back their gifts," she said haughtily. "And now *Sir Knight*, go! You shall not be burthened with favors which are disagreeable to you."

At that moment in spite of *Isabella's* imperial gesture to depart, Evan undertook

what the oldest courtier would have shrunk from, to argue the matter with her.

"Madam," he said—

"Go sir, this instant!"

Evan folded his arms.

Isabella bit her lips with rage.

"Madam," said Evan calmly, "you may call your guards, you may have me killed, but that will take a few moments. In that time I shall say what I have to say!"

"You refuse my favors!"

"Madam the queen," said Evan bowing profoundly, "I will not leave this room whilst you still put this construction on my words. You have given me a ring, you have even bestowed it with your own hands, smiling. Now you frown, you say 'Begone!' Madam, hear me! You know not, oh you cannot imagine how proud I should feel to wear the favors of my queen, how carefully I should preserve the slightest token of her regard. I a poor Knight without fortune, and almost without a name—very nearly Madam—would then esteem myself the peer of princes. I a humble cavalier have received these favors, I have felt joy enter my heart. But the queen is displeased with me, she bids me leave her presence; to wear her tokens of regard then would be presumption. Madam the queen, I have the honor of bidding your highness farewell."

And saluting Isabella, lost in surprise, Evan disappeared. The queen tore the lace of her dress until her whole right shoulder was bare and went out in a fury. She had no sooner gone than the curtains of an alcove waved and the duke of Orleans, pale, grasping his poniard nervously, and trembling, went on tip-toe to the door where Evan had passed, and opening it gently, left the apartment.

We shall see that the duke arranged matters quickly.

Morality, without religion, is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.—*Anon.*

## 'T WAS WRONG.

*Selected from the Poems of the late Henry Ellen.*

Ah! Lady, it was scarcely wise  
To fan his forehead with soft sighs,  
And gaze upon him with fond eyes.

Ah! Lady, it was scarcely meet  
To see him kneeling at your feet,  
And listen to his words so sweet.

'Twas wrong while ye were wand'ring there  
Out in the moonlight calm and clear—  
To pass your fingers through his hair.

Ye wandered late: ye wandered long:  
You listened to full many a song  
And list'ning, Lady, knew 'twas wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another night and he was there,  
His eyes had now a strange wild glare—  
His face was pallid with despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had few ducats in his purse  
(This of itself a bitter curse)  
'Twas deadly wrong to make it worse!

He offered more than gold can buy—  
For what you yet perchance may sigh,  
Aye! Lady, long before you die.

But you, your heart was e'en then sold  
For silks and jewels, gems and gold,  
Unto a lover grey and old.

\* \* \* \* \*

All deeds have payment, soon or late;  
Upon the poor, upon the great  
Comes down the ruthless doom of fate.

'The time will come, for come it must,  
When you, crushed to the very dust,  
Shall deem your idol-gold—as rust.

You'll think upon that stripling slim,  
Bitter the doom you meted him,  
'Twill haunt you like a phantom grin.

Dead, where that moonlight night ye trod  
His ghastly face—the bloody sod  
Will interpose twixt you and God.



## RAMBLES ABOUT MONCLOVA.

## THE GREAT STAMPEDE.

In the interchange of those delicate attentions and civilities which occasionally rippled the current of camp life at Parras, we were occasionally honored with the presence of the dark eyed señoritas, the memory of whose beauty atones in some degree for the many *disagrémens* connected with the reminiscences of that wine bibbing town. It must be confessed that the exterior of their equipages did not correspond to the interior embellishments; that the vehicles were somewhat clumsy, and the mules anything but handsome, though loaded with plated trappings, and their tails carefully secured in leather pockets ornamented with silver. The General and some of those who revolved in his vicinity, usually did the honors in escorting the ladies through the streets of our canvas city, and imparting to them the mysteries of camp life as connected with bean soup, and "hard bread made easy." These promenades, it is true, were often eloquently silent, as there was no interpreter, and the language of the eyes—unless previously hinted at by the tongue—is, in spite of the poets, unpleasantly dull and provokingly incomprehensible. In confirmation of this idea, reference might be made to the experience of Captain Turgid, and Lieutenant Gasometer, who, on one occasion particularly, made the most excruciating efforts to render themselves agreeable to a trio of mischievous young damsels, and succeeded only in amusing them. The latter enjoyed the discomfiture with malicious glee, although not a little annoyed that their pretty pouting lips were hermetically sealed, except when at times they chose coquettishly to display the gems concealed within, in phalanxes too regular to be

"Like orient pearls at random strung."

Those who indulged in occasional jottings down of the events of the campaign, with private speculations thereon, were reminded about this time—as the Almanacs say—to take heed to their words and works, by the following novel and startling announcement, posted up in front of a tent in Staff Row:

" LOST OR MISLAID, 

"a small volume in writing, containing memoranda, personal, official and financial, of no value to any one but the owner—and of but little to him—who, nevertheless, will be thankful for any information concerning it. In other words his private journal has been stolen, furnishing a salutary admonition to others, and a new illustration of Burns:

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes."

The ice just now, in the water-buckets in the morning, would have informed us how cold the nights were, if we had not had other satisfactory proof before rising from our blankets. We were at liberty however, to derive much soldierly consolation from the fact that there was fuel enough for a comfortable fire near head quarters, although our mess had a scanty supply for boiling our beef or bacon.

Notwithstanding we appeared to be on a footing of the most favored nations, with our fair friends in the city, and with some not so fair, an incident now and then occurred, showing something more than "what a goodly outside falsehood hath." The night of the 10th, a volunteer was severely wounded in town, in an affray with the natives, and the next night as an officer was returning to camp at a late hour, he was followed by a Mexican with his dog, apparently with evil intent. So much pertinacity elicited the unexpected discharge of a revolver, which, by a happy coincidence, stopped the pursuer and the dog's breath at the same moment.

The winds in the circuit of their revels had passed beyond our limits, or were reposing in the lap of exhaustion, until about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 12th, when there came a blast from the hills sweeping with such fierceness over the camp, as if just ejected from the lungs of Æolus in his earliest morning exhalation. Tent cords snapped and tentpins yielded, and tents shrieked and groaned, and fluttered, and fell ingloriously to the earth. Away went the wind-mocking at the ruin they had wrought, while, less philosophical perhaps than was becoming, went about repairing.

Among the most intelligent portion of the Mexican people, there is usually a frank acknowledgment in their conversation of the

superiority of Americans to themselves. This is desirable at all times, but while they perceive the vast difference between the mass of the people of the two countries, they do not appear to comprehend the approximation to equality among all the people of the United States, and seem to think that social and political, moral and military distinctions, particularly the latter, are as rude with us as with themselves. Knowing the despotic sway of their own soldiery, and having suffered for years under the exactions and accumulated usurpations of military men, and their arrogant superiority over all other classes except the priesthood, to whom alone they pay deference, and witnessing the peculiar privileges which servitude and submission, ignorance and superstition have guaranteed to them, many of their most enlightened citizens appear unable to realize that a General in our Army is not the same haughty tyrant: is not entitled to perpetrate the same outrages upon private rights, is not beheld with awe and bowed to with reverence, or attended with minions and hordes of flatterers, guards and consequential attendants, as a Mexican chieftain or prelate. Hence they approach all officers with extreme deference, which rises according to grade, and becomes abject servility, when they reach the commanding general. Upon him they lavish not only adulations and compliments, but as if they wished to propitiate some offensive deity, they offer him the choicest of their household gods. Sometimes they reported themselves even before breakfast at head quarters, with asses loaded with valuable presents. These were of course accepted with becoming courtesy, and in a manner calculated to impress the right sort of ideas, upon a conquered but vain-glorious people. Grapes, wines, confectionaries, &c., &c., were daily coming in, part of which it was surmised, would certainly have been more generally distributed about camp, if our foraging parties had been sufficiently energetic.

The 12th of December is *the* great day, *par excellence*, of Mexican festivals and anniversaries: the day of "La Maravillosa Aparición de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe;" a preposterous tradition having almost as many forms in the details as Proteus, but not too many for the comprehensive capacity

for gullibility which exists throughout Mexico. Among the many shapes which the fancies of succeeding generations have given to it, the following is perhaps of as popular belief as any of the others. It should be premised that directly subsequent to the conquest of Cortez, the conversion of the Indians went on very slowly, and the success of the pious fathers was not at all commensurate with their zeal, in reclaiming the Aborigines from the passive idolatry of ignorance, in order to indoctrinate them into the active image-worship of Romanism. Other means be resorted to than appeals to passion or must the understanding, and accordingly the aid of fancy was invoked, and the following not very "cunningly devised fable," was invented as the basis upon which the superstructure of Catholic ascendancy was to be erected.

On the 12th day of December, 1531, an Indian named Juan Diego (John James) was passing over the desert mountain of Tepeyacac, about three miles north of the City of Mexico, on his way to market as some versions have it, or as others say in quest of medical plants, for a member of his family. On arriving at the summit of the hill, his progress was suddenly arrested by the sound of music in the air, from an invisible source, and by a mysterious fragrance of flowers nowhere to be seen. Mute with astonishment, he was next startled by the appearance of a female of angel form, who, seeing his fright, gently bade him not to fear, and called him familiarly by name. "Juan Diego," said the aerial visitor, "go to the Bishop, and tell him that I am grieved at the condition of my favorite people; that they must at once forsake their gods, and that he must have a church erected on this very spot for their conversion." The bewildered Indian attempted to remonstrate against being made the bearer of such a message, fearing its success; but the figure again commanded him to do as he was bidden, and faded away before him in the clouds. Juan Diego accordingly proceeded to the city, and after an ineffectual attempt to procure an audience from the Bishop, was rudely repulsed from the palace, as the victim of some wild delusion which he was half inclined to believe was really the case. He retraced his steps homeward, and on reascending the same hill he

was again accosted by the celestial apparition, to whom he related the result of his effort to comply with her injunctions. The lady was displeased, and upbraided him for his want of zeal and faith. "Return to the Bishop," said she, "and tell him it is Guadalupe, the Virgin Mary, who comes to take up her abode among the Mexicans, and that she commands him to erect a church for her presence." Juan Diego went back again to the city, with no more hope of success than he set out with on his first errand. His importunities however prevailed, in procuring an interview with the representative of the church, to whom he related at length the wonderful adventures of the day. The Bishop of course treated him as a drunken impostor, thrust him angrily from his presence, and told him the next time he brought a message from the Virgin, to bring some evidence besides his own word, that it was genuine.

Our luckless Indian now left the palace more perplexed than ever and determined within himself to avoid his former pathway, and thereby shield himself from further molestation from spiritual or ethereal acquaintances. His resolution however was of no avail, and while diverging from his route to avoid the spot where he first met the celestial messenger, he again encountered the same mysterious barrier, and again submitted to her inexplicable influence. After having heard his recital to the end, she addressed him to the following effect: "Go to yonder rock, and you will find it covered with flowers; fill your apron with them, and carry them to the Bishop: when he sees this proof of the reality of your representations, for he knows that flowers bloom not upon a barren rock—he will be convinced of my divinity, and will believe your report." The awe-struck Indian, with but little accession to his faith, proceeded to the rock, where to his gratification and astonishment, he found the flowers as promised. He filled his apron—a coarse fabric of the filaments of the Magney—and repaired with more confidence than he had yet felt, to the presence of the incredulous prelate. When he found himself before him, he displayed the fragrant contents of his apron when not only the flowers bore testimony to the reality of his vision, but on the apron itself appeared a per-

fect image of the Virgin, enveloped in a mantle of blue velvet, and richly spangled with stars. The Bishop no longer doubted: the demonstration was conclusive as to the apparition and the divinity of the picture: a conclave of the clergy was forthwith convened, and it was pronounced the image of "La Verdadera Virgin." henceforth the patroness and protectress of Mexico.

Thousands of Indians thus inspired, were at once gathered together for the holy work so marvellously enjoined upon them through one of their countrymen. The church rose as if by magic on the spot designated by "the true Virgin," and in it was deposited as an everlasting witness of the heavenly origin of the edifice, the miraculous painting, where it yet remains "to point the moral and adorn the tale" of imposture and superstition. Henceforth the 12th of December was the holiest day in the Mexican Calendar, to be celebrated by orations, bonfires, and illuminations. Other nations might boast of their St. Georges, their St. Patricks and their St. Johns; but the Mexicans were preëminently the favorites of heaven, protected by the special panoply of Omnipotence, they are at liberty to hail their patron saint as the mother of God! In every church of the Republic, high above every other image, painting or statue, is to be seen the picture of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, in her robe of blue and diadem of stars, and in almost every house there is also a rude representation of the original picture, and round the necks of men, women and children, may be seen suspended, medals of brass and pewter, stamped with the same image of divinity. The figure is represented in a mantle of velvet, glittering with stars; the moon under her feet, and cherubic attendants hovering around her. Over her head is the motto, "Non fecit taliter omni nationi,"\* which is supposed to have been taken from the twentieth verse of the one hundred and forty-seventh psalm: "He hath not dealt so with any nation." The entire picture seems to have had a scriptural suggestion, in the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelations: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clo-

\* A very popular translation of this phrase among the foreigners in Mexico, and liberal enough for practical purposes, is, "She has made such asses of no other people."



thed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." On the anniversary of her appearance, the lame, halt, and blind, and others afflicted with sickness and disease, go about in crowds to those who bear the name of Guadalupe for relief, invoking a blessing, and always—we were told for we were not witnesses of the marvels—with success.

The Doctor W. previously referred to, who occasionally dined with the General and staff, it appeared had dropped the professional in all save the title, and kept a small shop wherein he retailed, in a small way, pepper, salt, spice, bread, liquors, cigars, &c., &c. He was quite fortunate in a certain way, in a matrimonial connection, by which he acquired considerable wealth. The table equipage displayed before the Doctor's military guests, was described as of solid silver, and the other parts of the establishment, so far as exhibited, were on a corresponding scale.

*Apropos* of Parras entertainments, there was a most revolting but characteristic exhibition in the city on Sunday the 13th. It appears that a small party (regulars and volunteers) had been distinguished by one of the priests with an invitation to dinner. Their ribald songs and obscene jests gave animation and zest to the entertainment, and the shouts of the bacchanalians were heard far up and down the street, to the annoyance of the quiet and orderly people of the vicinity, to the disturbance of peace and propriety, to the disgrace of the particular actors, and to the desecration of the Lord's day. After the repast and pending the industrious transition of the bottle, the priest and one drunken guest danced, what the negroes of the South call "the Juba," to the singing and clapping of hands of another. When this shameless scene was concluded, it became necessary for the servant of the church to retire to prepare for vespers. And reeling and staggering through the streets, with vacant eye and fiery and bloated cheek, aided by a friend, the proprietor of a wine shop, from the foul fumes of the debauch, with habiliments even, steeped in vice, and reeking with prostitution, he enters the temple of God, to minister at his altar.

During our sojourn in Parras we had many days, which in the Northern United States, November sometimes steals from the elements, and in which are blended all the beauties of the seasons. Hill and valley, mountain and plain, were enveloped in a misty, hazy shroud, which seems to wave and flutter before every breeze, and through which the sun-beams fell upon the earth, like floating gossamer. Days in which nature is in sweet repose, and the animal grazing on the hill side, or cropping the herbage of the meadow, moves about as if endowed with the same sort of dreamy existence. A kind of luxuriant lassitude, a delicious disinclination to do anything, a self-satisfaction with the past, present and future, with enemies, friends and bores, rests upon every countenance and may be conceived to be written on every brow. The dreaminess of the air, earth and sky, of man and beast, and creeping thing, was so universal, that there was hardly energy enough to give vitality to a rumor, but as no day was permitted to expire without one, even these formed no exception to the laws of military life.

About 11 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, a courier arrived in camp, his horse covered with foam and the rider nearly overcome with fatigue, bringing a letter for the commanding general. The latter was in town, but as the bearer urged the importance of a speedy delivery, it was at once forwarded by the Adjutant General to the city. In the meantime the unusual arrival had been observed, curiosity was roused, speculation was rife, rumor succeeded rumor, groups of officers and men were discussing the probable event, and while some who professed to have superior knowledge, and whose intention was somewhat in advance of their tuition, asserted that General Taylor had been partially defeated in an engagement, others maintained that Santa Anna had possession of Saltillo, with Worth and his command prisoners, and so it went on. At 1 o'clock head quarters reached camp, and the suspense which by that time had grown to a fearful crisis, it was thought would be instantly dispelled. Not so. The sensation was only increased and the plot thickened. Commanders of regiments and chiefs of corps were sent for in great haste: there was

much bustle and some loud talking, which resulted in an order for the army to be ready to march in two hours. The mystery was magnified, and with it the confusion. There was hurrying to and fro among men and mules; there was a horse lost here and there: men at dinner dropped knife and fork and sprang to their preparations: others stopped polishing their accoutrements, and put away pipe clay to examine their priming; the stock of ammunition was replenished among all the troops; and amid the striking of tents, the packing of knapsacks, the harnessing of teams, the loading of wagons, the hurried giving of orders and their more hurried execution, the formation and assembling of companies, the discussion of the cause went industriously on. At length the shadowy, uncertain outline grew into a palpable form, a tangible fixed fact. The letter was from General Worth, conveying information that Santa Anna was in three days' march of Saltillo, and that we were desired to march immediately thither. No higher praise can be awarded to the Centre Division and the efficiency of its commander, than a simple statement of the fact that in five hours from the receipt of the intelligence the whole command was in motion and the camp deserted. Fragments of letters, torn newspapers, broken packs of cards, and here and there a smoking faggot were nearly all that remained of our canvass habitations. And when the last man left, Mexicans—men, women and children—were already gleaning the harvest that was thus unexpectedly offered, and amid so much rubbish, possibly found an equivalent for their labors. Corn was picked from the ground where our cattle had been fed, kernel by kernel, which was doubtless soon converted into very palatable tortillas. Capt. H— of the 6th Infantry, remained in Parras as a guard on the stores necessarily left, and for the protection of the sick in the hospital.

We had calculated on a long night's march; but instead of this, the commanding General and the Infantry bivouacked at our old camp near the hacienda of San Lorenzo, while the mounted troops pushed on six miles farther, to the Puerto San Francisco. The halt appearing inexplicable, unless the General had reason to suspect a false alarm.

Before starting the next morning we learned that the Indians had been our neighbors during the night, and that several horses had been stolen from the hacienda: they took care however not to make themselves visible during the day. The troops on foot were in motion about 6 o'clock, and when we came in sight of the Puerto, the morning sunbeams were glancing merrily athwart the rugged and jagged outline of rocks, which form its western boundary. The water that we found here on our first visit was no longer to be seen, and we traversed the narrow defile on dry land. Continuing briskly our counter-march, we arrived at Cienega Grande at 1 o'clock. The cave high up in the mountains, with its overhanging architrave of a primitive order, still held the family of Mexicans, and the cross round which the frightened females gathered at the sight of our reconnoitering party on our first approach still pointed to heaven from the summit of the neighboring height. Below we found roses blooming in all their beauty responding defiantly to Byron's challenge:

— "AS SODÁ

Seek roses in December, ice in June."

The road thus far, if the expression is allowable, was miry with dust, and the hills and plains were of course covered with the verdure of the chaparral, and the vitality of the cactus.

While the General and his Staff were taking "a hasty plate" of pork and *frijoles*, with the proprietor of the hacienda, Major Monsoon whose bald pate and rubicund face gave him peculiar facilities for the deception, was passing himself off as a priest among the retainers, who, believing him to be a genuine *padre*, cheerfully shared with him their *aguardiente*, and gave him a bottle as a consolatory companion for his journey. These affairs disposed of, the march was resumed; the Dragoons, Cavalry and Artillery in advance, with the intention of reaching Castanuela before halting. The other troops and the train of wagons were left under command of Colonel Churchill and arrived about 4 o'clock at a little rivulet nearly six miles from Cienega Grande.

which from the white deposits on its banks, was christened Alum creek. Soon after the tents were pitched, as had been anticipated by a few, Colonel Hardin assumed formal command of the troops. This movement was at once resented by the Inspector General, who issued his countersign and parole for the night, and directed the commanding officers of corps, to receive no orders but from him. It was understood that Colonel Bissell sent in his adhesion to Colonel Churchill; a course that seems to have been resolved on by a wise judgment, and in conformity to the articles of war. Colonel Hardin asserted his right to the command under an order of President Polk, which would undoubtedly be binding, if it did not, as was supposed, so clearly conflict with the law.

The intense heat of the day was followed by an excessively cold night, during which, as usual, there was much suffering from want of clothing. The wind rushed from the South-east, through a narrow pass in the mountains, as cold as if just generated from an iceberg, and opening all the pores of bodies and blankets, so as to fit them for thorough penetration.

There was a small *scintilla ex collisione* in the morning, in consequence of the rival claims advanced the previous night, which, had the enemy been near, might have proved disastrous. Preceding the commencement of the march, and after a slim breakfast which all were fortunate enough to get, though many went supperless to bed, Colonel Churchill rode to Colonel Hardin, and distinctly informed him that he (Colonel Churchill) was commanding officer by virtue of the 98th article of war. Colonel Hardin responded that those claims could not be recognised, and that he should himself exercise the functions of the Senior. On separating, Colonel Churchill ordered Colonel Hardin to get his men ready and proceed on the march; whereupon the latter ordered the former to attend to his proper duties, while under his (Colonel Hardin's) command. The interview was conducted with perfect coolness, and apparent good feeling on both sides, each one willing to do justice to the motives of the other.

Colonel Churchill subsequently sent forward Lieut. —, as is supposed from what afterwards occurred, to report the circumstances to General Wool. After the first regiment was in motion Colonel Hardin remained behind, giving orders to the commanders, which was observed by Colonel Churchill; who directed him to join his regiment. Colonel Hardin replied that he should do so when he pleased, and not before, upon which Colonel Churchill ordered him in arrest. Colonel Hardin replied that he did not acknowledge the authority or the arrest, and ordered Colonel Churchill in arrest. Neither submitted and thus double-headed, the column advanced.

On arriving at Castanuela, six miles distant the Adjutant General met us with an order from General Wool to Colonel Churchill to exercise command, which order was also communicated to Colonel Hardin—but produced no effect. Considering the emergency and expectation of a battle, we were in a peculiarly perplexing predicament throughout the day: the straggling in both detachments, without the conflicting claims of the rival Colonels, would have insured our defeat if attacked. The rear stragglers of the Arkansas regiment, and the most industrious of the Illinois troops, were in conversational distance of each other at Castanuela, and the two bodies must at one time have been scattered over a distance of eight or ten miles. Our route lay through broad valleys, whose chief products are the national plants of Mexico. The mountains were more abundant in vegetation, and tall trees were frequent along their rugged slopes. The higher ridges appear as if planted with the palm, the regular rows of which resemble sentinels on duty, watching our progress. Probably the most magnificent exhibition of mountains, we had seen, was visible on this march. Five sierras rose before us at once, each one looking down upon the other, until the last could seemingly be surmounted only by the firmament, its top higher than the clouds, an invisible pavilion of the sun.

At the end of our march, about 5 o'clock, when we encamped near a nameless stream.

the two Colonels effected a compromise. Colonel Churchill withdrew the arrest of Colonel Hardin, the latter assenting to waive for the present the exercise of his rank. This question of "line" and "staff rank," appears to be of long standing in the army, and will probably not cease to be troublesome and vexatious, until Congress shall interpose. Military command obviously arises from rank, and when equal grades are together—except in the case of officers "serving by commission from the authority of any particular State"—seniority of commission determines the superior. In foreign services rank and command accompany each other, and during the war of the Revolution, we frequently find Staff officers commanding separate bodies. General Green was Quarter Master General, while in command of the Southern army, to which he was assigned by Washington. During the Presidency of General Jackson, an order was issued with a view to the final settlement of the question. An order however is not a law, and the matter is still *sub judice*. Indirectly the law as it now stands is with the Staff officer. The 98th article of war declares that "all officers serving by commission from the authority of any particular State, shall, on all detachments court martial, or other duty, wherein they may be employed in conjunction with the regular forces of the United States, take rank next after all officers of the like grade in said regular forces, notwithstanding the commissions of such militia or State officers may be elder than the commissions of the officers of the regular forces of the United States." This very clearly gave to Colonel Churchill the right to command any volunteer Colonel. But up steps a "regular" Captain or Major of the "line" and says he will not be commanded by Colonel Churchill, though willing to submit to the authority of Colonel Hardin, who is not of the "Staff." The greater certainly includes the lesser, and if the law says Colonel Churchill shall command Colonel Hardin and that Colonel Hardin command Major A, B, or C, does it not follow *à fortiori* that Colonel Churchill must command the Major? But the question is left to those more interested in its decision.

The order was given Saturday night to have reveille at 1 o'clock the next morning, but the never tiring Major Daybreak, always ahead, anticipated even this time by thirty minutes. Jupiter rode high in the heavens, the tail of the great bear pointed to the earth, and the walls of night were gemmed with myriads of burning lights which blazed brightly from the far off fountains of infinity. Our camp fires shed a faint but lurid glow over the moving masses, as they fitted to and fro in the darkness, and the heavy smoke rolled up in piles, seemed to settle and waver above the earth, as if crushed down by the superincumbent atmosphere. As we moved forth about 3 o'clock, the keen wind from the mountains carried a shiver over the column like an inverted *feu de joie*, which sustained more than one reaction, from the shoeless, coatless, blanketless members of the command. Without a guide, we were enabled to trace our progress through a wide waste of prairie vegetation, in spite of the darkness, by the pulverization of the road, over which the mounted troops had passed the day before. The muzquit and Spanish bayonet which grew all around us, assumed every variety of form in the obscurity, and without much imagination, we could constantly see before us, Mexicans on horseback and on foot, single and in companies, staring at us from all quarters. We marched for about three hours over a rough and undulating country. The lofty mountain heights escorting us on either side, sometimes stifled even at that early and dewy hour with the dust, and sometimes sacrificed with sharp stones and gravel. Deep precipitous chasms worn by the water, yawned frequently and fearfully by the road side, in one of which, a man belonging to the first regiment, fell to the distance of thirty feet, dislocating his thigh. The poor fellow was taken up with much difficulty, suffered intensely during the day, and obtained no relief until we reached a stationary point, where the fracture was reduced. After a march of nearly nine miles we forded a small stream, and in an hour more we arrived at Patos, where the Commanding General and the troops with him were yet in camp. We also found a train of provisions here from Monclova, escorted by

Captain Wheeler's company of the 2d Illinois. By way of compensation too, for our midnight marches, we learned that advices had been received the preceding evening from General Worth, to the effect that his alarm was unfounded, and that perhaps in more senses than one, his express had gone off half-cocked.

The hacienda de Patos, forms the centre of the almost boundless estates of Sanchez. Under the Spanish dominion they were the property of the Marquis San Miguel Aguay; by some process the estates were confiscated and sold by the Republic, and the English Lord Ashburton it is said, became the purchaser, but was compelled to relinquish them on account of some legal restriction. Two or three other transfers left them in possession of the present proprietor, who resides mostly at Saltillo, when he is not "revelling in the halls." There is nothing in the appearance of Patos, indicating that it is the chief country seat of a republican lordling, who holds his sway over twenty thousand peons. Don Jacopo Sanchez Navarro, the proprietor, though for some reason the latter name is generally dropped, we subsequently understood, was at the time of our visit, secretly organizing a party for the Mexican army.\* He contrived, however, to keep up the most friendly relations with our commanders, and doubtless found it much to his interests, as he must have received thousands in exchange for his agricultural commodities.

We halted at Patos several hours in order to give the advance an opportunity to recover its distance, and then resumed our march over a broken country of hills and valleys, passing on our left, nearly seventeen miles of corn fields. On the opposite side of the road was the usual supply of cactus, chapparral, &c., relieved by a very singular freak of the palmetto, worthy of notice. The original trunk had been bent down, so that the top had become rooted or inbedded in the earth, and from the crown of the arch thus formed, a new tree had started up; a caprice of nature it is believed not often observed. We expected to encamp at the

"rancho de los muchachos," but no suitable place was found and we pushed on two miles farther, where we arrived about sun-set.

At the end of yesterday's march, it was understood that we were to sleep that night until day light, but one of the reconnoitering party sent out from Parras, unfortunately arrived at head quarters about 9 o'clock, and reported mysterious and suspicious parties of Mexicans roving in various directions, and suggesting some very belligerent designs on their part, and the probability of an attack. This intelligence created something of a sensation, but excited no very general interest, as the narrator was said to be somewhat famed for imaginary adventures and hair breadth escapes. At a half hour before midnight, however, an officer arrived with instructions to Colonel Churchill to march at 4 o'clock, recent information rendering it probable that we should meet the enemy at day light. Our wakeful and zealous commander, fearful perhaps that we might sleep too long, ordered us to be roused at once, and we were accordingly kept four hours—nearly two of them under arms—shivering and freezing in camp before things were in readiness to resume the march. We were then almost stiffened with cold, yet nevertheless the men moved with cheerfulness and alacrity, and arrived at head quarters, a distance of six miles in two hours. The rancho San Juan de la Vaqueria, is near a pretty little stream, on the banks of which, within a small grove of live oaks, the tents of the General Staff were pitched. Here we were kept several hours at a halt, it being now sunrise, as if to strengthen our claim to the title recently acquired of "night walkers." The cause of the delay was incomprehensible, unless it was that breakfast was not yet over, while we nocturnalists were exposed the whole time, motionless in the ranks, to the cold and piercing winds of the mountains, without fires. The order at length came to move forward, and we started in no very amiable humor. All was excitement, rage and confusion, and the spirit of peevishness seemed to pervade the command. In the order of march, the 2nd regiment was kept in rear to guard the train; the Arkansas cavalry took a road to the right leading to the pass of Agua Nueva, on the San Luis

\* He was with Santa Anna at Buena Vista.



Potosi route, while the other troops advanced towards La Encantada, a pass ten miles from Saltillo. On ascending the hill just beyond San Juan de la Vaqueria, we came upon an open triangular plain, bounded by mountains on all sides, the entrances being at the angles or passes, just mentioned. This lovely basin, as it may be called, is nearly equilateral, level with the exception of a few slight undulations, covered with grass, and at distant intervals dotted with thick clusters of the Spanish bayonet. There is rarely in nature a combination so regularly beautiful. It deserves its name "the enchanted;" and taking the military view, for armies like those of Napoleon it would be a choice spot for a pitched battle.

We reached Encantada at 11 o'clock, and there found Lieutenant K's company of Dragoons, stationed as a picket, and on the point of being relieved by three companies of Kentucky cavalry under Major Gaines. Much surprise was manifested at the entire absence of supplies here, and the column was accordingly half counter-marched to Agua Nueva, thus going eighteen miles to reach a point, from which we were but nine miles in the morning, and being at the end just as far from Saltillo as when we started. This new labor saving mode of getting ahead, terminated a forced march of four days, when the strength of the men was almost consumed, those on foot not having slept but six or seven hours within the last forty-eight, in which time they had marched fifty-six miles. And so ended, what was familiarly known as, "Worth's Great Stampede."

On the 22nd, a Courier arrived from Captain H. at Parras, stating that he had rumors of a force of five hundred Mexicans in his vicinity, though no positive knowledge of the fact. He also reports that he had occasion to send out twenty-five or thirty Arkansas volunteers, for the purpose of capturing or destroying a party of Indians hovering about Parras, and that while one of the men, taken sick on the excursion, was returning alone, a Mexican made an attempt to "lasso" him. It failed, and while he was preparing to renew the effort, the volunteer dismounted and shot him. This was the second case of victory during our campaign; an Illinois

officer having killed a native in Parras the night of our departure, who, in company with others assailed him with stones. The attempt to lasso the cavalier, is a faithful illustration of the Mexican character, as the man who was to have been the victim belonged to a party sent out to defend the miscreant and his neighbors from their most implacable foes. The policy of succoring those with whom we are at war, by a voluntary defence from enemies not ourselves, though doubtless originating in the most generous feelings, will be questioned, when it is thus rewarded by the vilest treachery and ingratitude.

We had, of course, another *émeute* in camp the next day, in consequence of two commanding officers, General Wool not having returned until the evening. There was then much labor and vexation at head quarters, in the effort to reconcile the conflicting claims to rank and precedence, which rise like ghosts and will not down at any bidding. The attempt, from the necessity of the case, resulted in much ado about nothing.

Large trains of wagons were sent off in pursuit of corn, and it became necessary to haul it more than forty miles. This suggested a doubt as to the policy of retaining such a ponderous train with so small a force; for although indispensable perhaps for the accomplishment of the object originally proposed, that object having vanished, nothing remained of the means but the burden.

It was expected Christmas morning from certain mysterious intelligence floating about, that we should have a visitor in camp, who would determine our future position, which for the last few days, had been trembling in the balance. Apart from the interest felt in this matter, many had determined on making as much of Christmas in Mexico, as means would permit in the absence of the constituents of egg-nogg. Messes had united for a contribution dinner, and although the variety and delicacy of the viands did not quite equal those of a similar entertainment described in Charles O'Malley, yet the fluttering in the poultry-yards and the squeeling from the tethered pigs at the ranch the evening before, afforded pleasing evidence that the efforts to gratify our republican appetites.

had not been wholly unsuccessful. Accordingly preparations for the affair began early. Even before breakfast, baskets of bread, and supplies of chickens, birds, hams, pigs, pickles, preserves, jellies, salt, pepper, spoons, knives and forks, &c., &c., were in the course of transportation to the appointed depôts. Others were taking their coffee, and "hard bread made easy," as quietly as usual, in the anticipation, if not of a merry Christmas, of at least an inactive one, when a crowd of field officers were suddenly observed in the vicinity of head quarters, in low, earnest and emphatic conversation. A few members of the group were scratching their heads, and sawing the air with right and left hand, and working themselves up into a very nice miniature tempest—of words. There had been so many rumors and alarms of Mexicans since we left Parras, that curiosity was at once excited: men pricked up their ears, dropped their knives and forks, hastily swallowed their coffee, and began to listen. After a speedy radiation from the focus of knowledge, it was first told in whispers, which gradually grew louder, that the enemy was close upon us in two large divisions. The intelligence was of the most authentic character; the Commanding General having received it from one of his most confidential agents. Here was an interruption, and as Cardinal Wolsey said when he heard of Cranmer's advancement, "news indeed." A horseman is forthwith hurried to Saltillo with the intelligence. The Arkansas regiment is first in the saddle, and sent out to reconnoitre the pass to San Luis Potosi. The Infantry troops are at once formed in line of battle, and the Artillery is in battery, with port fires lighted. Arms are loaded; camp kettles and mess chests are thrust into wagons with reckless contempt of crockery; mules are harnessed with a rapidity scarcely equalled by the voluble profanity of the drivers; tents are struck; horses saddled, and the whole train drawn out for an immediate rush to Saltillo, in case of necessity. Clouds are watched with absorbing interest, and are converted into the most palpable signals of smoke on the mountains; trees are mistaken for men, and droves of cattle for squadrons of cavalry; while the dust rolled up by the wind, necessarily rises from the tread of an

advancing army. Every thing is ready for a fight; officers and men are eagerly looking for events or discussing the chances of success: some proposing to dine with Santa Anna or at his expense, and others less ambitious, desire only to cook their dinner with his wooden leg. Hour after hour goes by in this tense state of expectancy; the sun has nearly reached the highest point in the heavens; but we hear no guns, and we see no enemy. At length there is a fresh emanation of dust, but it is in the direction of San Juan de la Vaguera; however every glass is levelled, and three horsemen are seen galloping towards camp. Here must be a key to the mystery, but time rolls by, until the slowness of their pace shows they have nothing to communicate. There is another demonstration, and another stretching of optics and levelling of glasses. This time it is a four wheel vehicle laboring and lumbering over the road. On it comes, every soul marking its progress with breathless interest. The tired mules cannot keep pace with the eager expectancy of the spectators, and notwithstanding the postillion's whip, provokingly take their own time. The carriage arrives at last, and out jumps Mr. —, a non-combatant Englishman, who sold us corn at Parras, and would probably like to sell us more at the same price. He reports with entire confidence that there is not a Mexican soldier within the circumference of a hundred miles. The thermometer of every man's feelings fell to zero. It was the old cry of "wolf," "wolf!" the grand climacteric of stampedes, except Worth's, which was without a rival. Baggage was at once unloaded, tents re-pitched, and many so thoroughly disgusted as not to quit them during the remainder of the day.

The assistant adjutant general (Captain James H. Prentiss) having relinquished his staff commission, left in the afternoon to join his company at Monterey, and took with him the respects and regrets of every gentlemen in camp. To fine capabilities and elegant accomplishments, he united a noble and generous heart; he might have been called the model man of the army, and his withdrawal created a void in the Centre Division which was never filled.

The camp was visited on the 26th by Gen.

Butler, accompanied by his Adjutant General, Major Thomas; and though varied preparations had been made for receiving him with the honors due to his rank, the review, salute, &c., were declined. Rumor says that the interview between the high contracting parties, though courteous, was not marked by much cordiality. General B. returned to Saltillo the following day with his views and ideas of the Centre Division, it is said, not particularly improved by his observations and the various facts which came to his knowledge. His military experience was of course not very extensive, and from all accounts he appeared to have been much amused with many things, but with nothing more than with the vast number of orders issued in a campaign of three months—rendered necessary perhaps by the raw material of the command—and the Alexandrian library of writing connected therewith.

On Saturday also, Captain F. of the Engineers, an active and intelligent officer, left for duty at Monterey, and an order was received detaching four officers from the staff. The Arkansas regiment was ordered back to Potos, and a portion of the ammunition train transferred to Saltillo. The Centre Division was thus daily curtailed of its strength, and the process went on until it was dissolved into its original elements.

Stringent orders were issued for the purpose of keeping officers and men out of Saltillo, but in spite of restrictions, a few managed to enter the town. The great feature of a visit there on Sunday was the exhibition at the cock-pit, though this was by no means the elegant establishment which we found at Monclova. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the people began to assemble, and when the crowd was gathered, the priest, just from the altar or the death-bed absolution of one of his flock, gracefully entered the circle, and with professional skill and precision, fitted the small scythe blade or "slashers," to the feathered champions of the ring. This was the invariable practice when the Americans first had possession of the city, though subsequently departed from. The priest was not more regular and necessary at mass in the morning than at the cock-pit in the afternoon; nor was he more conspicuous in one position than in the other.

He pronounced the forgiveness of sins as the minister of God, to his morning congregation, and changing shapes like Proteus, officiated in the evening as the minister of Satan at the altar, as Milton has it, of

"His temple right against the temple of God,"

dedicated to vice, crime and barbarity. Such were the illustrations of Christianity which were exhibited to the Mexican people in the "daily walk and conversation of their teachers," and such the examples and the means by which the erring and the ignorant of either sex were taught the way to heaven.

Once more we moved in the direction of Saltillo, with a view to encamp near Encantada, but from some unknown reason the column passed on to a position a few miles beyond. The road lies here in a valley two or three miles across which generally widens towards the city. The mountains on the east have a seared and hoary appearance, as if they had literally grown grey with years. We encamped near the rancho San Juan de Buena Vista, about half a mile to the south of which the road becomes very narrow, and is bounded by a deep ravine winding from Encantada to Saltillo on the west side, and by a series of high bluffs on the other, which pass into a deep shadow long after the sun has illumined the neighboring plains. These heights run back to the mountains forming a series of irregular plateaus, separated by broad and deep gullies. The narrowness of the gorge thus formed, and the difficulty of operating with large masses on the broken ground above, combine to make this pass of Angostura, a very important position to a small force having to contend against a greater—a fact historically illustrated by General Taylor on the 23d of February, 1847, in the ever memorable battle of Buena Vista.

The proximity of our camp to the city, even for a single day, enabled many of us to catch something like a bird's-eye view thereof. When Texas and Coahuila formed one state, Monclova was the seat of government, but after the separation, Saltillo was designated as the Capital of Coahuila, which it now is, politically and ecclesiastically. The city contains not far from fifteen thousand inhabitants; is closely built, the house-

mostly of adobe. The dwellings of the better classes are large and convenient, having their interior courts arranged with taste and planted with flowers, and not unfrequently enlivened with fountains. The site of the town being an inclined plane, water is carried with facility through all the streets, which are easily and usually kept clean, and are generally paved. Numerous reservoirs are established at convenient points, where the women may be seen at all hours filling their water pitchers, or carrying them to and fro on their shoulders. In three of the plazas there are large fountains, which contribute not only to the beauty but to the health and cleanliness of the city and its inhabitants—though the latter evince no very lively appreciation of the privilege. The Cathedral fronts on the principal plaza, and amid the crowds of men, women and children usually congregated there, not unfrequently may be seen numerous devotees of both sexes, making their slow and painful way on their knees, from the prison opposite towards its sacred portals, and, after toiling and panting up the rugged steps, thence continuing their rigorous "penance" to the altar. The building is of stone, nearly three hundred feet long, and about two hundred feet wide: the roof is sixty feet from the ground, and composed of a central dome and a succession of groined arches. The main structure communicates with a side chapel erected in 1753, the decorations of which in richness and splendor surpass those of any other church in the place; and among them may be mentioned a silver altar, valued at several thousand dollars. Besides the Cathedral, are the churches of Saint John and Saint Stephen, and the chapel of the Franciscan convent. In none is the architecture of a pure order, but is probably a modern modification of the original Aztec, thus following the example of the church in adapting to its purposes so many of the usages of heathenism. The Franciscan convent was occupied as barracks by a portion of our troops, while we held possession of the city. A fat jolly, old friar—who a few days before the battle of Buena Vista was very anxious to dispose of his family in a safe place) performed mass every morning in the chapel, but the beauti-

ful vestals who once here buried in a cruel monopoly, their voluptuous charms, had departed before the heretical advent, and it may be doubted if they will ever again grace those dreary walls with their presence.

The western suburbs of Saltillo are almost entirely devoted to apple and quince orchards. These are the principal fruits, for although the town is considerably south of Monterey, it is three thousand feet higher, and therefore too cold to produce oranges and pomegranates which are so abundant in its sister city. Near these orchards are the Alamades, which are beautiful and spacious, and would be ornamental even elsewhere than in Mexico. In the centre of a series of noble avenues, there is a large circular area surrounded with trees and bordered with the Magney, (*Agave Americana*,) while the walks which radiate hence in every direction, are adorned on either side, with the same magnificent plant. Seats are arranged at convenient intervals, and the rivulet is seen, and the murmur of running water is heard, along every pathway. Here at sunrise,

"'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the songs of birds.  
The lip of children and their earliest words."

Four miles below Saltillo, are two cotton manufacturing establishments, one of which only, was in operation during the war. This was owned by resident foreigners, incorporated under the title of the Hibernia company. The Superintendent and master operatives were from New Jersey. The mill runs, fifteen hundred spindles, and employs about seventy five persons, mostly native women and children. The motive power is water, of which the supply is ample and inexhaustible; a small steam engine however, is in connection with the sizing operations. The machinery which is complete and kept in good order, is from the Mateawan works, New York. As the importation of cotton is strictly prohibited, the raw material costs at the factory, twenty two cents per pound, and is mostly procured from the vicinity of Monclova. The fabrics are confined to coarse shirtings, which ordinarily bring from twenty five to thirty cents the yard, but the

army sutlers reduced the price a little, while their competition existed. The principal market is San Luis Potosi, with which place, all commercial intercourse, on account of the war, was then suspended. Many of the stores in Saltillo display great varieties of costly merchandise, much of which is brought over land from the Pacific. Fine East India goods are smuggled into the country by this route, and are sold at prices far below those of New York. The mechanics are generally poor, and here, as in other Mexican towns, if a garment is wanted, the money must usually be paid in advance, to enable the maker to purchase the materials.

The tent cords of the camp at Buena Vista, were hardly tightened with one night's dew, before an order was received from the Cabinet at Saltillo, directing the return of the troops to La Encantada. At the same time, three hundred wagons of our train were withdrawn for service elsewhere—an indirect intimation that the Centre Division was too much of a travelling storehouse. Thus the Army of Chihuahua seemed to crumble to pieces under the mysterious influences of the vicinity, as iron filings fly from one magnet, when approached by a greater. Looking like a funeral procession, with long and lugubrious faces, we retraced our too ambitious steps,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

to Encantada. The veteran chieftain who had led us so far, and governed with rare vigor if with occasional caprice, found himself in the toils at last, a victim to the inexorable will and superior grade of a volunteer General. This was indeed "the most unkindest cut of all," a brief but bitter commentary upon the principle of making Generals by a piece of Presidential parchment.

The 31st of December, 1846, was the last muster day of the consolidated Centre Division. Our gallant chief then dropped the title of Commanding General; the grand army of Chihuahua had exploded without even a flash save that of anger, or a sound save that of complaint, and with it many a day dream of ambition, many a vision of power and fame and conquest. The hopes which for a few months had been soaring upwards from so many hearts, tumbled in-

gloriously to the earth, and none so low as to do them reverence. The power which had been so long energetically wielded to accomplish the—as yet undeveloped—purposes of the administration, returned to the source whence it originated. And with the day and year aforesaid, and the army of Chihuahua, end these reminiscences of my first and last campaign.

## LINES.

(Written on a delicious day in April.)

How pure the light! how calm the air!  
The gentle Soul of Peace is nigh,  
And breathes a quiet ecstasy,  
Around—above us—everywhere.

Did Heavens like these forever rise  
About the broad, unclouded earth,  
We should not ask a second birth,  
Nor set our weary life to sighs.

Did winds like these forever call  
So dreamy languor's golden deep,  
We should not long so oft to sleep,  
That stirless sleep beneath the pall.

O! skies that bend, O! winds that woo,  
O! blissful calm so sweet and mild,  
The spirit of a deathless child,  
In all the world, seems smiling through.

I see her clear immortal eyes  
Shine in the charmed translucent space,  
I see the glory 'round her face,  
Born of all rare serenities.

And memories not dim with tears,  
Chains that oblivious Time had wrought  
Melt in the wakening swell of thought,  
Which mounts the dreary steep of years!

Until divinely raised it thrills  
Up to the holiest heights of life,  
Nor hears the fitful surge of strife,  
Among those blue, eternal hills:

The hills where once in youthful trance,  
I stood to view the shifting show  
Of human passions writhe below,  
And saw—with glowing countenance.

And said it was a glorious fray,  
And long to join the frenzied throng,  
And spurned the treacherous hint of wrong,  
And called our life—brave sport in May.

O! skies that bend! O! winds that blow,  
O! blissful calm, so sweet, and mild,  
Ye have transformed me to the child,  
The Dreamer lost so long ago.

Father! there are more Sabbath spells  
On thy fair Earth, than Creeds have known,  
And ev'n in hearts most wild and lone,  
Pure Thoughts ring out their Sabbath bells.

PAUL H. HAYSE.





## THE FIELDS OF JUNE.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

— "care not while we hear  
A trumpet in the distance pealing news  
Of better, and hope, a poisoning eagle, burns  
Above the unrisen morrow."

TENNYSON.

From the toil and bustle and uproar of the streets, it is a deep delight to pass into the still smiling country lands, and under the summer skies live a purer and more quiet life, unmoved by the turmoil of existence, by its harrassing cares and trials. You may think and say that the country is no more exempt from toil and care than the town; that if it were otherwise, and going into the smiling depths of woods exempted us from the ills of life, the great world would immediately rush thither, and the cities be depopulated; and this objection to the general observation is a true one. But still there is much exemption from the agitations of "this being" in the soft domain of the winds—the fields and forests. For life is so heated in the city! It is feverish or freezing—it is torpor or fever; either apathy or boiling passion seizes upon so many of the city dwellers. You escape much of this when the dust of streets is shaken from the feet, and passing from the smoke and glare, you plunge, or rather gently sink, into the cool atmosphere of the still retreats which all long so for.

In our good old Virginia, the genius of the people is essentially anti-metropolitan, and I need not say that this is the real reason for our want of cities. We love the seclusion and enjoyment of *the manor*: we shrink from the cooped up streets. At least this is the case with me; and leaving the town in which I am a mere atom, lost in the whirl and rush of trade, I enter my normal state of being, as the winds cool my brow, and whisper to me of the beautiful country scenes of other years. Again I go into that past which shines for me with such imperishable splendor;—again I listen to the shouts of my companions;—again, the skies of summer flood my heart with happiness.

Passing away from the present I live over my childhood again; and the dear faces beam on me; the sweet voices speak to me; and—happy that I am!—I am once more almost what I was, a joyous child!

See how I ramble on wherever fancy leads me—giving you only the poor shadows of thought; shadows of a substance which were itself, perhaps, worth nothing. But the scene is very lovely; and the waving fields of golden grain, forever move with a musical low sigh—and over them the clouds pass, "dropping balm" and floating to the distant blue horizon; and the forest lies near at hand, a mass of magnificent foliage which beckons you to its cool depths and smiles. Go thither with me and we will listen to the sighing of the winds of June: we will lie upon the emerald carpet under some old oak, with fitful gleams of sunlight playing through the leaves;—we will forget the world, the toil of life, the cares of existence; and thus stretched at length, we will dream if it please you, either of the past or future.

Does the picture seem a vagary of imagination to you—sojourning amid dusty streets: does the idea of shade and coolness, and the sigh of winds through deep green foliage, appear to you an unreality, and only such a thing as poets fancy, wrapped in dreams? No: it really exists. Incredible as it may seem—as it would have seemed to me but the other day—these forests do in actual reality wave their long emerald boughs over mossy grass. This land of summer really exists. Would you enter upon it, unclogged by any annoyance: would you drink the draught of memory—of recollections and of dreams? You have have only to come with me.

Come!

The deep woods invite you: the winds laugh and sigh among the plumes of evergreen pines; the oaks are more vocal and communicative than that Talking Oak which told the lover of Olivia so many things which ladies when they are young, and love, cannot be induced to do so much as whisper.

Come!

The green depths and sunny glades invite you: if you have griefs they will console you; if you have pleasures they will heigh-

ten them ; if you are fond of dreams, your reveries will here be sublimated, and perchance you may sound deeper depths than ever did the thinkers of old Greece ; and it is possible, discover even what narrow intellects in olden days forgot, pursuing the phantom stone of the philosophers, turning all things to gold—you may discover I say, the secret of happiness.

Happiness! What is it? Is it renown or wealth, or pleasure? Does it lie in the celebrity which flares up to-day and dies out to-morrow, with its agreeable accompaniments of jealousy and envy, and embittered rivalry? Does it consist in wealth, acquired by drudgery which turns the face to parchment and the liver to a piece of sole leather—and above all, the heart to a lump of ice? Can it, lastly, be found in the inane and ever-fleeting hours of worldly pleasure—that froth upon human life—that convulsive grin of the animal, while the soul thirsts and cries out in its want? Happiness! Who has attained it by celebrity, or wealth, or pleasure? Who has not attained it by devoting himself to duty—to the high and noble ends of life, by bringing everything to but one altar; and there yielding up his hopes and fears, and aspirations, with deep full content, submission and reliance?

So we will dream here to-day of what is passed—or of what comes—and if for me those dreams are sad, for you they may be happy. There is scope here for every mood. See the great trees which have braved the winds and storms of centuries—beneath which we are ants almost, and yet shall live in eternal youth, when these giants have become the “hollow shells of crumbling towers” and been consumed in the last great conflagration. See the fringe-tree yonder, with its mass of snow flakes from whose white depths, such a delicious perfume is wafted upon the cool, blue air. See the pines, and elms, and hickories, and alders, clad in their summer robes, and whispering their secrets to the wind. From the glen yonder, above which the immense black oaks tower, you may hear the musical flow of the crystal brook: and through the trees, you catch perhaps a glimpse of the meditative cows standing knee deep in the shaded current; and against the emerald banks the

snowy figures of sheep are seen and their bleat heard quite distinctly.

Over the far landscape broods that delicate mist which all the breezes of summer cannot dissipate; and only the voices of the harvesters, of which I shall say something disturb the quiet. The scene is still and beautiful—and the sighing wind which now scarcely makes the shadows of the leaves upon the sward twinkle in its passage, seem to add if anything to the deep stillness.

So placed, beneath the noble forest, and in sight of the old homestead where so many beautiful and happy faces “add a splendor to the time” as did, to her’s, the Persian girl of the poet—so, stretched upon the emerald sward we will see the sun decline into the rosy west: and hear the songs of the harvesters as they return homeward: and watch the bright birds which dart across the blended blue and gold: and drink in all pleasant sights and sounds—thus we will pass the idle hours, with little conversation; and pass them, I think, well.

The songs of the harvesters! You have heard them have you not? Standing yonder on the beautiful slopes of June, and looking far into the deep blue sky, I heard the other day, this same echoing carol—sad and beautiful and touching—the hymn or song of the harvesters. I say sad and touching:—for the music that brings up happier times is always sad. Just as Webster looking from the windows of Marshfield, “almost cried to think of that dear kindred blood,” and heard perhaps the music of his brother’s voice, and lived over again, all the old days:—so I who claim as great a talent for reverie as the giant of the North, felt my spirit go back to the past as I heard those songs of the merry harvesters across the hills of June. They too were eloquent for me of days passed long ago: of hours that never can return; of joys which I shall scarcely taste again, ever, on this earth. Listening to the measured chaunt of the cutters, I heard my childhood speak to me; and felt again all the joy of the old days; day when I had as yet, suffered nothing, and all was rosy, hopeful, and alluring. Yes they were very sad—those songs of the gay harvesters, across the hills of June! Not sorrowful but sad!

They sounded like those ditties of the troubadours which echoed round the mountain castle of the good Knight Sir Agenor de Mauléon :—those madrigals which, chaunted in a sad and mournful strain, brought back to him the old golden days, beneath Andalusian skies, and all the tragedy which passed, and played itself between Coimbra, and the spot where the grand master Fred-eric went to his death.

It was well in the poet to declare that the greatest human suffering was in

"Looking on the happy Autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

I doubt, however if he ever heard these songs, or felt them: otherwise we should have had embodied in his verse, a more mournful melody. One thing alone adds the finishing touch to joy or sorrow; and that is music. Simply to look upon the bright smiling fields of Autumn—happy in their golden plenty and ripe beauty—is a saddening thing to one who has memories of other days associated with the spectacle:—but ah! this sadness is enhanced a thousand fold when the slow song of the far harvesters floats to the ears borne on the evening breeze—reviving again the happier days of the past, and seeming to chaunt the dirge of brilliant hours.

What a strange effect has music! what singular associations! You laugh or weep when you hear the song sung by some much loved one in other years:—for all the past flows back, and while the strain is sounding in your ears, you live over again the long gone time, with all its passion, splendor, or delight; with all its joy or grief, its happiness or suffering. Especially to me is this the case when I hear the music of the harvesters. The African organization seems to assimilate itself to merriment or tears—to what is truest humor—and it thrills to laughter or sighing, quickly and without an effort. Born and reared in our good old mother of States—in our Old Virginia who with all her faults is still greatest among the great—there is nothing connected with her farm life which I am not familiar with—nothing of her country lands which I do not look upon in the light of an old and dear acquaintance. For this reason these

songs I heard, came echoing to me from my youth—and they said many things.

Beautiful, if sad, are these ringing songs :—and indeed every thing associated with "Ethiopian" music seems to partake of this character: or if not, of the most naive and childlike humor, the true expression of the negro character:—"Farewell my Lily dear" and "The Old Folks at Home, "Few Days," and a dozen others are all either humorous or sad. Among these may be mentioned that sad plaintive beautiful melody of Foster's—"Hard times come again no more." Have you heard it? What an echo of sadness is in it!

"'Tis the song the sigh of the weary—  
Hard times! hard times!  
Come again no more:  
Many days you have lingered  
Around my cabin door,  
But hard times come again no more!

The evening draws on calm and quiet; and the friendly stars shine over head, in the depths of the blue heaven; a sad sweetness seems to centre in the carol, and the wandering airs of evening bear it far away across the forest—and perhaps a gloom may rest upon the spirit. But I will not end my letter with a sigh. It is true that life contains many things which try the power of human endurance; and more than one heart has felt that the burden of grief and suffering was hard to bear, the turning back of the currents of "pleasure and passion and darling joy" a terrible trial: many thousands in all generations have doubtless longed for the mystic shamrock "that not a sigh nor aching heart might in the world be found"—and, among the rest, that their own should not be of the number.

But these feelings doubtless spent themselves very soon—such do not remain in, or continue to affect, healthy organizations:—and whatever may have been the grief, better thoughts and feeling doubtless came back again.

Certainly there is far more of beauty and tenderness in those songs of the harvesters than, of grief and sadness. That there is sadness, to some persons in certain moods we all know:—but then this sadness passes, and the tender memories of happy days come back: and any thing like sorrow

is quite absorbed in gratitude for the gift of feeling this delicate enjoyment. I regard an ear for music as a very great blessing; and if at times this musical association I have spoken of, produces sadness:—still, at other times it is the source of the finest enjoyment. And so I leave the subject of the harvest home, and, listening to their carol dying slowly far away into the past, do not regret having heard it. Pausing thus for a moment to look back on that other past, we may gather strength and encouragement for the future—for its toils, and pleasures, its griefs and rejoicings: above all its duties. That we may all perform them worthily is my prayer always.

R. J.

## A SKETCH.

*Selected from the Papers of the late Henry Ellen.*

Oft when pacing thro' the long and dim  
Dark gallery of the Past, I pause before  
A picture of the which this is a copy—  
Wretched at best.

How fair she looked, standing a tip toe there  
Poised daintily upon her little feet,  
The slanting sunset falling thro' the leaves  
In golden glory on her smiling face  
Upturned towards the blushing roses, while  
The breeze that came up from the river's brink  
Shook all their clusters over her fair face;  
And sported with her robe, until methought,  
That she stood there, clad (wondrously indeed!)  
In perfume and in music, for her dress  
Made a low rippling sound, like little waves  
That break at midnight on the tawny sands—  
While all the evening air of roses whispered.

Over her face a rich, warm blush spread slowly  
And she laughed, a low, sweet, mellow laugh  
To see the branches still evade her hands—  
Her small, white hands, which seemed indeed, as if  
Made *only* thus to gather roses.

Then with face  
All flushed and smiling she did nod to me  
Asking my help to gather them for her:  
And so I bent the heavy clusters down  
Show'ring the rose leaves o'er her neck and face;  
Then carefully she plucked the fairest one  
And curtsying playfully gave it to me—  
Show'd me her finger tip, pricked by a thorn,  
And when I would have kissed it, shook her head—  
Kissed it herself, and mocked me with a smile.

The rose she gave me sleeps between the leaves  
Of an old Poet, where its sight oft brings  
That summer evening back again to me.

## Jambe D'Argent and Monsieur Jacques.

*From "Scenes de la Chouannerie." By Emile Souvestre.*

### CHAPTER I.

All nations have two histories, one which delights in assembling together and moving only when escorted by authentic documents. The other, curious in detail, mingles private events with traditionary legends. The first resembles those rivers of the new world, which bear everything onward by their mighty currents, but of which nothing can be seen except their grand undulations; the second, one of those limpid streams, on the flowery banks of which, we delightedly seat ourselves to gaze through its crystal waters, counting the glistening pebbles sparkling in its bed and gathering the beautiful flowers which gem its banks.

For every one there are days when the air in the upper regions renders them dizzy. when immense horizons fatigue, and the eyes love to descend upon the lower places, and repose upon the narrow enclosure which confine a few old trunks of the white thorn. Thus we stop at the familiar episodes of a great poem, leaving the official palace of history we forget ourselves whilst listening to the recitals of the young girls at the village spring, or the old men sitting by the door-sill, basking in the evening sun. Prejudice is often seen there, and ignorance always—but, at least, we find *life*. It is exactly what the people have heard, felt and seen. If they relate inaccurately what has been, they tell with simplicity what they are themselves. their errors are not falsehoods, but relative truths which are valuable in their place; their wrong as well as their merit consists in writing perpetually human romances upon the pages of history. It was this great desire to know the popular chronicles of the most celebrated "*Chouans*"\* which brought me to the house of an eye witness of the stirring events.

He ministered to the souls of one of the poorest parishes in lower Maine. The small patrimony he inherited supplied the insufficiency of his curial resources, and enabled

\* A corruption of "*Chat-huant*"—screech owl—given to a celebrated band in the Vendean war.

him to break the sharpest thorns of want and misery, which afflicted his poor parishioners. Thus gratitude had given him a name which flattery bestows upon Kings; incapable of speaking of him without recalling his inexhaustible goodness, the country people had accustomed themselves to take the quality for the man, and instead of constantly repeating "*the good curé*," they ended in simply saying, "*the Good*," as if such a designation could leave no doubt to whom it was applied. The owner of the new mill himself, notwithstanding his philosophic contempt for all belief which bore not directly upon the "*four rules*," confessed to me that "*M. le Bon*" passed for the providence of the canton.

"He stupefies them a little," said he, "with the superstitions about the good God and his paradise, but he inoculates parents for the small pox—he gives freely to all beggars, and he has just called a *accoucheuse* to the parish. In short, he is *the least bad of them all*." Coming as it did from the mouth of my conductor, this negative praise had an eloquence which increased my desire to see *M. le Bon*. We therefore set off to his house, where I was expected: the road was wild and picturesque, sometimes we were buried under hedges and almost suffocated by the stagnant water—at another we rolled over the fresh green meadows, putting to flight innumerable covies of partridges, and again we swept along the borders of the streams, rippling among the graceful willows. Passing near a beech tree I pointed to my companion one of those holes which the woodpecker digs for his nest, and which was covered with several small plates of iron.

"Ah, yes," said the miller laughing, "that is the work of some credulous clown who wants to get the '*grass which cuts*.' The woodpecker passes amongst us for a wise bird who has travelled and knows good coin. If you stop up his house, as you see there, he instantly flies to a mountain where the wonderful plant grows which cuts iron, and after using it to open an entrance to his nest, he drops it upon a piece of red cloth which is placed below it. Here the cloth has been forgotten or disappeared, which accounts for the non success of the thing and encourages them to begin again."

This popular belief brought to my mind what I had heard in Normandy. There, as everywhere, the swallows' nests are suspended from the roofs of the houses, are an assurance of peace and prosperity; but it is believed that they can be the means of giving sight to the blind. It is sufficient to wait until the young are hatched, and pluck out their eyes; as soon as the mother perceives it, she flies away and soon returns with a stone which she makes use of to restore their sight. The blind person finds it there and makes use of it in his turn! Thus in all places and under every form has tradition attributed some symbolic or superhuman part to that winged race which lives in the ocean of the heavens. Placed between the earth and the skies, birds seem to participate in a double nature, and when the angels have held communication with mankind they have borrowed their wings!

Thus our country people have endowed us with a thousand wonderful gifts; they also are strangers passing here and there; to see them traverse ether, indifferent to space, free from every fetter, victorious without effort, over every obstacle, how easy it is to imagine that heaven and earth have no mysteries for these eternal travellers.

The inextricable windings of the road varied the prospect infinitely but appeared to keep us far from the end of our journey. The "*Angelus*" had sounded from every church in the village, when just before us a slate roof peered above a grove of trees.

"There is the nest," said the miller, pointing to it with the end of his whip, "we will get there just in time for dinner, which is always very good at a *curé's* house: come Bolivar, step quick, we are near the stable."

The horse seemed to understand, he did not linger, and we soon saw the front of the parsonage. Vines encased every window—ran along the cordons of masonry which surmounted the lower story—embroidered the cornices—climbed to the roof and creeping along they gracefully crowned the smoky tops of the old chimnies with their graceful tendrils and green foliage. Pigeons cooed melodiously upon the slate, warmed by the midday sun, and at the door a large yellow dog had rolled himself up to sleep at the feet of an old woman occupied in spinning. At



the noise of the wheels both raised their heads; the dog growled softly and the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Hey! It is Catharine!" cried my companion gaily, "have you not heard the dinner hour ring, my old girl, that you are there turning your wheel instead of going to the turnspit?"

"The turnspit on Friday!" cried Catharine scandalized.

"By the eternal Father, she is right. It is Friday!" replied the miller letting the reins fall with such an air of disappointment that I burst out laughing. "I did not think of that when I set off. What is to become of us?"

"Do I not hear my guests?" said a voice behind us.

We turned: it was *M. le Bon*, who was returning from his visit to a sick person with his breviary under his arm. He cordially welcomed my conductor, and taking my hands with paternal tenderness, "I expected you," said he, "and have long thought of you. I have much to say to you." Then showing the miller the door—"Let our dear neighbor enter," added he with a good-natured smile, "and although Friday be an unlucky day, we will endeavor to make it a *white day* for him, as all those of the owner of the new mill should be."

The fabricator of flour having never read Horace, of course did not comprehend the epigram of the old priest; we followed him into the dining room, where the table was already laid. It was a large room simply whitewashed and adorned only with a profusion of flowers, but so skilfully were they arranged—the climbing plants mingling with the green shrubs and flowery tufts, according to their height, form and color—that the whole formed, upon the white walls, an ever varying and undulating embroidery of unsurpassed grace and beauty. An immense shell surrounded by saxifrage received the glittering drops of a crystal fountain and completed this rural decoration. I stopped, in wonder and delight, at the threshold, to look upon this charming scene, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The miller looked at me.

"This is a kind of furniture of which you know but little in Paris," said he with a low,

contemptuous laugh, which might be termed the laugh of the purse proud, "as you see, it is simple, and but little expensive. As to the keeping, *M. le Bon* has taken that charge upon himself: he looks upon his flowers as his parishoners."

"And why should I not?" said the curé, with a placid smile, "have not all of God's creatures a right to man's affection? You have spoken truer than you were aware of, perhaps. Yes, these flowers are a part of my life; they are a silent family which I rear by my bachelor's fireside,—poor adopted children whose feeble stalks I must train, and old men, whom I must lead to the warmth of the genial sun, or the cool refreshings of the evening breeze. Do not think such cares have no influence upon the soul."

The miller looked upon me and bit his lips. "The sermon is about to commence," said he, in a low voice, whilst *M. le Bon* despoiled a magnificent heath of its flowery campanules. But our host seemed in no wise disposed to realize this prediction, and returning without digression to his tastes for horticulture, he invited us in his garden, whilst Catherine made an appeal to the neighboring resources to supply the pastor's table.

We first crossed a bed, whose small and regular squares contained only common plants, "*out of fashion*," as the miller remarked to me. *M. le Bon* had laid it off and planted it himself, in memory of the one at his childhood's home.

"Your eyes must tire of these geometrical figures traced by the stiff box wood," said he, "but I inhale from these lowly pinks, this flowery abysinth, and green fennel, an odor of my boyhood's years."

"Nothing more than losing the best corner of ground you possess," said the miller. "To make such a confession openly! Why, you might have had two rows of wall fruit here, and melons in abundance."

"I would, by far, rather have my memories," replied our host gently: "I know it is a luxury, but old men must be allowed a few fancies."

He then took us to the kitchen garden, which was well cultivated and filled with succulent vegetables; the vine sheltered a

few beds of thyme : according to the precept of Virgil :

"Graviter spirantis copia thymbræ."

and lastly, he took us to a large field, named by him, "*the land of Canaan*." There he tested every new instrument, sowed new species of grain, and applied the different modes of cultivation, unheard of before, to these simple villagers. Bordered by the high road and placed directly opposite the church, "*the land of Canaan*" was open to every passer by. Every Sunday, in going to prayers, the peasants could examine and judge for themselves the experiments which had been made. The most indifferent were compelled to see, the most obstinate to comprehend. At every trial, nature wrote her reply in characters which no eye could refuse to read, and truth became a fact. *M. le Bon*, besides, supported it by his teaching and encouragement.

"We must serve as a soldier, that truth may be believed," said he to us: "falsehood has always the advantage of daring, whilst truth is timid. She stops before the gates which close upon her and retraces her steps to her source. This is the only way for her cause to triumph. We must war against evil as our "*chouans*" warred against the blues, without calculating the strength of the enemy, and never thinking it ended. Every fact can become an arm, every example a covert from which we may fire upon the enemy. If you do not kill them, you shed their blood and at last they die of their wounds in some obscure corner."

This allusion of the priest to the Vendean war, naturally led the conversation to the object of my visit. I siezed the means of transition, and avowed the hopes which brought me to the parsonage.

"I know," said he pensively, "you have the curiosity natural to your age: you love to wander on the shores of the past, as we walk upon a stormy coast, admiring the heaving billows, listening to the roar of the breakers, and drinking in, with eager ears, the thrilling narrative of the shipwrecks: but to afford you these pleasing emotions, the old wounds in our hearts must again be broken open and bleed. There is not of all that fatal band, who in bearing through that

terrible conflagration his family and household gods, have not like Eneas left behind some one of his affections. Even myself, a poor obscure priest, cannot look back without agony upon those relentless combats. "*Quorum pars parva fui*." But I will relate to you what I know; the memory of the old is a part of an inheritance due to the young."

We entered the dining room and found covers for four laid on the table. Thanks to the village resources, Catherine had put upon the table a dinner, which reconciled the miller to the prescriptions of the church. "I know now," said he, filling his plate, after emptying his glass, "that the whole of our country is in the service of the church. If the Mainere gather in a fine crop, hook a large fish, kill a fat game, it is sure to find its way to the parsonage."

"My good neighbors know the people too well, to believe that," said *M. le Bon*, gaily. "The Mainere like their priest pretty well, but they think true friendship is better proved by what one receives, rather than what one gives. Whatever we may do—salvation always appears to them '*an affair*,'—it is a law suit they must gain from the evil spirits. We occupy the place of lawyers between them and the good God; but if there is any expense attached to it, adieu to the client!"

I observed to our host that the royalist war in Maine was at least exempt from that calculating spirit.

"I know," replied he, "that political and religious faith had many martyrs; but how many devoted themselves to a passion, fondly thinking it was an idea! In a revolution, truth is never so absolute, so luminous, on either side, as to be easily recognised, we have oftener to choose between two twilights. Often a hope, a memory—an instinct decides us. As for my part, of all the chiefs of the army which fought in Maine, I met but one, who took up arms, without family considerations, without a spirit of imitation, without hatred, without ambition, and after a candid and impartial examination:—it was a lame beggar, who had long gone over the parishes with his sack upon his shoulders and beggar's staff in hand."

"Louis Treton," replied I quickly, "is it indeed true, that you personally knew him?"

"From the time he was herdsman on the farm of Astillé," said *M. le Bon*—"for his father was too poor to support his twelve children—and as soon as he could handle his crook, he was sent upon the meadows—with his whistle. Even then, could be observed in him those sympathetic and active faculties, which seemed destined to command. Whilst awaiting the occasion to dominate men, he made himself absolute master of his troop. The most rebellious ox, the most restive horse learned to obey his voice. He had a particular cry for each—which they implicitly obeyed. Seated on the edge of a ditch, before his heath fire, he had only to utter the call and the animal immediately came. The farmers of the canton said jestingly, the child had stepped upon '*the herb which attracts*;' but his only talisman was the instinct of observation and devoted affection for the troop which was confided to him. He gave an undeniable, but fatal proof of it—you know that after the forced fasts of the winter, the wolves redouble their ferocity. On the return of spring, one of these animals, enraged by hunger, left the copse before nightfall, and rushing in the midst of the flock siezed upon a young colt, Louis heard the scream of terror from the frightened animal, and rushed with his whole force upon the ferocious beast. Both rolled upon the ground in the deadly struggle—at length a bush stopped the child and whilst the wolf holding him under his knees, continued to tear his flesh, he siezed his hunting knife and stabbed him to the heart. The colt was saved; but Louis was lamed for life. The indifferent assistance, which he received at the hospital, turned the wound into an ulcer; he left the flock to another pastor and dragged himself—a beggar—to all the neighboring farms. But even in this humiliation, Louis preserved the instinct and exercise of superiority. In return for the alms he received, he always left an equivalent behind. In all the country sports, he established rules—and caused them to be respected. He was the absolute judge of all differences and he had but one cry, *Justice!* His courage compelled submission and his loyalty con-

strained their love. Of all the chiefs, he alone, with '*M. Jacques*,' left no double reputation. Every voice spoke in praise of them—all traditions reward them. They were the two living flames of the royalist cause in Maine. The entire insurrection revolved around them, lightened by their light and warmed by their vivid heat, and they fell. All was annihilated. Who knows their history—knows that of the whole Chouannerie."

Rising from the table, *M. le Bon* took up the thread of his narrative. He related, how the revolution had found him, just leaving the seminary, where he had been ordained priest, without regret for the past, happy in the present and awaiting the eternal joys of a future state, he knew nothing of the madness of the people. Compelled to seek refuge in his family, he studied, cultivated his flowers and patiently waited for God to appease these violent emotions. His mother, old and blind, retained him at home. No one knew of his return in the neighborhood; and for a long time none thought of him, either to ask his holy ministry, or to arm against him. Enclosed in his solitude as in an island, he heard the storm howling in the distance, without feeling its shocks. Some beggars brought him the news of the destruction of the catholic army and the new efforts of the insurgents.

These bands formed by the fugitive Vendéans, to whom were added a certain number of Mainese, had neither chiefs nor organization. Dispersed after every expedition, they formed for another with new elements. The boldest, or the best inspired, for a moment, headed the others; if his plan failed, or one of his companions was though better adapted for the occasion, he instantly accepted him for his commander and took his place among the soldiers.

Among the Chouans, *equality* was the rule, *authority* the variable and passing exception. Nevertheless, in these alternations of power and submission, the office of commander fell oftener upon the brave and intelligent. Within this double title, Louis Treton did not long delay in acquiring over his fellow soldiers the same authority he had formerly exercised over their sports. It was known that his participation in the roy-

alist insurrection was the result of mature reflection. He had seen all he had been accustomed to love and venerate from his infancy forbidden him; and he felt he had more than one cause to serve the liberty of his preference and the restoration of his faith.

The resolution which satisfied the philosophic inclinations of cities, shocked, in the extreme, all the habitual emotions of the heart and the deep rooted faith of the peasants—now the prejudices of a people are like the truth itself—a part of its conscience; and to force a man to leave his error, is to operate upon a diseased person in spite of him, and to violate, as an enemy, the holy ark, which persuasion alone should open. Whether this violence can or cannot be shunned, is a question which I will not stop to decide here; we only maintain, that the revolt of the peasants in the west was much less a political movement than an impulse of independence. The most of the Vendéans and Chouans, fought, like the republicans, for liberty, equality, and human fraternity. In both camps they differed only in the manner of comprehending them. The noble chiefs who directed the insurrection, gave it the battle cry with the royalist standard; but those who scanned closely the elements assembled under that banner, will look elsewhere for the origin of the revolt. Besides, this twofold character of republican and royalist had its distinct representatives in the Chouannerie of Maine. John Cottureau, bound to the monarchy and to Count Talmont by the strongest ties of gratitude, fought indeed for royalty; but Louis Treton, supported by the charity of the parishes, fought, like Cathelineau, for their liberty alone.

The republic had completed its victories by the defeat at Mans, and Maine had become mute and motionless, under the oppression of this great disaster. Among the combatants who survived, the most compromised concealed themselves in caves, and others sought to hide their participation in the defeat under a submission which only testified to their discouragement. Then reappeared Louis Treton in the country. The name of "Jambe d'Argent" had been given him, because he wore a tin plate upon the

open wound of his leg to shield it. He came ready for the battle. Pale from long privation, with a long thick beard, and hands blackened by powder and rags covered with blood, his courage was still firm and entire. He stopped at the door of every farm house, called the young men by their names and entreated them to arm themselves for their country. He spoke not to them of destroying royalty or abolishing nobility, but of their churches, with their silent belfreys—their village occupied by soldiers like a conquered country, and their faith dishonored, by constraint or insult. The voice of *Jambe d'Argent*, loud enough, when raised, to dominate over the war of the battle, could, at his will, be modulated to the most seductive sweetness; his words like the waves of the ocean could rush onward with mighty and resistless impetuosity, and again, silently penetrating, but ever with the same invincible force. Twenty years after, one of his companions in arms, Planchenault—called "*Cœur-de-Roi*," said, "When he spoke, *all hearts flew to him like the little birds in winter to gather up the crumbs.*" He now led you against your will, without your perceiving it, and afterwards you ask yourself how it could possibly happen. If I could have died for him once every day, I should have done it willingly—even with pleasure—for *I had need to see him content.* As you may well think *Jambe d'Argent* had not attained such influence at one stroke;—mingled with the other Chouans, he had been guided by their experience and superiority. He had conferred favors upon each one, and all before they became soldiers, had been under some obligation to him.

*Moustache*, above all, could never forget, that surprised by the blues on the route to Cassé, he owed to *Jambe d'Argent* his safe and honorable return to his companions. Firmly pressed, shoulder against shoulder, they both had traversed with their muskets pointed to the enemy the whole line of the republicans, who struck with amazement, opened their ranks and cried out with irrepressible admiration, '*Let the brave fellows pass!*' From that day, the old game keeper of the Marquis Monteclerc had said, "He must be our chief." The victories of Bodiniere and Muillé, which

they owed to *Jambe d'Argent*, and the defeat of Anhuillé, by which they were punished for rejecting his advice, decided the question. Those who had sought in civil war a pretence to cover their crimes, alone objected. Of that number, were Moulins—a cowardly robber, and fit only to inspire terror; Barbier, called "*La Risque*;" Jamois, surnamed "*Place Nette*;" and lastly, Mousqueton, that horrible "*Quasimode*" of the Chouannerie, whom the smell of blood intoxicated like wine, and who cut his prisoners up by piece meal for his own enjoyment.

Jambe d'Argent then shewed himself worthy of commanding. Although he despised the men who opposed him, he endeavored to gain their good will, for he knew, in a civil war, one has no choice of instruments, and every arm is necessary which is raised against the enemy. Wishing to spare their pride an immediate obedience to his orders, he induced them to visit the parishes to increase the revolt. Besides, it was harvest time, and all the young men who had taken arms were compelled to return to their families, to assist in gathering it in and take a part in the fête which follows.

The new chief resolved to employ this short recess in arranging a plan for re-opening hostilities. He had long studied all the chances of that war of flies against the republican lion, and he knew, if he would carry on that unequal conflict, he must conceal his weakness—in mystery to be seen every where—to stop in no place, and to enclose his enemy in a net of invisible adversaries, feeling the sharp point of the bayonet before he saw it, and enervating him by those feverish and unseen attacks the most terrible of all diseases to the strong.

The difficulty was to make the plan succeed. If the companions of his childhood remarked not Louis' leg and his rags, the nobility noted them well; his visits to the Breton gentlemen had proved it. His authority, justified by merit, alone, was an intolerable usurpation in their eyes. See the misfortune—these high born people could permit him to die by their side, but would receive no advice from him, or direction. For those who came from Coblenz, it was

not sufficient that right was right, but it must still have a good supporter. Jambe d'Argent knew this—and therefore sought an adopted father.

His choice fell upon a gentleman, a stranger in Maine, who had excited observation, within the last few months.

M. Jacques called himself a Vendean officer, who was compelled to conceal his real name. He had appeared in Maine, soon after the destruction of the catholic army, but he held no command, and never appeared, except in the most desperate conflicts. Then was he seen suddenly, in the front ranks, giving an order, or executing a most difficult movement, which soon transformed the route into a complete victory. He was the "*Deus ex machina*" of that warlike drama. We can understand the *prestige*, with which these triumphant episodes had surrounded him. Every thing in and around him was calculated to excite the popular imagination; he was young, handsome, and endowed with the most fascinating qualities. His dress, like all the other Vendean officers, had something chivalric, which attracted the eye to the graces of his person. In the royalist châteaux, where he was warmly received, the ladies praised his talents as an artist, and his polished ease of manner; the clergy—whom he had often protected in their flight, spoke of his erudition and profound views; and the peasants, with whom he had mingled in their expeditions, repeated that not one equalled him in handling a musket, in training a horse, or conducting a boat. He fatigued the most vigorous walkers, never appeared to feel hunger or thirst and payed no regard to the wind, rain or sun. When the army halted, he would seat himself apart—and either read his letters, or murmur to himself words which the peasants could not understand. He spoke but little, yet every word left an impression, and to crown the whole, he possessed that wonderful faculty of fixing his mind upon several subjects at once. He has been known at the same time to issue an order, listen to a report and write a note without relaxing or troubling his thoughts.

Add to all the gifts the irresistible power of mystery! neither his retreats, his resources, nor his means of communication were



known. He appeared and disappeared, as those champions in chivalric romances, with lowered vizor, to carry off every prize at the tournament, and be lost in a cloud of dust which followed their departure. Every conjecture had been exhausted regarding him. After successively attributing to him all the most celebrated names in Vendée, it began to be whispered that he was the duc d'Eng-hien, who had come to view the strength of the country and prepare it for the arrival of the Count d'Artois—a kind of political Messiah, always promised and always looked for in vain.

True or false, such a report gave to M. Jacques the authority of rank which *Jambe d'Argent* needed to discipline the Chouannerie. He requested an interview which took place in a chateau of the Champ-Fleuri near Laval. When he came to the great avenue leading to the chateau, Treton, who had with him two companions, "*La France*" and "*Sans Peur*," stopped for a moment. He was pale and seemed to hesitate. His companions asked him of what he was thinking.

"I am thinking the fate of our country depends upon the decision of M. Jacques, and perhaps I will not be able to explain my motives to him; for ideas are like the firing of a musket. If those who carry them wish to do execution, they must not only fire, but *see upon what* they fire; and my heart is weighed down with the grandeur of the object and my insufficiency."

"Come," replied the Chouans, who could not enter into these workings of a noble mind, "You are the best boy on this side of the water. You will speak well, and by the help of God, M. Jacques will be satisfied."

"Yes, by the help of God!" said Treton earnestly, "I must not despair when he is for us."

They went on to the chateau. His fears were not realized, M. Jacques approved his plans and entered into them warmly. All their arrangements being made and the crops gathered in, agitation began on every side. Notwithstanding the death of young la Raitre, the right shore of the Mayenne was still in arms. The Count occupied the suburbs of Craon and Athé; Fortin appeared at Las-say; the deserters, under the names of "*Ro-*

*chambeau*," *Custines*" and "*Lafayette*," held the blues in check in the parish of Chapel au Ribon; the brothers Lasseux had a band near Ernée, and M. Duboisguy had not left the forest of Forigère. As for lower Maine Coquereau had returned to the campaign of Chateau Gorthier, Garot, Branche d'or and Francœur, raised their villages, and the brothers Chouan still defended the woods of Misdon. Everything was prepared to bring these elements of revolt together and to assure their continuance.

The first important enterprise was against Astillé, defended by a strong detachment of the blues: *Jambe d'Argent* next met all the chiefs of the assembled bands. His troops were nearly six hundred strong, and divided into two columns. The first and smallest were to wait for the second, commanded by *Jambe d'Argent*, to begin the attack before they appeared at the opposite end of the town. He surprised at first five republicans in a small hamlet near the road, who proposed to induce the garrison to surrender without a battle, but it was too late. Notwithstanding the orders of *Jambe d'Argent*, the first column had commenced firing, and at the first shot he ran to the place. He found the blues entrenched in the church and defending themselves with great advantage. His followers seeing whoever approached the church invariably fell, rushed in the houses, where they thought they could fire upon the enemy with less danger; but the inhabitants frenzied with terror, took flight in the midst of the shot which fell on all sides, and the square was soon covered with the dead, wounded and terror stricken women whose shrieks drowned the commands which were given.

*Jambe d'Argent* who hoped to take the republican post by surprise, now saw all was lost by the disobedience of his men—the whole army would soon be upon them, and his only hope lay in the mediation of the five prisoners he had captured. He hastily called for them, but at that very moment guards came running to him pale with horror, crying out that "*Mousqueton*" had just murdered them! He would neither listen to the entreaties of the Chouans nor the prayers of the miserable wretches who implored his mercy; but had run his sabre through the

whole five, after tying their hands to their knees !

The wretch himself appeared at that moment, reeling like a drunkard—his face spotted with the blood of his victims; his blood shot eyes flashing with savage delirium, and howling like a wild beast at every one he met. He had just discovered a number of fagots which he showed to his companions.

"Quick, quick," cried he, "raise the pile and bring the fire."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Treton.

"Burn the church," said Mousqueton, "and *change the color of these blues to red.*"

The Chouans answered with acclamations, and ran for the fagots. *Jambe d'Argent*, already moved to his inmost soul at the murder of the prisoners, determined to rescue the republicans from their impending fate. He rushed before his men and commanded them to move at the peril of their lives. A general murmur arose.

"It is the only means," replied every voice, "you surely will not forbid us to fight the '*rascals*,'" and already they began to pile the fagots, which touched the top; twenty lighted torches were about to be applied. *Jambe d'Argent* levelled his gun. "Then," cried he in a voice of thunder, "not one of you comes any nearer without dipping both his feet in my blood, for I swear by all that is sacred, that you shall kill me before it shall be said *that one soldier under my command set fire to the church in which I was baptised!*" These words were electrical; the Chouans hesitated. The memory evoked by Treton was the only one which could act upon their simple imaginations. "The fact is, that is the place where he was made a christian," said they to each other; and in spite of themselves, seized with respect, they extinguished the torches under their sabots and slowly retired.

On that same evening every republican left Astelle with their wounded. One only remained—a young man, who had been wounded in the beginning of the conflict, and fell before the docr of a poor spinner, named Madeline. In the midst of the discharge of musketry and cries of the flying, Madeline heard the groans of the wounded. She half opened the door and saw him

writhing in a pool of blood. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Jesu! look at that poor man, dying for want of assistance," said she to her sister.

"For Heaven's sake shut the door, Madeline," replied the sister in alarm. "If the boys see you take pity on a blue, they will murder us."

Madeline shut the door; but the groans still reached her during the pauses in the battle, although more faint. The heart of the brave woman revolted, "I will not abandon a creature of the Good God," said she. "Hide yourself, sister, since you are afraid of death; but for myself, by the help of the holy Virgin I will save this poor man." She opened the door instantly—ran to the soldier through a shower of balls and tried to raise him, but he was too heavy for her. She returned to the house, took two hanks of flax and fastening them under the arms of the wounded man, she dragged him to the cabin, where her sister, in spite of her terror, assisted her in dressing his wounds. After the departure of the republicans, some of their neighbors who wished to appear well with the Chouans, went to *Jambe D'Argent* and denounced Madeline and her sister.

"By my salvation," replied he, when they related the tale to him, "I should like to have that woman for my sister!"

"But the blue whom she has saved," said again the denouncers.

"I will take care of him," replied Treton. And indeed that same evening he sent one of his companions, the "Grand-Chasseur," to place the soldier on a horse and carry him to the republican camp at Cassé.

Whilst things were going on so successfully, unfortunately there were some gentlemen, leaders of the insurgents, who remained at home during these successes. Disdaining to mingle with the peasants who fought without awaiting their orders, they continued to prove their devotion to the cause by ridiculous intrigues and the most absurd hopes. One of the principal chiefs who lived in the district commanded by Treton, after hiring the most warlike Chouans at the highest price, kept them in his employ only to defend his chateau. *Jambe d'Argent* learned that his best soldiers had been so decoyed away, and determined to see and

inquire the cause. He went to the chateau, accompanied by his brother and another Chouan named Priou. That very day the gentleman had collected his friends to dine with him, and they had just taken their seats at the table. None were there except noble ladies sumptuously dressed, émigrés returned from Germany, and some abbés, who were charged, as in the good times past by to sing "*Bacchus et l'Amour*," for the amusement of the guests at the dessert. The three Chouans were ushered into the room, but were wholly unnoticed by the company. "*Jambe d'Argent*, who wished to shun a debate before so many witnesses, asked to speak to the nobleman alone.

"I am the gentleman you wish to see," said he, "and you have only to say what brought you here."

"I will say then that I have come to recall you to your duty," and as every guest looked up in surprise, he explained the necessity of the insurrection, reproached the nobleman for his inaction, and warned him no longer to occupy in his defence and pleasures alone the people absolutely necessary for the defence of the neighboring parishes.

The guests had listened, amazed and indignant; as to the master, he crumbled a piece of delicately white bread, a luxury almost unknown at that epoch, and threw it to a magnificent greyhound lying at his feet.

When Treton finished he looked round upon his guest. "See where we are, gentlemen," said he in a tone of haughty irony, "The revolution has spoiled our peasants, and noblemen have now no choice, except between the scoundrelism of the blue republicans and the insolence of the white republicans. Fortunately the first dare not come here, and I know very well what to do with the second."

He put his hand upon a small silver bell, placed before him. Treton changed color and his eyes flashed fire.

"The nobleman has not reflected upon his words," said he, with forced calmness, "and I await his reply."

"You will soon know it," said the chateau-lain, who had rung.

"Beware of what you are about to do," said the Chouan in tones of constrained wrath.

"Drive out this man," said the noble to the servants just entered.

Jambe d'Argent moved one step back as if his brain reeled, then his wrath burst forth, and erect, confronting the noble with the broad patent of nature's nobility stamped upon every lineament of his manly features,

"Wretch," cried he, "since you forget this man is your commanding officer, you shall meet him as an equal," and rushed upon the noble, sword in hand.

His brother, frightened at his rashness, seized him by the arm; but blind with rage, Jambe d'Argent recognised him not, and struck him on the head with his sword hilt. It was only at the cry uttered by Pierre that he cast his eyes down and seeing the blood streaming down his face knew what he had done. Instantly his fury vanished and gave place to despair. He strained his brother to his breast—he stanchd the blood and implored his pardon. At last when he was assured that the blow was not fatal, he turned to the nobleman whom they had in vain tried to withdraw, and said, "my lord, you have nothing more to fear from me, God has greatly punished me for avenging myself. You can hereafter continue freely to amuse yourself with the nobility whilst we poor peasants will fight for you."

He left and regained the camp. What had just passed convinced him more than ever of the necessity of a superior chief, whose authority would be unspotted by the labourer's calling. Unfortunately, M. Jacques, who had entered into all his views had suddenly disappeared. He was last seen galloping over the meadows of Chailland, he then crossed the Mayenne and buried himself in the forest of Mountsurs. Every search for him had been in vain. Jambe d'Argent determined to have him chosen without awaiting his return and summoned all the chiefs to a rendezvous, near the lake la Ramée: but the republicans were advertised of this movement by the imprudence or treason of a messenger. In arriving at the place, Treton encountered the first detachment of the blues, which he exterminated in three hours. Scarcely had he time to send off the wounded when a second detachment appeared. This time the conflict was longer, but

terminated again to the advantage of the Chouans. At the moment of forming their scattered band a third column was seen approaching, but retired with the loss of twenty men.

These successive engagements had occupied them until the evening. The Chouans, worn down by hunger and weariness, were thinking only of finding a retreat, when a band of fifty *patriots* met them in sight of the forest of Chapelle du Bourg, and began the attack.

But the forces were too unequal. Jambe d'Argent ordered his men to throw themselves behind the bushes and gain the forest whilst he remained to rally the stragglers, and keep the enemy in check; but at the very edge of the forest, at the moment of facing the blues a ball struck him, passing through his breast and coming out below his shoulder. When he fell every Chouan stopped in consternation.

"It is but one more dead man," said Jambe d'Argent, the blood pouring from his mouth, "save the band and leave me."

"Never!" cried Priou, "we have been children together, and if it is the will of the good God we will die on the same day. Let the others amuse the *patauds* a little while, and I will take it upon myself to carry you away."

He took Jambe d'Argent and ran to a thicket where the blues ceased to pursue them. That same evening Louis Treton was carried to the hiding place of the Chouans, whilst messengers were sent off in every direction for a priest and physician. The physician came immediately, examined the wound and declared it was not mortal; but the priest for whom they sent was absent. They addressed themselves to a second, but he was old and sick and could not leave his retreat, and a third would not through fear. At length they came to "*M. le Bon*." His convictions and his ministry impelled him to listen to the entreaties of his fellow creatures; and pretending a visit to a relation that his mother might not be alarmed he followed the messengers.

S. S. C.

COLUMBUS, GA.

[To be concluded in next number.]

## Oh! Wear for Me No Sable Hue!

Oh! wear for me no sable hue,  
No garb of blazoned grief—when I  
Shall bid this toilsome earth adieu,  
And fling my spirit's garment by!

Nor mark the spot with urn, or stone,  
Where worthless dust, unconscious lies,  
Within your loving hearts alone,  
The monument I ask should rise!

And shed for me no bitter tear,  
Nor breathe my name in mournful tone,  
Your smiles 'twas mine to waken here,  
And I would think them still my own!

Nor link my image with regret;  
A pleasant memory I would be,  
To consecrate and brighten yet  
The scenes that once were dear to me!

Ah! why should tears bedew the sod  
Where some beloved one's ashes rest?  
The soul rejoiceth near its God  
And can ye mourn that spirit blest?

Then, weep not for the loved one fled  
To realms more pure—a home more fair!  
And call not the departed *dead*,  
She lives—she lives—she waits you there!

A. C. R

Richmond.

## ADDRESS

BEFORE THE MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.  
JULY 4TH, 1855.

By J. LANSING BURROWS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY! WASHINGTON!! MOUNT VERNON!!!—What stirring words are these to American ears! Pronounce them separately or in juxtaposition, carelessly in the street or formally in the speech, and they stir the patriotic blood a little quicker in its coursings. Single proper appellatives have come often to stand for ideas, with which they have not the slightest philological connection but to which they are related only by association. There are names of men and days and places, which suggest to us ideas, in which the original terms are lost, or remembered only as incarnations, or embodiments of principles.

Benedict Arnold means mercenary treason, as distinctly as Bacchus means drunkenness—Hercules strength, or Cupid mischief. Thus, "FOURTH OF JULY"—is no drudging secular date, affixed to paltry due bills and bonds. The people understand the phrase to convey the higher, nobler idea—*American Independence*. WASHINGTON is no normal appellative. It does not suggest to us

vulgar muscles or gross limbs. The very term has become a synonym of *lofty disinterested patriotism*. The very utterance of the name awakens this grand idea in the soul.

And MOUNT VERNON—does not mean a commonplace farm, where sweating laborers dig potatoes, and hoe corn, nor an every day domicile, smelling of soapuds and stewing cabbage—it means in American ears, *the home and the grave of Washington*. And who will sneer at such lofty associations with names, and scoff at them as weak sentimentalism and poetic idealism. Is there not in every generous heart, a consciousness that such veneration for the great and good, as associates beauty and sublimity with their very names and dwellings, is fitting in us and deserved by them? I will not pause to discuss before such an audience as this, the propriety of cherishing such sentiments, of fostering the reverence and gratitude and love of our people for these

"Immortal names  
That were not born to die."

The heart that does not instinctively feel that it is right and beautiful to plant flowers upon the grave of Washington, to surround his name with every charm that can foster the reverence and affection of posterity, to make his dwelling and his tomb, to every American what Zion is to the Israelite and Mecca to the Moslem—the heart I say that does not grasp such an idea as a generous unforced instinct, is too coarse, or grovelling to be moved by argumentation.

I can conceive it possible that there are minds which can discover no beauty in any thing which cannot be turned to some directly practical pecuniary account. Minds, that can see in the sublime cataract of Niagara only a grand power for driving cotton mills, who would metamorphose the Mammoth cave into a Saltpetre Manufactory and rig a derrick on the Natural Bridge for the hoisting of saw logs. I suppose that there are men, who would estimate the value of the Mount Vernon estate simply by the produce its acres or its fisheries would yield for the market. They would sagely reckon, suppose it capable of yielding twenty bushels of wheat, fifty bushels of potatoes, sixty bushels of corn to the acre; then its proximity to the market would warrant a good truck patch, and its shore along the Potomac a tolerable fishery. Some would buy it if they could by farming it, make it a good paying investment, and then place at the gates significant notices: "Persons trespassing on these grounds will be dealt with according to law." "Beware of dogs and man traps"—would trail hop vines over the gate that opens to the honored tomb, plant a nail bed within the enclosure and then snap their fingers at the mawkish sentimentality

that yearned to drop a tear upon the desecrated grave of Washington, and slapping their brawny hands upon the dimes gathered in the vegetable market of the capital, anarl, "this pays better than poetry or patriotism."

And even this would be dignified in comparison with the vile spirit of speculation, that would make Mount Vernon a sort of Slash Cottage resort; that would chain bears to the noble old trees that surround the dwelling—rear a Nine Pin Alley in the yard, set out under the summer shade a score of little cherry tables upon which to serve whisky punch and lager beer—erect swings for children, and a shooting gallery for idle men, lay out a race track on the grounds—turn the parlor of Washington into a Ball-room, his dining room into a bar—and set up a Faro table in the chamber where he died. There are men in this land, who would form a joint stock company, give any price for the property, and appropriate it precisely to such purposes, *if it would only pay*. Ah! does not the idea of such a desecration bring the warm blood in sickening shame to the cheeks of proud Virginia men and matrons? The picture is no very improbable one to be wrought out into a reality. Let it only be understood that Mount Vernon is in the market at any time, and they will buy it who can make the most out of it. Mount Vernon in the market! I insist that such a possibility is a degradation to the American people. Imagine a petition presented to the Swiss canton of Uri, to sell the little chapel and the naked rock, on the shore of Lake Lucerne whence the arrow of Wil-Wm. Tell sped to the heart of the tyrant Gesler, and where the twang of the patriot's bow-string was the signal for the Swiss revolution and independence. And why not sell it? Tell's chapel, would doubtless make a beautiful and profitable lager beer saloon. Why not bring into the market Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame—where the great and noble of England and France lie quietly in their tombs? The huge stones of these old massive architectural piles, would be far more useful to commerce and trade if built up into store houses and factories, and the marble s'ates would furnish admirable window sills and paving blocks, and the statues of the great would make excellent gate posts and doors jambs. And why not build in the niches of the great Napoleon's monument in the Hotel des Invalides for wine vaults and fruiterers stalls. Is there another people on earth who would endure such a degradation of their honored names? who would permit the sepulchres of their heroes to be set up at auction, and listen to the ringing stroke of the hammer against the marble that knocked off their tomb stones to the highest bidder? And yet let the sentence tingle in every American ear. The grave of Washington—the greatest of them all



in all the elements of true good greatness—the grave of Washington may be brought into the market!

That it has not been already sold may be because there is yet patriotic or hereditary pride enough in a single household to resist the strong temptation, and to hold fast the deeds that secure it as the patrimony of a single family. But in the fluctuations of fortune, in the changes which death brings how long may this last? Who will be its next owner. To what base uses may it be appropriated? What is there to warrant us against its desecration to any of the objects I have suggested? A few years since a body of laborers were digging amid the ruins of Malcom Canmore's Abbey in Dunfermline, Scotland. They were quarrying stone from the old foundations for building a new church. They struck their pick upon an arched tomb. Some antiquarian called to mind a scrap of old history; in relation to one of Scotland's mightiest heroes. "Debito cum honore in medio Ecclesiæ de Dunfermline." They opened the tomb reverently. An iron plate revealed the name of "King Robert." the mouldering skeleton was shrouded in cloth of gold, and the sawn breast bone whence the heart had been taken to be borne for sepulture to the holy land by the crusaders,—that heart which afterward had been trampled upon by the feet of the Saracens when it had been by Malcom cast into their midst as he led the Scottish troop into the thickest of their out-numbering and slaughtering foes—all proved satisfactorily, that the bones they looked upon were all that remained of Robert the Bruce.

And let the ungrateful neglect of the burial place of Washington be perpetuated for a few generations, and some antiquarian of posterity may hunt along the shores of the Potomac for the forgotten grave of the Father of his country.

Patriotic hearts have ached over this national indifference, and patriotic voices have sounded in the halls of our national congress, begging that Mount Vernon might be rescued from this strange neglect, and from the possibility of desecration. But our Legislators were too busy canvassing the merits of Presidential candidates, or fighting down all possible propositions for the construction of a rail-road to the Pacific to listen with patience to any very practical sentimentalities about Mount Vernon and the grave of Washington. Such an idea was uniformly evaded as an impertinence. There was a raft up Red River that detained two light draught, stern-wheel steamboats; there were three rotting gun frames in the fortifications at the Rip Raps; there was a dispute to be settled as to whether the Hon. Thos. Crooks or the Hon. Richard Snooks, should represent the constituency of Gunpowder district, and how could peti-

tioners be so unreasonable as to suppose that our burdened legislators, wearied and perplexed by subjects of such grave moment, could pause to gratify the heart of the nation or vindicate its honor by any legislation about a little strip of land on the shores of the Potomac. There was no party political capital to be made out of Mount Vernon and of course there was nothing done by Congress.

The Legislature of Virginia, it is said, has made itself too poor by building rail-roads that run out into the woods and stop—terminating no where in particular—to entertain any idea of rescuing, from profane feet, the grave of the noblest son that ever trod her soil.

The men of our country in their voluntary generosity, do noble things sometimes. I never knew a community of American men, properly appealed to in aid of a really worthy object, to prove niggardly in their liberality. They loaded ships with provision and clothing for the suffering Greeks and the famishing Irish. They cancelled the mortgage on Henry Clay's farm and paid Daniel Webster's debts, and they sustain a great many blessed charities out of the ordinary way of business, but somehow they never seemed to catch the idea of honoring the home and tomb of Washington by any such generous combination.

And when all were thus silent and seemingly heartless, a woman modestly whispered—let us undertake this work. And that unobtrusive whisper thrilled a thousand hearts. We all knew it would be done if the ladies seriously attempted it. For as sons, and lovers, and husbands, we know that when woman bends her will to the gaining of an object it is as good as accomplished.

"When she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And when she wont, she wont, and that's an end on't."

God bless the women! If there is any thing generous, beautiful, graceful, æsthetic to be effected, commend me to the ladies. They would make all earth a flower garden if they only had their way. I heard of one a few days since who proposed petitioning the Messrs. Hazall to take off two or three stories of their flour mill because it obstructed the beauty of the view from her parlor window. They saw instinctively what coarser grosser man is slower to perceive, that there would be a beauty, a gracefulness, a fitness in taking Mount Vernon out of the vulgar catalogue of farms and summer hotels—out of the possibility of disgrace from the flaunting red flag of the auctioneer, and form of it a national domain, of which every American heart that throbbed with gratitude as he trod its hallowed soil, should feel that he was part owner, that he intruded upon a stranger's ground, and asked no proprietor's fa-

vor, when he walked and mused by the tomb of Washington. Woman's heart, sensitive to beauty and honor, could feel, did feel all this, and hence the organization whose claims have called us here to-day.

These ladies, associated with their sisters throughout the land, have resolved to purchase Mount Vernon, to take it out of the market, and place its control and management in such hands, as shall perpetuate it, through all coming generations, as the sacred honored shrine, to which the pilgrimages of freedom-loving souls may be freely made. When their plans shall be completed, may we not fancy that there will be, enclosing that noble estate, and separating it from the rest of the world, some lovely rural hedge of Cherokee rose or Osage-Orange,—that the forest trees in something like their pristine growth shall wave over its soil, whose branches shall afford a safe shelter from the murderous huntsman to the wild birds carolling their perpetual summer songs—that the house in which Washington lived and died, preserved sacredly—simply preserved, not ornamented, not altered, but standing in its neat simplicity shall be admired as a relic of a noble manly age, and suggest to every visitor, pure and patriotic meditations; that some fitting Mausoleum, indicating, not the hero's worth (that marble and brass can never do,) but expressive of the gratitude and honor, which a great nation, consulting its own self-respect pays to the memory of its Father and Founder, shall rear its imposing Memorial over the spot where his ashes rest—that the whole place shall be separated from common and secular purposes and consecrated to patriotic teachings and influence. By a generous liberality ensure success to this noble effort of the ladies, and in a few years I hope to be one of a patriotic party who shall leave Richmond on some beautiful May morning for a pilgrimage to the venerated Home of Washington.

At the landing place, we shall be met by some gentlemanly custodian, proud of his position, learned in all the legends of the place, enthusiastic and communicative, who will introduce us reverently to all the spots hallowed by reminiscences of its great Proprietor. He will point out the deep dells and laughing streams and marshy inlets over which Washington in the days of his boyhood hunted the deer and the fox, in the train of old Lord Fairfax. He will show us the spot where he sat for a whole morning carefully timing the deliberate labors of his negro Carpenters as they consulted and planned, and sawed and hewed their logs in the woods, in order to compute what amount of labor he might require as a daily task, without being severe or exacting. He will point out the place where he labored for parts of two days, with Peter his smith, in con-

structing a new plough of his own invention, in which work after two or three failures, he at last succeeded, and then the field in which he tried that notable plough, in his agricultural enthusiasm hitching to it his pair of fine chariot horses at the great risk of ruining the noble animals by driving them before his new invention through the thick sward. He will take us to the site of the old mill dam, where during a terrific thunder storm, Washington laid hold of the shovel and the wheel barrow and worked at the head of his hands to check the rushing torrent that threatened the destruction of his mill. He will descant upon his manly bold horsemanship, and his runs after the fox, and his broad leaps, and open a whole budget of anecdotes as he talks of his noble hunting steeds Ajax and Blue Skin and Valiant and the Arabian Magnolia, and of his famous Fox-hounds Vulcan and Singer, Ringwood and Sweetlips and Music. And perhaps saved from the wreck of time will be some personal memorials of Washington—to show some chapeau and uniform worn in battle, some famous saddle and sword.

He will lead us into the mansion and show us the room where he was accustomed to light his own fire long before daybreak and study and write; where he gathered his family around him in those pleasant social evenings; and then the sombre room from which the garish sunlight is ever veiled, in which he died, and the tomb in which his ashes moulder.

Would not the moral influence of such a visit upon our own hearts, upon the hearts of all who made it, be eminently salutary? Would there not be kindled in every heart an intenser love of our native land, a sterner resolve to perpetuate unimpaired the Union which his wisdom and valor aided to cement, and the government which his disinterested toil so largely helped to inaugurate? Could jarring politicians, from Washington, visit the near and sacred spot, without feeling rebuked for discord, and opening their repentant arms to embrace each other as brothers beside the tomb of Washington?

I believe that the plan which has been devised for securing this noble end, the purchase and preservation of Mount Vernon, may prove an efficient and successful one. A letter recently received by his Excellency the Governor of the State, as I am informed, consents that the State of Virginia may become Proprietor of the Washington estate by the payment of \$200,000. All then that is to be done is to place that sum at the disposal of proper persons authorized by the Legislature to receive and appropriate it to this specific purpose. Of necessity the title must be held by the State of Virginia, for the lands lie within its Territory—but it will be held not for

the State but for the Union, for the name of Washington belongs alike to all sections. And what if the sum required for its purchase be a large one!—far beyond its worth for any other purposes than the patriotic one proposed; except it be for others, too shameful again to mention. It is after all a very small sum, considering the method by which it is proposed to be raised. Who has not a single dollar to spare, to convert Mt. Vernon into a national domain? There are 4,000,000 of ladies in the land between 15 and 40—and all we want is that one out of every sixteen of them shall set about wheedling some father or husband or lover out of a single dollar for this treasury. We all know that they have witchery enough to do it, if they are only put up to it—and an opportunity is given them. Only let it be known that the attempt is fairly to be made, and who are the proper and responsible persons to receive the funds, and the mails will bring up the funds, to each of the thirty two great centres—from every section of the land. Gentlemen, soldiers and plain citizens, give a new impulse to this work, on this glorious Fourth of July, by writing down upon a card the name of your "Ladie love," be she Wife, Sister or *neither yet*—send it to the Treasurer of the Association, and you will receive in return the assurance that the name of your lady, shall be inscribed in the honorable roll of the members of the Association, to be preserved for the inspection of posterity in the house of Washington.

The honor is worth more than the dollar! and the object is worth more than the honor!

Gentlemen and Ladies, I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my desultory harangue, and in conclusion beg you to direct some of the surplus enthusiasm of this Independence day, into the channel here indicated; and while we thank God, that the best and brightest name, ever associated with the birth and liberties of any nation is that of our own Washington, let us generously and nobly resolve that the home in which he died and the tomb in which his ashes lie, shall forever be preserved from our contempt and desecration.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We regret that we are compelled by want of space to defer the eloquent address of BEVERLEY R. WELLFORD, Esq., till September.

It is the heartless alone who believe that love can grow old. It is, and remains spring forever! As long as the human faculties retain their vigour—as long as the mind is undegraded by selfish interests, and remains faithful to truth, love, once born, lives in an honest heart, diffusing freshness and vigour, even in old age, over the intellect, the feelings, and the whole existence. *Anon.*

## OH THINK NOT OF HER AS DEAD.

Oh, think not of her as dead  
But living, in the skies—  
With her glory-circled head  
And Heaven beaming eyes,  
Think not of her as dead!

From the jasper founded walls  
She waves her radiant hand  
And unto thee voiceless calls  
"Come to the Spirit Land,"  
Think not of her as dead!

From within the crystal doors  
Down to the pearly gates—  
All across the golden floors—  
She cometh there and waits.  
Think not of her as dead!

In Amaranthine bowers  
The glance of God illumines—  
She plucks the fadeless flowers  
The breath of God perfumes—  
Think not of her as dead!

By the clear placid river  
Beneath the Tree of Life,  
She waiteth for thee ever  
Thine angel-hearted wife.  
Think not of her as dead!

Invisibly descending  
A blessing for thee brings,  
And with thy spirit blending  
She sweetly to thee sings,  
Think not of me as dead!

And still for thee she waiteth  
'Till thy life-work is done,  
Nor aught of Hope abateth,  
Thy coming will be soon.  
Think not of her as dead!

A. J. C.

Richmond, April, 1856.

## SONNET.

### GREAT POETS AND SMALL.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Shall I not falter on melodious wing,  
In that my notes are weak, and may not rise  
To those world-wide, entrancing harmonies,  
Which the great Poets to the Ages sing;  
Shall my thought's humble heaven no longer ring  
With pleasant lays, because the Empereal height  
Doth stretch beyond it, lifting to the light  
The Titan pinion of Song's sun-crowned King?  
'Tis a false thought!—the thrush a fitful flight  
Ventures in vernal dawns,—a happy note  
Trills from the russet lignet's gentle throat,  
Though far above, the Eagle soars in might,  
And the glad sky lark—an ethereal mote,  
Sings in high realms, which mock our straining sight.

## Notices of New Works.

**ELLIE: or the Human Comedy.** By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Author of "*The Virginia Comedians*," "*Leather Stocking and Silk*," "*The Youth of Jefferson*," etc. With Illustrations after designs by Strother. Richmond: Published by A. Morris. 1855.

As a home publication and the work of a young gentleman who seems with good heart to have made choice of authorship as a *metier*, "Ellie" is fairly entitled to no ordinary degree of consideration at our hands. We confess, however, that, by reason of a long-standing friendship for its author and a certain well-settled conviction of his ability to write good books, we feel some distrust of our competency as a critic of his literary performances.

Mr. Cooke, with respect to the reception of "Ellie," occupies a sufficiently perilous position before the public. "*The Virginia Comedians*," the work by which he is most widely known, met with a favor almost unprecedented in the annals of American fiction. Published anonymously, with no adventitious claims to popularity, it ran through several editions and secured the hearty and unstinted praise of the ablest journals in the country. Men, who are chary of their compliments, declared that the author had at once written himself into a high position among novelists. All this *ecclatante* success, while it could not but gratify the author and his friends, did only prepare us to expect an unusual excellence in his next work, and by the effect of "Ellie" upon the world, Mr. Cooke's standing in literature will probably be fixed for some time to come.

We greatly fear that in this manner serious injustice will be done to our friend. "Ellie," though a book of a high order of intellectual and dramatic merit, is not such an one as the author should be content to rest his fame upon. It bears the marks of haste in composition and seems to have been sent off to the press, just as it came from the author's facile pen, without any bestowal on it of the *labor limæ*. But with all its faults, it is clearly such an effort as none but a superior mind could ever have accomplished. That reader must be very little under the influence of genuine pathos who can follow the heroine through her bravely fought struggle with penury and temptation and not feel the moisture gather about his eyes, and that nature must be sadly hardened against good impressions which does not recognise in the pictures of humble but sincere piety that are presented in "*The Human Comedy*," a new illustration of the "beauty of holiness." A more touching conception of innocence and purity than Ellie herself, we do not remember in the course of our readings.

Of the plot of the story, it is perhaps scarcely necessary for us to say anything. It is developed in Richmond in the year 1852 and the interiors are the luxurious drawing rooms of Shockoe Hill and the miserable hovels of the Bird-in-Hand, set off in contrast against one another in rapid and constant alternation. Ellie figures in both and with equal grace. Reared in abject poverty, but girded about with an early sentiment of religious duty, she contrives, through the generous assistance of a certain Mr. Sansoucy, (Editor of the *Weekly Mammoth* and hero *en chef* of the novel) and by dint of embroidering collars for the fashionable young ladies up town, to support a supposititious brother and an imaginary uncle, and goes tripping along, through sleet and snow, with the Bible in one hand and her work basket in

the other, always loveable and joyous and radiant, with her soft eyes and sunny hair—

No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free,  
She seems as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

In the end it is discovered, by a rather clumsy contrivance, that she is the sister of the charitable Sansoucy, who restores her to the happy arms of their parents, residing somewhere on the south side of James River. The denouement is sadly deficient in a good old poetic justice. We row and declare, in the name of all the loves at once, by all that's pretty in romance, by the bright blessed Paphian queen who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen, by Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart, by all that thrills the beating heart, that if ever there was a young female that deserved a husband, and a husband of the first quality, it was Ellie. Yet the last we see of this tender Genevieve she is looking out of the carriage window to catch a farewell glance of the Capitol across the river, with never a lover to bear her company or tell her the 'old and moving story of the ballad.' Unless Mr. Cooke means to give us a sequel in which the young lady shall be seen "married and settled," we submit that Ellie has been badly treated and the reader defrauded of a pleasurable excitement that by every rule of fictitious composition he was entitled to expect.

With regard to the treatment of the drama of "Ellie," we think Mr. Cooke might justly be held to a stricter fidelity to fact in respect of his scenes and incidents. We have neither picture galleries nor operas in Richmond, nor does the snow ever fall to a depth consistent with the sleigh-ride so dashing described in the first Chapter of the third Book. But this is a trivial affair and we mention it only as something to be borne in mind in his next appearance.

In delineation of character, the same power is now and then exhibited in "*The Human Comedy*" which gave us such vivid and life-like portraits in the "*Virginia Comedians*," while passages of real eloquence and brilliancy are scattered throughout its chapters which we would delight in quoting for the reader's enjoyment. We cannot do so here, but the reader must procure the volume and find them out for himself.

The exquisite typography and beautiful externals of "Ellie" have already secured for Mr. Morris the warmest praise from all quarters, and we need not say a word in addition to compliments so general and so well-deserved.

**SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES.** By Henry W. Hilliard. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Mr. Hilliard enjoyed for many years a very high reputation in Congress as an educated politician and thoughtful speaker, and the contents of the volume before us furnish the evidence that this reputation was entirely deserved. We are glad to see a Southern gentleman collecting and publishing his occasional forensic efforts, since the greater number of our orators have been altogether careless of their literary fame and thus many of the finest gems of our national eloquence have been lost. Nor are we apprehensive that the example will lead to an excess of oratory among us by inducing the mass of M. C.'s to embody their turgid declamation and bad rhetoric into big volumes, for the strict censorship of

the publishing houses would regulate that, inasmuch as of all unsealable works that are issued from the press, mediocre essays and mild eloquence are the very worst. But *per contra* a very great good might be effected if every speaker who rises to address either House of Congress would prepare his remarks as carefully as if his standing as a scholar depended upon their arrangement and order. We cordially commend Mr. Hilliard's volume to public favor.

THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The legion of De Quincey's readers on this side of the Atlantic will hail the appearance of this volume with great satisfaction. It exhibits the same regal pomp of prose which distinguishes all the previous writings of this singularly gifted author and which has almost led us to doubt whether, after all, the forms of verse are necessary to the richest and most golden bloom of the imagination. The opening paper on "Three Memorable Murders" is a powerfully analytic narrative of events which years ago thrilled all England with horror, and we are reminded in many passages some of Poe's dissections of imaginary crime. The book is uniform in style with the series of De Quincey's Works published by Ticknor and Fields, of which it constitutes the eighteenth volume.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS or *Recollections of a Burnt Journal*. By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper and Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A readable account of Californian adventures set off with tolerable wood-cuts illustrative of Life in the Diggings. It is perhaps as pleasant a volume as has yet been written upon the Gold region, but the time has not come for the desired picture of that strange society on the Pacific. The man who must write it is now among the inhabitants of El Dorado, and we are impatient for the announcement that Jos Baldwin is ready to tell us of the wonderful phases humanity presents under the direct inspiration of the *auri sacra fames*. When the author of the "Flush Times of Alabama," comes to publish his book on California, the public may be assured they will have something altogether satisfactory, but not till then. Meanwhile, where art thou, friend Joe, child of the Comic Muse? Are thy jokes resounding along the banks of the Sacramento and do they translate thee into the high Spanish of Los Angeles?

Still more new publications from the busy press of Bohn. We have received from Messrs. Bangs & Co., of New York, through Mr. J. W. Randolph of this city, three additional volumes belonging to the *Standard* and *Scientific Libraries* and the series of the *British Classics* already so well known throughout the country. One of these is the third volume of *Burke's Works* and contains his magnificent speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts—another is in continuation of *Condé's History of the Arabs in Spain*, and completes that valuable work. The volume of the *Scientific Library* is a *Synopsis of Dutch and Flemish Painters*, by George Stanley, and seems to be a very full exposition of the subjects and manner of those delicious Flemish artists, whose exquisite finish and wonderful fidelity in painting affords so much delight to the loiterer through the galleries of Eu-

rope. All these books are printed with clearness and accuracy; indeed Bohn's type seems not to wear in the using, or to be constantly renewed, as his latest volume vie in typographical execution with the earliest.

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, or a *Progressive System*, &c., &c. By P. W. GENGEMBRE and J. H. BROWN. Philadelphia: Hayes & Zell, Publishers, 193 Market Street. 1855. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

An excellent elementary treatise designed for the use of schools from the pens of two gentlemen of distinguished scholarship connected with literary institutions in Philadelphia. It is neatly printed, and will no doubt meet with a large share of public acceptance.

Mr. James Woodhouse, the Agent for Leonard Scott & Co., keeps us in regular receipt of the *Foreign Reviews* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. The latter publication has not been recently quite up to its literary mark, and its readers miss the serial novels of Bulwer which gave it such a charm two or three years ago. The late numbers have been filled with articles on the War in the Crimea and fulminations against the Ministry, written with equal vigor and asperity. The "Story of the Campaign" is from the pen of the pleasant author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and presents a vivid account of events before Sebastopol, but we should greatly prefer another novel to his Camp letters. The *Reviews* still maintain their ancient respectability, and offer to the reader a valuable compendium of the intellectual progress of Great Britain.

Subscribers in Richmond receive their Nos. through Mr. Woodhouse, free of postage.

Our thanks are due to an esteemed friend in South Carolina for copies of the Catalogue of S. C. College at Columbia, a Sermon pronounced before the Legislature of that State at its last session by the Rev. Dr. James H. Thornwell, and a pamphlet containing an able oration of the Hon. Jas. L. Petigru at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the College in December 1854. The Oration and the Sermon abound in striking passages and valuable truths.

We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Dix & Edwards of New York, for the American edition of Dickens's *Household Words*. It is in all respects a counterpart of the English edition and is supplied at the same price. Among the contributors to this work are some of the best writers in England—Faraday supplies the scientific articles which are always of great interest—"The Roving Englishman" furnishes regularly some of his pleasant Sketches of travel and Dickens himself keeps a story going all the time for the benefit of such as only read the stories. We do not always relish the tone of *Household Words*, but its excellence cannot be gainsaid. The poetry is especially good, as those who read a beautiful thing entitled "Baby Beatrice," given in the July number, can testify. We wish we had room to copy this gem of the imagination.

The Poems of Shelley in three volumes and Hemans in one volume, are the last beautiful issues of Little and Brown's Edition of the British Poets. Morris has them for sale.



# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1855.

NO. 9.

## BALLAD.

My boy, my boy, my beautiful,  
Wild, ar'ent, restless, curious boy.  
With ancient chant and lay, I lull  
Thee to thy sleep of joy.

I bid thee rest, while of the wave,  
And of the wild winds' rage, I sing  
And legend of the Wizard's cave—  
Or fairies' mystic ring.

Thou askest so beseechingly  
For something all as yet unheard,  
That thy small prayer, shall granted be,  
I'll sing the Lady Bird.

The red rose is blooming by Everly's wall,  
The scarlet thorned briar in Everly's vale,  
The Lady Bird singeth in Everly's hall—  
But in Roland's low cottage are voices of wail.

The mother is watching with sorrowful eyes  
The path through the wood, and the rocks by the  
rill,  
The father's stout heart is o'er burdened with sighs,  
But Katie is saddest, though Katie is still.

The Lady Bird singeth in high Everly—  
How bright is her cheek and how blithe is her tone,  
Who standeth beside her, come tell unto me,  
Perchance 'twas a shadow, for now it is gone,  
And sweetly the Lady Bird yet singeth on.

The hunters are out in the Everly wood,  
With bound and with blithe horn in chase of the deer,  
But why is Lord Herbert so chafed in his mood,  
And why on the Lady Bird's cheek lies a tear?

And why is the hearth-stone of Roland so cold,  
Unlit by a spark and its ashes so gray?  
The parents of Roland roam o'er the dim wold,  
And Katie roams with them more wretched than they.

When the first leaf of green came on Everly's trees,  
And the violet opened her dark azure eye,  
And the wing of the wild bird was on the spring  
breeze,  
Then Katie was happy, for Roland was nigh.

She knew nought of sorrow, tho' Labor and Care  
Were daily companions their low roof beneath,  
But now she has tasted the draught of despair,  
And life is a burden, she longeth for death.

Ah! woful to Katie, the hour which gave,  
Her life to the power of Lord Herbert's bold hand,  
Far better the billow had been her wild grave,  
Than she should be loved by the lord of the land.

Till then had her Roland been gentle and true,  
But a tempest of jealousy gathered around  
His bold, ardent heart, and he sternly withdrew,

From his home once so loved, to the wide forest  
bound.

In the deep glen of shadows (where noontide is dim)  
Which the wolf and the mountain fox haunt through  
the day,  
There found he a cave all secluded and grim,  
Where the young of the wild cat all fearlessly play.

But if dark wore the cavern, still darker the thought,  
That played like a vulture on heart and on brain,  
And Katie her lover unceasingly sought,  
Through the paths of the forest, but sought him in  
vain.

Lord Herbert is frowning, his lip is so pale,  
There is rage in his breast, there is death in his eye,  
Tears, threats and implorings can little avail,  
By the rood he hath sworn that the outlaw shall die.

It is deep in the midnight, but Katie's quick ear,  
A low voice beneath the light lattice hath heard,  
How flushes her pale cheek, how starteth the tear,  
How flutters her heart at the sound of each word.

"Rise up, rise up, my father dear,  
Rise up my mother kind:  
Unbar the door and take me in,  
Chill blows the whistling wind.

"The sky is dark, the stars are gone,  
And lonely is the road,  
And phantom shapes all ghastly grim,  
Seem on the air abroad.

"A price is set upon my life,  
I durst not move by day,  
And every broken bush may hide,  
A spy upon my way.

"They say that I a culprit am—  
A lawless poacher bold,  
But I am but a forester—  
And keeper of the wold.

"They say that broken is my faith,  
With king and my liege lord,  
That nought to me purtaineth now,  
Save the halter, or the sword.

"O gladly will I lay me down,  
And gladly will I die,  
If once again your blessings dear,  
Upon my soul might lie.

"If once again mine eyes might see,  
The love light of my heart—  
Then from this world of vanity,  
How freely could I part.

"If but again I heard the words,  
Thou art the first, the last—  
The all beloved, the bitterness  
Of such a death were past."

M. L. L. W. H.

## THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD.

Few studies are more intrinsically interesting than Geology. There is not one, at the present time, which enjoys more of the attention of the learned or general reader. This is not to be wondered at. The Earth is the birth-place and scene of action of our race, and of a vast variety of races of other animals than man. Its creation and age, the changes it seems undoubtedly to have undergone, all these considerations render Geology deeply interesting. At present, no liberally educated mind, or mind of any desire of knowledge, should be without some acquaintance with this subject. The general reader cannot fail to meet with continual references to the theories of the learned on the subject of the strata of the earth, of its contents, age, and other circumstances of its past and present condition, as well as of the actual operations going on, in its interior and on its surface. A general knowledge of past and recent discoveries and facts, all subjects of gratifying interest, tends greatly to expand and enrich the mind.

Besides the mental enjoyment, and resources for mental employment afforded by Geology, the vast uses of minerals and metals for the comfort, luxury, and power of civilized man, render this science of incalculable service to our race—to its progress in arts—while it opens to the reflecting and religious mind, subjects of “wonder, gratitude, and love,” and leads it irresistibly to the grand and exalting truth of an Infinite, Great, Wise, and Beneficent Creator, Governor, and Benefactor of all things, of all events, and of all beings.

Before proceeding directly to the subject of our paper, it may be entertaining, if not instructive, to recal to the mind of the reader, the theories of ancient Philosophers respecting the origin of our earth. Although these theories are vain and unphilosophical according to our present knowledge of the laws of matter, yet it is but justice to the ancients to acknowledge, that while the moderns have discovered many *facts* unknown formerly, their own accounts of the origin and changes of our globe, the theories re-

specting them are still *but theories*—in many points inconsistent and obscure.

We begin with the ancient theories. Among these that of ARISTOTLE stands conspicuous. His theory was, that *matter existed from eternity*—was self-existent; and some even of modern Atheists have resorted to this theory rather than admit the creative power and intelligence of a Great First Cause.\*

The next theory was that of EPICURUS—the *Atomic* theory. This was, that before the world was brought into that form and order it is now in, there was an infinite empty space in which were an innumerable company of solid particles or atoms of different sizes and shapes, which by their weight were in continual motion, and that by the various occurrences of these, all the bodies of the universe were framed into that order they now are in; that is, that atoms of matter were brought together by *matter and motion*, and thus this world with its wonders (of power, design and wisdom) originated in the *fortuitous concurrence of atoms*.

Although the Cartesian theory cannot properly be called *ancient*, yet having been broached before the modern theories drawn from the facts disclosed by Natural Philosophers styled Geologists, it may be here mentioned. It was proposed by the celebrated French Philosopher, Des Cartes. The theory is, that the Globe and the planetary systems and suns were produced by *mechanical laws of matter*. He, however, admitted, that these laws were originally impressed on matter by an intelligent Creator; but the forms and aggregations and motions of matter were produced by these laws, without any further or more direct and immediate application and direction of an overruling and guiding intelligence.

All the modern theories of the origin of

\* The several theories which have been held, in different ages, by Philosophers of the greatest note, may be reduced to four. First, such as suppose the world to have existed as it is from eternity. Second, such as attribute the formation of the world as it is to God, but still assert the pre-existence and eternity of matter. Third, such as deny eternity to the world, but assert the origin of it to have been by a casual concurrence of atoms, and, fourthly, such as endeavor to explain the origin of the Universe and all appearances of Nature, merely by the mechanical laws of the motions of matter. See *Origines Sacree*: London, 1667, folio, page 423.

our Earth, admit the original creation of matter by an infinitely Wise, Powerful and Benevolent Being.

At present, the *theories as such*, are divided into two systems or schools. One asserts that at a vast and indefinite length of time,—far greater than 6,000 years—the original matter of our globe existed in a chaotic condition, and by the joint action of water and heat was gradually brought to solidity and form; that it passed through many cataclasmic, or destructive revolutions, by which the successive races of animals have been destroyed, and their remains *fossilized* in the different strata. The theory further asserts, that each cataclasm more and more suited the earth for the residence of more and more perfect forms of animal existences, until finally, it was rendered fit for the residence of MAN, who was then created to live on it. This is called the "Continental Theory of Geology," as opposed to the other theory maintained by many English writers, particularly by Grenville Penn, and Fairholme.

These writers contend, that a period of 6,000 years, which is usually called the Sacred or Bible Chronology, was sufficient for the formation of the strata of the earth; and that all Geological facts which are well ascertained can be *best* accounted for on the supposition of the creation of the earth, with all animal and vegetable existences, 6,000 years ago; and that man and other animals and vegetables whose fossils have been found in the strata, were contemporaneously created. They contend, that the period from the creation to the flood—the action of the diluvial waters—and the combined operation of secondary causes to our age, are sufficient to account satisfactorily for all Geological facts.

Many very learned and eminent Christian Geologists join in the theory of indefinite ages before the existence of man, and accommodate this theory to the usual construction of the Bible Chronology, by supposing that the first verse of Genesis is to be taken as independent of the following sentences—that it is intended to teach the great truth that *God created* the Earth and Heavens, in contradiction to all heathen and Atheistical notions respecting the origin of the World. They contend, that when Moses

says, "In the *beginning* God created the Heavens and the Earth," the word *beginning* is used to express an *undefined period of time*, which was antecedent to the last great change that affected the surface of the Earth, and to the creation of its present animal and vegetable inhabitants; during which period a long series of operations and revolutions may have been going on; which, as they are wholly unconnected with the history of the human race, are passed over in silence by the sacred historian, whose only concern with them was barely to state that the matter of the Universe is not eternal and self-existent, but was originally created by the power of the Almighty.\*

In the present paper we intend to accept the order of the strata, and the various fossil remains contained in them, as they are arranged and classified by the writers of the school of "indefinite ages" before the creation of Man.

If we consider the Geological Record as a history of our world through ages long anterior to the creation of Man, our first object should be to divide it into ages, or periods, as we cannot in this instance reckon by years. The *Stratified Rocks* may be divided into *ten principal Formations*, each of which indicates an entirely new era in the Earth's history; while each of the *layers* which compose a formation indicates but some partial revolution. Each formation contains remains peculiar to itself, which do not extend into the neighboring deposits above or below it; although there is a connection between the different formations, more strong in proportion to their proximity to each other.† These Formations or systems are as follows, beginning with the *lowest*.

1st. The *Lower Silurian*. 2nd. The *Upper Silurian*. 3rd. The *Devonian*. 4th. The *Carboniferous Formation*. 5th. The *Trias*, or *Saliferous Formation*. 6th. The *Oolitic Formation*. 7th. The *Cretaceous*, or *Chalk Formation*. 8th. The *Lower Tertiary*, or *Eocene*. 9th. The *Upper Tertiary*, or *Miocene* and *Pliocene*. 10th. The *Drift*.

It is in the *Lower Silurian* formation that we begin to mark the gradual preparation of the Globe for the reception of its destined

\* Prof. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, page 25.

† M. Agassiz' *Principles of Zoology*.

inhabitants. Before this period, we may suppose that there existed a globe, whose surface exhibited alternations of land and water; the land having in some places a stratified appearance, and the thick masses of strata resting on huge bosses and peaks of granite and other igneous rock: but all was then bare and desolate; not a moss nor a lichen covered the naked skeleton of the globe; not a sea-weed floated in the broad ocean; not a trace existed even of the least highly organized animal or vegetable; every thing was still, and with the stillness of absolute death. The Earth was indeed prepared, and the fiat of creation had gone forth; but there was as yet no inhabitant, and no being endowed with life had been introduced to perform its part in the great mystery of Creation.\*

Time rolled on, and as age after age elapsed, the earth became adapted to the reception of life, the waters swarmed with animated beings, and in the silurian strata the organic remains of many and distinct species of shell-fish are met with in abundance; principally *Graptolites*, the very simplest form of animal existence; the *Polyps*, or *Coralines*; the *Crinoides*, and a most singular and interesting race of Crustacean animals called *Trilobites*, so called from the body being divided into *three lobes* by two fissures, running through the length.

Beginning with the simplest form of organized beings, we find the species of *Polyps* called *Graptolites*, found in a fossil state. These seem to have been, says Professor Ansted, the horny skeletons and animals not unlike those which are often met with on the coral and sea-weeds of the coast of England. They were formed like these, by a vast multitude of individual *Polyps* attached to a tough central mass, the whole constituting a kind of compound animal, in which each individual works to increase the general mass, and is affected by that which affects this mass; but each, also, has a separate existence, being provided with a stomach and arms, to obtain and digest food, and capable of being injured or destroyed without the functions of the complete body being at all interfered with. These animals

appear to have been among the very first of created beings.

So low is the organization of the group of animals, constituting the *true corals*, that former naturalists denied their animal character, and from superficial examination of their external appearance, placed them among the wonders of the vegetable world. But these apparently insignificant little creatures assume a greater importance in the history of our world, when we view them as the authors of the immense coral reefs, and limestone rocks, so widely spread, and important in nature. It is now clearly ascertained that many strata of limestone are coral-reefs, formed by these creatures, and changed from the coralline form by great and immense pressure. It is in the Ocean, however, that the herculean labor and industry of the coral insect is displayed. Seas and shallows, once navigable, have become in process of time so filled by these animals, as to become impassable; and not only barriers and reefs owe their origin to these humble means, but large lands, stretching for miles in the centre of the Ocean, rise gradually from beneath the surface of the sea, and, becoming clothed with verdure and vegetation, at last offer a resting place for the daring seafarer.

Mr. Lyell is of opinion that corals build upon the rims and in the craters of submarine volcanoes; and this opinion derives confirmation from the fact, that these reefs are always observed to be of a circular or oval form, often surrounded by a deep, and sometimes an unfathomable Ocean.\* Upon these foundations the reef-building saxigenous corals become attached, and slowly accumulating in numbers, and gradually depositing their carbonate of lime, they by degrees construct these large piles, which, at last emerging from the Ocean's bosom, appear as newly-formed continents and islands. The grand scale on which these minute animals are at work, may be imagined when we hear that there is a chain of coral-reefs, nearly 500 miles in length, in the Indian Ocean; that on the coast of New Holland is an unbroken line of the same, nearly 400 miles long; and that between this and New Guinea, another coral forma-

\* Professor Ansted. Pic. Sketches of Creation. page 35.

\* Dr. Comstock's and Mr. Lyell's Geologies

tion exists, 700 miles in extent!\* How strange it is, that such simple means can resist the ever-flowing and roaring sea—that such simple animals can uprear a masonry which shall resist the violence of the waves, and defy the power of the breakers. Is it not strange that a single polyp can form a structure in the bosom of the deep, which shall stand, a victorious antagonist to the storm, when the works of man shall have crumbled into nothing before the relentless fury of a disturbed ocean †

Another curious animal belonging to the Silurian group, is the *Lily Encrinite*, so called “because many of them exhibit the appearance of a cup-shaped flower, opening on the top of a stalk, with numerous tentacula or arms branching in all directions for the seizure of prey!” The stalk and tentacula were composed of innumerable small plates of calcarious or bony substance, connected by a muscular integument, so as to be capable of bending in all directions. The bottom of a sea, says Chambers, filled with a number of such animals, yielding to its every current and impulse, and each spreading about its far-reaching arms for prey, must have been a striking sight. Fragments and single bones of the Encrinite are found in vast quantities, forming in some places the principal portion of masses a hundred and twenty feet thick ‡

But by far the most interesting fossil of this period, is the *Trilobite*, an animal which appears at one time to have been spread over the whole Earth, or in the waters on the earth. There were several varieties of this curious animal, amounting, according to M. Brogniant, to five genera, and seventeen species. The fossil remains of the Trilobite were long supposed to be those of insects; (*Entomolithus paradoxus*;) but after matured investigation they have been fixed in the class of Crustaceans. The front part of the body of the Trilobite was formed like a large crescent shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad tri-

angular tail, composed of segments folding over each other like the tail of the lobster. The animal, remarks Professor Ansted, seems not to have had antennæ, and to have possessed short and rudimentary legs. From the absence of antennæ, and the want of powerful extremities, as well as from the manner in which these fossils are found, we may conclude that the different species lived for the most part in shallow water, not buried in mud, but floating near the surface with their under side uppermost, feeding on the minute and perhaps microscopic animacules that usually abound in such localities.\*

The most peculiar organ of the Trilobite, however, was the eye, which was composed of *four hundred* minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated that at the animal's usual place directly under the surface of the water it could see everything around without moving from the spot in which it was lying.† Philosophers have remarked with delighted surprise the evidence afforded by the eye of the Trilobite, that the air and light were generally the same in the early ages of the earth as now, and that the sea must have been as clear; for if the water had been that imaginary turbid and compound chaotic fluid, from the precipitates of which some Geologists have supposed the materials of the surface of the earth to be derived, what use would the Trilobite have had for such delicate visual organs? “With regard to the atmosphere also we infer, that had it differed materially from its actual condition, it might have so far affected the rays of light, that a corresponding difference from the eyes of existing Crustaceans would have been found in the organs on which the impressions of such rays were then received. Regarding sight itself also, we learn from the resemblance of these most ancient organizations to existing eyes, that the mutual relations of sight to the eye, and of the eye to sight, were the same at the time when Crustaceans endowed with the faculty of vision were first placed at the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment.”‡

\* Comstock. Chambers *In. for the People*. Vol. 1, p. 29.

† Sharpe's Magazine.

‡ A most interesting description of these animals, illustrated by cuts, may be seen in Professor Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

\* Ansted's *An. World*.

† This kind of eye is also common to the butterfly, and the dragonfly, the former of which has 35,000, and the latter 14,000 lenses!

‡ Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, vol. 1. page 303.



A few fossil land plants are found in this formation, but all of the simplest structure, and indicating the existence only of marshy and damp grounds. The principal species are the *Filices*, or ferns; the *Equisetaceæ*, or mare's tail; and the *Sycopodiaceæ*, or club-mosses. The most numerous species of fern was that which is now common among rocks, and in shady places, and found all over Europe and America. "The mare's tail," says Dr. Mantell, "is an elegant plant, having a succulent erect jointed stem. The joints of the stem are furnished with short sheathes, or rings, colored black and white." This plant is in common use for scouring wood, and polishing metals. The outer bark or cuticle contains a quantity of silex, and hence it will scratch the hardest steel. The plant is about two feet high, and a little larger than a pipe stem. The club-moss is so named in allusion to the shape of the root, which is said to resemble a wolf's foot. It is now known as the ground pine, and is used in decorating churches and houses in Christmas times.

We have now enumerated the principal forms of animal and vegetable existences found in Silurian strata of the earth's surface. How long this period continued it is impossible to say. The work of God had commenced—living creatures were placed on the earth, as it was adapted to their comfort and enjoyment, and yet subject to pain, danger, and death.

Tracing the history of our planet in these remote ages, we come to the *Devonian*, or Old Red Sandstone group. Here we find that the corals, the shell-fish and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *Fishes*,\* chiefly, if not entirely, of the *Placoid* and *Ganoid* order. It is not until we reach the chalk age that we meet with higher orders of fish—the *Ctenoids* and *Cycloids*. The most remarkable group of fishes met with in the Devonian formation, are the *Cephalaspis*, or buckle-headed fish; the *Pterichthys*, or wing fish; and the *Coccosteus*,

which Hugh Miller describes as "a Cephalaspis with a scale covered tail attached, and the horns of the crescent-shaped head cut off."

The Cephalaspis, or buckle-headed fish, has been described by Prof. Ansted and Mr. Hugh Miller as having its whole body covered with scales, which varied in shape in different parts and seem to have been disposed in series. But the head was the most singular part of this animal. It has been compared (by the gentlemen quoted above) to the crescent-shaped blade of a saddler's cutting-knife, the body forming the handle. It is extremely broad and flat, extending on each side considerably beyond the body, and the bones appear to have been firmly soldered together, so as to form one shield, the whole head being thus apparently covered by a single plate of enamelled bone, and when seen detached from the body hardly to be distinguished from the head of a trilobite.\* M. Agassiz supposes that the singular shape of the head served as a sort of defence to this animal in case of an attack.

The head and anterior part of the body of the *Pterichthys*, (or winged-fish) are covered with large scutcheons, or bony plates, of angular forms, and fitted nicely to each other. In some respects the *Pterichthys* resembles the *Coccosteus*. The eyes are small, and on each side of the head is a process of considerable length, moving in all directions, and which appears to have been a weapon of defense, like the horns of the bull-head. "From the junction of the head and body there extended that pair of singular paddles or wings from which the genus has been named, and which have been supposed to answer the same purpose as the horns of the Cephalaspis, and defend the animal from the attacks of its enemies."

The mouth of the *Coccosteus* is vertically situated; and its teeth, instead of being detached organs set in the jaw, are cut out of the solid bone in the manner of the teeth in a saw. The upper part of the body was covered by one large plate, and the lower part by four plates of curious shape.

Judging from the fossil remains, the waters during the period we have been consid-

\* Fishes are divided, by M. Agassiz, into four orders: 1. The Ganoids, from the Greek "*ganas*," splendor. 2. The Placoids, from the Greek "*plax*," a shield. 3. The Ctenoids, from the Greek "*ctenos*," a comb. 4. The Cycloids, from the Greek "*cyclos*," a circle.

\* "*The Old Red Sandstone*."—Hugh Miller. Prof. Ansted's *Ancient World*.

ering, must have been full of fishes, with the habits of those now abounding in the seas and oceans. This period seems as full of fishes as the previous period was remarkable for the fragments of corals, shells, and the creatures of inferior organizations.

We come next, in our ascending order, to the Carboniferous formation, which has been styled by Geologists the "Golden Age of the Pre-Adamite World." The earth having now cooled to a "sufficient temperature to promote the growth of plants without being injurious to them, is for the first time clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetums, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew and lived and died in vast and impenetrable forests; while the bulrush and the cane occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal-beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires, and materials for our machinery. Doubtless the Earth then presented a lovely aspect, had it been possible to have beheld it; the mighty forests unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing of the wind; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze; all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing, solitary grandeur."\* There we should find the tapering and elegant form of the *Sigillaria*, the graceful drooping *Calamites*, and towering alone in solitary grandeur, the stately *Altingia* reared its lofty head. There also appears the *Megalichthys*, or great fish. This was an animal of great bulk, and probably of immense strength. It had a large head and powerful jaws, provided with formidable teeth, some projecting beyond the rest, and many of them measuring two inches across the base. Its scales were five inches in diameter, its powerful tail would give it great rapidity in swimming. Judging from its jaws and teeth, it must have been a carnivorous creature of dreadful voracity, and capable of great destruction to the inferior races.

On arriving at the Triassic Series, (or New Red Sandstone formation) we find entirely new orders of vegetables and animals.

\* "Geology and the Bible Consistent," page 297.

This is sometimes called the "Age of Reptiles." The most singular fact connected with this period is, the impression, in the solid rock, of the footsteps of vast numbers and varieties of the Saurian or Lizard tribe, and of gigantic Birds and Tortoises. It is evident from these footmarks that crocodiles and lizards of various forms and gigantic stature roamed through the Earth. Some of the most remarkable of the reptilian animals of this period, are the *Plesiosaurus*, and the *Ichthyosaurus*.

Baron Cuvier asserts the structure of the *Plesiosaurus* to have been the most heteroclite, and its character altogether the most monstrous, that have yet been found amid the ruins of a former world.\* To the head of a *Lizard*, it united the teeth of a *crocodile*; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a *Serpent*; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a *Chameleon*, and the paddles of a *Whale*. The most striking peculiarity in the *Plesiosaurus*, is the great length of its neck; the Giraffe, a very long-necked quadruped, has only seven vertebræ of the neck; but the monster we are speaking of, has no less than thirty and sometimes as many as forty vertebræ. The jaws were large and strong, and armed with upwards of one hundred long, pointed teeth.† It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon, or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach." Some curious particulars respecting these creatures have been obtained in an extraordinary way; namely, by the discovery of fragments and half-digested remains of their food, found in the situation once occupied by the stomach and bowels of some specimens; the animal in these instances having died before its last meal was digested. Nor is this all; for the pellets ejected from the intestines of the *Plesiosaurus* and *Ichthyosaurus* (coprolites)

\* "Cet habitant de l'ancien monde est peut-être la plus hétéroclite et celui de tous qui paroît le plus mériter le nom de monstre."

† Buckland. Bridgewater Treatise.

have been found in vast quantities, and in these are fish scales and fragments of the bones of reptiles.\*

The Ichthyosaurus was a determined and unrelenting enemy to the animal just described. The Ichthyosaurus, or Fish Lizard, has been found in a fossil state from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and ten species are enumerated. This reptile has the head of a Lizard, the vertebrae of a Fish, which were more than a hundred, and the sternum of the Ornithorhynchus as instruments of elevation and depression. Its paddles were composed of a great number of bones, about a hundred, which gave the animal great power in swimming. The tail of this animal was of very great length and strength; its eye was enormously large, being in its longest direction from thirteen to sixteen inches. It had the peculiar construction which enabled it to convert it into a telescope or microscope at pleasure, so that it could see objects at a great distance, either in the water or on land, or objects near by. This creature must have been a powerful swimmer, and its length of vision, tremendous jaw, and short, strong neck, made it a destructive and terrific animal, well qualified for the office for which Providence had designed it. Its prey was followed with certainty, whether near or remote, by night or by day, siezed with wonderful power and crushed in an instant; so that though an executioner, its victims scarcely knew suffering. There is not a creature on earth combining the powers of this fearful animal, and probably not a single creature of his time dared to meet him in combat. He was probably ever in pursuit of prey, devouring it, or contending with his enemies, except when gorged or asleep.†

The Oolitic group derives its name from a kind of limestone conspicuous in it, called Oolite. This group is sometimes included in the Lias formation. The principal marine animals of this group are the Oolitic Coral, (*Astræa*), Star fishes, an extinct genus of sea urchins, (*Cidaris*), the Oolitic Shrimp, (*Megachirus*), the Ammonite and the Belamnite, and a large animal called the Mosaurus. The land animals, however, are the

most interesting creatures of this period. Among them are the Megalosaurus, the Pterodactyl, the Iguanodon, and the Hylæosaurus, or Reptile of the woods.

The fossil remains of the Mosaurus were first found near the city of Maestricht. It was a gigantic animal resembling the Lizard race, and was about twenty-five feet long, with a head four feet long. Its tail was long, and flattened to serve as an oar in propelling the creature through the water. He had four paddles, with which he raised himself at will to the surface of the water.

The Megalosaurus was a huge carnivorous land animal of great voracity and enormous size and strength. In form it must have resembled the Hippopotamus of our day. "It was most likely provided with a true reptilian tail, whose length was considerable, although not so great in proportion as that of existing Crocodiles. His jaws were filled with teeth—strong and powerful cutting instruments, for the fore part was sharp and jagged, and the hind part much thicker and blunt, while ample provision was made for a constant succession during the whole life time of the animal.\*

But by far the most curious and nondescript animal yet described is the Pterodactyl. Mainly a reptile of the Lizard kind, its body possessed some of the characteristics of the Mammalia; it had the wings of a Bat, the neck of a Bird, and a head furnished with long jaws full of teeth, so that in this last part of its organization it bore some resemblance to the Crocodile. "Their eyes were enormously large, so that they could see in the dark and in the water. It was equally able to fly, to creep, or to climb." From their wings, says Dr. Buckland, projected fingers, terminated by long hooks like the curved claw or the thumb of the Bat. Thus, like Milton's fiend, qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.

"The fiend,  
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,  
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

\* Romance of Geology. Chambers.

† The Bible and Geology consistent. Murphy.

\* Prof. Ansted.

With flocks of such creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers, air, sea and land must have been strangely tenanted in those early periods of our infant world.\*

The Iguanodon was a huge animal, of the crocodile species, nearly resembling the Iguana of South America, which lives upon seeds and vegetables. The length of this reptile was about thirty feet, and its body measured *fourteen feet* in circumference! A curious projection resembling a horn grew out of its head. The circumference of its thigh bone is *seven feet*! This is larger than that of the Elephant.

The Hylæosaurus or *Reptile of the Woods* was another reptile of the Lizard kind, and of huge dimensions. The animal, says Prof. Ansted, was probably about fifteen feet long and of a height proportioned to that of the Megalosaurus. It was covered with a scaly armor, the plates being oval or circular, and therefore not fitting one another, but studded in unconnected order over the surface of a tough skin. It has been supposed by Dr. Mantell, that certain broad bones found with the skeleton formed a fringe on the back of the animal, but Prof. Owen has suggested that they may with greater probability, be ribs which defended the abdomen, analogous to a corresponding contrivance in the Ornithorhynchus.†

Passing on now to the *Chalk Period*, we find the land in many places submerged. The fossils are *marine* in their character. Sponges, Corals, Star-fish and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, which must have presented a wild waste of waters, full of living, active creatures. "The sterility and solitude," says Dr. Buckland, "which have been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The ocean is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth, accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families

of low degree which crawl upon the land." We will not stop to describe the fossils peculiar to this formation.

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, undisturbed by earthquakes or other igneous forces. Our planet is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of *Mun*, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals. It is worthy of observation, remarks a very elegant writer on Geology, that at the different periods when the world had attained a state suitable for this existence, the various orders of animal and vegetable life were created. In the "dark ages" of Geological history, when the globe had comparatively subsided from a state of fusion, it was barren, sterile, and uninhabited; next, the waters having become cool enough, some of the lowest orders of shell-fish and zoophytes peopled them; subsequently fishes were formed, and for ages constituted the highest order of animal life; after this we enter upon the age of Reptiles, when gigantic Crocodiles and Lizard-like forms dwelt in fenny marshes, or reposed on the black mud of slow-moving rivers; and we now reach the period when the noblest order of animal life, the class to which Man himself belongs, *Mammalia*, began to people the Earth.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than allude briefly to some of the most interesting animals of this period.

The Dinotherium, or Fearful Great Beast was a quadruped of this period, "remarkable for its magnitude and relation to the elephantine races of the later periods. It probably lived in swamps and morasses. It has been found eighteen or twenty feet long. The body was large, resembling the Hippopotamus. Its legs were nearly *ten feet long*, and yet not raised very high above the ground. Its head was probably seldom raised above the water, and it had a proboscis like an elephant. It had a pair of strong, long tusks, secured by the under jaws and curved downwards, similar to the Walrus. These tusks were probably used as pickaxes to dig vegetables for food, and perhaps to serve as anchors to attach them to the banks of rivers or lakes where they dwelt during

\* Geological Transactions. Vol. III., part I.

† Prof. Ansted's Ancient World.

sleep. It was the largest of all the herbivorous quadrupeds."

Another huge quadruped was the *Great Mastodon*. We have several very complete skeletons of this creature. In height, the *Mastodon* seems to have been about twelve feet, a stature which the Indian Elephant occasionally attains. But the body of the *Mastodon* was greatly elongated in comparison with the Elephant's, and its limbs were thicker. In its structure, except in one point, it resembled that of the Elephant. This was the cheek-teeth, which are divided, on their upper surface, into a number of rounded, obtuse prominences, arranged not like the Elephant's, but like those of the wild-boar and hippopotamus; whence it is concluded, that, like the latter animals, the *Mastodon* must have lived on vegetables, roots, and aquatic plants. The lower jaw of a skeleton found on the Hudson is two feet ten inches in length, and weighs *sixty pounds!*\*

Allied, in some respects to the *Mastodon*, but greatly surpassing him in gigantic stature, was the *Megatherium*, or Great Beast. Let us take a general view of this extraordinary animal, (says Prof. Ansted) whose singularly massive proportions cannot but strike every one with astonishment. Its length is *nineteen feet*, its breadth across the loins nearly *six feet*, its height not more than nine. The general proportions of the body rather resemble those of the Hippopotamus than the Elephant; and the trunk itself, much larger than that of any Hippopotamus is terminated by a pelvis, and by hind extremities nearly three times as large as those of the most gigantic Elephant! The hind legs are provided with feet, set at right angles to the leg, as in the Bear; the heel projects nearly fifteen inches backwards, and the toes, armed with claws, proceed more than twice that distance forwards, so that a proper base is afforded for the massy column, and the whole is able to sustain the weight that once rested upon it. There is also, in addition to the hind legs, a tail more than equal to them in length, and proportionally thick and strong; and this tail must have supported, instead of depending from the broad termination of the

pelvic region. To match these strange proportions of the hinder extremity, we find the fore-legs longer than the corresponding part in the hind limb, but having a perfect mechanism for free motion in all directions. The extremity was terminated by unusually broad expanded feet, of which the proportions, however, are much reduced in appearance, in consequence of the massiveness of the leg itself, already described. The foot is five toed; and the two outer toes were provided with claw bones of great size and strength. The skull of this strange monster was exceedingly small and narrow, and was connected to the trunk by a neck of moderate length. The whole body gradually tapers forward from the enormous pelvis and gigantic head-quarters, which offer a singular contrast to the short neck and slender head. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been very slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary? And what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcass was enclosed in an impenetrable cuirass,\* and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the largest Crocodile?†

The only remaining animals of interest, are the *Mylodon* and the *Megalonyx*. The *Mylodon* was smaller than the *Megatherium*, and somewhat resembles the Sloth, in the form of the skull and teeth. "Its body was shorter than that of the Hippopotamus, but had a pelvis as broad and deeper than an Elephant. It had two short and massive hind legs, very thick and strong. The tail was as long as the legs, and very thick and strong, apparently to support the body on the hinder parts. Naturalists suppose this animal fed on trees, that it first dug around the roots, and pulled the tree down, and fed on the leaves and bark."

The *Megalonyx* received its name from Jefferson, who first described some of its

\* We neglected to say, that a coat of armor, of solid bone, an inch and a half in thickness, covered the back of the *Megatherium*.

† Buckland and Ansted's Ancient World.

\* Romance of Geology, page 27.



bones, and who thought it belonged to an extinct feline tribe of vast size. But the great French naturalist, Baron Cuvier, upon examining one of its claws, immediately pronounced that the animal was herbivorous, after the manner of the sloth. The Megalonyx could not have climbed trees, because of its great weight; but its great height enabled him to reach the leaves of most trees, without the necessity of climbing them. It is even possible that the weight and strength of the creature may have been serviceable in bending down, and perhaps in overturning trees, the branches of which contained his food.†

The World now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs rich with verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses and shrubs, and inward lakes, to which the Elephant, the Megatherium, the huge Dinotherium, and many other extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early period in the history of our planet. Professor Ansted gives a vivid picture of the state of the world at the period just before the creation of man. Our world, says that gentleman, then, perhaps, presented a condition of vegetation (especially in South America) little different from that still characteristic of it; numerous clumps of forest trees were dotted about at intervals, and the intervening country was covered for the most part by rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the half swampy tracts, or in the pools formed by the shifting of the beds of rivers, the Foxadon there dwelt; and over the broad plains the Macrasechenia slowly paced. At one spot numerous bare trunks of trees, stripped of their verdure, rotten, and half decayed, or alive again with the busy tread of millions of ants and other insects, mark the vicinity of the great leaf-eating tribe. The Glyptodon, with his heavy tread, slowly advances under the weight of a thick and cumbersome coat of mail, and finally clears away

the half destroyed vegetation. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic Dinotherium raking and grubbing with its huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools and shallow lakes; or, as Dr. Buckland describes it, sleeping with its head hooked on to the bank, and its nostrils sustained above water so as merely to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface.

But presently the Megatherium himself appears, toiling slowly on, from some great tree recently laid low, and quite stripped of its green covering. The earth groans under the enormous mass; each step bears down and crushes the thickly growing reeds and other plants; but the monster continues to advance towards a noble tree, the monarch of this primeval forest. For a while he pauses before it, as if doubting whether, having resisted the storms of so many seasons, it will yield even to his vast strength. But soon his resolution is taken. Having set himself to the task, he first loosens the soil around the tree to a great depth by the powerful claws on his fore-feet, and in this preliminary work he employs himself for awhile; and now observe him carefully. Marching close to the tree, watch him as he plants his monstrous hind feet carefully and earnestly, the long projecting claw taking firm and deep hold of the ground. This tail is so placed as to rest on the ground and support the body. The hind legs are set, and the animal, lifting itself up like a huge Kangaroo, grasps the tree with its fore legs at as great a height as possible, and firmly grapples it with the muscles of the trunk, while the pelvis and hind limbs, animated by the nervous influence of the unusually large spinal cord, combine all their forces in the effort about to be made. And now conceive the massy frame of the Megatherium convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants; extraordinary must be the strength and proportions of the tree, if when rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant. The tree at length gives way; the animal, although shaken and weary with the mighty effort, at once begins to strip off every green twig. The effort,

† Romance of Geology, page 29.

however, even when successful, was not unattended with danger. The tree in falling would sometimes by its weight crush its powerful assailant, and the bulky animal unable to guide it in its fall, might often be injured by the trunk or the larger branches. To guard against some of this risk, the skull, the most exposed part, is found to exhibit more than usual defence against injury. It is more cellular than is usual with other animals, and the inner and stronger plate is covered with an outer table and intermediate walls, to resist a sudden and violent shock.\*

Meanwhile the waters are not destitute of inhabitants. Here we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-Adamite seas as he now does amidst the icebergs of the Arctic ocean; the Walrus and the Seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical Manati; while the rivers were peopled with gigantic Crocodiles, Turtles and Tortoises. In the forest, troops of Monkeys might be seen skipping lightly from branch to branch in the various trees, or heard mowing and chattering and howling in the deep recesses of the wood. Of the birds, some clothed in plumage of almost tropical brilliancy, were busy in the forests, while others, such as the Eagle and Vulture, hovered over the spots where death had been busy. Gigantic serpents might have been seen insidiously watching their prey. Other serpents in gaudy dress were darting upon the smaller quadrupeds and birds, and insects glittered brightly in the sun. All these indications of life and activity existed, and that, too, not far distant from the spots on which are placed great cities.†

Before we conclude we may add, that many general readers do not perceive the difference between the Geological terms, "*Fossils*," and "*Remains*." The first word is applied to the forms of animals and vegetables which have become *petrified*, stone like. These are always found in the various *secondary* strata, and hence these strata are called "*fossiliferous*." The second word is applied to the bodies or limbs of vegetables and animals which are *not* petrified;

but the bony structure remains, and in rare instances the *flesh* remains, as in the well known case of the body of an extinct species of Elephant, called Mammoth, found embedded in the frozen mud and sand of the river Lena in Siberia, the flesh of which was so completely preserved as to afford food to the days of the Arctic fishermen. These remains are found in the Diluvium or Drift, and Alluvium formation or strata.

These remains of the Elephant have been found in Diluvium and Alluvium, in various parts of Asia, Europe and America, and are particularly interesting. Two species of the *living* elephant are found—the Indian or Asiatic, and the African. The third species is principally found in many parts of America, and is *now extinct*. This is called Mammoth, from an Arabic word (Behemoth) signifying elephant. Several entire carcasses of this extinct species have been found in the United States. One was long known and seen in Peale's Museum in Philadelphia. It was fifteen feet long and eleven feet high. It was found in Orange County, N. Y. The most remarkable locality is at the Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, where a vast number of bones of extinct and living species of animals are to be found. It has been estimated that the bones of one hundred Mastodons, twenty Elephants, two Oxen, two Deer, and one Megalonyx have been carried away. Our readers are reminded that the Elephant is the *genus*, and Mastodon and Mammoth are *species*. The difference between the Mastodon and the Mammoth is in the teeth. The grinders of the Mastodon have elevations or points—those of the Mammoth are flat or smooth. Two large teeth of the Mastodon have been recently found in the side of a hill and at the bottom of a small stream near Washington in Western Pennsylvania. An enormous animal (Sivatherium) has recently been found in India in concretionary Diluvium, longer than the Rhinoceros.

Finally, the science of Geology, has become one of the most important of all the natural sciences. It contributes incalculably to the comforts of life, and to the power, wealth and civilization of man. The metals and all mineral substances which are now used in the Arts, can now be detected by the light of this science, and are not left to

\* Ansted. Professor Owen on the Mylodon—p. 23.

† Picturesque Sketches of Creation.

chance for discovery. Hence, the Government of every civilized country, has been employing Geologists to explore its territory, and their discoveries have added, and will for ages continue to add, incalculably to power and wealth of the State, by additional discoveries of hitherto unknown mineral substances. Most of the States of our Union have employed Geologists for this purpose, and have been in every instance amply repaid.

S. A. L.

*Washington, Pa.*

NOTE. Our object in this article has been to give a popular account of the "Wonders of Geology," and for this purpose, we have freely used all the materials that came in our way.

## DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

LINES FOUND IN A JOURNAL.

Whose was the hand that wrote these lines?  
I know them not: they are to me  
A marvel and a mystery:  
For all my present life combines

With change and alien thoughts to hold  
There written memories not a part  
Of this my sober, tranquil heart,  
Whose pulses beat so measured, cold!

The glories of that other life  
Gone from me surely were most bright,  
And rosy cheeks, flushed with delight  
Were better than this sombre strife

Which cheats the spirit while it brings  
World-fortune; and uproots the ties  
Of nature, who, with all her dyes  
Flies from the heart on darting wings.

I write these lines to place the change  
Before my heart in livelier hues;  
For toil and work and strife confuse,  
And render alien, cold and strange,

That boyish world; so that I know  
Not if I wandered there, or all  
Is not a dream fantastical,  
Such as the mirage draws below.

MAY 8, 1851.

The afternoon is dull and warm,  
My heart is sick, my spirit faint,  
And with these boyish leaves which paint  
A mind which knew no thought of harm

To aught on earth—I strive to bring  
Again that wondrous dream, and cheer  
My spirit cold, though not with fear,  
In dreaming of that bygone spring!

I do not wish to affect a phase  
Of character, which is not true:  
But spite of all I think and do,  
I linger out regardless days.

I wish for freedom, air and love,  
Passionate, meet to stir the heart:  
All round me is made up of art  
It seems—I cannot freely move!

Perhaps this feeling is a fate  
Which all must undergo on earth,  
But would my heart felt not this dearth!  
From melancholy, thought's own mate!

'Tis well: however it may be;  
Perchance these are the waves of life  
That come to all—through gloom and strife;  
March on, O soldier brave, and free!

JUNE 20, 1851.

## A KINGDOM MORTGAGED.

SEQUEL TO "THE LAST DAYS OF GASTON PHCEBUS."

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XVI.

D'ARTHON ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Along the rear of the Bishop's palace, at the height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, extended a wooden portico with a tall balustrade of carved oak representing lyres, fasces, bundles of arrows and frightful heads of devils who grinned perpetually, as if this cynical smile was the only means of discharging the gall of their hearts.

A long row of elms threw over the whole a raying shadow.

On this porch and next to a demon more hideous than his brethren, stood Alice de Roye on the evening the events of which we have just related.

We were wrong in saying that she stood, for she leaned upon the tall balustrade, thus displaying the undulating lines of her slender figure in all their girlish beauty.

She had remained thus for some time, gazing at the stars which struggled to preserve their light before the wild splendor of the moon, and deeply immersed in thought, when a flash of light from the garden beneath attracted her attention.

She leaned over and saw Evan who had come with that strange infatuation of lovers

to gaze on the windows of the apartment which he had discovered to be Alice's.

The Knight came beneath the portico and whispered, "Alice."

"Evan," uttered in the same tone told the Knight that he had been recognized.

"How can I reach you, dear Alice?"

"I don't think it is possible, Evan," said Alice shaking her head, "we must speak to each other as we are."

"At this distance?"

"Yes, Evan."

"Wait."

"What are you going to do?"

"In one moment I will be on that seat at your side."

"Up here!"

"Yes, by this tree."

And suiting the action to the word, Evan threw off the cloak which he had put on for concealment, and agile as a wild cat, began to climb the jagged trunk of one of the elms which shaded the portico.

It is well known that lovers are a class especially favored by that omnipotent Goddess whom the ancients painted blindfold and seated on her ever turning wheel.

Thus it happened that Evan whose eyes were fixed on his mistress above, and not on the earth below, traversed the most slender boughs without slipping, and with one vigorous bound reached the portico where Alice awaited him, trembling with love, fear and timidity.

It is a picture for an artist.

Alice is seated under the spreading boughs through which the moonlight pierces as if Diana from the heights of heaven looked curiously down.

Evan sits at her feet, his head resting upon her knees, and thus they converse:

"Alice, I have come to bid you good-bye."

"What Evan!"

"I leave Tours to-morrow or the next day."

"Leave Tours!"

"I have come here in spite of myself to make myself miserable for the last time. I shall never see you again."

The young woman said nothing, but her cheeks which had filled with blood at Evan's

first words became suddenly pale, and this pallor did not change or disappear.

"You do not reply, Alice."

Alice lowered her head and large tears rolled down from her eyes.

"Do you love me?" said Evan. "Does my departure give you pain?"

"Yes."

"Oh sweet word! How happy one is to be loved by so pure a heart. Oh D'Arthon! D'Arthon you are very unfortunate."

"What do you say Evan, D'Arthon?"

"Yes, do you know him, he whom you met in Auvergne?"

"Your friend?"

"One of my dearest. Well, D'Arthon denies the existence of true love, he scoffs at a woman's constancy, he says that all are false."

"What has made him so distrustful Evan?" asked Alice without disdain or anger.

"He has never told me."

"Some woman has deceived him."

"Oh a woman's treachery could never have affected his heart so deeply—it is of bronze."

"She made it so"

"Oh, I begin to think it is the truth. Such a fate would kill me or make me a monster."

Alice held down her head.

"You weep!" said Evan.

"I shall betray your love."

"Alice!" Evan's eyes flashed.

"Hugh de Guisay," said Alice in a broken voice.

"Oh heaven!" cried Evan, striking his forehead, "speak not to me of that man! Must his abhorred image ever come like a spectre to chill my blood. Alice, I will kill that man!"

Then feeling from his knowledge of her character that Alice would never marry him if his hands were steeped in the blood of her betrothed, he continued in a bitter tone, "Poverty, cursed poverty! with not a castle to carry my wife to in defiance of the world! Ah besotted fool, not to accept the offers of the Count D'Armagnac who presented to my eyes so glorious a future."

"Now I might have been Count of Foix, and Hugh de Guisay would never have dared to prosecute his charms, he would have broken his engagements, for he is a coward."

And this is the consequence of honesty! for this I chose the spurs of a Knight in preference to the coronet of an earl unjustly obtained. Honesty! honesty! cursed honesty!"

"He could not break his engagement Evan; he has sworn to my father—when he was on his death bed—to marry me at eighteen. I was seventeen a month ago, and rather than disobey my father's last wishes, I will all my life be miserable."

"And you will be miserable Alice! you will lead the life of the damned who have worked their own misery!"

"Evan, you are cruel!" said Alice, sobbing.

The Knight felt his rage disappear before these faltering words. He looked at Alice in silence for an instant, two large tears rolled down his face, and imprinting a last kiss upon her lips, he climbed over the balustrade and dropped to the ground.

Just as he entered the shade he turned round. Alice was watching him with clasped hands and eyes unnaturally fixed.

Evan went out at the little gate at which he had entered, and slowly took his way back to the inn.

He had gone perhaps a hundred yards with his head bent down, his face half concealed in his cloak, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, when just as he passed an old house half in ruins, three men rushed out and attacked him.

These men were evidently ruffians.

Evan threw off his cloak, wrapped it round his left arm and drew his sword.

This combat was almost pleasing, as tearing the flesh is resorted to by unfortunates to divert the agony of their minds.

Evan received in his cloak two of the three passes made at him with poniards. He turned aside the third with his sword and wounded his enemy in the breast, but while he was engaged with this one the two others closed with him, wrenched the weapon from his hand and bore him to the ground.

"Die! die!" they exclaimed.

"Off!" said Evan, "I have no money dogs!"

The ruffian was feeling if he had a coat

of mail. Evan writhed like a tiger caught in a net.

"I have no money I say, what do you want?"

"Your life," replied the ruffian aiming a blow at his shoulder, or rather his heart.

Evan by a violent wrench of his body evaded the stroke which would have been his death and the dagger point was blunted against the pavement.

At the same instant Evan felt his legs released, then the one who knelt upon his breast bowed his head to the very ground beneath a stroke on the head and Evan rose up.

He saw D'Arthon sword in hand; the Knight was calm, but the point of his weapon was bloody, for it had just nailed a man to the ground.

Two of the ruffians took to their heels and disappeared in the ruins before they could be followed. The third lay on the ground praying.

"Who are you?" said D'Arthon.

"Bonaventure, Bonaventure! my Lord, bring me a priest for the love of heaven!"

"Why did you attack this gentleman?"

"A priest, a priest, for the love of Christ!"

D'Arthon folded his arms.

"You shall not have a priest until you speak and tell me what I ask," he said.

"Oh God, I am dying!"

"Who engaged you; for you are a bravo."

"Yes! yes! oh a priest—a—"

"Who pays you?"

"The Duke—"

A gurgling was heard. The bravo was dead. D'Arthon turned round.

"And now Evan are you hurt?" said he.

"No; my God! how did you come so opportunely?"

"Ah I have been near for some time."

"Ah I am weak, and these men have bruised me."

"Come then, we will go and get a doctor."

"Pshaw! In a day I shall be well. Look!"

And Evan set off walking, after picking up his sword, followed by D'Arthon pale and gloomy.

They arrived at the hostelry without having exchanged a single word.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW WITH THE HELP OF A FLORIN, D'ARTHON DECIDED A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

The Duke of Berri had not deceived Sir Espaing when he assured him that his suit was already gained; for from the moment that the uncle of the King and one of the greatest nobles of the Kingdom appeared in the council as the advocate of the Viscount de Chateaubon, or speaking more properly, to the councillors, every difficulty disappeared.

On the very next day Sir Espaing was notified that the council only awaited his appearance to decide in his favor.

Sir Espaing went and spoke exactly ten minutes, at the end of which he sat down and the cause was decided immediately in his favor. On the same evening a decree of the King acknowledged the Viscount's claim on Foix and five minutes after this paper was brought to Sir Espaing's lodgings by a lackey of the Duke's, he went away bending under the weight of three bags attached to his girdle.

It was the sop of Cerberus.

This all powerful paper obtained, the Knight signified to his companions that there was no longer any reason for their stay at Tours.

Accordingly at nine o'clock in the morning, Sir Espaing, Sir Roger and Evan had girded on their swords, strapped their valises tight to the saddle and taken their stirrup cup.

They waited for D'Arthon.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed, no D'Arthon.

Evan went and opened the door of his room.

The chevalier was seated at a table with a pitcher of wine before him, and balancing on the tip of his finger a florin piece.

His eyes had the look of a man who ruminates deeply.

"Ho there D'Arthon, they are waiting for you below, come my friend!" said Evan.

"Messire Espaing and Messire Roger?"

"Yes, they set out to-day. You know it. What are you doing?"

"Thinking," said D'Arthon laconically.

Evan looked at him more attentively.

D'Arthon saw it. He smiled.

"I am not drunk," said he.

"Well, come."

"Wait an instant, what do you think of chance?"

"I don't understand."

"Chance, my dear chevalier. Throwing dice for instance to decide whether you shall take poison or plunge a poniard into your breast."

"Decidedly D'Arthon, I begin to think that Master Jacques' wine has been too strong for you."

"Bah, did you ever see me drunk?"

"I confess I never did, you're a stout drinker. But come, come, they are waiting for you, dear D'Arthon."

"But your opinion of the chance system, you have not told me." D'Arthon pointed to the florin.

"I think it fit to decide whether Venus had red or black hair and that is all."

"Ho, ho, I am of a different opinion."

"Well dear friend, come let us go."

"I think differently," continued D'Arthon, "and as I wish to state my ideas on this subject, go and tell Sir Espaing and his companion that I beg them to come and see me in my room."

"Are you jesting?"

"Ah Evan I have lost the faculty of jesting. I thought you had perceived it. Come, do as I ask?"

"Desire Messire Espaing and Sir Roger to come and see you."

"Does it give you trouble? I will then go myself."

"Not at all. Wait."

And Evan went out and in a moment returned with the two Knights.

"What's this Evan tells us chevalier?" said Espaing.

"The truth Messieurs, I wish to speak with you."

"On chance, dice?"

"No, not precisely, 'tis a florin at present."

The Knights looked at each other as Evan had looked at D'Arthon on entering the room.

"Speak chevalier," they said.

D'Arthon arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "has it never

struck you that a bad understanding existed between myself and Messire de Chateaubon?"

"Yes," said Espaing, "I have observed it. 'Tis a favorable sign."

"And I also," said Sir Roger, "'tis a pity."

"Well gentlemen," continued D'Arthon, "I shall not return to Orthez or even to Bearne, it is disagreeable to live at the court of an enemy."

"Not return?" said Evan, "dear D'Arthon, you are jesting."

D'Arthon smiled with affection. It was the third since their acquaintance.

"Yes, I repeat it," he said, "I shall hereafter live at Paris, Tours, Strasbourg, or Rome. Which shall it be?"

"Chevalier," said Espaing, "you have then made up your mind, you will not return?"

"Parbleu" said D'Arthon.

"And where will you live?"

"I have just said that this was a matter of some doubt. I incline towards Paris."

"How will you live?" said Evan, "come D'Arthon, give up this idea. My cousin of Chateaubon will love you for my sake."

The Knight smiled ironically.

"Evan," said he, "you are a Bearnese and you are intelligent as all of them are. But Messire your cousin is an Arab, a Jew; that is to say, he is the most subtil man in the world. He is too deep for you or any man of twenty under heaven. We are enemies, we will remain so."

Alas! it is true," said Evan.

"Well gentlemen," continued D'Arthon, "since you have come, I have decided one point. I shall live at Paris. Now for the other."

"What other?" asked Espaing.

"Which I shall serve, King Charles or the Duke of Burgundy."

"King Charles of course" said Sir Roger.

"No, the Duke Philip," said Sir Espaing.

"Serve no one," said Evan, "come back with us to Bearne. I cannot give you up."

"Many thanks dear Chevalier," said D'Arthon, "but 'tis impossible. I must serve some one, not from the *res angusta* as Horace says, but because I need something

to occupy my thoughts and my time. If I lived *en grand seigneur*, I would sleep all day, walk all night, and drink always."

"Well then, let it be Philip the Hardy," said Sir Espaing "he will give you work."

"Ah Sir Espaing, I do not agree with you," said Sir Roger, "the king! the king, by all means."

"See now gentlemen, I am a prophet and I am as wise as King Solomon. I foresaw this difficulty and I provided for it."

"Oh I see now!" said Sir Roger laughing.

"Yes, the coin decides the affair. Come I always had a predilection for chance since I heard of a judge in my country throwing dice to determine a great cause which had been in the court for twenty years. 'Tis simple, all great things are simple."

"Come then," said Espaing, who never attempted to controvert a decision once made, of whatever nature, "toss up."

"D'Arthon took the florin and balanced it on the point of his forefinger and the bend of his thumb.

"Ho," said Sir Espaing, "what's the King and what's the Duke."

"I arranged that," replied D'Arthon, "you see here a sheep or lamb and a crowned head. Well the first is King Charles, the latter Duke Philip."

"The King a sheep, and Philip crowned!" said Roger.

"A sheep or a lamb as I said chevalier, and as the Duke is a sort of regent, the arrangement is quite proper."

And saying, "If the head falls up I serve the Duke, if under the King," D'Arthon tossed up the florin.

The bright coin turned a dozen times in the air and fell with the crowned head up."

"The Duke," said D'Arthon. "I must go at once and present myself."

"Farewell, then chevalier," said the two Knights. And without further delay they went towards their horses. Evan remained behind.

"D'Arthon," said he, "is this which I have witnessed, some jesting mummery? Can it be that you thus break all ties with us in Bearne?"

A shadow crossed D'Arthon's brow and he drew back shuddering.

"Yes Evan," he said, "I leave my friends of Bearne."

"And me?" said Evan with tears in his eyes.

D'Arthon pressed his hand and said :

"Alas you too!"

"You have just saved my life--has it not endeared me to you?"

"Oh, that was nothing, God is my witness!" cried D'Arthon, unable to control himself, "embrace me Evan! embrace me and go!"

Evan fell into his arms. D'Arthon shuddered and repulsed him.

"What! D'Arthon! you tremble--you!"

"I have a chill!" he muttered, and pressing the young man in his arms added, "we meet again!"

Thus they parted.

Five minutes afterwards the three Knights followed by their attendants were on the way to Bearne, by the city of Poitiers.

Evan with his hands hanging down, thought of D'Arthon and Alice. Sir Roger was reading a little note on parchment, with deep sight—Sir Espaing was fixing the King's decree in such a manner as to prevent the seal from being broken.

Such were the events which attended the redemption of the Kingdom of Foix.

## THE LADY ANNABEL.

BY GEO. E. SENSENEY.

A dirge and a knell! I remember well  
That fair picture in the hall,  
With the wondrous grace as it would tell  
The peerless beauty of Annabel,  
The hope and the pride of all.

Of the baron young it hath been sung  
That he never was seen to smile,  
From the eve the bell in the tower rung,  
And the vassals, with heads in sorrow hung,  
Strode down the abbey aisle.

Of the baron bold it hath been told  
That he lingered a year and a day,  
When the abbot his pious masses dol'd,  
And Annabel, all pale and cold,  
In the dim old chancel lay.

For many a day the castle gray  
Stood up in its feudal might:  
Or many a day it seemed to say,

The glories of old have passed away;  
The lady and mailed knight.

The dappled fawn that fled on the lawn,  
The antlered stag in the glen,  
Have vanished like golden mists of dawn,  
And the hunters all clad in green are gone;  
The sports and the sturdy men.

Ah! pleasant to see was the greenwood tree,  
And the tilt beneath the sky;  
But all things pleasant have ceased to be,  
The lance is shivered and on the lea  
The waving grass grows high.

A dirge and a knell! I remember well  
That fair picture in the hall:  
But hushed are the voices that loved to tell  
Of the gay and the beautiful Annabel,  
And silence is over all.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. Roane.]

BOOK SIXTH.

Religion, how great is thy power! For how many virtues are men indebted to thee! Happy is that mortal who penetrated with thy sublime truths finds in thy bosom a perpetual asylum against vice; a refuge against adversity. While fickle fortune smiles on his innocent desires, while the current of his life flows smoothly, thou augmentest its beauty and addest a new charm to the benefits he confers upon his fellow creatures by exalting the joy of a virtuous action. The severity itself is a benefit, since by taking from happiness only what would corrupt it, thou forbiddest us to love the things upon which we ought not to place our affections. But if misfortune oppresses a soul obedient to thy sacred laws, it is then that thou art its firmest support. Without encouraging insensibility, which nature makes impossible, thou teachest us to bear the evil which afflicts us, and thou dwellest in anguished hearts, to calm their lost agony by presenting the hope of the world to come.

The noble and pious Isabel found in her religion, strength to sustain her in her misfortunes. Filled with grief, for the loss of her son-in-law, for the despair of her daughter, for the ill-success of her arms, she took

refuge in the bosom of her God, and God inspired her to think only of her people. The unhappy mother confided to Seraphina and Leocadia, the widow of Alfonso and caused them to be conducted to Jaen. Freed from this care, she ceased to weep; and addressed the following words to her husband and the principal chiefs assembled around her.

"Companions in other times of my glory, but now of my misfortunes, you to whom I am indebted for so many triumphs, whom fortune has betrayed but once, you already perceive the sad effects of the unexpected attack of the infidels. Thousands of Spaniards have perished by their hands; our magazines are consumed, our encampment burned, the enemy elated by success repose in tents in front of our ramparts and we keep watch sword-in-hand, over the ensanguined ashes of a destroyed camp. It now becomes necessary to choose, valiant Spaniards, either a dishonorable peace, which will cover the Christian name with shame, or a heroic constancy which will restore us our honor. And what is the occasion, Just Heaven! to think even of a disgraceful peace, when an overflowing treasury relieves me of the pain of new taxation, when my marriage with Ferdinand has doubled my power and the number of my troops, when discord leads the Moors to their own ruin. A cruel and coward King totters upon the throne he has usurped—the Abencerrages have abandoned the perfidious and ferocious tyrant. France is my ally—Africa trembles at my name—my fleet infests their seas—Gonsalvo at last is about to return. What occasion more favorable has ever offered to liberate Spain and avenge eight centuries of wrongs. Friends, I desire more than you, the quietude of peace. I know that the greatest blessing bestowed by a good Sovereign is the repose of the nation; I desire to secure it, for my descendants. They may have more than I, the talents and great virtues which secure the prosperity of States, but perhaps they may not have the worthy heroes, whom I possess to conquer for them. I know the extent of our loss; I see all the misfortunes which afflict us. It is, but a short time, since the Mussulmans had yet more need of pity. Desperation has saved

them. The sight of their camp had dispirited our army; a grand enterprize will dispirit them now. They have formed a camp—I desire to build a city, whose walls shall brave the walls of Granada and announce that this land is henceforth our country." She spoke and the chiefs astonished, remained silent. Ferdinand himself dared not applaud her bold designs. Isabel with the eloquence of courage and wisdom, explained and developed her plans. The inexhaustible quarries—the thick groves which surrounded Granada, the rivers which wind through the vallies would furnish abundantly the materials for constructing a city. A hundred thousand arms employed in labor, guarded by twenty thousand warriors, come take possession of the site destined for this city and under the shelter of towers could build the habitations of the citizens. Masters of the roads of Andalusia, they could easily possess themselves of those of Granada and the Moors, if defeated in the neighborhood of a strongly fortified city inhabited by veteran soldiers, would lose all hope of throwing off the yoke of the conquerors.

Ferdinand, Lara and the chiefs yielded to these reasons, and in honor of Isabel desired to name the city after the august queen.

"This homage would be dear to me," she modestly replied, "but I do not merit the honor. We all fight for the faith, to extend its empire these walls are about to be raised. Let us name the city Santa Fé and this name will secure its duration."

All were now anxious to comply with the desires of Isabel. The queen selected the site and in her presence the foundations of the walls were laid. Couriers were despatched to Castile, Valencia and throughout Andalusia to order the collection of provisions, soldiers and laborers. The king of Aragon securely entrenched, feared no new attack; the army set about the work, and Lara was inwardly rejoiced, as this enterprize would give time for the return of Gonsalvo.

Gonsalvo had begun to recover his health and strength. The beauty of youth had returned to his countenance, and the paleness which remained, became a new charm in the eyes of her, who was not ignorant of its

cause. Zulema, who was ever at his side, often asked him of his birth, his country and his exploits. The hero lowered his eyes and made no reply. The Princess would not insist, but his silence and the unsatisfactory information derived from Pedro, disturbed her happiness. Many days flew by and each morning the amiable Zulema conducted Gonsalvo, supported on her arm, to the shade of an orange grove. There seated on the bank of a crystal rivulet, they enjoyed the happiness of being together, improved those sweet moments so precious to lovers, where nothing is unimportant, where contradictions ever are understood, where there is an affectation of speaking of indifferent subjects without touching upon the only one which is interesting. The beauty of the site, the calmness of the air, the perfume of the flowers, falling in festoons upon their heads, the murmur of the rapid waters which flowed by their feet over sands of gold, the buzzing of bees, all augmented the sweet languor which possessed them. A profound silence, often cut short a conversation which had been but just begun. Their eyes often met and then immediately turned aside. At times, a tear, a sigh from Zulema, encouraged Gonsalvo to ask some question which remained without answer and Gonsalvo dared not complain but with sighs. On such occasions Zulema fearful of an avowal of love, which she always expected, would take her lute and sing to the hero some mournful romance of Granada. Gonsalvo would listen in tears to the sad story. He fixed his eyes upon the Princess but spoke not; his tears and his expression explained his sentiments. Zulema was equally pensive. The hero seemed still to listen to her song. Embarrassed and rejoiced at the emotion she had occasioned, she concealed with one hand the blushes which covered her cheeks and with the other again sounded the chords of the lute, which augmented the tender melancholy and sweet intoxication of their feelings. Nothing at such times could equal the charm, the attraction, the luxury of this mutual silence, which allowed to both the privilege of feeling, of enjoying their sentiments and of communicating without speaking them. In this manner Gonsalvo and Zulema passed the days in pleasure and hap-

piness, each blaming the other for not confiding their secrets. Gonsalvo concealed that he was Gonsalvo, and Zulema dared not reveal a mysteay not less important. Each feared to incur the aversion of the other. This fear was its own punishment, and at length both resolved on the same day to avow all they had concealed.

"Princess," said the hero, when he found himself alone with her, "doubtless I will this day lose the sweet friendship which your heart has thought proper to bestow upon me; but I would rather lose your favor than deceive you. Know that I have a thousand times wished to discover it to you, but my heart has always failed me, and even now I am undecided when I think, that in a moment you will perhaps abhor and drive from your presence him who cannot live without you, him who since the first day he saw you has felt a fire burning in his soul."

"Sir," answered Zulema, fearing a declaration of love which she was willing he should feel but which she did not wish to hear, "honor and life I owe you and I believe that to you, Granada will soon be indebted for its liberty. Such things will assure you from me, the gratitude which virtue prescribes and which is inseparable from it. My father will soon arrive and will learn that your valor has saved his daughter; his friendship and that of Almanzor, will be the reward of this favor, and would Heaven, that ties more tender might unite us forever. This is the desire most grateful to my heart. But it is already time to declare the secret of which my father is ignorant and which Almanzor himself has never known. Only to you will I entrust it and having heard it, perhaps you will cease to love me."

Gonsalvo with pallid countenance did not doubt but that the beautiful Moorish girl had bestowed her heart upon some rival. In trembling and silence, he awaited the sentence and the princess was about to continue when a slave came to inform her that her father, Muley-Hassan, had arrived, accompanied by two warriors. Zulema left Gonsalvo to receive her father. The old man embraced her with tears in his eyes.

"At last you are restored to me," exclaimed he, "at last, at last I hold you in my arms. I would have died, Zulema, if



your absence had been longer. I learned from your slave, that the impious Alamar had sent his soldiers to seize you; I went out each day in search of you, with the valiant Zeir, chief of the Abencerrages, the brave Omar whom you here see and the generous Velid who will soon arrive. These loyal friends the only ones who remain to us, have scoured our mountains and plains in search of you. They have accompanied me to this place, where I again see my beloved daughter and find a consolation for all my misfortunes."

Zulema embraced him, related the motive of her precipitate flight and how the minions of Alamar had conducted her to a ship, that an African Prince whom Heaven had sent to her aid in the midst of a tempest, alone against a multitude of enemies, had liberated her from their control.

"Where is he," asked Muley, "where is he who saved the life of my daughter—who has saved my own life?"

The princess was rejoiced to find such tender sentiments and called Gonsalvo; he had scarcely appeared when Muley threw himself into his arms.

"My dear benefactor," said he, inundating him with tears, 'you have returned me my Zulema. How can I sufficiently thank you? Ah! in other times I was a king and possessed a crown; I might then perhaps have been able to recompense you. But I have it no longer—I have lost it and there only remains to me a grateful heart."

The hero kindly received his caresses—he blushed at the praise which the old man had bestowed upon him—replied respectfully to the father of his beloved, and looking confusedly upon the young Abencerrages, imagined he beheld his rival in them. Omar and Zeir gazed at him and the recital of what he had done, filled their hearts with a secret envy. Seeing him by the side of Zulema disturbed them, but their generosity could not deny the just praise which was due him. The hero was annoyed by their applause. Zulema listened with lowered eyes, and her blushes and embarrassment confirmed both the Abencerrages and Gonsalvo in what their hearts already feared. While each resigned himself to sad and melancholy thoughts, the princess who had seen

at a glance the heart of the hero, conducted Muley and the Abencerrages to the palace, and then sought an opportunity to speak to Gonsalvo and terminate with one word the misery she saw he was suffering; but Muley detained her, pressing her hand upon her breast. He was ignorant of the last exploits of Almanzor and spoke to Gonsalvo of the danger which threatened Granada—of the hopes he had formed from his valor. Gonsalvo, with eyes fixed upon Zulema and the Abencerrages, scarcely responded to his questions and the two Moors remained silent.

Night had already veiled the earth, when Zulema, her father and their guests, seated upon Persian carpets, near a fountain of limpid water in the centre of a marble court took together the last repast of the day. At that time Velid arrived from Malaga and appeared in their midst.

"King of Granada," said he, "the information I bring is important, since I come to announce an enemy more formidable than Alamar. Your daughter is saved, but your country is lost. Gonsalvo has returned from Fez and is now on our shores."

On hearing the name of Gonsalvo, terror was depicted in the face of Muley. Omar and Zeir arose; the princess by an involuntary movement drew near to her liberator.

"Hear me," pursued Velid, "an African ship has just arrived in port. This ship has been sent in pursuit of Gonsalvo, who escaped by night from the ambuscade prepared for him by Seid. The captain of the ship informs us that the frail bark which bore this warrior has undoubtedly arrived on this coast, since the attendants of the Castilian who were permitted to depart from Fez, waited for him in vain for some days on the Algesira. Companions! the day to avenge and to save our country has arrived. Let us seek this formidable Spaniard, each one of us challenge him to the combat and the lance of an Abencerrage may free Granada from its scourge."

He spoke: Omar and Zeir applauded, Zulema trembled, Gonsalvo smiled.

"Friends," interrupted Muley, "this important occasion shall put an end forever to your rivalry. Each of you has long solicited my beloved Zulema, all are worthy of her, but until now her heart has shown no

preference. Glory shall to-day decide that which love has not decided. Go in search of Gonsalvo, attack him, each one singly as becomes an Abencerrage, and the conqueror shall be the husband of Zulema."

The three warriors threw themselves at the feet of Muley, who turning to his daughter, asked her consent.

Zulema was silent—directed a glance towards Gonsalvo, whose eyes were fixed on the ground—doubted, hesitated and at last blushing and confused replied:—"Father," said she, "I am not ignorant that I depend upon you, and my submission will always equal my affection. I esteem, I love the Abencerrages; their fidelity to my father is a title to my respect, but though I shall always remember your obligations to them, can I forget what I owe to this generous stranger? I am not ashamed to avow that he loves me; his virtues and his valor render him worthy of being the rival of the noble Abencerrages. Like them, he pretends to my hand, like them, he may conquer Gonsalvo and I consent to be the reward of this difficult enterprize, if my father and these warriors permit him also to attempt it." Thus spoke Zulema, who was fearful of having said more than she ought. The old man approved the design of his daughter and Gonsalvo, mute and motionless, waited for Zeir to answer.

"Your gratitude is proper," said the Chief of the Abencerrages, "and the love of this valiant stranger ought not to offend or surprise us. We accept him for a companion, and if he proves the victor, it may grieve us, but we will not envy him. This passion does not defile the hearts where you hold empire. But Gonsalvo has long been our mortal enemy; he has never offended this warrior; the combat with the Spaniard belongs rather to us and as chief of my tribe, I demand to be the first to engage this Castilian."

"Zeir" answered Gonsalvo, striving to be calm, "be at ease—I promise that you shall be the first. To-morrow morning at break of day, we will start on the road. I swear that you shall be confronted with Gonsalvo and without disputing your rank, I venture to promise that all shall be satisfied."

The haughty Abencerrages manifested sur-

prize at hearing these words, but the prudent Muley cut short the discourse. The four warriors promised to be ready at break of day. They immediately retired to repose.

Gonsalvo was too restless to sleep. The love of the three Abencerrages, the fear that one of them might be beloved in turn, the secret the princess was about to reveal, when the arrival of Muley had interrupted their conversation, all the fears which love invents, occupied his heart. Agitated by a thousand thoughts, he desired to see Zulema for a moment to take leave of her, to find success or be disappointed in all of his hopes. He arose from his bed, left the palace and by the brightness of the moon directed his steps to a thick grove of myrtle. Zulema equally unquiet, frightened by the great danger in which her deliverer had been placed by herself, fearing the arm of Gonsalvo which she regarded as invincible, thought that impenetrable armor would at least be of assistance in the fight. She requested of her father the ancient armor, which Muley in former times had taken from the valiant Count of Limancas and had placed as a monument of his glory in the Mosque of Malaga. The old man consented. Four slaves received orders to bring a beautiful African courser which had pastured in the spring on the shores of the sea. All was ready by the dawn of day. Zulema restless and uneasy, sought solitude; and chance or rather love conducted her to the same grove, to which Gonsalvo had directed his steps.

Under the shade of a lofty tree they met; both were surprised.

"What! is it you?" said the enamoured Gonsalvo. "Am I permitted again to see you and to bid you adieu for the last time, to swear to you that your adored image will remain ever in my heart—that I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the happy moments passed by the side of Zulema."

"What do I hear?" interrupted the princess. "Do you believe that you will fall in the encounter with Gonsalvo? What! that hero, whom I have seen singly commit such terrible carnage among a troop of enemies, whom I have seen triumph over a multitude of barbarians! Does he believe himself already conquered by this Spaniard? Ah! I reproach myself for having exaggerated his

glory. What would I have said, if I had described you in the ship, in the midst of the tempest, destroying with your scimeter those formidable Africans? Gonsalvo has never performed so brilliant an exploit. If he had witnessed it, he would have trembled in your presence! Prince, you go to fight in the same cause, and the reward will be greater. Forget not that my hand awaits you. Forget not that marriage will unite us forever. I conceal nothing now; for you alone I am interested. You take with you my heart, my hope, my happiness. If victory abandons you, Zulema desires not to survive; my life you are going to defend. Reserve perhaps should prompt me to defer this confession; but Gonsalvo must be conquered. Hatred to this Spaniard and the gratitude I owe to you, will not permit me to dissemble. Attack this warrior, whom opinion alone makes invincible—free my country from its greatest enemy, and remember if victory follows the favored lover, you only can conquer him."

She ceased and was surprised to see that the hero heard her calmly. Silence prevailed; Gonsalvo, with lowered head—vacillating between fear and joy, dared not risk his happiness by the utterance of a single word. But to deceive her he adored, to dissemble to her who had possession of his soul, was a torment greater than fear. He threw himself at the feet of Zulema—drew his sword and presented it to her. "You abhor Gonsalvo," said he, "and desire to put an end to his life—Ah! do not trust to other hands that which your own can do. Pierce yourself the heart of this detested enemy. The unhappy Gonsalvo who saved your life, is at your feet. It is he who has adored you, since first he saw you, near the Alhambra. It is he who, until now, has gloried in the name which victory perhaps has embellished—has trembled to pronounce it in your hearing and a thousand times would rather be the most unknown of men that he might not be the object of your hatred."

The princess was confused as if she were deceived by a dream. Gonsalvo had ceased to speak, but she could not reply. She gazed by the light of the moon, at that warrior so great, so famous, whom she fancied she saw for the first time. She fixed her eyes

upon the steel which he humbly presented, and was surprised at herself, that she could hear the name of Gonsalvo without horror. Still doubting if it were he who spoke so blandly, she interrogated the hero at last, who related to her the manner in which he had left Africa and why the faithful Pedro thought it necessary to conceal his name.

"This," added he, "is the important secret I wished to communicate this morning when your father came and offered your hand as the reward for my head. Spare those three warriors the efforts which are more easy to you; avenge your country and punish an unhappy man for having dared to love you."

"Gonsalvo," answered the princess after a long and mournful silence, "My heart always teaches me my duty; it never has deceived me; it will be my only guide in my danger now. But first I must merit your noble confidence by declaring what I was about to discover to you before the arrival of my father. At last know Zulema. I am a christian; Gonsalvo! you alone know the secret. Reared by my worthy mother, my soul adopted her creed. In her last moments, I promised her to die faithful to its worship; nothing can make me fail in a vow so sacred. You make it more sacred still to me, by causing me to feel for the second time in my life, how pleasant it is, to adore the God worshipped by a beloved object. But believe not, that my religion or my love will make me forget one single moment either my country or my father. No! Gonsalvo, judge me better—I owe you all! I love you, and this sentiment will endure always. No other mortal will ever be the spouse of Zulema. I swear it to you, by the God of Heaven! But receive also the oath that my hand will never be given to the enemy of Granada. Zulema will always think of you—weep for you—will suffer everything to preserve her faith, but while this fatal war endures, hope not to obtain from me, any evidence of affection. Go! Gonsalvo! go! perform your duty, as I wish to perform mine. Go! assist your companions. Honor demands it, and Zulema would not expose you to vacillate between her and honor. One favor only I exact of you and ask from your love—it would

be criminal to deny me. You well know how much I respect, how much I love Almanzor my brother, who is in fact now yours. Avoid always, avoid an impious combat, which would inspire me with horror; which would render us implacable enemies. We enemies! Ah! Gonsalvo! a mortal chill creeps over me in pronouncing it. Adieu! adieu! my deliverer. My husband! my only friend! Employ with your sovereigns, the credit which such services, which such virtues ought to give, to reestablish the peace, of which my hand will be the reward. Until this desired moment have confidence in me, be faithful,—remember Zulema, sometimes . . . . Zulema will often weep when far from you."

Saying this, she desired to leave, but the hero detained her—threw himself at her feet, promised a thousand times to live and die for her, and to regard Almanzor always as his beloved brother. Zulema accepted the promise and sobbing, again took leave. She gave him the purple veil which bound her beautiful hair and with anguished heart—face bathed in tears, went off to hide her grief. Gonsalvo divided in feeling, between the regret of leaving her he loved and the happiness of finding himself beloved, pressed against his breast the veil of Zulema, formed of it a sash, covered it with kisses and delivered himself up to the flattering hope, that peace might be established between the rival nations. He was impatient to be in the fields—to labor to this intent—to use persuasion with Isabel to protect the Moorish prisoners—and to send them back to Zulema.

At this time the east began to redden and he thought of the Abencerrages; he awakened the faithful Pedro and ordered him to prepare for departure. Two slaves soon came to place at his feet the magnificent presents of the princess. Armor of resplendent steel protected his entire body. A casque crowned with red plumes covered his head. His light round shield, armed with a sharp point, had for a device a Phoenix and the words—"It has no equal." Gonsalvo hung his sword by the veil of Zulema, fastened to the shoulder by a buckle of gold. He seized his ponderous lance and conducted by the old man, approached

the horse which was in waiting. The animal neighed and raised his head. His long mane flowed to his knees, his eyes sparkling with fire, seemed to gaze at his master—his nostrils emitted a thick smoke. Gonsalvo leaped upon his back and the animal feeling the weight of the hero, repressed the ardor which transported him and champed the bit whitened with foam. Zeir, Omar and Velid were mounted upon Andalusian horses, whose trappings were covered with precious stones. They bore upon their shields the device of the Abencerrages. A scimeter attached to their waists by a chain of gold fell upon the folds of a rich and brilliant drapey which descended to their feet. A wide turban protected the head, and in their right hands each held a lance often bathed in Christian blood. The three advanced towards Gonsalvo, and were surprised to see him dressed as a Christian, but without asking the cause, they set out at once. The four warriors travelled on in profound silence. Believing Gonsalvo preferred by Zulema, the Abencerrages dared not speak of the passions which reigned in their souls, and Gonsalvo thinking of her he adored, forgot his companions. After two hours they arrived at a thick grove, where the road divided. They stopped—Zeir took the lead.

"Friend," said he, "you have promised to bring us to an encounter with Gonsalvo. Will that promise be fulfilled? Know you, where that Spaniard could be found? Will it be necessary for us to travel together, or shall we separate?"

"It is necessary for you to prepare yourselves for the combat," answered the Spaniard with an angry voice. "I have promised to confront you with Gonsalvo—I have complied with my word. He is before you."

The Abencerrages were astounded at hearing it.

"Yes," continued the hero, "I am he—I am your enemy—I am besides your rival—I adore Zulema. Not one of you can hope for her hand without first depriving me of life. You yourselves have placed this price upon it. Come then—come all, or come singly—try your strength with that Gonsalvo whom you seek so impatiently, and whom you have now met to your sorrow."

"Christian," replied Zeir, "in your pride

I recognize the haughty Gonsalvo and your arrogant nation, but you little know ours if you think that three Abencerrages will unite against one Castilian. My arm perhaps will suffice to free Zulema from the love of an infidel, the enemy of her father and of our country."

The two warriors instantly lowered their lances and rushed to the attack. The valiant Zeir scarcely moved the hero, the lance of Gonsalvo wounded the Moor and prostrated him on the ground. Gonsalvo stopped and said with tranquil voice—"Brave Omar I await you." Omar broke his lance at the first onset; he furiously drew his scimeter and dexterously managing his horse, attacked the Spaniard right and left, flew around him quickly and gave repeated blows upon his armor. Gonsalvo could not ward them off; his lance was useless against an enemy who attacked him so closely. He made vain efforts to reach Omar, who avoided his blows. Angry with himself at being so slow to conquer, he threw aside his lance, rushed towards the Moor with open arms, seized him, took him from the saddle, threw him to the ground and placed the point of his sword at the opening of his helmet.

"Your life is mine," said he, "but I only desire victory. Neither do I exact of you that you cease to love Zulema, for I know that this would be more horrible than death itself."

The young Velid then appeared on foot, sword in hand. Gonsalvo drew his sword and both protected with their shields, rushed at each other, struck, stopped and redoubled their blows. Skill guided fortitude and dexterity deceived valor. The steel of Velid threatened the head of Gonsalvo—that of the Castilian flew around the breast of Velid. At length by a sudden blow the hero disarmed his antagonist—his sabre leaped from his hand—Gonsalvo picked it up and presented it to Velid.

"Do not force me," said he, "to shed the blood of an Abencerrage—believe me, it is always precious to me. Go! valiant companions, return to Muley-Hassan, tell him how much the error in which I left him pains me—that my intentions were pure—that I am going to solicit from my sovereigns a happy peace. Assure him, that in

that Gonsalvo, whom he looks upon as an enemy, Muley will always find the respect and tender affection which all owe to his virtues."

In saying these words, the hero mounted his horse, saluted the Abencerrage and took the road to the Spanish camp.

[End of Book Sixth.]

## LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY TENELLA.

I have been since we parted with friends warm and true,  
And freely have tasted affection's pure dew,  
But yet like the flower that pines for the sun—  
I've longed for thee sadly, my own darling one.

As the gem hath no brightness when light is denied,  
So dark is my spirit away from thy side,  
For thy love is the sunlight beneath whose warm ray,  
The sparkles of Fancy most brilliantly play.

And now that the wave of my feeling doth meet  
With the barrier of absence, it throws at thy feet  
The treasures it brings from the depth of my heart,  
And "spray-like" doth into "bright utterance" start.

Although it may be we are parted forever,  
No distance the chain of affection can sever,  
'Tis strong but elastic, and well do I know  
'Twill lengthen wherever my footsteps may go.

Then oh may my portrait still hang in thy soul,  
The sweet notes of Mem'ry across it still roll,  
Like the perfume that lingers when roses are crushed,  
The echo of song when the music is hushed.

Oh! let not Time's waters my image efface,  
Let me feel that another sits not in my place,  
That my seat by the hearth where affection doth burn  
Is vacant altho' I may never return.

For in the still hush of the calm even-tide  
In spirit I often will sit by thy side,  
While sweet retrospection the hour shall cheer,  
With the thought of a friend who though absent is near.

If ever thy spirit hath moments like this,—  
When the Past and the Future seem gently to kiss,  
When Memory is holding the torch-light of Hope,  
And time-withered pleasures beneath it re-ope.

When all that was sad in the past disappears,  
And a bright-tinted future so vividly nears,  
That the present is lost in the light that is cast  
By Mem'ry and Hope o'er the future and past.

Oh then, when these mingled rays o'er thee shine  
Think, think, that my spirit is calling to thine,  
And let thy soft answer come back on my ear  
So sweetly distinct that tho' sleeping I'll hear.

Raleigh, N. C.

## NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Of all the rivers of Europe I think the Elbe has the best right to complain of neglect, for while the Rhine and the Danube continue to bear onward to the sea the garlands of poetry and while the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" still elicits the finest compliments of the tourists, we hear little of the beauties of the Elbe and are familiar with few of the legends that belong to its romantic crags. It was therefore with a charming surprise that, as dreamy, delicious Dresden was fading away behind me, I found myself in the charming region of Saxon Switzerland, with the Elbe on the left hand flowing beneath precipices of startling ruggedness and grandeur. Softly, musically, brightly glides the stream along, now bending around an abrupt mountain that rises many hundred feet into the air, now kissing the verdant marge where children are disporting on the grass—presently flashing with the measured dip of oars as a boat is seen upon the surface and again giving back the clear blue outline of a pile of mountains beyond—was it any wonder we leaned out of the car window to catch every view of its windings, as the eagle circled over the pinnacles of the *Lilienstein*, unafrighted in his airy elevation by the scream of the locomotive or the puff of the *Dampfschiff*? We were, to tell the truth, in no good humor with ourselves for whirling at the rate of thirty miles an hour through a region so wildly and freshly beautiful, which we might never see again, and where we might reasonably expect to encounter the fair Undine of the pretty foot and the languishing eye, the cruellest of coquettes and the most bewildering of syrens that ever lived in the water or out of it. But with trunks billeted for Prague, with passports *en règle* for Austria, there was no help for us. So away, away we swept past the virgin fortress of the *Königsstein*, lifting itself twelve hundred feet perpendicularly above our heads, where once upon a time there leaped into the river a Saxon maiden to escape the fate which threatened the heroine of *Ivanhoe*, and where now you see the sentinel on the bastion, a mere Tom Pouce against the sky, going his rounds—away past many bright little villages and under other lofty masses of mountain throwing a dark shadow across the river—until the train stopped at the Austrian frontier, where above the door of the station house, there sits an ominous and ungainly looking creature with

whom you are to become better acquainted anon, a bird with two heads the more comfortably to batten on its prey, the *Aquila biceps*, or double-headed eagle of the House of Hapsburg. Here our passports and the keys of our trunks were demanded and given up, and after half an hour spent by the officials in satisfying themselves that we were not at all dangerous to the Austrian government and did not wish to introduce contraband articles into the country, both were returned. One of the custom-house officers succeeded in annoying me to an unlimited extent and behaved otherwise, as I thought, in a manner quite inconsistent with the general interests of society. His fastidious taste did not approve my passport though it had been carefully gotten up for the Austrian States by Mr. John Lee of the Strand at the moderate cost of ten shillings and sixpence, (No. 440 is the number and I am happy to commend Mr. Lee to Americans visiting Europe as possessing a very thorough and creditable acquaintance with the whole subject of passports) and bore the perfectly illegible autograph of His Brightness, the Austrian Minister at the Court of St. James. Nor did he altogether approve the arrangement of the wearing apparel in my trunk, into the deepest recesses of which he plunged and wherefrom he extracted with evident satisfaction a flask of Herr Johann Maria Farina's cologne as yet uncorked. At first, he was understood (by D—who as usual interpreted for me) to declare that that flask of cologne could no more enter the Austrian dominions than M. Louis Kossuth himself—that the very idea of such a thing was preposterous and that the attempt to introduce it would most probably involve our whole party in serious difficulties. After a while, however, upon conference with several of his brother officers, with many twirlings of a tawny, ropy moustache, he yielded the point and produced a formidable document, which looked like nothing so much as a map of Hungary in a state of revolution, and the only comprehensible portion of which, besides the eagle with two heads at the top, was the sum of 3 Florins which I was to pay as duty upon the essences. This amount grudgingly handed over, we were permitted to take our seat again in the train and in three hours thereafter, we reached Prague.

Prague is a storied city, with great memories of Huss and Ziska and of many sieges and bombardments, and has been so often knocked to pieces, indeed, that it is wonderful the Bohemians had the spirit to keep up the capital. Yet it looks very peaceful and sleepy, with the river Moldau rolling between its antiquated edifices.



and many fine old towers dosing in the sunlight as if they had never known the bursting of a shell or flamed in the glare of a conflagration. It is impressed upon my memory by a very bad dinner that was furnished at the station house, and by a hotly-contested engagement between the Austrians and our little alliance of three American travellers, about the trunks and the passports, in which the whole ground we had gained at the frontier had to be fought over, including the cologne-water, but in which I escaped having to pay for the flask a second time, by dint of flourishing the map of revolutionized Hungary under the very moustaches of our foes. We left the city three hours after entering it, on our way to Vienna, with a sort of feeling, whether created by indigestion or not is uncertain, that as we were now fairly in the power of the eagle of Austria, we might as well place ourselves directly between his two beaks as soon as possible. And this we should do, of course, upon arriving at the seat of government.

We passed the night in the cars, which, being constructed like those of the American railways, proved that there were some things in common between Austria and the United States, and the "sentinel stars" were just breaking up "their watch in the sky" when we caught sight of the sentinels at the gates of Vienna. Five miles before reaching the barrier, an officer came through the train gathering up the passports once more, and gave each one of the passengers a printed circular upon returning which to the office of the chief of police, it was stated, the passports would be sent back. As soon as the grey light of the morning would admit of my ascertaining the purport of the circular, I found it to contain a polite request on the part of the highest municipal functionary, under the auspices of the national bird, that I would communicate immediately to him the following facts—

1. My name.
2. My birth place.
3. My residence.
4. The place I last came from.
5. The place I was next going to.
6. My profession.
7. My age.
8. My condition, whether married, single or a widower.
9. The length of time I desired to stay in Vienna.
10. The names of any friends I might have there.
11. My lodgings.

12. A description of my personal appearance and style of beauty.

To this was added a subpoena to appear next morning at 10 o'clock at the police office to answer such further questions as it might occur to the authorities to propound.

I was commenting with my friends upon the flattering degree of interest that was taken in us by the Viennese police, as shown in this last document when I discovered several dirty looking *militaires* engaged in unstrapping our trunks, and turning round was again asked for my keys. This time, however, Farina gave me no annoyance, and had it not been for some little prejudice that the officers conceived to R——'s letter of credit which they insisted upon taking from him, causing a temporary delay, we might have been at the hotel in fifteen minutes after entering the gates.

I have thought it worth while to give this long but veracious narrative of our passport experience because it serves to show how perfectly conscious Austria is of her own weakness and of the absolute necessity of protecting herself against internal disorder by the employment of every possible agency of despotism. The traveller will have occasion to observe that in direct proportion with the rigor of despotic rule in European countries is the degree of trouble he will have about his passport, and there is also an exact ratio between the dangers of domestic dissension and the difficulties that are thrown in the way of travelling. Where people are free to move about, to mingle among themselves and to communicate with those of neighboring States, they are very apt to take up liberal ideas and to desire freedom of speech and action as well. And where the current of foreign travel is unchecked through a country, visitors from other lands where liberty obtains, may introduce inconvenient and heretical notions of the rights of the people. Thus it is the policy of the Emperor of Austria to restrict travel as much as possible, both foreign and domestic, through his fragmentary and heterogeneous dominions. It is melancholy to think how the chains of slavery have bound together in one unnatural and overgrown empire people who have no sentiment of union, no tie of sympathy, and how the ills of an ever-present and invincible maladministration afflict alike the broken-spirited native of Hungary and the dejected Milanese. We had a companion in the train from Dresden who resided at Pesth of which he spoke with a touching regret for its past splendour and a manly sorrow over its present condition. We were looking at a large castellated edifice which

occupied the summit of a mountain overhanging the Elbe, and conjecturing what it might be, when observing our curiosity he told us it was a prison for political offenders, adding, with a half smile, "You have no such thing as imprisonment for political offences in America." "True," said I, "but we have slavery." "Ah, sir," he replied, "in Hungary we are all slaves," and the same sad thing may be said of the whole population of the Austrian empire, whether speaking the soft, rich language of Lombardy or the tongue made classic by Schiller, or yet expressing their ideas in a dialect, of which the grammar is little studied, commingling the Teutonic and oriental elements in sounds uncouth to Western ears. It is idle, I know, to speculate upon the hopes of liberty for the enslaved millions of Europe, yet one cannot repress a feeling of sadness as he thinks of the misguided and fitful efforts of the Hungarian, the Lombard, the Venetian, to throw off the galling yoke of the oppressor only to have it the more securely fastened to their necks, nor can he altogether dismiss the hope that even now the grand process of freedom for mankind may be evolving, and that those higher intelligences

Who watch like God the rolling hours  
With larger, other eyes than ours,

may see the luminous dawn appearing in the march of the years which shall lead in liberty and happiness to bless all who yet suffer under oppression and struggle with despair.

To any man who has not lost the capacity of "sensations," the first view of a memorable city is one of the most agreeable moments of his life. Who ever forgets his absorption into the great world of London and the feeling that came over him upon realizing that he was in truth surrounded by the memorials of England's greatness through a long line of centuries—that the vast dome looming in the sea of fog was that of St. Paul's—that the Tower lay but a short distance beyond with its knights in armor and its executioner's block from which fell the heads of great men in history—that the streets stretching away from him on every hand, as it were into infinity, were the haunts of Shakespeare and Raleigh and Goldsmith? More mysterious if less sympathetic, is the interest inspired by cities farther out of the range of ordinary observation. Thus I scarcely think that you, Bob, will ever forget our first glimpse of the gorgeous towers of Vienna and our rattling drive through the *Prater Strasse* and across the bridge of Ferdinand, with the tall spire of St. Stephen's lifting towards heaven its sculptured saints and griffins, always in view, and our thoughts withdrawn

from gendarmes and other tribulations to recall paladins and crusaders and Charlemagne and Napoleon le Grand and the thousand associations which encircle the proud city of the august monarchs of Austria.

I had not finished my ablutions at the Hotel Munsch when there stepped into my room the civillest-spoken gentleman it was ever my fortune to encounter, who, apologizing for the intrusion in a manner that instantly placed all objection to it out of the question, begged, in perfectly good English, to inquire whether we should not need the services of a companion in making the rounds of Vienna, adding, that in order to protect travellers against the importunities of the *valets-de-place*, he had been retained by the proprietor of the Hotel to accompany any of his guests that should desire such guidance. There was an elegance about the fellow that was altogether prepossessing, and my resolution to having nothing more to do with local guides vanished in a moment. Indeed it seemed to me I had perhaps never experienced before such an instance of disinterested benevolence, and that it would be the cruellest injustice to confound him with the disagreeable and implacable class we had determined to avoid. So by consent of all parties, his offer was accepted, and when we set out to view the city, it was under his lead.

I wish I could set *Max*, for it was by that name alone that we knew him, properly before the reader, but such a task is quite beyond my powers of delineation. His character was many-sided, as the Germans say. So pleasant, so well-informed, so deferential, so ready, so accomplished, a subject there was not elsewhere in the Austrian empire, and then his *bel air*! It was difficult to believe that he really belonged to the Hotel Munsch—he seemed rather like some eccentric nobleman in disguise who had taken to the business *pour s'amuser*, as the *Calif* used to go about *incog* for his diversion. And then his nationality, what a problematical thing was that? He spoke English better—much better than Lord Palmerston, yet he declared it had been an acquisition of his later years, and his volubility in German cast no discredit on the statement that he was Austrian by birth. As for travelling, what he had not seen upon this round globe of ours was hardly worth seeing—Monsieur Hue and Madame Pfeiffer (his own townswoman) between them had "done" fewer places than Max—from Cathay to the Coal Hole he was thoroughly posted up, and his conversation ran over with the most brilliant reminiscences of his journeyings. Many of the great men of the world he

knew from personal intercourse—with Louis Napoleon he had frequently taken oysters in the Bowery, and he was able to impart information that threw new light on the character of the Czar Nicholas. I make no doubt that when the Congress of Vienna was in session some months subsequent to our visit there, Lord John Russell who made the Hotel Munsch his head-quarters, found in Max an old and valued acquaintance with whom he often smoked a cigar and talked over the Four Points in perfect unreserve.

Max's political history, with which he favored us, not at all obtrusively, but now and then by way of illustration, was by no means uneventful. Combining an ardent thirst for liberty with a love of adventure, he took up arms in 1848, with the revolutionists, and held a high position among them when the Imperial armies laid siege to the city. When the illusive hopes of overthrowing the monarchy had vanished and Austria subsided once more into the quiet of despotic rule, he had escaped the hands of the police and found it necessary to reside some time in London. The influence of friends fully in the confidence of the Ministry had at last prevailed to obtain permission for him to return, and so he was again in Vienna. There was a depth of pathos in his mournful recitation of the events of those unquiet days which demanded equal sympathy and respect.

In the lighter walks of knowledge, of all the Viennese, Max was *facile princeps*. His taste in music was faultless, and he criticised the German composers with wonderful discrimination of their merits. He knew perfectly well the capacity and acoustics of every opera-house in Europe and could indicate the exact spot where the performance could be heard to the best advantage. Thus he was good enough to secure a *loge* for us to witness a representation of the *Prophete* for the sum of twenty florins when we could have found seats in the orchestra stalls for six, and added to the obligation by giving us his company upon the occasion. In the matter of opera glasses he was entirely *au fait*, and had he studied optics under Fraunhofer he could not been a better judge of lenses. In proof of this he selected a lorgnette for D—— at a celebrated manufacturer's, and was sorry that D—— did not agree with him as to its excellence, as he would certainly regret not having taken it to the end of his life. But if there was one thing he understood better than another, it was the aesthetics of pipes. He had made pipes a *specialité*, and as Vienna is world-famous for the richness and beauty of its meerschauuma, he begged that we would allow him to

recommend a pipe-maker, simply that he might be assured we were not cheated in our purchases. R——, I fancy, will often recal, as the wreaths of smoke rise upwards from his exquisite cigar-holder (for which he paid two prices) the kind interest Max manifested in his choice of it.

Such was our Viennese *valet-de-place* and I am sincerely sorry I was not able to make a sketch of his fair exterior for the embellishment of these pages. It is perhaps proper to add that we did afterwards hear a very different account of his antecedents from a gentleman who professed to know all about him, but of course I do not believe a word of the scandal. The story ran that he was a discharged English footman and a spy of the Austrian police, who lived upon what he could get out of foreigners visiting the capital, and a certain liberal commission from the Vienna salesmen upon such articles as he could induce these foreigners to buy. The fact that he charged us a thumping sum for his services upon settlement lent some color to these allegations, and I shrewdly suspect that R——'s advice to any friend going to the Hotel Munsch, with regard to Max, would be *Hunc tu Romane caveo, hic niger est*.

The topography of Vienna is peculiar and the map of it resembles a cobweb more than anything else to which it can be compared. The central portion, comprising the original city, is surrounded by a broad promenade which was formerly the defensive wall, and outside this is a circumference of park of considerable extent, planted with trees and presenting a beautiful surface of green-sward, called the *Glacis*. Yet beyond the *Glacis* in every direction is a thickly populated mass of houses bounded by the rampart, and immediately adjoining is the open country. Thus between the suburbs and the old city there is a *rus in urbe*, affording a delightful resort for the inhabitants in summer and contributing very much to the salubrity of the capital. Both quarters of Vienna, as far as I saw, are remarkable for the cleanliness of the streets and the comfortable appearance of the houses.

The stranger is struck, in his first stroll up one of the thoroughfares, with the signs above the shops which usually set forth a pictorial representation, executed with more or less of artistic skill, of the work that is done within. Some are exceedingly droll and all are surmounted by the double-headed eagle who presides alike over every branch of Viennese industry. Is it a drinking saloon, one cannot become versed (*i. e.* upset, using the word in its literal signification) in the "profound philosophy of beer" except by pass-

ing under his dusky pinions; is it a tailor's establishment, the bird is a device of all others most appropriate to the schneiderean art by reason of the number and length of his bills; is it the room of a maker of plaster casts, we are not surprised to see a fowl, even more grim and ghastly than poor Poe's raven, perched upon a bust of Pallas just above the workman's door.

The most imposing object in Vienna is unquestionably the cathedral of St. Stephen's. The lapse of seven centuries has blackened its exterior and worn away in many places the tracery work of its windows and turrets—saints and martyrs, niched high in air, along the line of its lofty tower, manifest very plainly the almost antediluvian length of years to which their worships have attained—yet the cathedral stands in the fulness of perfect beauty, another of those eloquent appeals to the imagination which the church of Rome has made in ages gone by, and which still fill the soul of Catholic and Protestant with strange solemnity and awe. The spire, rising four hundred and fifty feet from the ground, is neither so graceful as that of Antwerp nor so delicate as that of Strasbourg, yet wrought with wonderful dexterity into numberless pinnacles, it delights the eye with an infinite variety of ever pleasing forms, and so catches and tangles the sunlight in the intricacies of its decoration that one might fancy the beams lingering there long after the glow of evening had faded from the sky. We ascended the spire to a point within a very few feet of the top from which we obtained a splendid view. We occupied, perhaps, at the moment the exact centre of the spider's web to which Vienna has been likened, and from us, on all sides, radiated the streets of the city to the Glacis, which girdling the inner town as beautifully as the ocean bounded the buckler of Achilles, contrasted effectively with the domes and towers beyond its verdant range. Close beneath us swept the Danube's restless current, and in the far away horizon lay the plains of Wagram and Essling. It was such a day as Campbell describes in his pretty verses to the pretty countess—

Over Aspern's field of glory  
Noontide's purple haze was cast;  
And the hills of Turkish story  
Teemed with visions of the past.

I confess it was some drawback upon the enjoyment of the panorama, in looking dizzily down upon the body of the cathedral, to see the bicapitous eagle worked in colored slates upon the roof. There seemed really no escaping that bird.

There are not less than seventy picture galleries in Vienna, to visit which would require a

residence of some months in that city—a much longer time than we should have desired to remain, even had our *Aufenthaltsschein* or permit of sojourn been unlimited. We visited but one, that of the Belvidere, contained in a handsome palace at a short distance within the outer wall. It is extremely rich in the German and Flemish schools of art, and Albert Durer may be seen there to great advantage. Two heads of an old man and an old woman by Denner are wonderful paintings, and no one who has seen them can ever forget the minuteness and fidelity with which the artist has given every wrinkle and hair—it is as if the old couple were looking at you, and you do not think of their being canvass at all. I suppose this ought to be the highest possible commendation that could be bestowed upon them and that they must therefore be considered works of genius, yet somehow I was not affected by them at all—one of Titian's stately ladies or of Murillo's ragged rascals has afforded me ten times the gratification. Some of the modern pictures pleased me exceedingly, one of which, in an upper chamber, representing the gaming table at Baden, was to the life, and I could fancy that the artist had lost a considerable sum upon his favorite color before he sat down to execute it. But the Belvidere Gallery, seen after that of Dresden, is not calculated to create much enthusiasm in the visitor, and the best picture I saw there was the view of Vienna from the terrace outside, in which the light and shade were admirably adjusted, the grouping altogether beyond criticism, and the foreground most agreeably managed, with the old Moresco church of St. Carlo Borromeo raising its minarets to the left.

The morning after our arrival in the city there was a very magnificent review of 25,000 of the Austrian army under Gen. Hess, conducted on the Glacis by the Emperor in person, attended by the Duke of Nassau. We saw it from the Paradise Garden, overlooking the Parade Ground at an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet. There was a large body of cavalry, a regiment of light artillery, another of the Tyrolese rifles in their picturesque peaked hats and green coats, and the rest, amounting perhaps to 18,000 men, were of the infantry made up of Germans, Italians, Croats, &c., &c. For three hours the glittering show proceeded, and with the sun glancing from the burnished muskets, with banners streaming to the wind, and with all the pomp and circumstance of military parade carefully observed, it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. The uniform of the Austrian army is of a dazzling white relieved by facings of various colors, in which

manner the numbers of the regiments are indicated; thus, supposing the fifteenth be turned up with violet, the fiftieth might show crimson or green or a combination of the two. The Emperor was attired in the uniform of Commander in Chief (so Max said, certainly it was very splendid) and rode an Arabian charger, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant staff, and when the review was over, we had an opportunity of observing him closely as he walked his horse slowly up the hill leading to the palace. I have rarely seen a finer or more interesting looking man. Lightly built, but tall and graceful, with a profusion of fair hair escaping from his casque and falling around a face lighted by eyes of a deep blue, he could not fail to be observed, I thought, anywhere as a type of manly beauty, though his beardless face and youthful expression contrasted somewhat strongly with the bronzed features and heavy white moustache of Field Marshal Hess who rode behind him. There was somebody else, I doubt not, who thought Franz Josef rather handsome than otherwise on that occasion, the pretty little bride of sixteen he had married three months before, who was looking out of the window of the palace and thinking what a fine thing it was to be Empress of Austria, to live in such a nice establishment, and to have such pretty soldiers to march about for her amusement and such a husband to review them. They say it was a love match with no politics mixed up with it at all, and that affection which rarely steps into places has imperial lodgings in *Die Kaiserlich Koeniglich Burg*.

The glory of Vienna is the *Prater*, which is unsurpassed by any park in the world for the spectacle it presents on the fine afternoons of summer, when the pleasure-loving Viennese throng its shady avenues, the high nobility disdain not to enjoy the air of heaven and the charming music of the military bands with the poorer classes, upon an out-of-doors equality that in America is nowhere to be seen. The working people of Vienna for a time after the suppression of the revolution of 1848 refused to partake of the merriment of the *Prater* and travellers who visited it three or four years ago, describe it as wanting life and animation—such of the mechanics as they saw there wearing an aspect of sullenness and dejection. In 1854 it was gay enough to strike anybody. I have a theory that the Viennese are more effectually enslaved by the chains of harmony than by despotic rule, it is the music that consoles them for the loss of their liberty and though for a time they deeply felt the humiliations of 1849, the airs of Beethoven and Labitzsky at length beguiled them into a passive

obedience to the more rigorous absolutism of the new monarch. Vienna is the home of music—it is a sweet Babel of confusing melodies—a never ending practical *pot-pourri* of delicious and rejoicing sounds. It is from no one quarter alone that the ear is delighted. Music holds Carnival in all the streets and the Danube moves onward to its stately measures. The Viennese live from the cradle to the grave in an intoxication of music. Their childhood is made happy by the viol and the tamborin as struck by the hand of the dark-eyed daughters of Styria who wander from house to house—they pass their youthful days in dancing to the spirited compositions of Strauss; their religion is set to the pealing Te Deums and Sanctuses of Handel; in middle age their out-of-door existence in gardens is enlivened by the brilliant performances of the military bands; and when at last to this Beggar's Opera of Life there comes the inevitable antistrophe—Death, they die to the solemn and majestic and ethereal Requiem of Mozart.

I may forget the galleries and Glacis, the soldiers and shops, even the eagle with the duplicate heads I saw in Vienna, but never the music that I heard there.

### THE ANGEL-SISTER.

All the summer day we wander'd  
Through the valleys bright and green;  
All the happy time we ponder'd  
On the glories that were seen.

Here and there were flowers springing  
Through the grassy meadow's edge,  
And the merry birds were singing  
All along the scented hedge.

Soon the early sun descended,  
Brightest sun of all the year:  
And the purple hill sides blended  
With the Heavens far and near.

"Oh, my sister, softly stealing  
See the dusky shadows—hark!  
How the twilight bells are pealing,  
Let us homeward ere the dark."

Then she said: "Oh, loving brother,  
Do you tell me of the night?  
Now again I see our mother,  
I am in the land of light.

"Fold me nearer and still nearer,  
Oh, how golden is the day!  
Brother, will you love me dearer  
When you miss me in the play!"

All the Summer days I wander  
Through the fields we used to roam;  
All the lonely time I ponder  
On a vacant place at home.

## Jambe D'Argent and Monsieur Jacques.

From "*Scenes de la Chouannerie*." By *Emile Souvestre*.

## CHAPTER II.

My guide, said the old curé, was a beggar with one leg, who dragged himself slowly along on his remaining foot. I feared the journey would be greatly prolonged by having such a companion; but scarcely had we entered the borders of the forest when he threw up his crutch, and by a singular dexterity brought to view two legs of equal proportion and nimbleness, and we began a rapid march. In a little time we reached a small enclosure, where he announced our arrival by a simple air, common amongst the farmers of Maine. A woman came and exchanged a few words with him, then returned. When she appeared, her dress was so arranged as to give her all the appearance of being *enceinte*. "We are near the republican forces," said my guide, "and they might arrest us; but they will say nothing when they see you with a *white head*,\* who is about to become a mother. Take care only to look the blues full in the face when you meet them, and in no wise hasten your steps." I followed his advice and we came without difficulty to a small meadow, where my conductor gave me to the care of a child, who was engaged in manufacturing whistles, from a soft wood. He carried me through the field to the door of a mill, where he left me after whistling a few notes in a peculiar tone. A miller boy then came with his scythe, as if to cut hay, made a sign to me, and we took up our route together, when in a short time I was again handed over to another, and then another guide. It was evident that Jambe d'Argent, pursued by the blues, had left his usual hiding place and we were wandering in search of him. At length, after many windings and new changes, towards evening we came to the hut of a Sabotier, where the wounded man had been carried. I found him lying on a bed of dry leaves, in the corner of the cabin and covered with goat skins. He had just fallen into a lethargic sleep. I made a sign not to

The women are called so from wearing a white kerchief on their heads.

trouble him, and approached him with emotion. His features had lost nothing of their noble character. Some spots of blood upon his temple alone relieved the death-like palor of his face. His half opened lips were quivering and his respiration sounded like the death rattle. I remained some time standing by him, frightened at these fatal symptoms; but by degrees the voices of the Chouans, which became silent on my entrance, were again raised and attracted my attention. There were eight or ten of them seated at the other end of the hut, with their swords by their sides and guns upon their knees. The flickering light of the heath fire, gave such a strange character to this group that it involuntarily arrested me. Except *Cœur de Rot*, this was the first time I had seen these celebrated men, but their conversation soon made their names known to me. On the right of the fire place was Mousqueton squatted on his crooked legs and holding by the wings a living sparrow which he alternately presented and withdrew to and from a large yellow cat. His haggard eyes followed every effort which the domestic tiger made to seize his prey, and at every flutter and cry of the frightened bird his hideous features were crisped into a more hideous smile.

St. Martin seated near him, looked on with pre-occupied air, nothing in his vulgar appearance announced the audacious murderer who a short while after would enter at noon day the fortified town of Morannes and give to the chief of the republicans a note containing these words: "*Give thy soul to God, thou art about to die*," and strike him three times with a poinard before he had finished reading them. By their sides stood Moustache, whose vigorous outline fell upon the lightened wall: then the Grand Chasseur with gentle and heroic features crowned by hair silvered before its time. Last of all was Moulins balancing upon one of his long brawny legs, throwing in the conversation every now and then an obscene joke, whilst the Murat of the Chouannerie, Francœur, ornamented with plumes, ribbons and other decorations, chatted with La France, who had just succeeded in making his escape from the prison at Laval. All spoke of the wound of Jambe d'Argent and the un-



known fate of Monsier Jacques. La France was assured that he had been taken by the blues and executed at Montague. St. Martin said he had been seen near M. de Scépeaux in Anjou where he had perished in an engagement; and lastly Moustache declared that he had died in a chateau in upper Maine, and they had shewn him his grave there. Although contradictory in details, all these versions agreed on one point, that M. Jacques existed no longer, and the Chouannerie was about to be without a head.

"Well," said Moulins, who shrugged his shoulders at the lamentations of his companions, "is it not said that we are all to die. Never fear, but the stuff for a general will be found—if ours is used we will make one altogether new."

"And the fool hopes that will cut one from his skin," objected La France ironically.

"And why not as well as thine?" replied Moulins, "I burned powder in the good cause, while you still wore the uniform of the blues."

"Possible!" said Francœur, who had been compelled to serve some time among the republicans, "but my boy thy powder was wholly lost."

"Why so?"

"Because you stood too far off, and your gun was loaded with *salt*."

This double allusion to the well known *prudence* of Moulins, and the thefts committed in his first calling excited a general laugh. The man paled. Like all ferocious cowards he had his desperate impulses where fury held him in the place of courage. He rushed for his gun with a howl; Francœur made a bound and regained the other side of the fire place, pistol in hand. Both cocks were heard at the same time, and by an instinctive movement every looker on cast down their faces.

"Down with your arms!" suddenly cried a strong voice. Moulins and Francœur trembled; their eyes turned at the same time to the wounded man's bed. He had just dashed off his goat skins; his hands convulsively holding to the sides of the hut, he made a supreme effort, rose on his knees and stood upright! "Down with your arms!" replied he, coming between the adversaries with trembling steps. Both step-

ped aside and the gun and pistol were lowered. Jambe d'Argent supported himself by the rude mantel-piece. Long lines of blood marbled the cloths which bandaged his waist. Every feature quivered with wrath. "Do you already dispute the command? Who promised you I would die? Who has dug that hole for me? You Mouline, you Francœur—you wish to replace me. Well see if you can do it. Come, let us seek the blues, quick, a gun; bring me a horse—I will see who is chief *here*?"

Jambe d'Argent's voice, strong at first, at last became broken and confused—his head wavered, and trying to lean against the wall he fell in the arms of Moustache. He was carried to his bed, and I placed myself beside him and endeavored to appease him by gentle words. He looked at me fixedly, recognised me, and at the same instant his ideas took a new direction. His heart opened to me, and he listened to my advice with the submission of a child. The Chouans had left the room to allow us more liberty and we were proceeding when interrupted by a murmuring of voices and hasty steps. Suddenly the door was dashed open and a man panting for breath entered the room.

"*Place Nette*!" cried the wounded.

"I have come in time," replied the Chouan—quick Louis, arise! the blues are here!"

"The blues!" repeated Treton, his features firing with eagerness for the battle—"give me my gun!"

"No, no," thundered *Place Nette*, "we may have time to leave and they will find the nest without the brood. Peter is bringing a horse, try to have strength to reach camp-rogue—there you can rest."

I assisted Jambe d'Argent to set up and wrapped the covering around him, the horse came, we carefully placed him on it, his brother took the bridle and they left. The rest of the band equally finished their arrangements for leaving, but with a slowness which proved the discouragement of the greatest number. Whilst Moustache, La France and the Grand Chasseur took the same direction with Jambe d'Argent, the rest consulted in a low voice, and every one seemed to offer different views. Cœur de Roi alone kept apart in this debate, with his

hands resting upon the muzzle of his gun, he listened with a dejected air.

"Is it possible that the band will disperse without waiting for the curé of Jambe d'Argent?" said I to him.

"Monsieur l'Abbe sees it," replied he abruptly.

"Has no one the authority to keep them in subordination?"

"Not one, except M. Jacques!"

"Is he dead?"

"Dead—that is to be known."

"Have you any news of him?" I demanded eagerly. There was a pause before he replied, and he looked me steadily in the face.

"Although I have, what good could it do now?"

"What? tell immediately what has passed." He shook his head.

"It is a duty of conscience," urged I.

"Then it may equally be so for M. l'Abbe," said he.

"If I knew what you seem to know—"

"Would you undertake his duty?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Come with me then!" replied the Chouan rising.

"Everything I could say would be useless, whilst your voices may, perhaps, change many things. If any one can raise M. Jacques it is a priest."

"Let us be off."

"Come, may the good God protect us!" and throwing his gun across his shoulder he went on before me. When we reached the entrance to the forest, we distinctly heard the slow and measured tread of the detachment coming to seek us. We buried ourselves in the wood, and at the end of an hour's walk we came to a narrow, lonely road, which we took. I tried to interrogate my companion, but he eluded all my efforts, saying M. Jacques would say that he had already done too much in carrying me to his retreat. Whilst going along, I tried to divine the cause which could oblige the young royalist chief to conceal himself so carefully. Had he given way to discouragement? Did he wish to escape the proscription? or illness hold him enchained? My imagination was lost in suppositions which my reason destroyed immediately. At length after a long

and difficult walk we perceived a manor house in ruins buried in the copse; Cœur de Roi slackened his steps and said to me:

"He is there!"

I looked with surprise. The roof was half open, the shutters hung loosely from their broken hinges, the yard was choked with weeds, and a swallow had built its nest in the corner of the front door. I sought in vain in the midst of these testimonies of solitude and desolation for some trace of recent habitation. Cœur de Roi understood my desire and followed a few steps—the walls of the garden then crossing a few steps, he brought me to a porch which was invisible to the road. There the ruin was less conspicuous, but nothing spoke of the presence of human beings. My guide begged me to wait awhile and went to a small isolated building which he soon left followed by an old woman, with whom he entered the manor. I waited for them a long time, and at last it was the old woman alone who returned and made a sign for me to follow her. We mounted a staircase which tottered under every step, and after crossing several chambers, the nakedness of which, announced total abandonment, we came before a door, where my conductor knocked before opening. I immediately heard a murmur of voices, a light hasty step, and the moment I entered a small room opposite the one I had just crossed, was quickly closed. My arrival had evidently put some one to flight. The room in which I was, was a complete contrast to everything I had seen since my arrival. It was tapestried from the ceiling to the floor, furnished *à la Louis XIV.*, and adorned with family portraits extending back to the crusaders. An ebony clock encrusted with pearl hung over the mantel-piece, and this immense piece of red marble was laden with Dresden china. I remained on the door sill, involuntarily arrested by this most unexpected sight. M. Jacques advanced to meet me. He wore his picturesque costume of velvet which was fastened at the waist by a white silk scarf. His features were still eminently noble and beautiful, but in some degree altered by feverish paleness. He welcomed me with a little effort and invited me by a wave of the hand to take a seat.

All that had passed was so new, so unexpected, that I required a few moments to recover myself. M. Jacques recalled me from the meditation into which I was falling, by saying *Cœur de Roi* had announced me as the bearer of grave news. Brought back to the intention of my journey, I related to him the wound of *Jambe d'Argent*, the dispersion of his band and the dangers which threatened the insurrection if a powerful mind did not prevent divisions and arrest the discouragement which was obtaining.

I spoke long, for the young chief listened in silence and motionless, surprised at length with this impossibility I looked in his face.

"Perhaps you doubt my knowledge or my sincerity, but you can easily verify it."

"No, I believe you," coldly replied M. Jacques, "and you see no means of raising this courage which only awaits a chief."

"What good would it do? What matters after all to these hinds and cowherds the color of the flag which floats over our cities? Do they even understand what they attack and what they defend? When the revolution came they, fired upon it as something new and unknown as in times of storms they fire upon clouds to dissipate them; but the clouds have burst in hail and thunder; and the wisest will seek hereafter shelter and security."

"Is it possible these words come from your mouth!" cried I in amazement, "you who have armed them, you whose cause they defend—since you are a nobleman." \* \* \* I hesitated.

"Finish," said M. Jacques with a little irony, "why not say you who are a prince? I see, sir, that you also have given faith to the suppositions of our credulous peasants. The mystery in which I wrapped myself to shelter my mother and sisters has deceived you also. You believe me the precursor of the count d'Artois! Permit me to undeceive you, and know the entire truth. My name is Jacques de la Merozieres, and I am but a poor nobleman of Brissath, in Anjou."

"Pardon," I cried quickly, "you are more—the hope, the corner stone of the insurrection in Maine. You are the one who gave it a direction. You breathed a soul into it. Do you think a chief can abandon hearts he has enflamed as our herdsmen

abandon a heath fire. If simple minded men encouraged by you revolt without understanding the principles which they defend—you at least understand, you love them."

"How do you know?" interrupted he abruptly.

"Have you not fought?"

"Who told you it was for principles?"

"What was it for then?"

"Indeed, it may have been only to fight," said he with a singular smile; "the combat exercises the will and makes the blood circulate more freely. It may be that I hoped for some recompense—impossible? who told you Monsieur that I was a man of principle rather than a fool, borne onward by one of those passions which so often furnish a theme for your sermons; may I not have ceded to the desire of glory, to ambition, and indeed if I wished my name to be spoken of, it was, perhaps, that *one* only might hear of it. There are deliriums, monsieur, which some times impel us to take the world for a desert, inhabited by one being alone, to whom and for whom all our efforts are directed. Wholly occupied in pleasing her, the universe is in flames to afford her a pleasing sight, and one day we perceive that all has been in vain, that we have knelt and worshipped at a heart of stone."

M. Jacques' voice was loud and had something of reproach in its tones, which seemed to be the murmurings of a recent storm. Whilst he spoke he raised it, as if wishing to be heard by some one invisible.

"Then," replied I, a little troubled by this revelation, "you renounce all you have undertaken and the royalists need expect you no longer."

"No," replied he, "my part is finished. What could I bear to these brave soldiers now? Indifference and doubt. They have no need for me to teach them that all devotion is vain; the future will do that most effectually. You say they believe me dead, confirm them in that belief; you will not deceive them: for the Monsieur Jacques whom they knew, burning with enthusiasm and filled with hope, has truly ceased to exist, nothing remains of him but a breathing corpse, which also will soon disappear, for in a few moments I shall leave France never to return."

He extended his hand to raise a cloak, which hung on the back of an arm chair; but the small door which I had remarked on my arrival, now opened again and a young lady presented herself. She was dressed in deep mourning, and of surpassing beauty. Without regarding me or the surprise which held me transfixed, she went directly up to M. Jacques.

"You shall not leave," said she in a brief tone, "your *honor* forbids it. I will not permit it;" and as the young chief was about to interrupt her she continued hastily: "Listen to me, Jacques, you have calumniated my hesitations, but I pardon you; grief is not responsible for its injustice. You refuse to grant my prayers. Well I will cede to yours!"

"You, Armande? Is it possible?" cried M. Jacques in amazed delight.

"I wished," said she in mournful tones, "that pure self-devotion alone for your country should support you in the conflict before you, but since you must have an affection, an interest to defend, you shall have it," and turning to me, she added with resolution, "Monsieur will this hour bless our marriage."

I had no time to reply, for M. Jacques transported with joy had fallen on his knees before the beautiful girl and was covering her hands with most passionate kisses. She endeavored to appease his transports, with a sorrowful and impatient embarrassment; but he paid no regard to it. Intoxicated with this most unlooked for happiness, he was incapable of judging. The necessary explanation to authorize the exercise of my ministry alone, arrested him from that delirium of joy. The storm which then overwhelmed France exempted the priest from those delays and precautions which calmer days required. Embarked upon a vessel about to be wrecked they appealed directly to God, and sought no rule but their own conscience. I consulted mine, and strong in its approbation, I made preparations for celebrating this strange marriage.

The ceremony took place in a chapel, roofless, and the walls crumbling in decay—the place, the time, the actors, imparted a sad and mournful solemnity to the scene. The two lovers kneeled before the altar, covered

with moss. Cœur de Roi and another peasant, armed with guns, served as witnesses, whilst the old nurse who had brought up Madame Armande wept on her knees before the door. The mournful autumn wind sighed through the trees which shaded the chapel, and at every gust, covered us with a shower of dead leaves. When the bridegroom and bride arose, his face was illuminated with a proud, triumphant joy, whilst hers was sad and mournful in the extreme. After a little while, she invited us to the manor. When I went there I found her seated by her proud and happy husband, on a chaise longue. She wanted to know of me in what state the revolution was. I related to her what I had to M. Jacques and added, that his reappearance alone could sustain the failing courage.

"He will set off to-morrow," replied she, "he has promised me. I would wish to follow him, but you peasants will not permit it, and I can mingle in this conflict alone in thought, and taking up again all the details I had just given her, she began to analyze the resources of the Chouannerie, even to calculate the benefit of defeat—to calculate the blood of the republicans which the royalist before falling would shed. Without any allusions to the definite result, she evidently sought less the victory of the royalists, than the sufferings of the republicans. This thought alone made her eyes flash with animation and her voice tremble with eagerness. I looked in astonishment upon this fever of wrath and asked myself what could have filled that soul with such vindictive feelings, and what treasure had the republic ravished from her to justify such intense hatred.

I took leave of them the same evening to go to a neighboring farm where the dying master required my presence. After passing the greater part of the night in prayers and administering the sacrament to the dying man, I sought some repose upon a straw pallet near the manor, and slept the rest of the night. Cœur de Roi did not come for me till late the next day, and opening my eyes I saw the sun already high in the heavens. I reproached him for not waking me sooner.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir, I was detained at the manor."

I was struck with his anxious look and

asked him if any thing new had occurred there—he shook his head.

"I fear so," said he. "This morning when I entered the house I found the nurse listening with great anxiety at the foot of the stairs. Impassioned voices, sighs and groans issued from the chamber above, and steps pacing to and fro—there were pauses, and then the imploring, entreating voice of M. Jacques was heard, followed by a woman's sighs; at last the door opened and M. Jacques rushing like a madman down stairs passed us without notice, mounted his horse and left with the speed of the whirlwind."

"And Madame Armande?"

"We found her seated on the floor, gazing before her with a fixed look. I assisted Margaret to lay her on the bed, and recollecting that you were waiting for me, came to you."

We began our route without saying anything more. In spite of myself I turned my head every moment towards the manor—whose cracked roof gradually disappeared behind the trees. At last it was lost entirely, and coasting along the forest we had just gained the high road when a gallop was heard on our left.

Instantly a horseman appeared, urging his steed to its utmost speed, leaping over every thing which obstructed his path, and rushed into the road where we were, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. We both recognised M. Jacques. Cœur de Roi stopped short and turned towards me:

"Did you see his countenance as he passed?" said he in a troubled tone, "*he looked like one seeking his destruction.*"

I answered not, but inwardly shuddered, for I also had the same presentiment. It was so among the Chouans themselves. M. Jacques appeared in their ranks like a phantom. In vain they gathered around him with cries of joy; their enthusiasm brought not a smile upon his features or one gleam of pleasure across his soul. At the first rencontre with the republican troops it was evident his courage had changed its character. The valiant courage which he could so readily impart to his soldiers was transformed to a cool temerity, which appeared less to pursue victory than to court death; but he could not find it. Balls glanced from his plume and sabres softened against

his silk and velvet. He slowly urged his horse on, and buried himself in clouds of powder which were continually rent asunder by the lightning of musketry, and came out again without a wound. These imprudences, although yet fortunate, filled the Chouans with surprise, mingled with some disapprobation.

"He tempts God," murmured they in a low voice.

"God will leave him."

He did indeed. At the attack of the city of Daumery in Anjou, the republicans entrenched themselves according to custom in a church and victoriously repulsed their assailants. Every attempt to fire the church had failed, and the bravest had fallen dead or wounded; the troop discouraged were retreating, and M. Jacques seizing a bundle of lighted straw, advanced slowly towards the church; but when he was half way there, he staggered, stretched out his arms and fell. One of his men ran to raise him up, he yet breathed. They carried him to a neighboring farm, where he died three days after; carrying with him down to the grave the fortunes of the Chouannerie as well as the secret of his despair.

Some cotemporaries, however, have penetrated the cause. They speak of a young and noble lady, (whose well known name we shall withhold,) who devotedly attached to a Vendean officer, had followed him to the defeat at Mans, where she saw him perish. Seeking refuge with her nurse in the ruined manor, she had brooded over her sorrow, and conceived an inextinguishable hatred for the republic, when chance brought to her feet the unhappy M. Jacques. Then urged on by resentment and thirst for revenge she accepted the living lover, whose love it was *impossible* to return, to avenge the death of him to whom her very existence was devoted. That night, filled with joyous hopes of the future, exulting in the possession of his long coveted treasure, he fondly clasped her in his arms, and poured in her ears the full treasure of his love. She could no longer endure it, and he learned from her lips, *that he never had been and never could be loved!* Rudely awakened from his most cherished dream, in despair he had rushed on to death.

The first epoch of the Chouannerie had ended with Jean Cottéreau; the second of mighty conflicts and military organization terminated in the death of M. Jacques. Every where but in Maine, the insurrection had gradually changed its character, it had passed from the hands of the peasants to the nobles; from popular it had become political. Intrigue mingled its mire with the streams of generous blood, which, till then, had been poured out for their creed. The heroic Vendée of Cathelineau, was hereafter represented by Charette, a cunning genius, who could have doubled Louis XI: the Chouannerie, by the vacillating Puisaye, and Cormalin, a kind of Lieutenant of the police, whom chance, and above all, interest, had made a conspirator. Aided by a multitude of the chiefs of the rebellion, who had never openly compromised themselves, this last established the basis of a general pacification with the republic; the treaty of Mabilas was made and one day the Chouans learned that peace was declared.

This was an inexpressible surprise to these peasants. They asked themselves, in vain, how their duty was to respect to day, what they had fought against the day before. Nothing which they hated had been destroyed, nothing they severed and loved given back to them: all was limited to promises and they refused to lay down their arms.

"Well, cried an officer, "to-morrow five hundred republicans will demand them from you."

"And to-morrow five hundred Chouans will refuse them," replied Jambe d'Argent, and sure enough the next day the blues were put to flight. Advertised of the obstinacy of the Manceaux chiefs, Cormalin endeavored to gain their adhesion, he only succeeded in gaining a suspension of arms. Although Jambe d'Argent had signed it reluctantly, he faithfully adhered to it. Two commissaries from Laval, known for their sympathy for the royalists had come to ask permission to buy grain in the parishes. Some one proposed to retain them, and spread the report that they remained voluntarily, that being compromised to the patriots, they would be forced to join the Chouans.

Most of the members of the council applauded this proposition, and they cried out

to Jambe d'Argent, who resisted it, to follow the majority, he hastily arose and laid his sword down before them. "First decide, that I am no longer your chief," said he, "for as long as I hold that title, no one here shall put to vote—if *one should fail in honor!*" They dared not insist, and the two commissaries left.

But want of faith on both sides, soon made the truce ineffectual, and the conflict was not long in beginning. Jambe d'Argent proclaimed hostilities to the blues, the scattered bands soon assembled and he saw himself at the head of fifteen hundred effective men. They were enough to master the country. The little post occupied by the republicans were taken, convoys intercepted, villages blockaded anew, and it happened to Jambe d'Argent what happens to every one deserving success: his increasing power had enlarged his intelligence. Common minds never change their degree—and they are soon surmounted by things above them—but souls born for great things, ever rises with events and dominates them. Thus Treton without losing his friendly familiarity, had learned the language of command. Experience had given him a more extended vision, success more patience. His responsibility far from being a burden to him was a support. Friends and enemies equally praised his loyalty and bravery, and gentlemen themselves, at last, rendered him justice. M. de Scépeaux, who commanded in Anjou, asked and obtained for him the cross of St. Louis. Every thing prospered with the old beggar. He saw himself at a height of prosperity, which his wildest dreams never pictured. God spared him the bitterness of slowly descending to humiliation and defeat. Like Maccabeus—he would rest "*buried in his victory.*"

It was in the month of October 1794. Jambe d'Argent had passed the night in going from parish to parish, advertising the bands that a detachment of the republicans would arrive at Cosme the next day. Overcome by fatigue, he was sleeping near a fire awaiting his men, when musket shots were heard in the village. Jambe d'Argent rose and listened. "They are the blues, who have come before the hour appointed and met one of our bands, give me my gun."



He armed himself, ran out and arrived at the moment when the troop commanded by Moustache began to give way. "Here is Jambe d'Argent!" Every one returned and the combat was bloodier than ever. Some of the republicans were entrenched behind a garden wall. Jambe d'Argent saw and went to disperse them—at the moment he was about to attack them two balls struck him full in the breast. The Chouans only had time to carry him to some newly cut hay which they covered him with, to conceal him from the enemy, and the firing continued half an hour longer. At last a new band arrived and the republicans fled.

All ran to the place where Jambe d'Argent had been concealed; Moustache raised the hay, but instantly let it fall, Louis Tretton was dead! To the last instant his undaunted nature had battled. Dying, he would not abandon himself, and they found between his stiffened fingers the bandages of his leg, which he had begun to unfasten to arrest the blood flowing from his wounds. He was stealthily buried during the night, in a cemetery of Quelaines; an old priest, father Joseph, pronounced the consecrated words, the grave was filled and the Chouans dispersed in consternation. From that day, not one dared to undertake any thing and every one took to flight on seeing the blues. The Chouannerie had lost its soul and was but a corpse.

All was now told by the good old curé. His eyes often moistened, but his heart never angered by the recollections. Retained to tradition by his faith, he nevertheless understood the efforts of the new mind and left to God the care of deciding between the future and the past. For him, peace was only to be found in death, and he accepted the convulsions of mankind as the conditions of his life.

"Christ has said that the world was his Father's vine," added he with melancholy, "and it belongs to Him to gather the vintage. Sorrow is not alone what it appears. Providence has put a mystery in it. Is it not the cross and the crown of thorns which has purchased man? Has not the blood of martyrs delivered the world?"

Thus he spoke with sweet and holy eloquence. Exalting active faith, self-denial,

and devotion to what we believe *the truth*; and I, moved and surprised by these sublime teachings, suddenly following the recitals of the dead, like those mystical flowers, which bloom upon certain graves. I listened thoughtfully, pensively, whilst the sun sunk behind the poplars and the last hummings of the busy bees murmured around their fragrant hives.

S. S. C.

Columbus, Ga.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

vs.

MACAULAY, KIRK WHITE AND SHELLEY.

We are called upon by a contributor to review the decision, republished from the New York Times in the July number of this magazine, as to the paternity of the celebrated idea, which conceives London as a desolate ruin, contemplated by some thoughtful traveller from New Zealand. He presents a claim on behalf of honest Mat. Prior, and we confess there are few whose pretensions we should be disposed to consider with more favor. Little known to the readers of the present day, his poems contain much vigorous thought, polished wit, and pithy, epigrammatic expression: while the flow of his verse, uniting a manly strength to ease and elegance, will suffer little by comparison, even with the mightiest masters of English song. It is true, that (like his contemporaries) he often suffered his muse to keep very indecent company; and of her inspirations at such moments we can say nothing, but that they are quite as humorous, and not more wicked than those of other people, as times then were. However, the author of "Henry and Emma"—in which the sweet old ballad of the Nutbrown Maid re-appears, like some beauty of by-gone days arrayed in the choicest apparel of our own,—the author of such a contribution to English literature has something to plead in extenuation of his offences against delicacy and good morals. But we are not writing a criticism of his works—we only purposed to introduce the quotations furnished us by our contributor: and which do indeed seem to take the wind out of the sails of the three gallant barks that float below him upon the current, we do not say of literature, but of time. Solomon, it will be seen, prophesies the destruction of Babylon and Jerusalem, the growth and glory of England, and its final destruction.

FROM "SOLOMON ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD."

Book I.

"Disparted streams shall from their channels fly  
And deep surcharged by sandy mountains lie.  
Obscurely sepulchred. By eating rain,  
And furious wind, down to the distant plain  
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,  
Shall fall: the plain by slow degrees shall rise  
Higher than erst had stood the summit hill:  
For Time must Nature's great behests fulfil,

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,  
All things are light and heavy, small or great;  
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,  
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air.  
*Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood;  
And travellers enquire where Babel stood."*

\* \* \* \* \*

— Has that God who gave the world its birth,  
Severed those waters by some other earth—  
Countries by future plowshares to be torn,  
And cities raised by nations yet unborn!  
Ere the progressive course of restless age  
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,  
*May not our power and learning be suppress'd,  
And arts and empire learn to travel west?*  
Where, by the strength of this idea charmed,  
Lightened with glory, and with rapture warn'd,  
Ascends my soul? *What sees she white and great  
Amidst subjected seas! An isle, the seat  
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,  
For justice and for mercy sought and known;  
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,  
From thence to this distinguished nation given.  
Yet farther west the western isle extends  
Her happier fame; her armed fleet she sends  
To climates folded yet from human eye,  
And lands which we imagine wave and sky.  
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,  
And rules an empire by no ocean bound:  
Knows her ships anchored, and her sails unfurled,  
In other Indies, and a second World.*

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)  
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame.  
Long shall her favored monarchy engage  
The teeth of envy, and the force of age.  
Revered and happy she shall long remain  
Of human things least changeable, least vain.  
*Yet all must with the general doom comply—  
And this great, glorious power, though last, must die!"*

We admit that our friend, as the lawyers say, has made out his case: at least, until some body comes forward to show an elder title to the subject in controversy. And, inasmuch as no statute of limitations, or staleness of demand, can bar the assertion of a claim of this character, we begin to suspect that the advocate will finally triumph, whose reading runs furthest back into antiquity—in a word, that we shall be obliged to agree with Solomon himself, that there is no new thing under the sun. Meanwhile the champion of this *prior* claim may be allowed to give his challenge, which he does by repeating, in a new sense, the celebrated epitaph written by the poet for himself—

"Gentle and simple, by your leave,  
*Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior!*  
A son of Adam and of Eve—  
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher!"

## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The following obituary of Washington appeared in a London Newspaper in January, 1800, a few weeks after his death, I should like to know who its author was. For finished elegance, and for justness of portraiture, it has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, by any other sketch of our matchless countryman. Could it have been an Englishman, who so justly appreciated, or so happily portrayed his character? If an Englishman, who was he? I can think of no one then living in Great Britain, (Burke had died nearly four years before,) who had at once a heart, a mind, and a pen for such work; except Erskine. Fox had the heart, mind, and *tongue* for it perhaps; but not the pen. It is found in Kingston's *Life of Washington*, a modest and well composed octodecimo of 224 pages, published at Baltimore in 1813. Kingston does not tell the name of the London newspaper.

This masterly portrait should be laid on every parlor table, and studied by every person in America. The traits which it describes, and truly attributes to Washington, are traits of which the frequent contemplation would do more than a thousand lectures to make nobly useful men. M.

"The melancholy account of the death of General Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which has arrived off Dover.

"General Washington was, we believe, in his 68th year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full; and his limbs, though rather slender, well-shaped and muscular. His head was rather small; in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eyes were of a light grey color; and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Steward, the eminent portrait painter, used to say, there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other human being;

the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions: yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word: but it was always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through any remarkable places, his conversation was free and particularly interesting; for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behavior at levee than in private: and in the company of ladies still more so than when solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe: nor did those emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as rather tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and a reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, the steadiest friend.

The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration. The long life of General Washington is not stained by a single blot. He was indeed a man of such rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said or did or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most perfect prudence with the most consummate moderation. His views,

though large and liberal, were never extravagant: his virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical.

Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which may sometimes belong to these descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, or surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornaments. It was not the model cried by the fashion and circumstance: its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, opinions, and times. General Washington was not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages!

Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was preëminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle: his moderation conciliated every opposition: his genius supplied every resource: his enlarged view could plan, revise, and improve, every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance—either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory: and he merited true praise by desisting undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported.

His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, his seemed even to be uninfluenced by that ambition, which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted even, as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was but a secondary consideration. He performed great actions, he persevered in a course of laborious

utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was by the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the oppositions of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues.

It is some consolation, amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror, for the freedom of his country! A legislator, for its security! A magistrate, for its happiness. His glories were never sullied by those excesses, into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "Nature might have stood up to all the world," and owned him as her work. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity: and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

## ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LADIES' MOUNT  
VERNON ASSOCIATION, JULY 4, 1855.

By BEVERLEY R. WELLFORD, Jr.

It is related of a Virginia matron whose husband played a conspicuous part in the American Revolution, that upon one occasion during the darkest hour of that struggle the privacy of her rural mansion was invaded by the incursion of a predatory corps, under the command of the notorious Tarleton. Upon her approach she was saluted with the coarse and brutal query, "Where is your rebel husband?" The coward ruffians were stricken dumb awhile when from her gentle lips broke forth the indignant and instantaneous response, "Where he should be, fighting the battles of his country." Neither Greek nor Roman story records an incident of loftier moral heroism. It was characteristic however not more of the times than of the race. The women of Virginia of 1855, inherit the instincts and the spirit of their mothers of 1776. Should occasion require, they too, with bounding pulse, though it might be with bursting heart, would deck their sons and gird their lovers for the fray. Were the foot of an insolent invader again planted on our soil, they would sound through the highlands and lowlands of the Commonwealth, as imposing and effective a rallying cry as broke upon the stillness of 1775. From the plough and the desk, from the study and the counter, from the bridal and the funeral, from the quiet country and the crowded thoroughfare, from all the walks of life, they would speed the sons of Virginia to the rescue. Proffering no Spartan shield to protect from danger, but reposing in undoubting confidence upon the gallantry and chivalry of her citizen soldiery they would commit to them the insignia of Virginia's greatness—an escutcheon that never knew a stain and a banner that never drooped in disastrous defeat, accompanying it with the injunction,

Come with it when the battle is done,  
Or shrouded in it from the field.

To the coming guest, Virginia extends a

greeting which has given to a Virginia welcome, a proverbial and a world-wide renown. The coming foe she proudly points to Yorktown as the emblem of her resolution and his fate. Be he who he may, his only welcome is "a hospitable grave." Before his dying eye will flaunt her undrooping banner and in his dying ear will ring her spirit-stirring motto—as from rank to rank amid her serried columns is hurled her proud defiance—*Sic Semper Tyrannis*—"the proudest that ever blazed upon a nation's arm or warrior's shield."

But peace has her duties and her triumphs no less than war—more appropriate to the sphere, more congenial to the instincts of woman, and with these duties and these triumphs, a kind Providence has made the daughters of Virginia of our day, familiar. If their mothers were true to the emergencies of a revolutionary convulsion, their daughters have been no less true to the no less elevated responsibilities providentially devolved upon them in the holy relations of domestic life. From other sources we hear occasional clamor in unwomanly tones of a tyrant public sentiment and public law, divesting woman of her natural rights in withholding from her an equal participation with man in the labors and burthens, the honors and rewards of active and public life. But from the daughters of Virginia come no such discordant notes. Woman here claims no higher mission, aspires to no more exalted destiny, than is hers by the common consent of a Christian people.

"In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie,  
Around her knees domestic duties sweet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

As mother and wife, as sister and daughter, it is hers in the ever recurring duties and startling responsibilities of domestic life to illustrate those exalted virtues, which dignify and adorn her sex and enshrine her in the affections of all save the most unmanly of the race.

Though others rule a wider realm  
And act a bolder part,  
Far nobler here it is to sway  
The empire of the heart.

It is hers to make the first impression upon

the dawning intellect—in the cradle to instill the principles upon which the man is to shape his career, and to write upon the unspotted tablet of the soul those characters which may not be effaced in an eternity to come. It is hers to still the angry passions and calm the tempest of contending emotions too frequently struggling for the mastery of man, and with a more than wizard's spell to direct his pathway and to mould his destiny. It is hers not unfrequently to revive the drooping spirits and awaken the slumbering energies of man, with cheering smile and affectionate counsel to infuse new vigor and new life and send forth the way-worn and disheartened to honor and success. In the quiet and the unobtrusive walks of private life, shut out from the public gaze and removed far from the arena of conflict, she controls and directs the current of events. A whisper of rebuke—a gentle admonition from her, effects what the strength and the logic of man essays in vain.

History records no more suggestive incident than the memorable termination of the siege of Rome by Coriolanus. No child ever perused the narrative without extraordinary emotion. There is something in it which appeals with an effect that may not be resisted to the heart and the consciousness of all. Who has not in imagination dwelt upon the scene? A stout and sturdy warrior, steeled by years of active military service against the pitiful appeals of suffering humanity—the victim of fierce and ungovernable passions—smarting under a keen sense of accumulated wrong—consecrates the energies of his life to the avenging of his injury and exiled from the city whose annals his military prowess had adorned, sallies forth the infuriated minister of wrath. Sacrificing all higher and more ennobling aspirations—sullyng forever the hard-earned laurels of the victor of Corioli—he seeks even at the price of a traitor's fame to purchase a satisfying vengeance. Rallying around him an army of the enemy he had prostrated for her, he throws himself with an exulting legion upon the offending city and thunders at her gates. Appalled and prostrate at the realization of her seemingly inevitable doom, Rome trembles before him. With humbled pride her haughty senators, in solemn procession,

come to sue for mercy. Disdainfully repulsed, they dispatch the ministers of their religion to woo with the hopes of future bliss and intimidate with the prospect of a coming retribution. But all in vain. Unrelenting and unmoved by every appeal, the stern veteran relaxes not his purpose. Then come the mother's tears. Bending under the weight of years—sustained only by a holy hope, the aged matron sallies forth. Who can paint the scene? Who may realize the meeting? In the most insensate soul, there are treasured associations and memories, which forgotten amid the wild tumult of angry passion, awaken at the whisper of a mother's name to beat in every pulsation of the heart and thrill through every fibre of the frame. There is a sentiment of holy veneration in the soul of the child to its mother, which he must sound the lowest depths of human infamy who may forget or disregard. With streaming eyes and anguished heart, the Roman mother kneels to plead with her traitor son. Appealing to him by all the hallowed memories of his uncorrupted boyhood, and chiding with the affectionate rebuke and yearning tenderness that well up from a mother's soul towards an erring child, she conjures him to relinquish his cherished purpose. The warrior is unmanned. "Talk not of grief 'till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men." Fearful, but of brief duration, is the struggle of contending emotions. Instinct triumphs—the cup of vengeance is dashed untasted from the lips. Rome is safe again. A mother's tears have changed the destiny of the world. Had the sturdy warrior been pursuing the strict path of duty and seduced awhile into error by a mother's tears, methinks his fault had been as venial as my uncle Toby's oath, and "the accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the *crime*, had blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel as he wrote it down *had* dropped a tear upon the *record* and blotted it out forever."

The lives of the great and the experience of the obscure, continually present incidents of a somewhat parallel character. There are few men, who may not recall occasions in their past lives when the well considered purpose and the well determined resolve have been abandoned in deference to the urgent

entreaty of woman—most generally, ever after, to form the subject of continual congratulation. History deals with results or with the direct instruments by which results are accomplished. It is only in the less enduring, but far more instructive memoirs of personal incidents and in them with difficulty, that we are enabled to trace back great events and detect the influence of associates and associations upon the grand actors in the drama of life. Could we pursue such investigations with more facility the influence of woman would stand patent in every great convulsion, as we perceive it in all the minutiae of individual life. If there be aught of value in the history of Virginia—if there be in the character of her people—their achievements or their promise ought to justify the laudations we are wont to appropriate, it is due to the virtue of her daughters, far more than to the valor of her sons. In the coronet of Virginia, there glitters not a jewel which does not flash with the lustre of a woman's worth. Her Koh-i-noor itself, effulgent as it is with concentrated glory, is not more suggestive of the comprehensive patriotism of Washington than of the Christian tutorings of the Mary who bore him, and the sustaining affection of the Martha who shared his fortunes and blessed his life.

It is appropriate and characteristic that on this, the natal day of American Independence, the women of Virginia should be engaged in the sacred work of reviving revolutionary associations and rekindling revolutionary feelings. Upon the success of such a policy, now eminently depends the destiny of twenty millions of living men. If the past may be forgotten, who may predict the future before us. We live in troublous times. Our lot is cast in a crisis of our country's destiny. The Ship of State is plunged headlong upon an angry sea, amid tempest tost waves and threatening breakers. The shades of evening seem to gather around her—a dark and gloomy pall extends athwart the horizon—the heavens are lit by the fitful glare of the lurid lightning and the loud thunder-rattle bounds and rebounds o'er the bosom of the storm-lashed waters. Her old timbers creak, and her gallant spars bend, before the violence of the tempest—amid the ample folds of her "Union Jack,"



stripes so long in triumph, "amid the battle and the breeze," now shakes and quivers in the warring of contending elements. Upon the great dial plate of heaven, not four-score years of our independence have been reckoned, and even now aggressions, not unlike those which drove us into revolution and union, threaten to drive us into separation. If there be then on earth a sacred cause which may successfully appeal to the most elevated and the most womanly attributes of woman, and to which she may appropriately consecrate her highest and her holiest efforts—is it not the cause of extinguishing, in our country, sectional feelings and sectional asperities, and reviving those fraternal sentiments which in by gone days constituted us in interest and feeling—in hope and in fear one people.

It would seem sufficient in furtherance of so sacred a cause to summon our people from their usual avocations upon this Sabbath day of Freedom, to revive the recollections of the common hardships and common sacrifices—the common dangers and the common glories of the American colonies. So long as the lessons suggested by this memorable day are properly estimated and appreciated, so long may we cherish the most sanguine anticipations of the future of our country. Loyalty to the principles of the revolution, inculcates not more resistance to wrong than abstinence from aggression. If the assailant, however, will not heed them—shall the assailed prove recreant to the example and injunction of their sires?

It has been a source of lamentation that of late years, our people have manifested an apparently increasing insensibility to the truths and traditions of the past. But beneath a placid surface, who doubts the existence of a deep current of feeling? When some few months since, it was announced upon seemingly good authority, that the Home and Grave of Washington, were to pass from the custody of his kindred and to be desecrated to the unholy purposes of Mammon-worshipping speculators, a thrill of honest indignation beat through every heart in the community. Then came from the sunny South, the spirit-stirring appeal of a

was an appropriate work, in which her sex might engage, without violence to their instinctive delicacy and native refinement and might most becomingly offer an appreciative testimonial of their homage to the Father of his country and their devotion to that country itself, she suggested an united effort upon the part of her Southern sisters to purchase the consecrated soil. In accordance with that suggestion, the organization, under whose auspices we are this day assembled has been instituted. Relying upon the voluntary contributions of the American people, its originators anticipate with unwavering confidence the successful accomplishment of their patriotic purpose. Mount Vernon is to be purchased by the women of America and conveyed to the Commonwealth of Virginia in trust for the benefit of posterity. Could this sacred day be dedicated to holier uses than the furtherance of such a scheme? Would you revive the recollections of the past and diffuse a sentiment of loyalty to the principles of your sires? Imagine, if you may, a more appropriate means. Would you do honor to the patriot men, whose toils and sacrifices achieved your independence? Suggest, if suggest you can, a more touching and feeling tribute than woman now proposes. Would you silence the ravings of a besotted fanaticism, and crush the plottings of a Satanic treason? How may you more effectually achieve your patriotic purpose?

We come not here to deal in fulsome eulogy of the illustrious dead. We may not express the measure of his merit—as we may not add to the halo of his renown. If there beat in the assembly one heart that does not bow with instinctive reverence at the mention of the name of Washington—we might essay in vain to wake its sympathies. If his eulogy were not written upon every page of American history—if his monument were not built in the hearts of all his countrymen the occasion of your assembling would itself plead trumpet-tongued. The Mount Vernon Association of American women, is in itself the proudest memorial to manly worth the world has ever known. Man may be deceived by the ca-

price of fortune, and dazzled by the glare of success—his affections and his sympathies may cluster

"Where guilty glory glows,  
And despicable State,"

but woman proffers her homage at no shrine save that of virtue. Man is misled by the phantoms of his own pursuing. It is his ambition—it may be his destiny to be great; it is woman's higher ambition—her heaven-born mission to be good.

Men of Virginia—in the name of the daughters of this Commonwealth we appeal to you. We ask of your generosity no gift, we demand of your tardy justice a debt. If there be in your birthright aught that is valuable—if in the memory of your past, the fruition of your present, or the anticipation of your future, there is anything around which the affections may cling, or the hopes may cluster—if you claim any part or parcel of the glory that attaches to the emblems of Virginia's sovereignty, or the striped and spangled insignia of the Confederacy, then you are a debtor, and we charge you in your heart of hearts to measure well the *quantum* of your debt. To you, above all others, does this enterprize appeal for sympathy and active aid. To the custody of your own Commonwealth, is it proposed to confide the Home and Grave of her peerless son. It is an appropriate designation, for though his name and fame in some respects may be greatly claimed as common to mankind—yet in him Virginia becomingly asserts a peculiar property.

"He is her own,  
And she as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas if all the sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

Then speed this sacred enterprize. Encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of your patriot sisters. Let the glorious work be consummated. In the name of woman, let the home and grave of Washington be consecrated to mankind, as the Mecca of Republicanism forever. From the dome of the homestead he deserted only for a habitation on high, "a house not made with hands—eternal in the Heavens," let the banner of his own Virginia ever wave, and o'er his sacred ashes let her with a mother's

tenderness a constant vigil keep. She will not—she cannot prove recreant to the holy trust. Whatever fate the future may hold in reserve for her, though the common doom of nations be hers, her glory pale and her strength wax faint—in the decrepitude of age as in the bloom of youth and the vigor of maturity, around that consecrated spot she will hover an unslumbering sentinel—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest—  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She then shall dress a richer sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes a pilgrim grey  
To view the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a sequestered hermit there."

## REMINISCENCES OF CUBA.

BY TENELLA.

It was a cold, damp morning in February that we left the city of New Orleans where I had spent six weeks so happily that even the prospect of visiting Cuba could not quite reconcile me to bidding adieu to the many kind friends who crowded around us on the deck of the steamer *Crescent City*. In order to cross the bar at the mouth of the river before dark, we were obliged to make a very early start, and the clock had not struck eight when the bell warned off all but the passengers, and put a speedy end to the "last words" and hasty kisses of those whom we were leaving behind. I know of nothing more dismal than an early start on a cold morning, no one is amiable, and bright indeed must be the beauty and cheerful the spirit that can stand such a test.

Tired out with the hurry of an early breakfast, and the excitement of leaving my friends, I hastened to my state-room as soon as we were fairly off. I found it filled with mementos of the thoughtful kindness of those whom I had left. Books, fruit, flowers and confectionary strewed my berth, while safely stowed away in one corner was a bottle of

London Dock, slightly prized at the time, but highly valued before the bright shores of Cuba met my view.

I felt too miserable to care for making acquaintances among my fellow passengers, and did not appear on deck until after dinner. Our party consisted of six persons, or I should rather say seven, for Duke, an English setter, belonging to my Cousin Sue, was by no means the least important in the eyes of his mistress, who was miserable if he was out of her sight, unless she was sure that he was locked up in her state-room. Many were the tricks played on her respecting him before the voyage was over, and one gay spirit only succeeded in making his peace with her after hiding him for an hour, by sketching his portrait which lies before me now, vividly recalling the pretty animal and his charming mistress to my memory.

As we soon fell into the Cuban fashion of calling each other by our christian names only, I will thus designate the members of our party to avoid confusion. The most important personage was my husband, who by virtue of his age and dignity was always addressed as the Major; he being the most staid and settled of the party, took care of the baggage and made all business arrangements, while my Cousin Sue (better known as La Susanne) and I were confided to the care of Mons. Antoine G——, a Russian gentleman, who doubtless from the stronghold of Sebastopol, looks back now with regret to his higher service in Cuba, and Mr. Henry H——, a young Englishman, who, with his friend Reginald H——, had been making the tour of the U. S., and joined us in New Orleans. Duke was confided to the care of this latter gentleman, who was continually in disgrace with Sue for neglecting the pet to pay attention to the mistress. He at first looked coldly on Mons. Antoine, but in the excitement of an impromptu waltz, he forgot as he said to support the dignity of England, and warmly embracing his national enemy they became good friends, and ever afterwards fraternized most nobly; agreeing to fight out their quarrel on the Crimea, and until they met there, forget that they had one.

It would indeed have been difficult to have kept national animosities in mind when as-

sociating with so bright nald's, and listening to wit. He was a unive Irish than English in left, as he expressed it to Henry, who seemed that he should look at pay the fare of both. no intention of coming teased into it by Regi only son and the idol doubtless a little bit spo as abroad.

It was amusing to see his friend and picking sions which he scattered it was his great coat, the book, and so on through As for paying his fare baggage it never entered he was as volatile as sparkling as champagne; sea sick, and then most tal. Byron and Brand sources, and when too si from the pillow, I could odd attempts to console a combination of the two

As soon as we had cro we did about dark, most became invisible, and no groans, exclamations of mands for brandy and beries of that night! I will scribe them, for I was to thing that was going on, of fright of most of the ladies and Spanish were jabber ceasingly through the n limp, miserable looking s collected next morning o very good terms with the tunate enough to get a n under the awning; I was favored. Unable to wall stand alone, after an excu lying on my back, with th chamber-maid, I was pick good-natured captain as il ten and deposited on dec day envying the joyousne cousin entertained herself Always busy, she had

books and settled herself in a comfortable nook for the purpose of studying a few Spanish phrases preparatory to beginning her flirtations in Cuba, when she was interrupted by Reginald, who, half sick, was sentimentalizing at the foot of my mattress with a tumbler of toddy and a volume of Byron; and now begged Sue to open a school for teaching Spanish, and take him for her first pupil. She willingly consented, and soon had four or five gentlemen around her ready for anything, *pour passer le temps*. Among them was Lt. W—— of the U. S. A., the gay youth mentioned before, who expended his teasing propensities on Duke, and Don Manuel Velasco, an officer in the Spanish Navy, who had been appointed assistant teacher in the school of which Miss Sue was principal. He was the first to convert her in La Susanne, while with equal coolness I became immediately after introduction, La Maria, or in more endearing terms, La Mariquita, (the little Mary.) I afterwards found it betokened no intimacy when a gentleman addressed a lady by her christian name; that being the common style in Cuba, and I believe in Spain also. The ladies in return call the gentlemen by their sir-names only, without prefixing either Señor or Don; the latter only precedes a christian name, never a sir-name alone. Don Manuel Velasco for instance, was in Society, either Don Manuel simply or Velasco, never Señor Velasco except from inferiors.

The Spanish lesson occupied a greater part of the morning, and the rest was whiled away by the vagaries of Lt. W——, who seemed bent on victimizing poor Don Manuel.

To have heard him one would have supposed him the leader of a Filibustero force just ready to make a descent on Cuba. He portioned off the city of Havana among all present, reserving the Captain General's palace and the Plaza de Armes in front of it for his own use, and kindly bestowing his Quinta or country seat on the Don, whom he pronounced a clever fellow, only on rather too small a scale; assuring him however with a patronizing nod, that he would take care of him, and give especial orders that he should be reserved for his own private shooting, when the island was taken. He next

proceeded to lay all his plans for storming Morro Castle, and the Cabañas, counting largely on Don Manuel's private co-operation, to the great annoyance of the latter, who evidently considered the subject too dangerous a one to be trifled with.

A brisk shower interrupted his nonsense, and drove all below except those who were either too well or too sick to heed the rain. I was among the latter, and well wrapped up with shawls, and great coats, I lay still, protected by the awning and an umbrella held over me by Don Manuel, who was afraid to trust himself to the tender mercies of Lt. W——without either Susanne or Mariquita.

We soon got into quite a cozy chat, in the course of which, he told me a great part of his history. He was a creole, yet a Lt. in the Spanish Navy. a rare combinations as I afterwards found, for the Creoles are carefully excluded from all offices of trust, and rarely enter either the navy or the army. Don Manuel was now on his return from Mexico where he had been for seven months; quite an age he thought, to be separated from his charming "Carmine," the Senorita "who held his heart in her hand." With all the simplicity of a boy, and the ardor of a man, he showed me her portrait, and the many little presents he had collected for the dead *gurril*!

My politeness was sorely taxed when I looked on the picture, for by no stretch of my imagination could I conceive her even good looking. He, like most of the Creole men, was very small, showing his high blood in the delicacy of his hands and feet; she on the contrary would have weighed two hundred, unless the artist did her much more than justice; was dull and stupid looking, and not far removed from a mulatto in complexion. I could only hope as he enthusiastically kissed this, to me, ugly picture, that the original was as he said, "good, so very good." The rain becoming more violent, I was at last reluctantly obliged to go below, where I found Mons. Antoine and Reginald too far gone to be consoled by either Byron or Brandy, and fearing I should soon be in the same situation, I retired to my state room, leaving Sue, Henry, and Don Manuel the only passengers who were

THE HEAT INVOLVING US IN OTHER, THE sea was as smooth as glass, and we began to hope we should reach the Morro before the flag was hauled down, after which no persons are allowed to land, the vessels may enter the harbor until eight o'clock. Those persons going to New York were particularly anxious to get in early so as to have a night ashore, and bets ran high among the gentlemen as to the probability of their being able to do so.

Among the most anxious was W—, who lost champagne and gloves freely, as we had the pleasure of seeing the flag lowered, when we were about three miles from the Morro, but as he never troubled himself to pay any bets but his champagne and suppers, which he of course helped to consume, I don't think he took his losses much to heart. He vented his spleen in abusing the Captain General and the Spanish Government, till suddenly remembering Don Manuel, he told me with great apparent sincerity, that he had made arrangements with him to elude the officials by going ashore in a boat from the Spanish navy that would soon be along side. Adding, he had brought over the Don to his way of thinking, and intended to make him his Secretary when he, W—, should be Captain General. We were all amused at his extravagancies, except poor Don Manuel, who felt *he* was on dangerous ground where W— was perfectly safe; and implored him with great earnestness, and the best English he could command, to stop, for said he, "if it was known I had listened to such language, from an officer of the U. S. Army, it would get me into trouble, and if you do not cease these jests, you will oblige me to retire to my state-room, to avoid hearing them."

What better commentary could be offered on the state of bondage in which the Creoles live, than words like these from the lips of an officer. Apologizing for his unintentional rudeness, W— left the Don in peace; but the champagne bets having been consumed, he found it impossible to be quiet, and seizing a pretty little French girl around the waist, he declared, if he could not abuse the Captain General, he would at least get

ORDERING TWO ORGAN GRINDERS WHO WERE IN the steerage to strike up a waltz, he whirled off with his partner, followed gradually by the whole of us, with the exception of a few elderly ladies, and staid gentlemen.

Sue and Henry caught the infection first, I followed with the Don, while Reginald and Antoine, buried the hatchet so deep that they never found it convenient to dig it up, and forgot their national wrongs, in the mazures of the Mazurka, not being able to find lady partners. I soon found that even the lovely view of Havana by moonlight, and the brisk exercise on deck, could not inspire me with the strength lost by sea sickness, so leaving the ladies with their handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and the gentlemen in their travelling caps, footing it most merrily, I retired to my state room, and fell asleep listening to the squeak of the organs, and the continued thump of heels, and patter of slippers over head.

The bustle on deck awoke me at an early hour next morning, and hastily dressing, I hastened out for a view of the far-famed harbor of Havana, which gives its name to the city, Habana, as it is written in Spanish, meaning harbor. We had been lying all night close to the guard-ship, which is anchored under the guns of Morro Castle, and when I reached the deck were moving slowly up the harbor to the usual anchorage of the steamers, opposite the Custom House. So many descriptions have been written of the beauty of this bay, that I shall not attempt one, only saying, all I ever read fall far short of the reality. I was particularly struck with the immense fortifications that surround it and the city; turn which way I would, a fort met my eye, and guns frowned on me from the Morro La Punta and Cabanas, while far in the distance forts Principe and Atares, built on high hills, commanded the city and its entrances on the land side. Besides these there were five smaller ones in view, distinguished by their numbers only, as Uno, Dos, &c. The cost of these fortifications must have been almost fabulous. Thirty three millions were expended on the Cabanas alone, and it is still unfinished. The author of Gan Eden says, that when the

King of Spain saw the sum total of the expenses, he called for a telescope and looked attentively towards the sea, saying a fort that had cost such a sum ought to be visible from Madrid. A better story, I think is, that he asked the engineer who planned it, what it was built of, and being told of Coral Rock, exclaimed "Coral Rock? Why? I thought it was of silver at least." We had no sooner anchored, than the steamer was surrounded by a fleet of feluccas, some bringing fruit and curiosities to sell, and others waiting to land the passengers, as we could not get up to the wharf. Calling one of the latter, Don Manuel, who had been pointing out the different forts to me, took his leave, telling me his ship would soon be in harbor, and until then, he should devote himself to his dear Carmine. I was much struck with the oriental style of his adieu, which afterwards became so familiar, as, "I kiss your hands," or "I am at your feet," is the common form of salutation. Certainly, "yo beso las manas," does not sound badly, particularly when the action accompanies the words, and both seem natural to the lips of a high bred Spanish Creole.

The Major and Henry had not collected the baggage and made arrangements to land, before a felucca came alongside and some one on board called out to know if we were on the steamer; the Captain replying in the affirmative, a gentleman came up the side, and introduced himself as the clerk of Col. Robertson, the U. S. Consul, who being in bad health, was not able to meet us himself as he had proposed doing. He had however engaged rooms for us at the Hotel Cubano, and collecting our baggage it was put into another felucca, under the care of Mr. Newcome, the agent for the hotel, while we pulled ashore and waited for it at the Custom House. Early as it was, the sun was intensely hot, and we were not sorry to be under shelter.

Strange indeed was the scene presented to our view, as we stood waiting the arrival of our trunks under a long shed, opening at one end on the water, and guarded at the other by iron gates and two sentinels, was collected all the baggage and passengers of two steamers; while four or five officers searched every trunk, bag and box, for for-

bidden articles. In some instances the trunks were emptied of all their contents, and the bottoms sounded to see that they were not false. As I watched the investigation, I began to tremble, for certain contraband articles which were, as I fancied, securely hidden in the folds of my dresses.

All weapons were seized most unceremoniously, even a jack knife could not pass muster, every paper was subjected to a rigid scrutiny, if sealed it was broken open, and in more than one instance detained. I knew that the Major had his revolver in a belt around his waist, but the powder-flask and bullet-moulds were in my trunk, with a dagger that I had forgotten to put in my pocket, as I intended to have done before landing. Grace Greenwood's account of her adventure with the Austrian officials, who seized her paper-cutter as an offensive weapon, came vividly back to my remembrance, and I knew there was no such loop-hole for me to creep out of; as expecting to keep house in the country during our stay on the island, the Major had taken care that both pistol and knife should be in the best order, as a protection against any robbers who might be tempted by our exposed situation to attack our premises. I had beside numerous letters and papers, and a dozen or more books among my possessions, and I saw that these were jealously eyed by the officials. Whispering my fears to the rest of the party, they were shared by the Major and Henry, but scouted at by Sue, Reginald and Antoine, who after rating me a little for my carelessness respecting the dagger, agreed that they could outwit any custom house officer who had a spark of gallantry in his soul. Antoine who was a close observer of all that went on around him, remarked that if a good looking lady opened a trunk, and smiled a little on one officer, he took particular pains not to see anything but what she chose he should; while another who was getting rather gray—seemed not to care either for the lady or her smiles. While we were debating matters, the good looking young officer sent his servant with a couple of chairs for "las senoritas." We took this as a favourable omen, and as soon as our trunks arrived, Sue and I went up to him, and begged him to look into them at his convenience, while the gentle-



men of the party stood at a distance, as if it was a matter in which they had no concern. The Major had confided to my keeping sundry law papers, relating to a suit which he was to carry on at Matanzas, and not knowing how hateful written papers were to custom house officials, I had made no attempt to conceal, but had laid them with some letters received from different friends in the tray of my trunk. Six trunks had been permitted to pass with only a pretence of a search, the dagger and powder-flask had escaped detection, for when I opened the box in which they were, I said with considerable flourish—"See Señor, my ammunition for the coming winter's campaign!" to which he smilingly replied, that ladies most dangerous weapons were "las ojos argules," (blue eyes,) not lace and ribbon; and though his fingers were within an inch of my dagger, saw it not. But the papers could not pass so easily; probably they might have done so, had not the old officer come up at the moment, and insisted on seeing them. Like the Turks who destroy no paper for fear the name of Allah may be inscribed thereon, he could let no writing pass without a search, least it might contain treason, and seizing the whole bundle, he opened one and commenced reading; fortunately he chanced on one of the Major's old letters, received before he joined me in New Orleans, so turning to the young officer I said in a most exploring tone, "oh don't let him read my love letters;" whereon without more ado, he snatched the whole out of the other's hands, crying "bastante" enough, and throwing them back into the trunk, locked it and handed me the keys, saying, "I kiss your hands lady;" then calling a soldier, he ordered our baggage through the gate, and handed us our permission to land.

It was ten o'clock before we reached the Hotel Cubano, where we expected to find breakfast, but owing to our long detention at the custom house, the hostess, Madam Brewer, concluded we had not arrived, and we were obliged to wait for a second meal to be cooked. Tired as I was, I could not rest for the novelty of all that met my eye. The house which was about three hundred years old, looked more like a fortification than a dwelling; and this peculiarity struck

me in all the town houses in the lower story, and the roofs of the other defended with iron grat doors and shutters, and the total absence of any even comforts, such as windows and locks on the doors led to the stronghold of wood, than a dwelling. Bars and iron bolts, a few only fastenings of the doors were rather ponderous; we grew accustomed to sit on the floor as the rest of the inmates which had been originally was divided by a canopy, could not reach more than half an inch behind this Sue was extended, with the little liars, could reach her from the two liars, led in my part of the room, a gallery running around the room, and the other on a balcony to the street. Madame Aguero, for accommodation, saying that she was engaged for us, had been waiting for our arrival in the preceding evening at Le Vert, and would be as ready as she sailed for Europe, doing in the course of the day. While she was speaking, the young officer herself came to welcome me, and with her a fortnight before, she was regretting that circumstances had prevented sailing together. She was the U. S. Consul, Col. Roberts, and how exhausted I began to feel, begged me to go at once, and as it was possible to recruit for a new regiment given by the British Government, at which he was anxious to appear. I was glad to find that the bed looked most comfortable in appearance, rest on it I assisted only of a sack and counterpane, sheet and counterpane, knotty and hard by long experiences of Mons. A's assistance next day, for the shawls of the party, he had on which I slept as long as the room, otherwise sleepers

been my nights. Double bedsteads and mattresses are luxuries unknown in Cuba, except to the American and English residents. I could never get reconciled to the sackings, though they became so agreeable to Sue that she would at length dispense with the mattress even when she could get it.

I had entrusted my letters of introduction to Col. Robertson who so promptly dispatched them, that from five to seven that evening, the fashionable hours for visiting, we were engaged receiving several pretty ladies, who all came bonnetless to welcome us. Some had known my cousin during a former visit; among these was the wife of the British Consul, who brought us invitations to her ball for the next evening. I was too tired to do more than look on,—every thing was so strange that I felt as if watching the gliding scenes of a panorama in which I took no other interest than that of a mere spectator; and when the others went at eight o'clock to hear the band play on the Plaza de Armes, I was glad to go to bed.

But alas! sleep was out of the question, what with my uncomfortable bed and the cries of the watchmen repeated every half hour, I was starting up through the whole night, and gladly welcomed the dawn. At nine o'clock breakfast was served. This is always a substantial meal, as most of the out-door business of the day is accomplished before it takes place; ten is the usual hour; but to please travellers, who generally have but little to do, nine was chosen at the Hotel Cubano. Not a servant in the dining room understood a word of English, and we were obliged to have recourse to our Spanish to procure anything to eat; the table was loaded with dishes, some familiar, and others entirely new. Henry and Reginald knew nothing of the language, but the few words acquired on the voyage; Antoine and the Major could get along a little better, while Sue knew enough for all communications necessary with the servants, and could, if forced to it, converse pretty well. My knowledge was derived entirely from books. I knew Spanish tolerably by the eye, but was utterly ignorant of it by the ear, and the language of the servants was a perfect jargon to me. I managed however to make them understand me after some time, though

at first I invariably spoke French by mistake, and during the whole of my sojourn in Cuba, I could never speak Spanish without the help of French, it seemed that when I left the English language, I lost myself in a mixture of the two.

I kept my room most of the day, but was by no means lonely, for by common consent it was made head quarters; and our party, increased by Mrs. Le Vert and her daughter, had plenty to amuse them. Lying on my bed, which had been rendered more comfortable by the addition of the plaids, I could not but laugh at the odd grimaces made by Reginald over the green cocoa nuts, which he had been anxiously looking forward to enjoying. Seated on the floor, he was eagerly cutting off the tops of half a dozen, expatiating on their excellence, while Sue held the tumbler ready to give me a draught that she was sure would revive me, and Mrs. Le Vert, seated in an arm chair, warned me not to expect too much as it was miserable stuff. One taste convinced me she was right, for the nuts being what is called in water, were filled with a colourless liquid, tasting not unlike watermelon juice, and I felt no temptation to renew the trial; not so Reginald, he was convinced that there was some reason why each nut should not be in perfection, and went on opening one after another, until tired with repeated failures, he told Sue she was blessed with miserable taste, that green cocoanuts were a humbug; and lighting a cigar he stretched himself on the other bed, and gave us a history of his adventures during his search after them. Unable to speak a word of Spanish, he had wandered through the city with a phrase book and dictionary, venturing boldly into the stores with no interpreter, keeping not only Henry and Antoine, but the storekeepers and clerks laughing at his droll attempts to make himself understood. It is impossible for a person who has not spent some weeks in a Havana hotel, to form any idea of the free and easy life lead by its inmates. Bed-rooms are as open to visitors as the Sala or parlor, which indeed is never found in them unless the house is kept by an American; if the host is either Spanish or French, he dispenses with a parlor altogether, and expects his visitors to do the same. The

cunning houses, walking, riding or driving, and a railroad company who placarded "No Smoking Allowed," would soon ruin itself. Even ladies who dislike smoking at home, endure it very well after a short stay in Havana. One thing, however, should be remembered, that there is neither curtains, carpets, stuffed furniture, or cloth coats to retain the perfume of the "real Havana," which few persons dislike fresh, and as the doors and windows are never closed, except in a shower, the fresh breeze blowing constantly, sweeps away all stale smell, so sickening in a closed room.

By eight o'clock we were ready for the British Consul's, for it is etiquette in Havana, to go to entertainments at the hour named; in consequence of this sensible fashion, the lady of the house is not kept waiting an hour or two for her guests, who, unless the party is very large, generally leave by twelve at the latest. I only attended two parties where we exceeded this hour, generally eleven was the signal for saying good night. Our party was so large we had to divide, but by half past eight, we found ourselves at the Aldama palace, part of which is at present occupied by the British Consul, during the absence of the owners in Spain. Alighting from the carriage, we stepped into a paved portico, extending across a whole square, that being the length of the palace, which is divided into two distinct dwellings, though appearing but one from the outside.

From this portico we entered an arched hall, by a door as large as that of a barn; here, to my astonishment, I saw the carriages of the family ranged one on my side, while in the dim distance across the court, was the stable. On this floor were the offices, above them the entresol, and next the apartments of the family. As I ascended the stair-case I could not but remark its beauty; it was of pure white marble, inlaid at the landings with stars of different coloured marble, the railing was of bronze, each stick representing a swan's neck; the head supporting the hand rail. Arriving at the top, we entered a vestibule paved with black and white marble, where we were met by the Consul, who

greatly enjoying with him, he conducted us to a small room, where we laid aside our shawls, and arranged our dresses, before immense glasses set in the wall. The floor of this room was composed of different coloured woods—beautifully inlaid, and was the only wooden one I saw in Havana. Having retouched our toilets we joined the gentlemen in the vestibule, and walking up its spacious length, were ushered into a parlor already filled with company, among whom the brilliant uniforms of the English navy officers, and the gay crimson jackets of the marines, were most conspicuous. The Consul having piloted me to the upper end, where his wife stood, seated me between two stout middle-aged ladies, whom I afterwards discovered to be, one a countess in her own right, and the other the wife of a count. Here I had leisure to look around, for neither of my neighbors could speak a word of English, and I was too timid to reply except in monosyllables to their Spanish, as I only understood about one word in three that was addressed to me. The room was an elegant one, though rather too long for its width, the floor was composed of alternate diamonds, of rich brown and crimson veined marble with blocks of pure white. The ceiling, which was very lofty, was painted in fresco, and the walls covered with beautiful pictures, there was neither curtains or carpet, but the sofas and divans were all of crimson damask. The piano was in the middle of the floor, and grouped around it and the doors, were all the gentlemen, while stiff and formal the ladies ranged around, next to the walls, with not a vacant space in the row. I soon got tired of my high-born neighbors, who seemed to have nothing to say to each other, so I had not even the pleasure of overhearing their discourse, and gladly welcomed the appearance of Sue who had found scores of friends among the officers, who finding it rather dull work stand quietly looking on, and not having sufficient courage to face the formidable row of ladies, gladly welcomed an indent American, who did not feel obliged to follow the Spanish etiquette, which is rigid respecting unmarried ladies.

never left a moment without a duenna, and during the contra-danza, is the only time when a gentleman can utter sweet nothings to one without the certainty of being overheard. The young ladies never leave the sides of their chaperone except to dance, and return immediately to her. Later in the evening, when the parlor was nearly deserted for the dancing saloon, I caught several horrified glances, from my countesses and others, as I promenaded its length, with a British Marine officer.

What would our "fast belles" do in Havana?

Not having had an opportunity of learning the Spanish dances, I sat most of the evening in the dancing Sala, watching what was going on around me. Mrs. Le Vert on one side, and Admiral F——, of the Royal navy, on the other, kept me well amused. The room was elegant indeed; nearly square, and very spacious, it looked beautiful, being brilliantly lit with gas that showed its exquisite frescos to great advantage; the floor was of large octagons of white marble, joined with squares of crimson and brown; in the centre was a large circle of black and cream colored marble, surrounding an immense star of different colours, while a waving border of black and pale yellow ran all around the room. Gentleman after gentleman was introduced to me, English, German, French and Spanish, until I got them all confused, and came home with only a distinct idea of the few with whom I danced. Among these was a tall Marine officer in his crimson jacket, blue pantaloons and gold lace, who was most overpoweringly attentive to me, to the no small amusement of Reginald who stood listening to his flow of small talk.

"Wont you give me just one waltz?"

"No, pray excuse me, I have not recovered from the effects of sea sickness, and my head is too weak to waltz."

"Well then, promise me the next Contra Danza."

"I really don't understand it, having never seen it before and should put all the rest out."

"Well I am sure you know the Mazurka, now don't you?"

I shook my head, laughingly, when with

a desperate effort as if certain he would succeed in pleasing me, he said: "Well, perhaps you would like to come to church on Sunday then, if you will, I'll come for you in one of our boats and take you aboard."

I was just thanking him for his offer, when the son of the consul, came up to beg me to help form a cotillion; I readily consented, for I did know how to dance these, and walked off with my Marine, who exclaimed as we took our places, "well you don't think it a sin to dance then; I heard some Americans did and thought you must be one."

I assured him I was very fond of it.

"So is our parson," said he, "that's him opposite to us, he is our best Polka dancer, and a splendid fellow, take him all in all!" And this was my first introduction to the only clergyman whom I heard officiate while I was in Havana.

I was disappointed in the appearance of the Creole ladies. I had expected to find much beauty, and great taste in dress among them, but instead of this, I found them, with but few exceptions, dark and heavy looking, with neither colour or animation to relieve their faces. Execrable is the only term appropriate to their toilets, which would at all times have struck me as in shocking taste; but more particularly after the graceful elegance of the New Orleans ladies. The young ladies generally wore dresses of Tarleton, or some light material, with exceedingly long waists, stiffened with whalebone until they looked as if pressed between two boards. Some of the elder ones had on elegant silks and laces, but made up so badly that the whole effect was destroyed, and they looked exceedingly dowdy. Then too, as a general rule, they have no taste in the combination and contrast of colours; my eye was shocked continually, during my drives particularly, by such contrasts as deep mazarine blue and orange, purple and yellow, brick-dust red and sky blue, &c. My countess was dressed in bright yellow, with sky blue flowers and ribbons, and being as I said before very large, and decidedly dark, did not look very pretty. It was past one o'clock before we could get away; having made our adieu to the ladies, we hastened to our carriage, where Reginald entertained the rest of the party with a comic account of the gentleman who deter-

out the next Sunday, the spray was dashing so high over the walls of the Morro, that we did not care to venture out in an open boat, and the following Wednesday Admiral F. sailed for England, taking my obliging acquaintance with him.

This was the first Norther we experienced, and before it was over I was heartily sick of windows without glass, tile floors, and doors that would not stay shut without being fastened either inside or out. The ladies all made their appearance at breakfast in shawls and mantillas, while the gentlemen not content with cloth coats, pulled on their great-coats and buttoned them to the throat. Some persons had braziers with coals set in their rooms, but my lungs would not bear the gas, and the only way I could be comfortable was by keeping constantly in motion. The sun was still powerful, and sheltered from the North wind it was pleasant walking. But ladies never walk in Havana, except on holy Thursday and good Friday. Greatly to the amazement of Sue and Mrs. Le Vert, I violated this rule of etiquette, and accompanied by the Major or one of the other gentlemen, scampered over the city in its length and breadth. Sue was very fearful I would meet with something unpleasant, and I could seldom induce her to accompany me, but as I took care not to go out alone, I never met with any but the most chivalrous courtesy, though I doubtless penetrated into places where a lady had never before been seen a pied. Down on the wharfs, through the fruit and fish markets, out to the Camps Martes when Gen. Concha reviewed the volunteers, up and down the Paser and Alameda de Paula, (the principal drives and walk of the city,) where I have often been the only lady walking among thousands of gentlemen. In this way I became very familiar with the city, where we spent three months delightfully. Our original plan was to keep house about two miles from Matanzas, in the domicile of a friend, who being one of the suspected, dared not make his appearance on the island. But arriving as we did, just at the commencement of the political troubles that occurred during the past winter, we were

domiciliary visits and suspicions of the officials. As martial law was declared soon after our arrival, and enforced during our stay, we thought it most prudent to follow this advice, and though never once molested in any way, we saw enough of the system of arresting Americans on suspicion, to make us glad that we had done so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The "Monthly Report" to the Mount Vernon Association of the Union.

The ladies of the Mount Vernon Central Committee are gratified in being able to assure those interested in this patriotic cause, that it is surely, if slowly, advancing to its destined end.

During the past two months "Circulars" and "Pamphlets" have been distributed in various sections of the Union and particular efforts made to excite action in its behalf, in New Orleans, St. Louis, Louisville, Kentucky, Chicago, Cincinnati, Springfield, Massachusetts, Baltimore, Washington City, &c.—and in some of these promises of aid (from individuals) have been already received.

On the 28th of July "a Mount Vernon meeting" was held at the Columbia House (Cape May), Cape Island, New Jersey, where—and with pride we record it—Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, Ex-Governor Bigler of the same State, and Hon. William Churchill, of Tennessee, made eloquent appeals in behalf of the effort to secure and improve the Home and the Grave of the Father of our Country. As they were listened to by those gathered from the four corners of the Union, we can but feel that they were instrumental in disseminating that knowledge and interest which may prove very beneficial to us in future! Already have the results been of a most decided and important nature! Besides enlisting future laborers in the City of Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and other places, and securing, without delay, the formation of a State Committee for Pennsylvania, to be enlarged and more regularly organized in Philadelphia, in September, it produced the determination to have "mass meeting" held in that city from which issued our Immortal Declaration, and Washington presided as President! W.

dently hope that from the Sacred Hall of Independence may again issue "tones" which will electrify the American people—causing her sons and daughters to rise in that spontaneous movement, which will finish our glorious work in a manner befitting a *great and rich people* towards the author of their liberties.

The ladies with gratitude announce that the American Convention assembled in Philadelphia in June, evinced their patriotic spirit, by making their *last* "official act" the passage, by acclamation, of "resolves" in behalf of our enterprise. In the hope of their publication, enabling us to present them to our readers, we delayed this communication till our September report. We sincerely trust that every branch of the Order may be governed by the feelings which actuate those in Philadelphia, who design to aid us *substantially*!

While acknowledging with thankfulness the spirit which is being aroused and which will exhibit itself in time, in that action creditable to our country, we would take *this occasion* to express our gratitude and deep indebtedness to Dr. and Mr. Jones, Proprietor and Editor of the Chronicle and Sentinel of Augusta, Georgia, whose *early appreciation* of the beauty of this enterprise, and *generous and untiring* efforts in its favor aided so *materially* in bringing it so far on its "Sacred Mission." Not only have the ladies presented with 2200 "Subscription papers" and 700 "Addresses" or "Circulars," but their *columns, then as now*, were ever open to *whatever* would advance their cause! A few more of such over our country would bring their labors to a speedy conclusion!

We cannot close "our report" more appropriately than by placing before our readers the recent movement by the *French* in New York! Sons and Daughters of America—awake—arouse—or soon it may be said you were *shamed* into *zeal* and *generosity* by the *noble conduct* of the descendants of Washington's former Allies!

#### MOUNT VERNON.

TO THE FRENCH RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

SOCIETY OF LA MONTAGNE, }  
72 Leonard Street, August 21, 1855. }

The tomb of Washington is falling to ruin, and the destructive hand of time, if not arrested, will soon efface every vestige of the monument at Mount Vernon. Surely the earth which covers the remains of that great man ought to belong to the nation. Shall it be permitted to become the prey of speculators?

The American press has made an appeal to the public. What will be the response we cannot

tell, but we firmly believe that it will be in consonance with the national heart and sympathy.

All the glorious traditions of liberty are interesting to us, and Washington is one of the noblest models of the revolutionary heroes of the eighteenth century. Like every man whose name has served as a symbol of regeneration—whose life has been one continuous act of abnegation—his "memory" ought to be blessed by all, whatever be their nationality.

There can be no doubt but that there will be "subscriptions" opened among the Americans. Let us do the same! It is appropriate, it is right, that France inscribe her *name* on a marble dedicated to independence and liberty!

A French committee is now organizing for this purpose. It will, when it has made proper arrangements, convoke a meeting of the French in this city.

The delegates of the Society La Montagne—

Henri de l'Eduse,	A. Frey,
A. Lanson,	G. Yehl,
H. Forbes,	St. Gaudens.

## Notices of New Works.

THE LAND OF GOLD. *Reality versus Fiction.* By HINTON R. HELPER. Baltimore. Published for the author, By Henry Taylor, Sun Iron Building, 1855.

We commend this modest volume of California Sketches with very great satisfaction to the reader. It is the work of a gentleman evidently unpractised in book making, but sincerely desirous of giving an accurate and unvarnished account of the habits and *morale* of the "Land of Gold," which he has observed with no careless eye. His pictures of San Francisco are very freshly and vividly drawn. Mr. Helper's views of the probable future of the Eldorado of the Pacific are by no means encouraging, and we cannot but incline to his opinion that the auriferous depositories of that great region will ultimately prove a curse to it. History has shown that no gold-producing country has ever risen in the scale of moral and political greatness, and we are little disposed to think California will prove an exception to the general experience.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. By RICHARD C. MCCORMICK JR. of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Company 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The best part of this little volume is that done by the lithographer who has given us some very spirited illustrations of the War in the Crimea. Of Mr. McCormick's narrative we cannot say more than that it is written in a creditable style and bears every mark of being truthful. It is far inferior in point of descriptive power to the correspondence of the English newspapers, but has the countervailing advantage of impartiality of observation. It will no doubt subserve the purpose for which it was gotten up, that of administering to the very general interest now felt throughout the United States in the Eastern War.





# A QUARTERLY LAW JOURNAL.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE RICHMOND BAR.

CONTRIBUTORS:—Wm. GREEN, of Culpeper; Prof. J. B. MINOR, University of Virginia; A. H. SANDS, Author of "History of Suit in Equity," and other professional gentlemen, whose names I am not at liberty to announce, have agreed to contribute to the columns of the Journal.

The undersigned proposes to commence on the 1st of January, the publication of a Law Journal. The want of such a work, containing material of peculiar interest and importance to the Bar of Virginia and of other States, has been long felt and frequently expressed, and more than one publisher has been solicited to undertake its publication.

The undersigned, therefore, believing that such a periodical would be not only important and useful, but would meet with a ready support from the bar, has undertaken to supply the *desideratum*. The bar of Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, have, for some few years past, supported the publication of such journals. Why should not the barristers of Virginia and of the South have theirs? A Journal which they may call their own, and in the pages of which they will find law more peculiarly affecting their actual daily practice?

To meet this want, it is designed to publish such matter as will be of value to Virginia and the practitioners of other States, and in conformity to this, I would call attention to the following features which I propose to incorporate in the Journal.

In the first place, it is designed in the earlier numbers, besides furnishing reports of decisions made by the Federal Courts held in this City, and of the latest cases in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, (before they can be published by the State Reporter,) of interest and importance, to publish a complete digested index of the reports of Grattan, beginning at the 2nd volume. Tate's Index of the cases decided in the Court of Appeals of Va., reaches the 2nd volume of Grattan, and since that time 9 volumes have already been published, which the lawyer must burrow through when searching for any of the decisions contained in them. This supplement to Tate's Analytical Index will relieve the professional man of this labor, and this part of the contents of the Journal will be so printed and pagged that it may be bound up in a separate form.

Another peculiar feature of the Journal, making it especially useful to Virginia practitioners, is the following:

Each number of the Journal will contain a chapter or more of the Revisors' Reports, with their notes, and such alterations of the Code of Virginia as have been made by statutory enactments since the year 1849. This companion to the Code will also be so pagged and printed that it may be bound up uniform with the Code. The importance of these Reports is well known by members of the profession who have had occasion to consult them, as shedding light upon the provisions of the Code.

In 1854, the following case occurred in one of our Circuit Courts. A party living in Virginia, had drawn a bill of exchange on a resident of Maryland, the bill was protested for non-payment by a Notary of Maryland. Suit being instituted in Virginia on this bill, the only evidence offered was the bill, together with the protest of the Notary. This evidence was demurred to. The ground of demurrer was that the bill in question was an inland bill of exchange, not payable in the State of Virginia, and therefore did not fall within the provisions of either the 7th or 8th Sections of the Code of Virginia. In support of the position that this bill was an inland bill of exchange, the Defendant's Attorney cited the act I, Revised Code 1819, Chap. 125, Sec. 1, which declares: "That all bills of exchange or drafts for money in the nature of bills of exchange, drawn by any person or persons residing in this State on any persons in the United States, &c., shall be considered in all cases whatsoever as inland bills of exchange." Upon turning to the act, Code of Virginia, Chapter 114, Sec. 7 and 8, the Plaintiff's Attorney discovered that it simply provided that the protest of a

By a person residing in this State on a person in the United States, is an *inland* bill (1 R. C. p. 483 & 1.), while according to the decisions of the courts a bill drawn in another State on a house in Virginia, is a *foreign* bill, unless the law of the State in which the bill is drawn has expressly enacted otherwise. *Brown & Sons v. Ferguson*, 4 Leigh 37. In this section as above proposed, [which so far as the present point is concerned, is identical with the language of the Code,] so much of the statute of 1819 as declares that certain bills shall be considered *inland* bills is omitted; and the rule left as established by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Courts of the various States, to wit, that a bill drawn in one State of the Union upon a person living in another, is to be treated as a *foreign* bill." On reading this language, there can be no doubt that the action should have been sustained.

It is needless to multiply illustrations of the practical value and utility of the reports in thus shedding light upon the meaning of the Code. There is hardly a chapter in it, which may not be made clearer by reference to the notes and reports of the Revisors.

There will be occasionally introduced forms, of utility to practitioners, Clerks of Courts, Conveyancers and others.

For the rest, the Journal will contain the usual matter of such publications;—the latest reports of new and important decisions, essays on interesting legal subjects, and occasional biographies of those distinguished members of the bar, now deceased, who in their day and generation, won for it merited distinction and honor, and whose memories, culpably neglected by their descendants, live only in tradition.

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## A Ramble over the Realms of Poetry.

O! deem not in this world of strife  
An idle art the Poet brings;  
Let high Philosophy control  
And sages calm the stream of life;  
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.

Campbell.

In the annals of Literature, Poetry antedates prose. Creation precedes Providence not merely in the order of sequences, but in what is usually called intellectual and physical grandeur. So in genius and taste poetry transcends prose. In the work of Creation the Almighty broke the awful stillness of eternity by His first creative fiat, and angels were the first born of God. They took their thrones in the galleries of the universe, and in silent contemplation sat. They spoke not: for words as signs of thought, or will, or emotion, were not then conceived and consequently then unborn. They gazed in rapture on one another, and in solemn silence thought.

Human words being created breath, and breath being air in motion, prior to these language was impossible. And as the deaf are always dumb, language, like faith, comes by hearing. But hearing itself is a pensioner waiting upon a speaker; consequently it must ever be contingent on a cause alike antecedent and extrinsic of itself. It is, therefore, equally an oracle of reason and an oracle of faith, that, however God may have communicated to Angels, to Man he spoke in articulate sounds before man articulated a thought, a feeling, or an emotion of his soul. And as an emotional soul is but a harp of many strings, a hand there must have been to play upon its chords before melody or harmony, twins born of Heaven, had either a local habitation or a name.

But it may be asked, "Is there not in the region of poetry an Eolian harp found in the cave of Eolus, on which the winds of Heaven played many a heavenly symphony, without

the skill or touch of human hand?" Grant all that the poetic muse assumes, and then we ask, "Who made the harp?" and whence directed came the musing sylvan Zephyrus and his choir? Came they not from a land of images and dreams? But we are inquiring for originals. Images and originals are the poles apart. An original without an image is possible; but an image without an original is alike impossible and inconceivable. Hence alike philosophically and logically we conclude, that neither man nor angel addressed each other, until they themselves had been addressed by their Creator. Then they intercommunicated thought, sentiment and emotion with one another as God had communicated to them.

The mystery of language and poetry is insoluble, but on the admission of a revelation or communication of some sort, unconceived by the human mind, unexecuted by the human hand. If invention and creation be the grand characteristics of the poet, Moses, if uninspired, was a greater poet than Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, if he invented the Drama which he wrote. The first chapter of Genesis is the greatest and most splendid poem ever conceived by the human imagination or written by the human hand.

All poets, ancient and modern, are mere plagiarists if Moses was uninspired. We prove his divine legation by the intrinsic and extrinsic merits of the poem which he wrote. Imagination originates nothing absolutely new. It merely imitates and combines. It is regarded as the creative faculty of man; but its material is already furnished. The portrait of an unreal Adam is as conceivable as a child without a father, or an effect without a cause.

Thus we are obliged, by an insuperable necessity, to admit the credibility of the poem which he wrote. And what does Moses say? Nothing more than *God spake and the Universe was!* This is the sublime of true poetry. This is more than the logic of the proposition, *God was, therefore we are!*

It is more than the philosophy, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*; or than, that *nothing* cannot be the parent of *something*!

But we must place our foot upon a higher round of the ladder, before we can stand upon such an eminence, as to see in all its fair proportions the column on which the muses place themselves.

Job and not Moses shall be our guide, and the oracle alike of our reason and our imagination. But who is Job? There is not much poetry in the name. But Rome and its vulgate vulgarized this hallowed name, and Britain followed Rome. His name in Chaldee, Syriac and Arabic was Jobal. There is more poetry in this. There is no metre nor poetry in a monotone, or monosyllable. He was born among rocks and mountains, the proper theatre of a heaven-inspired muse; not in Arabia the Happy, but in Arabia the Rocky. He was a heart-touching, emotional bard. In such a case the cloud that overshadows the era of the man, only enhances the genius and the inspiration of the poet.

In internal and external evidence, according to our calendar of the muses, he is the first-born of the poets that yet survive the wasteful ravages of hoary time. He sings not, indeed, of Chaos and eternal Night; but as one inspired with a Heaven-born muse he echoes the chorus of the Angelic song, when on the utterance of the first *fiat* the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Hence we argue that poetry is not only prior to prose, but that language, its intellectual and emotional embodiment, is Heaven-conceived as Heaven-born.

Beautiful are the words of Israel's sweet Psalmist when he describes those noble and generous sympathies of the human heart, which in every age, and through every clime have harmonized in their testimony that however diversified men may be in body, in soul they are one:

"As mirrored in the water  
Face answereth to face,  
So does the heart of man to man."

There is a chord in every heart which, when rightly touched, will vibrate in unison with our own feelings. The poet's art is to touch

that chord. Poetry is the expression of those feelings and sentiments in which all hearts, under like circumstances, will harmonize. *It is the language of the heart*; the universal language which will convey the same impressions and excite the same emotions wherever and whenever its melodious accents are breathed in upon the soul. Prose is the language of the *intellect*; poetry is the *language of the feelings*. Prose plods. Poetry soars and bathes her daring wing in the ethereal regions of the distant spheres, or fathoms the dark and silent depths of oceans or mines for treasures in the secret places of the soul of man. Poetry is therefore associated with all that is beautiful and lovely, and sublime in the feelings, affections and sentiments of the human heart. It is not bound down in its expressions to rhyme, rhythm or figure. Even language itself is not needed to give expression to

—— "The soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.  
It breathes its burden in a sigh,  
It sparkles in a tear,  
'Tis the joyous glancing of an eye,  
The trembling of a fear."

Rhyme, rhythm, figures, and all the beautiful forms of poetic diction are therefore but the vesture with which the skilful artist clothes the living thoughts and conceptions of his genius. True poetry is not dependent on any of these adventitious circumstances for its power. The most beautiful and sublime poetry that the literature of any age can produce, comes to us under all the disadvantages of a translation into a foreign language, and the absence of rhyme; and yet it is peerless in its power over the heart of man. We need only quote two examples.

#### THE SUBLIME.

"In my distress I called upon the Lord;  
He heard my voice out of His temple,  
And my cry came before Him.  
Then the earth shook and trembled;  
The foundations also of the hills were moved;  
Because He was wroth.  
He bowed the Heavens and came down,  
And darkness was under His feet;  
And He did ride upon a Cherub, and did fly;  
Yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind.  
He made darkness His secret place;



"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters:  
He restoreth my soul.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil,  
For thou art with me;  
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,  
Thou anointest my head with oil,  
My cup runneth over." \*

The earliest forms in which Poetry was expressed were the affecting actions of Pantomime. In the time of the patriarch Job, this art was carried to a remarkable degree of perfection, and it possessed a power of expression, which can never be equalled by language. It is impossible to convey in words the Poetry which is expressed in pantomime in Job, 2-xii-xiii.

But inasmuch as it is desirable to render that which is pleasing in human life, as permanent as possible, there were those who at a very early age of the world sought to represent in language the events, which, from time to time made a deep impression on their hearts.† Thus, when Job wished to perpetuate to after ages the sublime conceptions from which he derived so much pleasure, he exclaimed :

"Oh that my words were now written,  
Oh that they were printed in a book,  
That they were graven with an iron pen,

\* The praises of the Author of Nature was the most ancient use of Poetry, as may be learned from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relic of great antiquity. These fragments contain many verses concerning God, and his forming and governing the Universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble thoughts and lofty expressions. It has been doubted, however, whether these Hymns were written by Orpheus or by Onomacritus, who lived about the era of Pisistratus.

† Poetry was cultivated among the Greeks at a very early period. The Greek inhabited a land well suited to foster and nourish the fancy and imagination. His was a country of varied and picturesque beauty; a land of the mountain and the flood. Every scene upon which the eye of the Greek rested, was, in his imagination, haunted by mysterious essences; and thus even the perishable and transitory things of this world were stamped, as it were, with immortality. To their excited imaginations Nereids were sporting in every fountain, they heard the voices of the Dryads in the echoes of the woods. The very lights of Heaven were but the radiance of the Gods. Their very souls were imbued with the spirit of Poetry.—  
*See Brown's Hist. Greek Lit. Lempriere's Tour;*

And though the worms destroy this body,  
Yet in my flesh shall I see God."

It will be seen that in those early ages the Poet depended upon language as the means of perpetuating, rather than of beautifying, his thoughts. The parallelism or climax of the ancient Hebrew Poet is an effort to deepen rather than to beautify the expression of a thought. In the first line he desires that the grand conception of the resurrection of the body, with which his mind is fired, should be *written*; in the second line he wishes it *printed*; in the third he would have it *graven* on a brazen tablet, with a pen of iron; in the fourth he would *carve* it in the *living rock*, and fill up the letters with molten lead, that it might remain forever.

In the days of Homer, the Poet had cultivated the arts of expression so highly, that the beautiful conceptions of the mind were clothed in all the richness and grace of which language was capable; and then, as if we were to be made sensible of the preciousness of the thoughts, and even the words over which genius had toiled, they were measured out syllable by syllable; the harmony and euphonious cadence of which filled the mind with wonder at the artistic skill which had adjusted them; and at the same time became, by the slowness or rapidity of the movement, a means of giving a greater effect to the ideas which it was designed to express.\*

From that period to the present day, Poets have confined their attention to the solution of two problems.

First; Given, a happy combination of the intellectual powers, with a noble, generous heart; to produce an idea which will excite pleasure in the hearts of others.

\* Many elegant examples of the adaptation of the sound to the sentiments intended to be expressed, may be found in the Greek Poets. The following lines from Mœchus, describing the long, dreamless sleep of the grave, have always been admired :

"Εὐδοίης εἰ μάλιν μαχρὸν ἄτερμον αὖ νύκτερον ὕπνον."

Another fine example may be found in the first book of the Iliad, 49th line, where Homer is describing Apollo as shooting his arrows down upon the Greeks. Observe the singular expressive sound of the words he employs.

"Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γίνετ' ἀργυρέοιο βέλοιο."

Second; Given, a Poetical conception, to clothe it in the most expressive diction.

With reference to the former of these problems, it should be observed, that the possession of a warm and generous heart, and a commanding genius, have not always ensured a Poetical idea, when it has been sought. But whenever such a heart and such a head were aroused to action by the occurrence of extraordinary events, such as the sack of Troy, or the grandeur of Imperial Rome, then poetry poured forth its beautiful conceptions as fast as a Homer or a Virgil could find language to clothe them. There has been little gained since the classic days of Greece and Rome in beauty, grace, or power of expression. The same measures that obtained then, are in vogue now; and with the single advantage of the jingle of rhyme, modern Poets cannot boast of their improved diction:

Rhyme is not, however, so much an advantage to the *sense*, as to the *nonsense* in poetry. Its use in poetry is similar to the use of paint and putty in cabinet making; it hides the defects, it fills up cracks and crevices. We could cite many examples illustrative of its value in this respect, but we content ourselves with two lines from Cowper, italicizing the nonsense, which otherwise could not be noticed.

"Blest, rather curst with hearts that never feel,  
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammered steel."

By a careful study of the arts of expression the accomplished writer may clothe his thoughts in words, which will, by their very cadence, convey additional meaning to the soul. We instance the following from Gray's *Elegy*, as an illustration of a rare and happy combination of several arts of poetic phraseology, some of which give additional significance, while others enhance the beauty and grace of its expression.

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Every one who has any poetry in his soul will recognize in these lines an elegance of expression, a beauty of imagery and depth of meaning which are only to be met with in the productions of art and genius combined.

But the question here arises, what is it that constitutes its peculiar excellence? The answer to this inquiry involves the statement of all the poetic art of versification. In the first two lines there is a pleasing alliteration. In every line the rhyme is perfect. There is also a varied *cæsura*, which adapts itself to the sense and gives a peculiar elasticity to the verse, which a uniform *cæsura* does not possess. There is, moreover, not a single redundant syllable, which by its presence would compel the ellipsis of either a vowel or a consonant. Every adjective seems not only to be an help-mate for its noun, but also to convey, in its very sound, a living, breathing idea of its original. And beyond all this, there is so much left for the fancy to dwell upon, so much that is unexpressed, that the mind would fain revert again and again to each line, finding on each review some new associations starting up, and bringing into renewed being the scenes of childhood, or the labors of youth, or the memory of those we have lost. The whole forms an exquisite *picture*; but there is that in the words "*twittering*," "*shrill*" and "*breathing*," which the painter's art cannot stamp upon the canvass; for the Poet almost makes you *hear* the twitter of the swallow, he makes you almost *feel* the rosy breath of the morning.

Therefore, when we said every one who had any Poetry in his soul, would recognize these beauties, we should have added if the verses were repeated to him by a *good reader*, for that is necessary to develop the meaning of an elegant poem.

Having thus glanced at the general effect of the beautiful conceptions which the poet has grouped together in these lines, let us analyze the elements which, when combined, produce such grace and harmony.

A poetical conception expressed in prose, changes its dress, and becomes verse when the words are measured and arranged by certain rules, which regulate their time and pauses. The first of these rules regards the time and number of syllables or feet with which the poetical movement advances. It has been found that all the syllables in our language are capable of being divided into two classes; one of these are called long syllables; the other, short syllables; and it

is found, moreover, that all the short syllables are capable of being so pronounced as to be just half the length of the long syllables. This applies generally to other languages also. It has also been observed that the regular recurrence of certain sounds at certain intervals is melodious. Thus the measured chime of a church bell is melodious. This melody may be varied by alternating a heavy stroke and a light tap: Thus—

Dong—Dong—Dong—Dong,  
Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong.

Now the poet arranges his words upon this principle, and thus produces melody. Thus:—

"Tityre, in patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,"

or,

"Hills PEEP o'er HILLS; and ALPS on ALPS ARISE."

It will be perceived that in the Latin line the melody is produced by alternating two feet or measures; one of them being composed of a long and two short syllables; the other having two long syllables; while in the English line, it is produced by throwing the accent on each alternate word.

Our language, however, admits of a great variety of feet or poetic measures. There were eight in use among the Latin poets, and they may all be employed in English verse.

It has been observed in nature that a peculiar effect is produced by regular intervals or pauses in actions. Thus, after a gust of wind sweeps over the plain, there will be a pause, and then comes another gust, &c. Or, when the sea is up, we see great waves breaking over a vessel, and almost burying her beneath their mass of waters, and then there will succeed a space of comparative calm. This breaking off an action, has been imitated by the Poet, by the introduction of pauses. We will only illustrate one of these pauses, which is called *cæsura*, or, *the divider*, because it divides every line into two or more parts: thus—

"Warms in the sun—refreshes in the breeze,  
Glows in the stars—and blossoms in the trees."

The *cæsura* is, perhaps, the most important part of the poetic movement, and although it may be varied in its position to suit the taste of the artist, yet upon its management and regularity depends much of the melodious effect of the poem. Indeed, the experienced poet, having attuned his ears to the measures of the great masters of his art, gives little heed to *feel* when he is constructing his verse, but keeps his attention constantly fixed on the *cæsura*, leaving his practised ear to measure the sound of each word, as they successively fall into their ranks, as it best can.

Pope thinks that the *cæsura* should fall as near the middle of a line as possible. But it may be laid down as the usage of the majority of the greatest poets, that this pause should occur after the fourth syllable, at the beginning, or, before the fourth syllable from the end of a line. Thus:—

"O Thou! whose word—from solid darkness struck  
That spark, the sun—strike wisdom from my soul."

or,

"How passing wonder He—who made him such!  
Who centered in our make—such strange extremes."

When the pause falls earliest, that is, after the fourth syllable, the briskest melody is therefore formed, and the most spirited air given to the line. In the following lines from the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope has, with exquisite propriety, suited the construction of the verse to the subject:

"On her white breast—a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss—and infidels adore;  
Her lively looks—a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes—and as unfixed as those;  
Favours to none—to all she smiles extends,  
Oft she rejects—but never once offends;  
Bright as the sun—her eyes the gazer's strike,  
And like the sun—they shine on all alike;  
Yet graceful ease—and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults—if belles had faults to hide;  
If to her share—some female errors fall,  
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all."

When the pause falls after the fifth syllable, which divides the line into two equal portions, the melody is sensibly altered. The verse loses that brisk sprightly air, which it had with the former pause, and becomes more smooth, gentle, and flowing:

"Eternal sunshine—of the spotless mind,  
Each prayer accepted—and each wish resigned."

When the pause proceeds to follow the sixth syllable, the tenor of the music becomes solemn and grave. The verse marches now with a more slow and measured pace, than in any of the two former cases :

"The wrath of Pelus's m—the direful spring  
Of all the Grecian woes—O goddess sing !

But the grave, solemn cadence becomes still more sensible, when the pause falls after the seventh syllable which is the nearest place to the end of the line that it can occupy. This kind of verse occurs but seldom, but has a happy effect in diversifying the melody. It produces that slow Alexandrine air which is finely suited to a close ; and for this reason, such lines almost never occur together, but are used in finishing the couplet :

"And in the smooth description—murmur still,  
Long lov'd, adored ideas!—all adieu."

In order to exhibit the power of poetic melody, let a good reader repeat the following lines in verse, and then express the same sentiment in prose :

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Many flowers bloom in uninhabited places,  
And no one ever smells the fragrance.

There is as much poetry in the idea as expressed in the latter lines as there is in the former ; the difference is altogether in the melody which is produced by the artist in versification, and the elegance of his diction which gives a "blush" to the blooming flower, and associates its destiny with that of living intelligence, by the figure "is born ;" as if like the "village Hampden," it was mourning over the absence of some one who could appreciate its worth.

Rhyme, though not essential to versification, is an important element in the production of melody. As in music it is found that the bass not only harmonizes with the other parts, but also adds much to the general effect of the piece, provided it be not too loud, so in versification, rhyme occurring at certain regular intervals, and preceding the larger pauses in the measured movement, is found not only to harmonize

with the other elements, but to give a peculiar melody to the whole. We illustrate the increased *melody* derived from rhyme, by the following lines, which stand otherwise, side by side in the very highest ranks of living, breathing, speaking melodies :

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
—— 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause!"

"'Tis midnight: on the mountain brow  
The cold round moon shines deeply down;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright;  
Whoever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining,  
Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray!"

The reader will perceive the similarity of the subjects, the perfection of their numbers, and the elegance of their diction, but without the superior *melody* of the latter.

We cannot refrain from here quoting, as illustrative of the superior melody of rhymed verse over blank, these much admired passages from two Greek poets of great antiquity. They are both descriptive of night and night scenes. The first are the well known lines from the Iliad, and the last a passage from the Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius.

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."—*Iliad*.

"Now Night had thrown her shadow o'er the earth,  
Far out to sea the sailors stood and gazed  
On wheeling Arctus and Orion's stars.  
The traveler longed to hear the warden's voice  
Invite to rest; and even the mother's eyes  
That drowsy hour pressed downwards, as she watched  
By her dead child—the watch dog's voice was mute:  
The city's thronging noise had died away,  
And stillness reigned o'er all the shaded realm,  
Save in Medea's restless soul."—*Argonautica*

Variety in versification adds much to its melody, and prevents monotony. "Variety in versification," says Leigh Hunt, "consists

\* See Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.

tardation and acceleration of time; for the whole real secret of versification is a musical secret, and is not attainable to any vital effect, save by the ear of genius. All the mere knowledge of feet and numbers, of accent and quantity, will no more impart it than a knowledge of the "Guide to Music" will make a Beethoven or a Paisiello. It is a matter of sensibility and imagination; of the beautiful in poetical passion, accompanied by the musical; of the imperative necessity for a pause here and a cadence there, and a quicker or slower utterance in this or that place, created by analogies of sound with sense, by the fluctuations of feeling, by the demands of the gods and graces that visit the poet's harp, as the winds visit that of Eolus. We select a few elegant examples of *variety* and *melody* in versification. The first is Dryden's famous description of Iphigenia:

"It happened—on a summer's holiday,  
That to the greenwood shade—he took his way,  
For Cymon shunn'd the church—and used not much  
to pray;  
His quarter staff—which he could ne'er forsake,  
Hung half before—and half behind his back:  
He trudg'd along—not knowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went—for want of thought.

By chance conducted—or by thirst constrain'd,  
The deep recesses of a grove he gained:—  
Where—in a plain defended by a wood,  
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which—an alabaster fountain stood;  
And on the margin of the fount was laid—  
Attended by her slaves—a sleeping maid;  
Like Dian and her nymphs—when, tired with sport,  
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.—  
The dame herself—the goddess well express'd  
Not more distinguished by her purple vest—  
Than by the charming features of the face—  
And e'en in slumber—a superior grace:  
Her comely limbs—composed with decent care,  
Her body shaded—with a slight cymar,  
Her bosom to the view—was only bare;  
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied—  
For yet their places were but signified.—  
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows—  
To meet the fanning wind—the bosom rose;  
The fanning wind—and purling stream—continue  
her repose.

But, as has been remarked by an eminent English poet, for a crowning specimen of variety of pause and accent, apart from emotion, nothing can surpass the account, in

—There was a place  
Now not—though Sin—not Time—first wrought the  
change.  
Where Tigris—at the foot of Paradise,  
Into a gulf—shot under ground—till part  
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.  
In with the river sunk—and with it rose  
Satan—involvd in rising mist—then sought  
Where to lie hid—Satan he had search'd—and land  
From Eden over Pontus—and the pool  
Mæotis—up beyond the river Ob;  
Downward as far antàtic;—and in length  
West from Orontes—to the ocean barr'd  
At Darién—thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus.—Thus the orb he roamed  
With narrow search;—and with inspection deep  
Considered every creature—which of all  
Most opportune might serve his wiles—and found  
The serpent—subtlest beast of all the field.

"If the reader," says Leigh Hunt, "cast his eye again over this passage, he will not find a line in it which is not varied and harmonized in the most remarkable manner." Let him notice in particular that curious balancing of the lines in the sixth and tenth verses:

*In with the river sunk, &c.*

and

*Up beyond the river Ob.*

One more example of exquisite variety and melody in versification we take from Coleridge's "Mystic Poem" of Christabel. This passage (indeed the whole poem) is as mystically and beautifully modulated as any thing in the music of Glück or Weber:

" 'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the spring comes slowly up this way.  
The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest mistletoe;  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprung up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell,

On the other side it seems to be  
Of the huge broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare;  
It is the wind that moaneth bleak;  
(It was a witch moaning,)—  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Dress'd in a robe of silken white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck and arms were bare:  
Her blue-vein'd feet unsandall'd were;  
And wildly glittered, here and there,  
The gems entangled in her hair:  
O Christ! 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
*Beautiful exceedingly.*"\*

But no where have we seen the influence of variety in versification, as productive of melody, more strikingly displayed than in these elegant lines: the expression of majesty and grace in the movement of the six last lines is wonderfully enhanced by the light and airy measure of the lines that introduce them:

Then the voice, the dance obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet green  
The rosy crowned lovers are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet;  
'To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;  
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

We proceed now to glance at the chief kinds of poetical compositions, beginning with the lesser forms of poetry, and ascending from the Dramatic and Epic as the most dignified.

\*I have here quoted from memory.

We have defined poetry as the language of the heart, but such a definition must be qualified, when it is remembered, that writers of ability, and of elegant diction, finding that they could give increased force and permanence to their conceptions, and also enhance their beauty by putting them into verse, and associating them with melodious numbers, have given the cold, heartless precepts of science in all the richness and melody of a perfect versification. And yet, if you take away the numbers, if you change the position of a single word, you will find that they are really versification without poetry. In this school must be classed all poems which deal merely in matters of science and art; which, however beautiful they may be, are like galleries of statuary, in that they are grace and beauty without life. Of this nature is Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura," and Armstrong on Health, &c.

Next in the order of an ascending progress is that, which may be strictly called didactic poetry, such as moral essays on some philosophical, grave, or useful subject. But inasmuch as there is no poem of this kind which may not often rise to the highest attainments of the art, we must, in order to do ample justice to the poet, place side by side two specimens; the one exhibiting the comparatively humble sphere of the moral essayist; while the other manifests the genius of one of the greatest poets, and both occurring in the same essay.

"Know, Nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur that warms a monarch warms a bear.  
While man exclaims, 'see all things for my use!'  
'See man for mine!' replies the pampered goose.  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Who would have thought that the same pen that wrote those dull, cold lines could just have finished these that are so full of life and energy:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;



As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;  
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,  
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

*Essay on Man.*

Among English moral and didactic poets Young is certainly among the finest. In all his works, observes Dr. Blair, the marks of strong genius appear. His universal passion, possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of characters, which are particularly requisite in didactic compositions. Akenside also has attempted the most rich and poetical form of didactic writing in his pleasures of imagination.

As brevity is the soul of wit, so wit is the soul of an epigram. An epigram in poetry, is a short piece in verse, which has only one subject, and finishes by a witty or ingenious turn of thought represented happily in a few words. Closely allied to the epigram is the epitaph. The Greek epigram was in the first instance, a short collection of lines actually inscribed on a tomb or monument; and the word was thence transferred to such short poems as might serve for inscriptions; of such the *Greek* epigram is almost wholly composed. Their general characteristic is perfect simplicity, and the seemingly studied absence of that *point* which characterizes the modern epigram.\*

There is a climax in the merit of epigrams. We present first a beautiful conception dressed up in all the grace and ornament of elegant poetic diction:

HOMER, VIRGIL AND MILTON.

"Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;  
The first in majesty of thought surpassed,  
The next in melody—in both the last;  
The strength of Nature could no further go,  
To make the third, she joined the other two."

Without illustrating each of the intermediate grades, we advance directly to the highest kind of epigram. When a youth at school, Milton and his schoolmates were required to write some verses on the feast at Cana of Galilee, where the water was changed into wine. When the elder scholars had given in their verses, Milton being called on, presented the following:

\* Brande's Encl'y. Lit. Science and Art.

"'Tis He, the Christ! and every doubt was hush'd  
The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

"As in smooth oil the razor best a whet,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;

Their want of edge from their offence is seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

"What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole,  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul."

By Pope, written with Chesterfield's pencil, on a window pane:

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,  
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Greek literature abounds in beautiful specimens of the epigram. The following neatly turned epigram, in honor of the admired poetess Sappho, is still extant.

'Εννία τὰς Μούσας φασὶν τίνες ὡς ὀλιγοῦρας'  
'Ἐρίδα καὶ Σαπφῶ Λεσβόθεν ἡ δέκατη.

Some count the Muses nine; how careless! when  
Sappho of Lesbos makes the number ten.

A beautiful Epigram by Simmias the Theban is preserved in the Greek Anthology;

Ἡρίμ' ὑπερ τὸμβολο, κ. τ. λ.

"Wind gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet ivy, wind thy bough and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clustering vine;  
Thus will thy lasting leaves with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,  
Whose soul exalted by the god of wit,  
Among the Muses and the Graces writ."

*Anth. Gr. VII—21.*

The epitaph on Anacreon, by an anonymous author, has always been admired by Greek scholars:

"This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around  
Let ivy wreaths, let flow'rets deck the ground,  
And from its earth enrich'd with such a prize,  
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise;  
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,  
If any pleasure reach the shades below."

*Anth. Gr. viii 51.*

But the most exquisitely beautiful Epigram we have ever met with, is this one, from the Love Epigrams of Plato:

ἀστερας εἰδαθρῆς ἀστρον ἐμὸν εἶθε γενόμενον  
ἐσθρᾶνδ' ὡς πολλοῖς ὁρᾶσθαι εἰς σε βλεπω.

"Thou gazest on the Stars, my Life! Ah! gladly would  
I be

Yon starry skies, with thousand eyes, that I might gaze  
on thee!

"Hark! his hands the Lyre explore,  
Bright eyed Fancy hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

From the days when Miriam's timbril trembled in unison with the million spirits of an emancipated nation near the palm-trees of Elim, down to the birth of the *Marseillaise* in France, and the *Star Spangled Banner* in America, ballads and songs have exerted far greater influence over the popular mind, than all other kinds of poetry. In every land and in every age, great men have found the lyre omnipotent in arousing patriotism and awakening religious enthusiasm. The sweet singer of Israel has done more for the world by his songs, than the combined influence of the schools of Philosophy and the courts of law has been able to accomplish. Burns, Campbell, and Collins have identified themselves so much with the Anglo Saxon language and literature, that it may be truly said that all the statesmen and philosophers of their day have exerted but a tithe of *their* influence upon the present generation.

All Lyrical Odes may be comprised under four denominations. *First*, Sacred Odes; hymns addressed to God, or composed on religious subjects. Of this nature are the Psalms of David. How many desponding hearts have felt themselves refreshed and soothed to quiet endurance as the following tide of golden melody has poured its treasures of thought upon the soul!

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile;  
With sudden greens and verdure crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around."

*Secondly*, Patriotic Odes, which are employed in praise of Heroes, and the glories of one's Country. Such are Campbell's *Ye Mariners of England*, the *Marseillaise Hymn*, and the *Star Spangled Banner*.

*Thirdly*, Moral and Philosophical Odes, where the sentiments are chiefly inspired by virtue, friendship and humanity. Of this kind Akenside's *Hymn to Humanity*,

Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*, and Byron's *Prayer of Nature* are elegant examples.\*

*Fourthly*, Festive or Amorous Songs, calculated merely for pleasure and amusement. Burns and Moore furnish many excellent examples of this species of Ode. Dryden's celebrated lyric *Alexander's Feast*, or, *The Power of Music*, is a just and elegant illustration of the power of lyric poetry over the human heart.

The Sonnet is a short composition of fourteen or fifteen lines, rhymed according to an intricate, but not always precisely similar arrangement. "It is the oldest form in which the Italian language was used; but was, at a still earlier period, employed by the Provençal Poets. Petrarch, in the 14th century, carried the Sonnet to perfection in point of form and polish; although applied by him, as it had been by his predecessors, almost exclusively to the subject of his figurative and mystical passion." The Sonnet has been successfully naturalized into English literature. The first English Sonnets were written by the unfortunate Earl of Surrey. He had travelled in foreign countries, and the melodies of strange languages had fallen on his ear, and in a spirit of pure and lofty patriotism he sought his native land to call up the yet buried harmonies of his mother tongue. Milton, too, has given to it a dignity peculiarly his own, together with much of the melody and tenderness which characterize his Italian models. Although the seeming poverty of rhymes in the English language has rendered the Sonnet unusual, several of its Poets have abundantly vindicated its powers. From the Sonnets of Drummond, Bowles, Coleridge and Wordsworth, we might readily show the richness of the language in rhymes, its power of expression, and its flexibility of metre. With those, indeed, who are accustomed only to the more prominent rhymes, and the more marked forms of verse, the melody of the Sonnet will ever fall as on a dull ear. But to a cultivated taste, and to the secret sense of hearing, apt for the music of poetry, we would cheerfully submit almost any of Wordsworth's or Bowles' Sonnets, without an apprehension that the sweetness and variety of their harmony would pass unheeded.

\* See Blair's Lec. on Rhet.

# TO TIME.

"O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay  
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence  
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;  
On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear  
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,  
I may look back on every sorrow past,  
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—  
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,  
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,  
Forgetful though its wings are wet the while:  
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure  
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!"

Bowles.

The first Elegiac Poet and the inventor of what is termed the Elegiac metre, was Callimachus of Ephesus. The original signification of the word Elegy was the same as that in which it is used in modern times. It originally signified a *song of sorrow*, but afterwards it was applied to all strains, whether of joy or sorrow, which were composed in the metre at first devoted to the voice of lamentation. Thus among the Greeks it embraced equally the warlike verses of Tyrtæus, the sweetly plaintive effusions of Simonides, and the moral and political aphorisms of Theognis and Solon.\* In modern times almost all the nations of Europe have practised this species of composition, but generally with little success. Milton's *Lycidas*, the Elegies of Hammond, and Gray's celebrated *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, are the finest specimens of this species of poetical composition in the English language.

Perhaps it may be thought the species of poetic composition called Allegorical Poetry, should not rank higher than Lyrics; but it must be remembered that ours is not only an ascending, but also an expanding progress; and although the Lyre may often soar to the Zenith, yet there are comprehensive regions which it can never occupy, and in which it is often used only as an aid, a secondary part in the grand movement of an Allegory or an Epic Poem.

The lower forms of Allegorical Poetry should properly rank below the Lyre, for they are nothing more than didactic Poems, we mean Fables and ordinary Parables. But there are Allegorical Poems, which must

Progress is full of poetry from beginning to end, and it lacks only the arts of versification to render it one of the first of Poems. Spencer's *Fairie Queen*, Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Dante's *Inferno*, and Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, occupy a very high rank among Allegorical Poems.

The allegory and the drama have a very wide range for the exercise of the fancy, and an almost inexhaustible store of materials always ready for the poet's use. There is in the human mind a natural love for the marvellous, a longing for the knowledge of that which is hidden. Hence there is a charm in these mysterious beings whom the poet claims as his own;—the Fairies, the Genii, the Demons, the Gnomes, and all the powers of light and darkness who people the midnight hour. This charm of mystery runs through and colours the whole fabric of human life; it is interwoven with our most delicate feelings; it is like the unseen element which is blended with the prismatic colours, the agent by which nature daguerreotypes her images of ideal beauty.

We are now approaching the highest efforts of the Muse—the Drama. All other descriptions of poetry are capable of being here united and blended together in illustrating some thrilling tragedy, or adorning some amusing and instructive comedy. But although the Dramatic Poet has three worlds to draw upon, yet these exhaustless storehouses of poetical treasure have rules and measures of their own, which allow little licence. Three of these rules require a consistency in the poetic movement which is called *Unity*, and they are therefore designated the "*three Unities*"—unity of action, unity of time, and unity of place, should always characterize the productions of the Dramatic poet.—*Aristotle's Poetics*—*Vida's Art of Poetry*.

Thus the Tragic Poet selects as his materials, a kingdom and several chieftains; his action begins by discovering the ambitious designs of one of the noblemen to possess himself of the crown; it continues by the murder of the lawful king; it ends in wars and murders which attend the usurpation.

\* Hist. Greek Lit. Müller. Encyc. Lit. Sci. and Art.

Unity of action requires that the beginning, continuance and ending of the plot should all be so intimately connected as cause and effect, that they are a *unit*. English Dramatic writers have taken great liberties in time and place; but in doing so they depart widely from the theory of the writers of Greece and Rome, which undoubtedly increases the power of the piece, by confining it to the events of a few days, and to one location.

As an illustration of the power of the Drama (taken at random from a hundred equally fine examples) in delineating the feelings of the heart, we cite the fall of Woolsey. The reader will bear in mind, that the Cardinal, who had risen by his own talents to the very pinnacle of human greatness, has just heard of his change of fortune; and that, having been taunted by the rude and unfeeling upbraiding of his enemies, he meets his friend Cromwell, and from him discovers the causes which had been secretly effecting his downfall. He thus soliloquises:

"So farewell to the little good you bear me,  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
These many summers on a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Wearied and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on Princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of Princes, and their ruin;  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again!"

We have always been an ardent admirer of the Poetry and Dramatic literature of Greece, and our readers must pardon us for here quoting part of two beautiful choruses, which have always been admired, and which are well calculated to exemplify the lyrical powers of Euripides:

"The fatal hour was midnight's calm,  
When the feast was done and sleep like balm,

Was shed on every eye.  
Hushed was the choral symphony,  
The sacrifice was o'er;  
My lord to rest his limbs had flung,  
His idle spear in its place was hung,  
He dreamed of foes no more.  
And I, while I lost my lifeless gaze,  
In the depth of the golden mirror's blaze,  
That my light last task was aiding,  
Was wreathing with fillets my tresses' maze,  
And with playful fingers braiding.  
Then came a shout;  
Through the noiseless city the cry rang out,  
'Your homes are won, if ye scale the tower,  
Sons of the Greeks! is it not the hour?'

Hec. 886 (ARISTICE.)

"We will not look on her burial sod,  
As the cell of sepulchral sleep:  
It shall be as the shrine of a radiant God,  
And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode,  
To worship and not to weep,  
And as he turns his steps aside,  
Thus shall he breathe his vow—  
Here slept a self-devoted bride  
Of old, to save her lord she died,  
She is the spirit now."

Alc. 1010. (ARISTICE.)

Homer, Virgil and Milton have left us no room for doubt as to the position which the Epic Poem should occupy. It out ranks all other efforts of the Muses. Dramatic and Epic Poems differ in this: the one narrates; the other acts; the one is confined to time, place and scenes, the other is untrammelled. In many points, however, they are alike. No sort of composition requires more strength, dignity and fire than the Epic Poem. "It is the region within which we look for every thing that is sublime in description, tender in sentiment, and bold and lively in expression; and, therefore, though an author's plan may be faultless, and his story ever so well conducted, yet, if he be feeble, or flat in

\* We have heard many accomplished Greek scholars repeat the magnificent tragedies of Euripides and Æschylus, but never have we heard the Greek language so euphoniously and elegantly read as by the late venerable and truly learned David McConaughy, D. D. LL. D. formerly President of Washington College. His cultivated mind and exquisite literary taste seemed instinctively to catch all that was sublime and beautiful in the classic writers of antiquity, and no one that ever heard him expatiate, with all a poet's ardor, upon the beauties of Euripides, will ever forget the glowing eloquence with which he paid the just meed of praise to the works of that elegant writer. Venerable old man! a long life of no ordinary honor and usefulness finished, he sleeps well, and no student of old Washington but will say from the depths of his heart—

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

This species of poetry claims a very ancient origin, and is universally allowed to be the most dignified and majestic to which the powers of the Poet can be directed. History has generally supplied the best Epic writers with themes; but a close attention to historical truth in the development of the story is by no means requisite. Fiction, invention, and imagination may be indulged in to an almost unlimited extent; providing always the poet be careful to preserve *unity*; that is, provided his work embrace an entire action, or have a beginning, a middle, and an end. This is the distinguishing characteristic of all the great Epic Poems. According to Aristotle [*Poetics*] the essentials of an Epic Poem consist in the recital of some great event in a poetical form; the contrivance of a plot important in itself, and instructive in the reflections which it suggests, filled with suitable incidents, enlivened with a variety of characters and descriptions, and maintaining throughout propriety of character and elevation of style.\*

If the Epic is the highest, it is also the most difficult style of poetical composition, and that in which mediocrity is least endurable, and hence few of the writers of Epics, on the classical model, have obtained a high reputation as national Poets, in any language. In the English language we have only *one* Epic which can be said to form part of the national literature, and that is only in part framed on the classical model. We need not add that we refer to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. "This great work, observes Johnson, in his magnificent criticism upon the *Paradise Lost*, was performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanquished at his touch; he was born for whatever was arduous; and the *Paradise Lost* is not the greatest of Epic and Heroic Poems, only because it is not the first."

Having glanced at the origin, progress, and the various descriptions of poetry, we come now to the qualifications essential to a *true poet*. The principal of these are *Imagination* and *Fancy*. Imagination is, *emphatically*, the great poetical faculty. It is

\* Aristotle, quoted in Encyc. Lit. Science and Art.

ginal truths." Its operations are most various, and it exhibits itself in poetry in very different degrees and forms. It may shine here and there, chiefly in comparison, or in bold and pleasing metaphor, breaking the chain of a narrative, as in Homer and the earlier poetry of most nations; it may hurry image on image, connected only by those exquisite links of thought which are present in the mind of the poet, in daring, compressed, rapid language, as if language were inadequate to its expression, as in the inspired prophets, in Æschylus, and often in Shakspeare; it may predominate in entire sustained conceptions, grasping at general features, as in Milton; it may cling more closely to "the shows of things," dwelling in particulars, reproducing with startling vividness, images little altered, graphic and minute, as in Dante; and here it often approaches to Fancy.\*

No distinction has given critics more trouble, in the way of definition, than that between Imagination and Fancy. The clearest article on the subject that we have seen, is the following, from Coleridge's "Introduction to the study of the Greek classic poets."

With very few exceptions, indeed, in books and in conversation, the Fancy and the Imagination are taken to be either absolutely synonymous, or, at the utmost, as differing degrees of the same faculty. Fancy, therefore, will be a term for a light and airy kind of Imagination; whilst Imagination will be another word for an ardent and concentrated Fancy. But certainly, if there do exist two such different faculties in the mind, we ought, for the sake of perspicuity, to be careful in using the two words distinctly and appropriately. Now we conceive the following passage to be an instance of the exercise of *pure Fancy*, as contradistinguished from Imagination:

"O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the Fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies,

\* Encyc. Lit. Science and Art. Lord Jeffrey's r on Imag.

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;  
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the Fairies' coachmakers."

But the mode and direction of the profound madness of Lear flow from the Imagination of the Poet alone.

*Kent.* Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence  
 Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,  
 And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,  
 Bench by his side. You are of the commission,  
 Sit you too.

*Edgar.* Let us deal justly.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take  
 my oath, before this honorable assembly, she kicked the  
 poor king, her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointstool.

*Lear.* And here's another who's warped looks pro-  
 claim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

*Edgar.* Bless thy five wits!

*Lear.* The little dogs and all.

Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!

*Edgar.* Tom will throw his head at them.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what  
 breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature that  
 makes these hard hearts? You, sir, I entertain for one  
 of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your  
 garments; you will say they are Persian attire; but let  
 them be changed."

In the first of these passages, the images taken from objects of nature or art are presented as *they are*; they are neither modified nor associated; they are in fact, so many pretty shows passed through a magic lantern without any connexion with the being and feelings of the speaker or the poet impressed upon them; we look *at* them, but cannot for a moment feel *for* or *with* them. In the second, the images are transfigured; their colours and shapes are modified; one master passion pervades and quickens them; and in them all it is the wild and heart-stricken Father-king that speaks alone. The first is *Fancy*; the last is *Imagination*. The one aggregates, the other associates: that pre-

\* Romeo and Juliet—Act 1—Scene 4.

\* Lear—Act III. Scene 6.

sents a spectacle, and presents it only; this projects the man into the object, or attracts it to the man, with a vivifying, humanizing, impersonating energy. In a word, *Fancy* collects materials from the visible world and arranges them for exhibition, but it imparts to them no touch of human interest; *Imagination* takes and moulds the objects of nature at the same moment; it makes them all speak the language of man, and renders them instinct with the inspired breath of human passion. In a scale of intellectual power, *Fancy* is indeed a lower faculty than the *Imagination*, but it is also one different from it—as different as juxtaposition is from combination—as accumulation is from union.

The Rhetoric of Poetry is a comprehensive phrase, including every turn of variety in expression, which serves either to refine, adorn, simplify or animate the conceptions of the writer. To attempt to trace this subject through all the ramifications to which it extends, would be firesome, and perhaps, unprofitable. For our purpose, it will suffice to examine, and elucidate by examples, a few of the essential requisites of *good Poetry*.

The first we shall mention is *simplicity*. By this is not to be understood nakedness, but that direct mode of appealing to the sympathies or affections, which is an invariable characteristic of the greatest writers. This directness does not exclude the exercise of *Fancy* and *Imagination*, but, in fact, increases their effect on the mind. Percy, in his *Reliques*, mentions a fragment of an old Ballad, where the description is the reverse of prosaic, although it is as concise as prose. The passage runs thus (speaking of an old man):—

"Downe his neck his reverend lockes  
 In comlye curls did wave;  
 And on his aged temples grew  
 The blossoms of the grave."

Another instance of condensation, and, at the same time, full description in poetry, occurs in *Paradise Lost*, Book V.—line 479:—

—So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More airy last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odorous breathes.



In this exquisite passage the whole plant is presented to the eye as vividly as in a picture.

Again; what a landscape picture of serenity is exhibited in a mere couplet by Wordsworth!

The Swan, on still St. Mary's lake,  
Floats double, Swan and shadow.

And again, in Shelley's exquisite poem, "The Sensitive Plant," how affectingly drawn is the portraiture of resignation, loveliness, and wordless grief, in the heart of the desolate lady of the garden, who "had no companion of mortal race!"

Thus through the garden, from earliest Spring,  
This fairest creature went ministering;  
She ministered all the sweet summer tide,  
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died!

One more fine instance of condensation and we leave this part of our subject.

A King sat on the rocky brow,  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations,—all were his:  
He counted them at break of day,  
And when the sun set—where were they?

"Where were they? Brief interrogative! But how strikingly does it announce in *three words*, the utter prostration of tyranny, the sweeping annihilation of power, suddenly thwarting the schemes of insolent and over-reaching ambition!"

A second requisite is *Truth*. Without it no kind of writing is valuable, and the higher the nature of the composition the more lifeless and worthless will it appear in the absence of this quality. It is owing to their fidelity to Nature that the great poets have taken such strong hold on our minds; and to this characteristic is to be attributed the affection with which they have been regarded by all lovers of poetry, and the delight with which their names are repeated even by those who are not familiar with their works. The following passage by Coleridge, describing a scene which almost every reader has witnessed, may serve as an instance of this strict adherence to Nature and Truth, without any neglect of the beauties of Poetic diction:

"The mother with anticipated glee

Smiles o'er the child, that, stan  
And flattening its round cheek  
Looks up, and doth its rosy lip  
To mock the coming sounds.  
She hears her own voice with  
As if the babe perchance shou  
aright,  
Then she is tenfold gladder th

As human nature is the :  
the descriptions of the gr  
us as nearly as they touch  
ders;—Homer and the G  
still exercise an irresistible  
minds of men; and our  
were never perhaps so thou  
ted as they are now; thou  
sonably look forward to  
from the general spread  
the consequent increase  
finement—the number of  
admirers shall be many fol  
present.\*

There is one more idea  
character of poetry, as go  
spirit and adornings. Nee  
for I am anticipated by  
mind, that this is the spi  
Poetry in the abstract, is  
good or evil. It may be  
Pagan or Infidel, in its sp  
cies. It may corrupt or  
it may save or ruin the r  
and in fame. Hence as p  
to elevate or to degrade, to  
rupt a people, much depend  
the poetry which may be p  
of the youth of a country.

served by an eminent moral  
the Poems or the Ballads o  
care but little who enacts t

The genius of a poet  
And most happily it is s  
taste and high-toned mor  
any means, the common  
Anacreon and Burns wer  
They uttered, in fine st  
truths, and were not mere  
respective tongues but af  
haps, like some other men  
kind they had never been  
per and a Byron in their

\* We are under great obligation  
lished in London; the only copy i  
possession of the writer and is c  
England."

song, will exert a very different influence on the destiny of their respective amateurs. I need not argue this position, as though, amongst a Christian people, it were a debatable question. I state it rather as a conceded fact than a questionable point.

As the cask long smells of the wine first put into it, so the moral and religious fragrance of many a fine poetic effusion, securely lodged in the recesses of memory, will yield, through many years, a rich repast of pleasurable associations and emotions; which, besides their soothing and consoling influence, energize the spirit to deeds of noble daring, and to enterprises fruitful with blessings to ourselves, and not unfrequently to our associates in the walks of life.

In conclusion, permit me to recommend to my young readers, the attentive study of the productions of our most admired and admirable Bards, that have so enriched our libraries, enlarged our minds, exalted our conceptions, strengthened, comforted, and cheered us in the career and trials of life, and armed us against the allurements and fascinations to which passions from within, and temptations from without, so often betray the uneducated and unreflecting youth of our age and country.

S. A. L.

Washington, Pa.

NOTE. The Author of the article on Geology and Astronomy (in the May number of the Messenger) takes this opportunity to say to his juvenile critics of Georgia University, that when they have completed their education, it will give him pleasure to enter upon an astronomical controversy with them. He would also recommend that when they profess to quote a passage, to quote the whole of it, and not a garbled portion. The paragraph quoted by the juvenile critics stands thus in the article quoted from: "This remarkable epoch is the coincidence of the greater axis of the earth's orbit with the line of equinoxes, (when the true and mean equinox was the same.\*)" The portion in brackets is omitted in the article in the Georgia University Magazine.

S. A. L.

As a material of human happiness or misery, temper is infinitely more important, because so much oftener brought into use, than high-mindedness; opportunity for a generous action may occur perhaps once in a year, while temper is actively at work for good or evil during every hour of our existence.

Anon.

## A LITTLE HISTORY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF THE LATE  
HENRY ELLEN.

Ah! me I see her dreamy eyes,  
Her dreamy eyes so soft and tender;  
Flooded with light, like midnight skies  
Lit by the solemn moon's sad splendor.

Such eyes perchance Madonna had,  
Liquid, and luminous, and gleaming,  
With light serene, and yet how sad,  
As if they were forever dreaming!

And with their pensive lids borne down,  
They seem the heavy tears repressing,  
Or, with their lashes long and brown  
Upraised, they seem to God expressing

Some silent prayer—some prayer so deep,  
And with angelic thoughts so laden,  
That very angels smile in sleep  
And dream still sweeter dreams in Aiden.

And tho' her eyes are kind and soft,  
I gaze upon their placid glances,  
As I would watch the stars aloft  
When rapt in their eternal trances.

Serene and sad they have a light  
Of pure, and calm, and saint-like glory,  
And yet the earnest gaze might  
See therein hid, how sad a story!

Within her heart a statue stands—  
A Pompey's statue (stern in beauty)  
And slain beside it lies her love,  
Stabbed by that very Brutus—duty.

A kingly passion 'twas; but now  
Over this Cæsar of her feelings,  
No pleading Antony, in tears  
Is heard in passionate appealings.

And as I gaze, it is not strange  
While on the past my vision bending  
That I should see down its dark range  
A superstition old descending:

You know in olden times 'twas held  
By men who thus believing trembled,  
That stabbing but a puppet would  
Most surely slay whom it resembled.

And seeing as I see, my love—  
My love which was so unpropitious,  
'Thou stricken down, because alas!  
I like Cæsar it was too "ambitious,"

I feel strange terror, and I stand  
Gazing upon my image lying  
Within that senate chamber, and  
Weep o'er it in its piteous dying.

I almost fancy that old spell  
Returns anew; but the infliction  
I know cannot be mine full well—  
I know, with you, 'tis but a fiction.

That not in thought or word I blame her.

While in hope's twilight turning grey,  
Meekly she strives against dejection,  
Her mournful, dark eyes turned away  
From any dream or retrospection.

Then wonder not that thus I write,  
Nor that her eyes have me enchanted;  
For once to meet their tender light  
Is ever after to be haunted.

## REMINISCENCES OF CUBA.

BY TENELLA.

(Concluded.)

I shall say nothing of the political events that transpired during our stay; as the execution of Ramon Pinto and Estrampes, and the imprisonment of Felix and Echeivera are familiar to all readers of the newspapers. Though feeling ourselves under constant espionage, we were fortunate enough to escape suspicion, and none of the members of our party were either arrested or ordered to quit the island, circumstances of not uncommon occurrence. We numbered among our friends, the commandants of the Punta, and one of General Concha's aids, and a day seldom passed that we did not appear in public with one or the other, which doubtless saved us from much annoyance. While other Americans were vainly applying for permission to view the forts, which was seldom granted, we, accompanied generally by Lt. Col. Prejol, sometimes by Col. Arcos of the Punta, passed unquestioned and without a permit, through the Morro, Cabañas, Fort Principe and others; entered the military hospitals and other public buildings, and saw all that was worthy of note. Prejol who was in the engineer corps, seldom appeared in uniform; taking out of his pocket a pair of military cuffs that designated his rank, he would hook them over the sleeves of his citizen's coat, and thus pass the sentries who met us at every point unchallenged. On one occasion I playfully took these cuffs from him and put them on my own arms, it was on the walls of fort Principe, and being

and I wandered at our leisure around the battlements, meeting a sentry at every turn, who drew himself up and presented arms in acknowledgement of my war-like accoutrements. Prejol told me afterwards they took me for a wife of a Lt. Col.

Our time glided pleasantly by, as we had many acquaintances who helped us to amuse ourselves. Except during the time a Norther was blowing, I seldom ventured out until after five o'clock, P. M., as the sun was very hot. A lady may shop through the city of Havana without leaving her house, as she has only to send word to any store that she needs such and such articles, when a clerk is put at her disposal, and if what she wishes is not to be had in the establishment, he will walk over the city to find it. I once gave one a piece of ribbon to match, and hearing nothing of him through the day, concluded he had failed and did not think it necessary to report himself, but the next day he made his appearance about dinner-time with the two yards I had ordered, saying he was very sorry to have kept me waiting so long. They carry about with them books containing samples of every thing in their shops, and will bring dozens of fans and fancy articles, dresses and goods of every description to the house for their customers to select from. We had no want of company, as scarcely a morning passed that two or three of the English or U. S. Naval officers did not sit an hour or two with us. Every day at ten o'clock, Don Pedro D.,—a friend of Sue's,—made his appearance to know what we intended to do with ourselves, and report what was going on worth our notice. With the help of cards, chess, backgammon and conversation, we passed the time very pleasantly until dinner. Reginald afforded us constant amusement by the many perplexities in which he involved himself; I remember one morning in particular, he enquired of Don Pedro where he would find a good barber; and rejecting his offer to act as interpreter, sallied out alone, with his dictionary and phrase book, to get his hair cut. I about an hour he returned considerably crestfallen, and was greeted with a roar of laughter as soon as he removed his hat.

he left us, it was with a profusion of light curls, which were really beautiful, but on his return they had all disappeared, and his hair was cut so short that he looked like a picked bird; he confessed that he had not Spanish enough to direct the barber, and had said "mucko," (much,) instead of "poco," (little.)

At five o'clock we generally went out, either on horseback or in a volante, which is the vehicle most commonly used. At first sight it appears to an American eye most unsightly, but one soon becomes accustomed to it, and is reconciled to its ugliness by its easy motion. Generally they hold but two persons, being like an old fashioned double gig, with the wheels behind instead of under the seat; the body is very long, so that a tall man may stretch himself out, which is very necessary as the tops are so low he can seldom ride in them with his hat on. The shafts are very long, and the horse is harnessed at the extremity; the postillion rides on the horse, generally dressed in livery, with immense boots that stand about eight inches above his knees. If two horses are used, the second is harnessed outside the shaft, and does nothing but carry the postillion who leads the other by the bridle. Sometimes they have three seats, the third being merely a projection from the middle of the other two, without any support for the back, this is called the "niña bonita" or pretty child's seat, as it is supposed the mother generally selects her handsomest child for exhibition on the Paseo; the horses' tails are always plaited and tied to the saddle to prevent them from dashing the mud about; and as the wheels which are about six feet in circumference, are placed far back, a lady may drive through very muddy places with her dress hanging out of the volante, without danger of getting spattered. This is quite a convenience, as on Sunday afternoon they drive up and down the Paseo in full ball costume. The most magnificent dressing I saw was in volantes on such occasions.

At eight o'clock, the firing of a cannon announced the commencement of the music on the Plaza de Armas, a large square in front of the Captain General's palace, which is the general resort at this hour. The band plays from eight to nine, during which time

those ladies who are not too lazy to quit their volantes, promenaded up and down within the iron railing, or sit on chairs on the edge of the walk. Here we generally met most of our acquaintances, and at nine adjourned to the Dominica, which is the principal Caffé of the city, where we took our supper and sat until ten. On our return to the hotel we generally found most of its inmates in bed, as early hours are the fashion except during the Carnival.

Owing to the political troubles which affected most of the leading families, this season was by no means a gay one, and few private masked balls were given. Those at the Liceo, or Lyceum, were still kept up, but in compliment to Pinto, who was president of the institution, they were but thinly attended during the time of his imprisonment. Don Pedro being a member of the club, obtained a ticket for us, for though the balls are called public, tickets cannot be purchased except by the members, who alone invite the guests. To prevent all intrusion of improper persons, every one is obliged to unmask in a small room before three members, who give in exchange for the ticket of invitation, which must be tendered there, a pass for admission into the ball room. This is received by a person at the head of the stairs, and without it, it is impossible to reach the ball-room. So, though a person might elude the examining committee, he could not pass the potero without their card.

It was on the last night of the carnival that we set out about dark to procure Masks and Dominoes to attend the ball, that is, Sue, Don Pedro and I, the Major declaring that nothing could induce him to hide his face behind one of the horrid black things. Reginald, Henry and Antoine were not with us, having run down to Matanzas where Don Pedro was to join them, and take them on horse-back across the country to his sugar estate, the trip being decided to be too fatiguing for us ladies. We soon arrived at the depot for costumes and were busy trying them on and deciding on the merits of each. After much deliberation, I chose a pink satin domino and capuchin, trimmed with black velvet, which, with a black mask, disguised me entirely. Sue's were of black lace over yellow silk, and Don Pedro's of purple bound

with orange colour. I had never before had a correct idea of a domino, which I found to be a long, loose garment, not unlike a night dress; not being confined at the waist, it completely conceals the figure, so that one scarcely needs the capucin, which is a large round cape furnished with a hood, that is pulled down till it meets the top of the mask and pinned under the chin.

The Major pronounced my costume so villainously ugly, that to please him I put on a ball dress under it, and Sue did the same. It was well that we did so, for we found the dominoes too narrow for the full skirts of the present day, which are not approved by the Havana ladies, and discarded them in the dressing-room.

As the Major would not consent to be disguised, he was forbidden to address us, lest he might betray us to others; so, instead of taking his arm at the dressing-room door, we, like the rest of the ladies, entered the ball-room alone,—and immediately began to victimize some English officers who, hearing us speak only broken English, took us for Creole Senorites, and were wonderfully puzzled to find out how we knew them. All devices to identify a mask who addresses you, are allowable, except disarranging the capuchin, or raising the mask; a gentleman may peer into a lady's eyes, take her hand, or look at her foot, if he can get a sight of it, without fear of offending. I soon found these two last modes of discovery the most common in practice, and they were in many instances successful. My glove was taken off before I had been ten minutes in the room, and not having taken the precaution to remove my rings, I was found out by an officer who however kept the secret from the rest, putting them in his pocket to prevent a second discovery. Sue was identified by the bows on her shoes, which were different from those worn by the Spanish ladies. The voice can easily be disguised by keeping something in the mouth, I found many of the ladies had bits of tin about the size of a shilling, with a hole in the centre for this purpose.

I was soon heartily tired of my mask, which oppressed me so much that I feared it would produce hemorrhage of the lungs, and throwing it aside, I submitted in my turn to be victimized. The manners of the Cuban

ladies are very careful towards each other, during the evening, but not know would run taking my face between affectionately saying American, how I love a universal term of endearment were the only Americans in the course of the evening different soubriquets, feeling. By eleven o'clock he declared himself heartily tired of none of the ladies saying fifths of them wore hats, bringing us in Don Pedro some other gentlemen to the bastopol, a ball-room where you pay a dollar for a ticket by any means a place where feeling rather tired, to the supper gallery where round tables laid out with eating, but nothing to expect to order the according to what they about thirty gentlemen we took our seats; but of the English officers us, and being very tired something substantial.

"Yes," replied the Don Pedro's order, some soup first."

This struck me as for a ball supper, but for information, as we said I would take some was placed before me, dipping my spoon into the found it nothing but meagre in its composition shocked the sensibility of Aunty in Carolina, and dreamed it nice enough invalid, much less a spoonful was quite enough of the taste of garlic a couple of days; and at the beautiful senorita though it were "chasing my eye over the of something more

Ropa Vieja, pointing it out to my companion, Dr. T. of the Royal Navy—I said to him—"In my Spanish, that certainly means old clothes." And in mine also, he replied, so let us have some. It proved a hash of jerked beef, so called I presume, because it is first boiled to rags, and then hashed with equal quantities of garlic I am sure; for if the soup was highly flavoured, the Ropa Vieja was impregnated with this favourite condiment. Pushing my plate away, I asked the waiter, to the amusement of two Creole gentlemen who sat opposite to me, if it was possible for me to get anything not tasting of garlic. He shook his head and said "no," unless the "blue-eyed Senorita would take some dulces"—a name given to all sweet things—whether cake, preserves or candy. These I declined, and in no very amiable mood at the loss of my supper, was about to retire from the table, when a plate of delicious grapes was set before me, as the waiter said "por las Americanas;" presuming they came from Don Pedro, who was considerably lower down with Sue, I told him to tell the Señor "they were very nice, and I hoped his grapes would not prove sour." To my astonishment he carried the message to the gentlemen opposite, who raising their glasses begged leave to drink the health of the blue-eyed Senorita. Relating the circumstance after supper to Don Pedro—he told me it was a very common occurrence, as the highest compliment a gentleman can pay a lady at table, is to send her something nice often from his own plate. At a dinner party I afterwards had morsels sent to me on a fork from the other end of the table, and Col. Prejol told me he had seen a lady hand a cup of chocolate through the window to a gentleman in the street, though she had never seen him before he stopped, as is quite allowable to compliment her, as she sat sipping it in the window-seat.

The rules of etiquette so stringent in some respects, are very lax in others. A gentleman who would not presume to ask an unmarried lady acquaintance to walk or drive with him the length of a square alone, will offer his hand to assist a perfect stranger from her volante, and tell her she is as "beautiful as the morning," and figuratively, "lay himself at her feet," or "kiss her

hands" whenever he meets her. While the young lady who would be shocked at the impropriety of receiving a call from a gentleman without mamma, will return the smiles and nods, and show pleasure in the open admiration of a perfect stranger.

There was a very pretty girl living next door to our hotel, who used regularly every morning to return the Major's salutation, of "good-morning most beautiful," or "my adorable"—with a smile and a nod and "buenos dias Señor!"

I don't know what time my husband returned from Sebastopol, but as he did not make his appearance at breakfast next morning, I concluded it was at a late, or rather early hour. We all felt rather blasé during the whole day, and welcomed our friends from Matanzas, who came in very unexpectedly in the evening, with great joy, which was soon changed to sorrow; for they came with the sad intelligence that they were to leave the island in the course of the week. Henry had received letters from home that obliged him to return at once, and Antoine's application to the Russian government for a longer leave of absence from the dominions of the Czar, had been replied to unfavourably, and he was obliged to report himself at St. Petersburg by the middle of May, at which time the five years would have expired, which is the longest period that a Russian gentleman can be absent without losing his privileges as such. If they wish to travel, they must ask leave, which is granted for one, two or five years, never more, and at the end of the term allotted they must be within the bounds of Russia, unless they have obtained an extension of it. Being anxious to visit Mexico before his return home, Antoine was therefore obliged to shorten his stay in Cuba. Henry was anxious that Reginald should go back with him, but he positively refused to do so; and in reply to his question of "what will your mother say to me, if I go back without you?" Reginald answered, "what will my mother say to me, if I go back without my hair, sir?" This was an appeal not to be resisted; so it was decided he should "tarry at Jericho," until, not his beard, but his hair should be grown. Thinking he would find it very dull without either of his friends, he determined



quite competent to fulfil the office. In a few days we were obliged to bid them adieu, and with many promises of writing often to report their progress, they departed. Don Pedro also left us shortly afterwards, taking with him our little dog, Duke, who began to suffer from his close confinement to the house, and was dispatched by his mistress to run wild on the sugar estate and recover his health. Finding it rather dull after these departures, the Major began to talk of his business in Matanzas, and it was settled that he and I should go down there the next week, Sue preferring to remain in Havana.

## TWO PORTRAITS.

BY ANNIE.

Cora's heart is light and free—  
Sweetest music is her laughter;  
Blanche's smile a sunbeam seems  
With a shadow stealing after.

Cora's lips like ruby waves  
Break and close where white pearls glisten;  
Blanche's are a rose-bud cleft,—  
Seeming less to speak than listen.

Cora's tresses like the Day's  
Shower gold along the meadows;  
Blanche's garner from the Night's.  
Silken lengths of braided shadows;

Cora warbles like a bird—  
Silver-song her native speech is;  
Blanche's silence to the verge  
Of sublimest music reaches.

Cora's face is like a rose  
Out from fluttering snow-flakes peeping;  
Blanche's, like a pure white cloud  
Where great thoughts, like stars, are sleeping.

Cora's eyes blue violets seem—  
Yet a sunnier speech have Cora's;  
Blanche's depths are lit with dreams,  
As a midnight with Auroras.

Cora, like a wind through flowers,  
Gathers sweetness by caressing;  
Blanche, like light that falls on gems  
Beautified, is blest in blessing.

Cora's soft hands court the clasp,  
Flitting white like spray of ocean;  
Blanche's seem but marble shrines,  
Neared with reverent devotion.

Cora's life is a glad song—  
Mortals bless its joyful ringing;  
Blanche's, psalm-like, fills the pause  
In some rapt archangel's singing!

Cora lets no stain nor rust,  
Sully deep her wings immortal;  
Blanche is edging hers with gold,  
Caught in gleams at heaven's portal.

## THE DEVIL TURNED PRIEST.

FROM "LE SOYER BRETON."

One day when the good angel was returning from the wolf's forest, in the parish of Angan, where he had gone to sow wheat for a poor sick widow, and came to the cross roads, he saw, coming through a narrow road, hedged on each side with the white thorn, a horseman seated on an immense sack. This cavalier had a mouth as red as a wild poppy, and was singing an impious song. The angel thinking he was a miller drew a little on one side, for he liked only to approach honest people; but when the stranger came nearer to him, he saw it was *Old William*.

"You here—you evil spirit!" said the angel in astonishment.

"The highway belongs to everybody," replied the father of sin, with impudent boldness.

"Whence do you come?" said the angel.

"I have just made the tour of my diocese," replied the devil in a mocking tone. "My fellow laborer,\* 'Ankou,' and myself have chosen this moment to gather in our crop among mankind—he cut the wheat and thrashed it, I am bearing off the tares, after leaving him the good grain."

"You wicked fiend! and the bag you have on your horse is full of damned souls," replied the angel.

"You are right," said Satan, "and there are not only the souls of innkeepers, bakers, hog drovers and attorneys; but I have beautiful souls of ursulines, carmelites, sisters of charity, and fat villainous ones of capuchins, cordeliers and dominicans; to say nothing of the clerks and priests."

"Alas!" said the angel in a compassionate voice—"It was in vain that Jesus drank the gall and vinegar upon the cross for the salvation of the sons of Adam! They still fall into your net. What right have you to his people?"

"The same right which the fox has over the fowl yard at the manor," replied the horned angel, with a cunning smile.

\* A corruption of l'angoisse—death

"Well, listen to me," said the good angel, "I will propose an exchange for you. If you will give me the souls you have in that bag, I will permit you to live an entire day upon the earth, without suffering."

"Can I still keep my power?"

"Yes; but on condition that you will make use of it to endow men, and not to torment them."

"Take your bag of souls, follower of the Nazarene," cried *Old William*, "I jump at the offer."

The believer in the Son of Man took the souls thus saved—thanks to his mercy—and asked Satan under what form he would appear to men.

"They have just made a saint of the rector of Konkored," replied the devil, "and I will replace him for one day."

"I consent to that the more readily," said the angel, "as all those of that parish already belong to you as sorcerers, except three families of the elect, the Bianns, the Hohicks and the Ranons, to whom you can do no evil according to our contract. Therefore, for one day, I take from you the reprobation which is your due, and during that time holy things shall cease to be your enemies. Go! poor burned wretch and take your hour of repose, to begin again your eternity of punishment."

When *Old William* found himself alone, he hastened to change his form. He took a new cassock, a silken sash, a fine beaver, the sweet and rosy countenance of a young man which the priest has baptised with the oil destined for girls,\* and took his way to Konkored upon a fat, curly mare, which stepped solemnly with her head lower than her crupper. To see him one would have said, he was a young saint, who only needed death—to be canonized. When he entered the village, all who saw him shook their heads, saying, "This poor young rector is too innocent for us!"

The three elect families alone rejoiced. They came to salute *M. William*, who received them with a gingerly smile, and promised to visit them, that same day. He carried his horse to the stable of the parsonage; and then entered the church, where he remained a long time, kneeling upon a stone, as if he prayed.

But the devil's prayer is a malediction upon

\* To designate a beardless man—the Bretons say word for word—a boy baptised with the oil used for girls. This expression comes from the way the peasants regard the two phials of oil used in baptism, as having two distinct destinations. They think that one is made use of for boys and the other for girls, and if any error is committed in employing the contents of the phials, the result would be a certain perturbation of natural laws, that is to say—the girls would have beards like men, and the boys smooth chins like the women.

good people, and whilst he appeared to talk to God, he meditated within himself the destruction of men. When he arose, at the end of an hour, he went directly to the house of Bianns, who lived nearest the church. They were a poor couple, without children, who had grown old in privation, scrupulously observing the laws of man and those of the church. At the moment when the rector entered, they were about to seat themselves at the table, and as it was a fast day, they had nothing to dine on except rye soup and sour milk. The rector looked upon them with compassion.

"My good people, have you always such poor fare?"

"Excuse us," they replied, "we have meat soup once a month, and every year, on Easter day, we have white bread."

"And you never desire anything better?"

"Alas! desire is the malady of poor people," replied Biann, "and when we see the provisions taken to the castle, we have often wished, *my better half and myself*, that once before we die we could dine like the rich dine daily."

"Well! my brave people, your wish shall be gratified," said *M. William* with a modest air. "Here is a dish made of the beech-tree, which the mother of God formerly gave to a great saint. Whoever possesses it, have only to name the meats they want, and immediately they appear. As it is right that all the poor of the parish should be equally profited by it, I can let you have it only this afternoon; but it is long enough to enjoy, at least once, those feasts of the rich which you have only tasted with your eyes."

Old Biann and his wife heartily thanked *M. William*, who left, after recommending them to profit well by this opportunity. As soon as he left, the two beings, hungry from their birth, placed the precious plate upon their best fringed table cloth, and asked each other what they should wish for.

"I want an omelette with honey, and a grape tart," said the old woman with vivacity, looking upon the plate as if she were already eating them. The tart and omelette immediately appeared. Both at once uttered a cry of astonishment, and stretched out their hands to taste them; but after the first mouthful Biann cried,

"It is wrong to begin with these dainties, let us first have something solid."

"Ask for a veal's head, upon the gridiron," observed his wife.

"Or a quarter of roast lamb," added the husband.

"With a liver pudding," repeated the first.

"And smoked sausages," continued the second.

"Without forgetting the white bread."

"Nor the wine of Bordeaux."

day, my old man."

Biann's raised knife was transfixed, "Holy Friday!" said he.

"Yes, yesterday was Thursday."

"You are right," said the peasant, "it is Holy Friday, when we must touch no meat, upon our salvation."

"No, we cannot eat flesh without being damned," replied his wife.

"And we never can have the plate after this evening," objected the old man.

"Too true, and the occasion will be lost forever," repeated the first.

"Never to return," continued the second.

"Seigneur Dieu! to give up this liver pudding!"

"And the smoking sausages!"

"Never to touch this quarter of roast mutton!"

"Nor the veal's head!"

The climax of their grief was capped, and the old couple regarded with speechless sorrow the plate from which little streams of odorous vapor continued to evolve, tickling their nostrils and digging lustily in their famished stomachs. At last Biann said, "I believe it would be a sin to let such good things be lost."

"Without counting," added his *'half of the ménage,'* "that the rector gave us permission to eat."

"True?"

"Why, yes, did he not tell us to *regale* ourselves?"

"Surely yes, and told us beside that the beech plate had served a saint."

"In that case it cannot injure us, for it is a sacred thing."

"As everything coming from it must be too."

"Then we can dine upon what it offers to us without impiety."

"So far from being impious, it will be a pious act."

"Then let us eat."

"Yes, eat."

Both eagerly soused their hands in the dish and began to devour the viands without one thought of the death of Christ. Their gluttony had irrevocably destroyed them. The devil, who had remained at the door, peeping through the key hole, rubbed his claws together, replete with satisfaction, and took his way to the dwelling inhabited by the Hobicks. A widow and her daughter lived there with a cousin, a young man who had risen from a servant on the farm to be the manager, and now was about to become the husband

in the barn-yard, speaking to the cousin about a horse he wished to purchase. Only the widow and daughter received the rector. After speaking about the crops, the disease among the sheep, and the wickedness of the villagers, the mother was obliged to leave to milk the cows, and the rector turned the conversation upon the near approach of the young girl's marriage.

"You are about to enter into a state of severe trial, one which requires great grace, my daughter," said he in the tone of a preacher. "The wives of gentlemen have only to clothe themselves magnificently, go to church in their coaches, and feast with their equals; but the wife of a laborer bids an eternal adieu to all pleasure and repose. She must retire to bed late, and awake from hour to hour to nurse the sick or feed her children, she must be the first up, and do herself more work than all the servants about the farm."

"That is true, Monsieur le recteur!" murmured Genefa with a pensive look.

"And more," replied the false priest, "a farmer's wealth is not like the nobleman's, sheltered from all misfortune. Let an ill wind blow over the cattle or the crops there is a ruined family! Then the wife must suffer more than all; for whilst the husband is away she alone must hear the cries of children and the angry words of creditors."

"Alas! that is the truth again, Monsieur le recteur," said the heiress with a frightened air.

"And we must often remember," continued *Old William*, "that those who perform manual labor, are often angry; far from being attentive to their wives as noblemen are—they treat them sometimes as they do their beasts."

"*Ciel!* and Nedel whips his team so often!" cried the affianced trembling with fright.

"So you see my beloved child, that God has favored you with a great trial," continued the devil with a hypocritical air, "bless the cross which he has sent you, and rejoice that you are not to be the wife of a noble, who knows life only by its vanities and pleasures!"

"Yes, yes, monsieur le recteur," said Genefa sighing, "but Seigneur, I have never once thought of all this."

She took the corner of her apron to wipe the tears which were rolling over her white and rosy cheeks.

The young rector appeared much moved. "Hear me—my poor innocent," said he, "I have come to your aid and will assure you of the affection of him, you are about to marry. Take this iron ring, black as your raven hair! It belonged

to a great bishop, and possesses such a wonderful virtue, that the man who puts it on his finger will be wholly and solely devoted to your will." The girl received the ring with loud exclamations of joy. She thanked the rector over and over, and then led him into the back yard. She then returned to find Nedel: but he had gone off with his wagon, and she found only M. de Gurbriand, trying the horse, he was about to purchase. He was a tall, large, young man, with a face the color of the setting sun. All the young girls cited him as the most beautiful gentleman in the whole country. Genofa began to think of *Old William's* words and the ring he had given her. She compared in her mind the life of a nobleman's wife, with that of a farmer's; and then looked at her talisman which the rector said could make even a duke or prince, love her. "He is only a marquis," thought she, "If I try upon him no one will know it." Repeating these things to herself—she crossed the enclosure, and M. de Gurbriand seeing her cried out.

"Well my pretty girl, this day you are to take a master, eh!"

"I have one already," said she, modestly casting her eyes down. She meant the young lord to whom the farm belonged, and he understood her, for he said, taking one of her hands. "By my salvation, Genofa—if I am your first master, to me belongs the first kiss."

He kissed her—but the young girl tried to withdraw her hand and make her escape. Then he remarked the iron ring on her finger, and asked where she obtained it. Genofa replied, "she had just found it whilst she was cutting hay in the meadow."

"If that is the case," said the young lord, "it belongs to me—as lord of the estate."

He smilingly took it from the young girl's finger; but scarcely had he passed it over his, when a sudden and violent passion filled his whole heart. He looked at Genofa with flashing eyes and said to her in low tones. "This must be the ring of alliance between us, Genofa. Mount my horse with me—and I will take you to Vannes—where I have a mansion, furnished with every thing that heart can wish. You shall have servants—wear silken robes and have a chaplain, to say mass, for you alone."

Genofa was so astounded, that she remained speechless. Then the young nobleman took her in his arms, seated her before him on the saddle, and the horse dashed away, striking the fire from the pebbles every step he took.

The devil who was concealed behind the pigeon house, capered about in an ecstasy of joy, and replete with satisfaction, took his way to the domain of the Renous. They were three brothers, who lived well upon the inheritance they received

from their father. Each one had his part and cultivated it according to his fancy, but nothing separated the three, honesty and affection held the place of ditches. At the time of planting, the brothers only left between their fields an empty furrow, and this was the line of separation.

The rector found them assembled before the door, occupied in cutting pegs. When they saw the priest they arose to go in the house; but *Old William* thanked them for their attention.

"No my good boys," said he, I have come to wish you a successful day to-morrow, remain where you are."

"I hope you will excuse us, sir," replied the eldest, "we are fixing our ploughshares, which are nearly worn out."

"And yet they were made by the best blacksmith of Augan," said the second, "but our land is as tough as rye bread, and the sweat pours from us in trying to make a furrow through it."

"Besides," added the third brother, "twice a day we have to change our team and this delays and almost ruins us."

"I know what good grounds you have to complain, my dear sons," said the horned friend, "and have come to your rescue. This peg which you see was made by saint Joseph. When it fastens on the ploughshare, the one who holds it alone, can make more furrows than three like it, drawn by double teams." Unfortunately, it can have but one owner, and it must belong to one of you."

"Let us draw straws for it!" instantly cried all the brothers. The rector consented, and when they had drawn it was found that Kado, the youngest brother, was the fortunate possessor. *Old William* gave him the peg and withdrew, after earnestly recommending the two eldest not to be envious of their brother. He ran to get the oldest plough, carried it to a field which had remained three years uncultivated, and fastened the ploughshare in with the peg. It was enough, the instrument began to move—and flew over the ground as a bird flies to her nest, leaving a furrow more than two feet deep! The two brothers who ran to see it, remained motionless from surprise, but instantly, the love which they had for their young brother, was changed to envy, whilst Kado's was swallowed up by pride.

"That boy was very lucky to draw that peg," murmured they in a low voice, "for either of us had as much right to it, and it was only by chance that he got it."

Kado heard them and turned round with a supercilious air. "Be not so impious," said he. "in calling the will of God chance. If I was marked out for this precious gift, it is only because I was the most worthy of it."

the fortune of a lord, and when I become rich, I can make beggars of you if I choose." This threat set the brothers' blood on fire.

"Beware you son of a viper," they roared, "if you threaten us, we can take down your pride."

"Then try it now, if you are men!" cried Kado, raising a pitchfork which was by him. His brothers, mad with fury, rushed upon him with their knives, and the first blow laid him dead at their feet.

A burst of laughter like a thunderbolt resounded immediately behind a hedge, it was *Old William*, who had seen all, and returned to the parsonage as happy as a citizen of Pontroy, when he has cheated a poor peasant of his wheat.

When he arrived there, he ordered his servant to prepare him the breast of a pig cooked in its own juice, and to bring from the inn as much cider as would make twelve drunkards of Guéméné intoxicated. At that moment some one came to tell him that the Bianns were found dead in their cabin, from having eaten and drank too much. He snapped his claws, and told them to add a cup of good wine to his fare. As he was about to seat himself at the table, he was advertised that M. de Gurbriand who had carried off Genofa, had fallen with his horse down a stone quarry and all three crushed to death.

He danced a *pas de seul*, and ordered a fine salad to be added, and lastly, whilst he was eating, they ran to tell him that the two Ranons had killed their youngest brother, and hung themselves in despair!

He yelled a cry of joy, and ordered liquor with four kind of fruits.

He had emptied his last glass, when the angel appeared at the door.

"*Old William*, your hour is come," said he, "return to the flames of hell."

"Willingly," replied the *hissing serpent*, for I shall have good company, and take with me every righteous soul in the parish. You forbade me to torment men, but you did not forbid me to enrich them. I did it. Let it be a lesson to you, follower of the Nazarene. Another time you will know there is a surer way of making men wicked—than to do them evil. *It is to do them good.*

Columbus, Ga.



S. S. C.

I stretch my hands to thee;  
Cold, cold the sweep of billowy waves  
That surging dash o'er me:  
The night-winds, sobbing with a mournful tone,  
Eke out my wailings of alone, alone.

Once, when the sun pour'd glory down  
O'er the hills' shaded green,  
With linked hands we wander'd through  
A mist of golden sheen;  
The sunshine, gilding the deep forest shade,  
A radiant pathway for our footsteps made.

We talked of joys in days to come,  
And pluck'd the crimson flowers,  
And as they died, so die'd bright hopes  
Along this path of ours;  
And now alone I hold the wreath  
Whose latest blight came with thy death.

Beneath the moonlight-flooded skies,  
And by the murmuring river,  
We've stood and watch'd the silvery beams  
Upon the waters quiver,  
And wonder'd if thus side by side  
We'd float forever down life's tide.

Alas! the cold, dark waves of Death  
Have swept thee from my sight;  
Thine is the heaven's unclouded day;  
Mine the earth's shadow'd night.  
Speeding to God thy flight sublime,  
Thou'st left me standing on the shores of Time.

Sweet friend, I track thy angel flight  
Up through ethereal blue,  
And that same path thy spirit took.  
May my soul follow too,  
To stand with thee around the throne,  
No longer then alone, alone.

E. B. C.

AN EPIGRAPH BY MACAULAY ON LORD METCALFE IN WINDFIELD CHURCH, NEAR WINDSOR.—"Near this stone is laid Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, a statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures and found equal to all. The three greatest dependencies of the British crown were successively entrusted to his care. In India his fortitude, his wisdom, his probity and his moderation, are held in honourable remembrance by men of many races, languages and religions. In Jamaica, still convulsed by a social revolution, he calmed the evil passions which long-suffering had engendered in one class and long domination in another. In Canada, not yet recovered from the calamities of civil war, he reconciled contending factions to each other and to the mother country. Public esteem was the just reward of his public virtue; but those only who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could appreciate the whole worth of his gentle and noble nature. Costly monuments in Asiatic and American cities attest the gratitude of nations which he ruled; this tablet records the sorrow and the pride with which his memory is cherished by private affection. He was born the thirtieth day of January, 1785. He died the fifth day of September, 1846."

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalve. By A. Roane.]

### BOOK SEVENTH.

Who has not observed the virtues produced by love in tender souls? Who has not felt his heart ennobled from the first moment of love? The callous man in the tranquility of a perpetual indifference may live without reproach, free from vice and crime; but if he finds the dear object who is destined to be the mistress of his life, if at last the pure flame is kindled which consumes but gives him existence; from that day he ceases to be what he was; the sphere of his duties is enlarged, his nature is elevated, the perfection to which he aspired does not suffice his wishes; if before he was content with imitating, he now desires to exceed all that he admires; his efforts are pleasures—his troubles motives of hope; the sacred laws of nature, the love of country, the compassionate duties of humanity occupy him incessantly; and in proportion as he remains faithful to its inspiration, so he may hope to gratify the idol for whom he exists. If affectionate and submissive he sacrifices himself for others; if spirited he courts death to save a brother; if he be reduced to poverty by assisting the indigent, his loved one will know it and this thought will render it easy to perform.

An inward voice repeats to him continually—"She looks at you, she hears you, she is the invisible witness of your actions and of your most secret thoughts." Then flee from his heart the sentiments which would corrupt it.

Gonsalvo when he left the princess, felt his ardor for glory augmented, but now the glory of battles did not suffice him. Certain of being beloved, his heart became more amiable, and felt the want of that tranquil glory which can be enjoyed without reputation and which though the inseparable sister of good actions is not always the companion of noisy exploits. Separated from Zulema, he could only alleviate the pain of absence by employing it in generous and

noble deeds. After he had dedicated his arm, his valor, his entire being to the most worthy object which the universe contained, he desired to pass his life in the performance of virtuous actions. The lover loved in turn by Zulema, ought to be superior to all other mortals—he ought to be a hero, in order to be deserving of his lot.

Occupied with these noble thoughts, Gonsalvo in company with the faithful Pedro, took the road to Granada across the mountains of the Alpuxarras. The prudent Pedro induced him to seek out-of-the-way paths, which might protect him against enemies, whom the impetuous Gonsalvo despised. In that romantic region the spectacle of a destitute man—of an unfortunate person who needed his protection, detained the footsteps of the hero. He scattered among the poor the gold with which the princess had loaded the captive, fought and triumphed to avenge the weak. He delayed his journey to confer benefits, and excused himself to the old man who censured him with tenderness and wept with admiration.

While they were among the mountains of Alhama, the spouse of Isabel had made all the preparations to comply with the intents of the queen. The pines from the neighboring mountains, the erect elms, the proud oaks, the ancient ash, all fell beneath the axe of the Castilians. Rocks, timber, lime and sand were transported to the site of the new city. At the same time, provisions, arms and troops were received from Valencia and Andalusia. Abundance reigned in the camp; gold was distributed prodigally to the soldiers by order of Isabel. One half of the army in order of battle protected the other, while engaged in labor. The queen directed the works—encouraged her warriors, announced to all a certain victory and told each one what she expected from his valor. The brave captains animated their soldiers with their own zeal. Lara left not his post for a moment. During the day he marshalled the battalions of Castile and was surprised that the Granadians remained in their tents; he was ignorant that the wounds of Almanzor prevented him from fighting and the Moors feared a defeat under any other general. At night accompanied by other warriors, he patrolled the camp and



watched over the safety of the army and having Gonsalvo ever in his memory, he sometimes directed his steps towards the sea. In one of those nights, Lara with thoughts fixed upon his absent friend went forth accompanied by a hundred troopers, left the entrenchments and loosing the reins of his horse, wandered on in silence. The moon shone brightly with silvered light and the echoes prolonged the melancholy moan, with which the bird of night disturbed the air. Tranquillity reigned in the solitary camp; and through the obscure darkness suddenly shone the subdued light of some wandering jack-o'-lantern. The hero surprised, stopped and listened to the accents of a melodious voice singing the following words:

"I fly to the sou' I adore  
My heart will its fond passion own;  
Yet still, should it ever deplore  
The love of my Zora o'erthrown,  
I will like the timid gazelle  
From the footsteps of mortals soon fly  
And in the lone desert I'll dwell—  
In its undisturbed shade I will die."

Lara gave attention, carefully looked around and by the light of the moon, discovered a young knight, whose head was girded with a black turban. He was clothed in a short tunic, over which a silver chain was thrown suspending a scimeter. His naked arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of gold; in his left hand he bore a shield while his right hand grasped three javelins. He was mounted upon a horse white as snow, without saddle, bridle or housings; though swift as the wind, he obeyed his master and at his command slackened or hastened his pace. Lara recognized him as one of the Bereberes who had come from the deserts of Africa to the assistance of Boabdil. Lara ordered twelve of his company to seize this enemy while the others formed a circle around him, to cut off his retreat.

The Numidian stopped, boldly awaited the Spaniards and as they approached, threw his three javelins in rapid succession, each one of which killed a Spanish knight. The African then quickly fled so as to separate those who pursued him, but finding no place of exit, returned to the field of combat, threw himself on the ground, drew a

javelin which had |  
Spaniard and throw  
another victim. Lar  
back his companions  
cipitate themselves |  
them to leave their  
African: "You ha  
stranger," said he—  
make no useless |  
scarcely restrain my  
least the pleasure of  
am too unhappy to d  
Numidian proudly,  
made captive I prefe  
He spoke and bare  
threw his lance asid  
advanced towards h  
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The Moor though w  
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Castilian. His horse  
ments of Lara, ju  
turned, foresaw the t  
his master and saved  
death. But the stre  
ors was unequal, the  
cut through the shiek  
ed him in the breast  
his horse bathed in t  
steed neighed as if in  
tect his master, run  
him with his body, |  
air, menaced the conc  
Castilian coming up,  
and disappeared. Lar  
soner, extended his  
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be but slight, ordered  
him and rendering all  
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ered head and silent li  
ly; tears flowed from  
appeared to be strong  
observed it knew at on  
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"fortune and darkness  
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fate of arms, which I wished not to try—and support with constancy a misfortune common to all warriors. Your tears reproach me for the success which fortune alone has given me, I hope and believe that I am not the sole cause of your tears. Fate has perhaps separated some friend from your bosom. Ah! no one better than I can sympathise with you; no one more than I, ought to soothe your sorrows. If they can be confided, I desire to know them. You are not in the power of a barbarian; to-morrow morning at break of day, Lara will liberate you if Ferdinand permit it.” The Numidian on hearing the name of Lara, raised his head. “What!” said he, with surprise and joy, “am I the prisoner of Lara! that great hero whom the Moors not less esteem than fear! Is it he who now makes me the most unhappy of men? Ah! bitter to you would be this triumph, if you knew what your victory has cost me!” The virtuous Lara pressed him to confide his troubles. The tender interest which he manifested, the kindness of his conversation, the reciprocal esteem felt by virtuous souls, determined the young African, hoping that his recital would accelerate the moment of his liberation; or at least that his confidence would gratify his generous victor. Both advanced to the front of the squadron, and the Numidian thus commenced:

“Happy is the man of humble lot, who without grandeur or fortune or high birth, recognizes no duties but those of nature, knows no pleasure but that of loving, no glory but that of being beloved. Insensible to the vain pomp which we make our first necessity, he leaves not his country to seek in foreign climes, the perils or the torments which were not intended for him; he lives not apart from the object of his love, nor adds to the pangs, inseparable from affection, the most cruel of all, absence from her, for whom nature has created him; he passes his days tranquilly, in the spot where they commenced, rests from labor, by the side of his spouse, beneath the tree where his childhood sported and where when old he will sleep. In the hut in which he was born, will his children also be born. Nothing changes, nothing can change for him; the same sun shines upon him, the same

fruits nourish him, the same verdure rejoices his sight, the same companion each day more beloved, procures him the bounties of nature, the delights of love and the pleasures of peace.

“Such ought to be my lot, and such it was before the war with Granada. I was born among a pastoral people, who without cities or fixed habitations, lived in tents with their flocks, removed their encampment from green field to green field, wandering through the deserts from the foot of Atlas to the frontiers of ancient Egypt. This people descended from the first Arabs who came from Yemen led by Yafrik—subdued these vast regions and gave to them the name of their chief. The conquered were exiled to the cities; the conquerors respecting and loving the pastoral life, preserved for themselves the fields and scattered their tribes, through the immense country of the Palms. Here, we have retained the customs of our ancestors. Each separate tribe encloses its flocks, in which consists its wealth, in a spot surrounded with tents, spun from the hair of camels. Free, but subject to a Sheik, the encampment forms a republic, in which the camp is fixed or changed, war or peace decided according to the wishes of the majority of the families. Our Sheik dispenses justice and administers his code of laws in conformity with the simple maxim—‘To be happy without doing wrong to any.’

“Our worldly goods consist in camels, so fleet as to bear us two hundred miles in a single day when pursued by our enemies; in horses valuable for their docility, their intelligence, love for their masters, to whom they are faithful companions; in sheep whose fine wool is our only clothing, and whose delicious milk our only drink. Content with these gifts of Heaven, we despise the gold and silver which our mountains would yield us, if our hands, as avaricious as those of Europeans, should abase themselves to dig our mines. The green meadows, plains of barley and rice appear to us preferable to these dangerous metals, the origin of earthly misfortunes and which you yourselves as I have heard, cause to be dug from the earth, by the toil of your criminals, doubtless to impress upon the mind, that they are productive of crimes. Peace.

friendship, and concord reign in the bosom of each family. Faithful to the religion of our fathers, we adore one only God and honor his prophet. Without fatiguing our weak intellect, in commenting on his sacred book, without manifesting the sinful pride of interpreting his sacred maxims, we are certain of pleasing him by exercising the endearing virtues engraved upon our souls by nature as well as those prescribed by the Koran. We believe that a good action avails more than many prayers; that justice and charity are more sacred than the Rhamadan; and being compelled in our sandy deserts to fail in certain ablutions, we endeavor to supply their place by the exercise of charity, benevolence, and above all, hospitality. Faithful for forty centuries, to this debt easy to our hearts, we reverence it as the first, we love it as the most pleasant. The stranger who crosses the threshold of our tents, even though he be an enemy, is for us a sacred object; his life, his goods, his repose appear to us a precious deposit confided to our care by the Eternal Being. Each day we beseech him to grant us this favor, and the Chiefs of our families make it an object of rivalry. They never eat in their tents; the table is spread at the entrance; seats are prepared, and the master takes his place after having thrice uttered in a loud voice the following words: 'In the name of God, father of mortals, if there is near us any traveller, any poor unhappy man, may he come and eat my bread and relate to me his sorrows.'

"Among the simple people who have preserved their customs unchanged since the birth of the son of Hagar, in the desert of Zab, I came into the world to love Zora—the most amiable, the most beautiful damsel of my tribe. Zora, entrusted to my father from her infancy, reared with me, never separated from me, loved me from the time I loved her, and I cannot recall the period when our tender love began. My father, Sheik of my tribe, observed the birth of and cherished this innocent affection. He pressed us in his arms, he called us his children and loved us both equally. Before knowing that I was to be her spouse, Zora gave me this name and I also called her my wife. My father joined our hands and said to me:

'Ishmael, my son, love, love daughter of my friend. I grow together as the two tents. You will console my fainting tremulous steps in which is dragging me to death. I will soon be united in marriage with you some day repeat to you what I now repeat to you with satisfaction. Before I had completed my father had taught me to ride and manage the horse with skill that she might not be come, had learned the same thing, knowing she would love them better than me. Clothed in a short tunic, with a buckle of gold, with a bow and quiver on her shoulder, she followed me every where. We sometimes went to pursue the rapid ostrich, the jackall, or the mountain cat, and slay them with her own arrows. Sometimes, on her swift horses, armed with the head of a squadron of warriors, we went forth to seek the lion in his cave, drove him into the open, aroused his courage by the beating of drums and clarions. The furious lion, disturbed by the warlike sound of the horses, attacked, overpowered, but I watched over the safety of the damsel always between her and the lion. He has been torn to pieces, but she has not been wounded; I would have done so a thousand times, before hers was in danger. The monster on the other side expired bathed in his blood. A javelin of Zora pierced his side.'

"Sweet and sad memories of those times! What pleasure I feel in recalling the customs of my beloved country. The memory of lost pleasure is the lot of the unfortunate. Every day, Zora, my brothers, and I, before the tent of the beloved, sit in silence, to await in silence the dawn to awake. And as none of us is able to sleep without his arms around himself, we desired it on returning to our knees around the old man, to hear his prayer and invocation to Heaven, we tenderly enfolded him, and he, in return, enfolded us.

arms. Sometimes he deigned to accompany us, to conduct to fresh pastures the camels, the bleating sheep, the bounding horses, and the tender lambs following their mothers. While the flutes of the Shepherds and the songs of happy lovers resounded through the camp, our women labored in their tents upon the works confided to their sex, spun the wool of our flocks, prepared our food, kept our habitations in order, educated and instructed our children to respect, to bless their father as the august image of God! and when we return in the evening, their caresses are the more endearing for the short absence. Our love always constant, though always satisfied, expressed itself by new and repeated proofs. The young husband, the young lover, related to the object of his affections what he had done during the day and sung tender songs in celebration of her beauty. We ate together our evening repast. Smoked rice, kid broiled over the coals and fresh dates sufficed our robust health and our moderate desires. After this frugal supper, the old men, surrounded by a circle of the young, related the history of past times, the exploits of the valiant Kaled, the goodness of the wise Almamon, or the mishaps of the two lovers buffeted by fortune. Tears were shed to their memory, and the glances exchanged between lovers, gave proof that they had not suffered similar trials. A prayer announced the hour of repose. They gave thanks to Heaven for the happiness of the day which had just closed and then enjoyed a tranquil sleep to be followed again by a contented morrow. My marriage with Zora completed my happiness. Zora mounted upon a camel, rode through the camp to the sound of timbrels and flutes. She was clothed in a white tunic, with ears and arms adorned with rings and bracelets of gold and a rich veil concealed her entire person. She was conducted to my tent; my father placed her in my arms; and our brothers, our sisters and our friends remained until the next day, and celebrated the love of the happy husband and the virtue of the timid damsel.

Alas! the sound of the trumpet succeeded these sweet songs. My marriage was scarcely concluded, when the Ambassadors of King Boabdil arrived asking us in the

name of the prophet to take up arms for the cause of God. 'Sons of Hagar,' said they, 'your brothers of Granada implore you; that proud Capital, the only vestige of your conquests, is about to fall into the hands of the Christians. From the remotest regions of Spain, the enemies of our faith have united under its walls. When they have mastered our city, they will pass into Africa—burn your great cities, reduce to ashes your mosques, kill your priests, outrage your women and penetrating into your deserts, carry fire and blood into your peaceful fields. You will attempt to repel them, but their victories will have made them invincible. Then will you invoke the Eternal Being, but he will punish you, for having abandoned your brothers, for having forgotten so long that he only placed you upon earth to spill your blood in defence of his law.'

"These words inflamed our youth and persuaded the old men. My father after hearing their opinions, decided that the flower of our warriors should go to the assistance of Granada. Immediately the cry of war was heard through the camp! To arms! Muselmans to arms! To horse! sons of the desert! Let zeal for God guide you! Victory will follow your lances. At this cry, ten thousand warriors leaped upon their swift horses. My father selected six thousand of them and confided to me the command. Zora trembling and distracted, threw herself at his feet and asked leave to accompany me. Dexterous in the use of arms, she was worthy to accompany us and to command us. My father hesitated, but the acclamations of my companions, the tears he saw upon my face—the prayers of the army, decided him at last. He gave Zora permission to go with me.

"I will not relate to you the sad parting with my father nor the grief which afflicted him for this cruel separation. My tears still flow when I remember that venerable old man leaving me to press Zora to his breast, leaving her again to embrace me, charging us both to prove ourselves worthy of him, worthy of our country, but to seek no danger superior to our strength. 'For Zora,' said he, weeping, 'without strength to follow you, will follow you nevertheless. You will be the cause of her destruction.

Take care of your life, dear Ishmael, imagine that my paternal eyes follow you in the battle, that my thoughts are with you and that the lance which threatens your heart will at the same time pierce my own.'

'While he was uttering these words, when my warriors only waited for me to depart, a crow from the summit of a palm-tree filled the air with mournful cries. My father wished to defer my departure, but I took but little note of these vain presages, respected by my nation, I dissipated their fear, supplicated them to repress their credulity, mounted my horse and was instantly followed by the beautiful Zora.

'We arrived in a short time at the city of Victoria where the transports of Boabdil received my six thousand warriors. We disembarked at the port of Almeria and journeyed to the famous city to whose succor we had come. Boabdil lavished attentions upon us, quartered the Bereberes in the richest houses and offered his own palace as a habitation for my spouse. But in a short time, this mansion in Granada became odious to me. The spectacle of a ferocious despot surrounded by corrupt courtiers, the public contempt of those customs so revered and so sacred in our nation, repelled and horrified Zora, whose timid and chaste soul accustomed to see around her but innocence and peace trembled at the sight of vice as the gazelle before the serpent. She desired to return to Africa, besought me each day to take her from that impious court or at least remove her from the presence of a King whose heart knew neither curb nor remorse. At last the occasion presented itself. Almanzor our general, the only one worthy of my esteem, had learned that the Castilians intended to attack Castama, the city in which a celebrated tribe had taken refuge. Castama, although impregnable, needed succors. The Abencerrages by whom it was inhabited, for some cause had long been offended with the Granadians, and were unwilling to receive within their walls any other but foreign troops. Almanzor requested me to send my spouse at the head of a thousand Bereberes. I trembled at the thought of separation from Zora. I could not abandon the remainder of my troops; I could not live apart from my wife; but her

desire to leave Boabdil and his court, the earnestness with which Almanzor praised the virtues of the Abencerrages, the fidelity of her followers who would all die for Zora, determined me at last. I then conducted her to Castama and Osman, the perfidious Osman, Governor of that city, showed her the greatest respect and invited me to come often to visit the object of my love. I became tranquillized, returned with Almanzor and almost every night I left Granada alone, repaired to Castama and passed some moments with my beloved spouse, rendered to her an account of my thoughts, heard and repeated our vows.

'These interviews alleviated the pains of absence from Zora. But another torment yet more terrible was added to my unhappiness. On this very day, I have learned that the Governor of Castama, that one of those Abencerrages whom Almanzor described as heroes, that Osman, the infamous Osman has dared to love my wife and to make known his love. You know not, you cannot conceive the terrible influence which the passion of jealousy exercises over our people. This passion is the most violent which is known in our burning clime. No crime with us is regarded as equal to that of a man's looking with desire upon our wives. No kind of vengeance is prohibited for punishing this horrible affront. Liberal of our goods, peaceable, affable and hospitable, we are more barbarous, more ferocious, more sanguinary, than the lions of our deserts, when any one aspires to the object of our love.

'I had scarcely heard of the crime of (Isman, when I resolved to proceed to Castama, in order to be at the side of Zora, to seek occasion to pass this sword a thousand times through the heart of the insolent Osman. I was already on the road . . . Alas! I thought that our last victory—the burning of the Spanish camp, would make the journey more secure now than ever before. The idea of seeing Zora and not again being separated, the hope of avenging myself on a traitor, filled my soul with joy, when your warriors suddenly fell upon me. Perhaps, but for you, I would have escaped from their hands, but your invincible arm triumphed over my strength and your victory has cost

me the dearest moments of my life. This is the cause of my tears. Zora awaits me and I am a captive. Osman is near Zora and Ishmael is in the power of the Spaniards. Do you wonder at my weeping." "Cheer up," answered Lara, "I will repair the evil I have done, I will ask of my King to restore to you the liberty of which I alone am not the master; my own horse shall carry you to Castama and at daylight, you will see Zora and if in reward of my zeal you should honor me with your friendship, it will be more grateful to me than all the laurels of glory."

By this time they had arrived at the entrenchments. Lara conducted his prisoner to his tent, confided him to his servants, who employed all kinds of remedies for his wounds, while Lara went off to give to Ferdinand an account of his nocturnal excursion.

The king of Arragon and his august spouse were at this time in council. A stranger—an unknown man, protected only by Isabel, whose penetration had discovered his genius, was unfolding to the royal pair his grand designs. This unknown man was Christopher Columbus, who was proposing the discovery and conquest of a new world. He asked but a single ship. The entire council hesitated whether to grant it or not, but Isabel did not hesitate. Lara arrived and took his place at the Council-Board. The great interests which were then under deliberation, prevented him from speaking with the king. The time was prolonged—the night advanced, and the impatient Ishmael awaited anxiously the return of Lara.

The Berebere's horse fleeing from the place of combat, took, of himself, the road he had so often gone over and returned towards Castama, where Zora was waiting in tears for her spouse. The hours passed by. She counted the sad moments. Her imagination pictured the perils which might menace him. The most mournful thoughts took possession of her mind. A mortal fear seized upon her soul, a horrible presentiment made her tremble and weep.

Unable longer to support the feelings which oppressed her, she resolved to go in search of her dear Ishmael. It seemed to her, that she would suffer less in seek-

ing the object of her heart's affections, than her fear for his safety would be diminished, by exposing herself to the same dangers which he encountered. In order to deceive the guards, Zora took the dress of a warrior, similar to that worn by the Abencerrages, traversed the city on horseback, feigned to be the bearer of an order of Osman, took the road towards Granada, inquired concerning her spouse from every one she saw. At this moment she heard the galloping of a horse, she stopped, repressed her breathing; the sound increased, the horse approached, pawed the ground, and the echo repeated the rude noise. Zora, motionless and palpitating recognized him; his white color, and long mane made her tremble with anxiety. She ran towards him, she called Ishmael. At this name, at her voice, the horse raised his head, neighed and advanced towards her. It was the steed of her spouse. His master had without doubt perished by the hand of some barbarous Spaniard. Grief, fear and love confused her mind, she threw herself upon the bloody horse and abandoned herself to his guidance. She accused, implored Heaven and swore to avenge Ishmael. The intelligent animal returned on the road he had come, augmented his speed and bore Zora to the very place where her husband had fallen. He there stopped. Zora looked around and perceived the four Spaniards whom the Berebere had slain. She no longer doubted his fate, she sought the body of Ishmael, recognized his shield and found the earth dampened with blood. She groaned, fell dismayed upon the spot, and in a fit of desperation rolled over in the sand. She suddenly heard the groaning of one of the Spaniards—she arose and advanced towards him; the unhappy man still breathed. Zora rendered him assistance and brought him to himself. As soon as he recovered his speech, she interrogated him concerning the combat, concerning his wounds, about the shield which lay on the ground, and the blood with which it was stained. Zora besought him, conjured him to conceal nothing but tell all to relieve her from the horrible torment which afflicted her. The soldier thankful for her assistance, attempted to make explanations and pointing to his companions told her that a single Ber-



here had attacked them on the road, and they had fallen beneath his blows. He pronounced the name of Lara, and said that Lara had avenged them, that the shield had been cut into pieces by him, that the blood was that of the Berebere, shed by the hands of Lara. Zora made no answer, looked around and meditated putting an end to her life at that very moment, on the very spot where Ishmael had perished. But the desire of revenge arrested her arm. She took the hand of the Spanish soldier, pressed it, and with a stifled voice said to him: "Friend! show me the road to the camp where this Lara breathes. Fear not, I will send your companions to your aid. I will myself return to help you if it is the will of Heaven." The soldier in surprise, pointed out the road. Zora mounted her horse, put him to his speed, and soon arrived at the entrenchments; the guards wished to detain her, but Zora would not hear them. "Go," said she to them, "go and communicate to the cruel Lara, that the Governor of Castama defies him and waits him here: Tell him to fear no treachery, that I come alone, and if he desires it, I will fight him in your midst, that if he delay a single moment, I pronounce him the vilest of cowards."

The guards were annoyed at such boldness, and hesitated whether to obey; but the respect entertained by the Spaniards, for a warrior who seeks the strife, is for them a sacred law. One of them went to give notice to Lara, and in the meantime the young African who even in her rage forgot not the sacred duties of humanity sent two soldiers to their wounded companions.

Lara had not returned, and Ishmael awaited him impatiently. The messenger learned that he was at the Council-Board and dared not interrupt him. In the meantime he conversed with the Numidian, and mentioned that the Governor of Castama had come to defy Lara. At this name, Ishmael arose with eyes sparkling with rage. "Just God!" exclaimed he, "you have delivered him into my hands. The scoundrel has come in pursuit of me, has come to demand my head of my generous victor. Christian! will you permit that your valiant general fatigued with the combat and the excursion

of the night should against this traitor? if you will deign to a captive, whom he has if you wish to merit all your hopes, lend me to the Abencerr with sinister designs the supreme happiness for a hero beloved of your army." The scoundrel conjured, pressed bracelets of gold which and legs, promised been to return after the him with Lara and that it all with his head. They agreed to do as he wished of his armor, which he put on. The heavy pain of his wound, but burning jealousy, the desire him forget it. He met Lara, lowered the visor guided by the soldier, heart full of rage, he with his spouse irritated by indignation, agitated and hands in his blood. Seeing each other, both deceived blind with fury, filled with which came, alas! from closed in combat. Neither word. Both equally feared known; both had equaling themselves. Each life. To die was nothing their opponent. They exercise skill, their valor. They drew nearer together, receive deeper wounds; they tact, seized, dragged each horses, fell together, and each other anew for fear would miss the heart. Ill-starred Zora! What blinds, what horrible do you! Ah! your furious breath mingles! you are other's arms, nothing tells nounces that you have the object of your adoration. They palpitate one against the

know it not. You are now together! you are now embraced, but it is for slaughter. Hold! calm this atrocious fury! suspend these impious blows! Speak but one word, one single word and you would fall on your knees, you would wash with your tears the wounds you have made, you would fix your dying lips upon the breasts you have pierced. Useless desires! vain laments! Rage sees nothing, listens to nothing. Burning for vengeance, furious with jealousy and grief, Ishmael twice wounded Zora and attempted again to wound her. Zora twice opened with her sword the breast of Ishmael and sought to bury it more deeply. At last debilitated by loss of blood in his first combat with Lara, Ishmael began to yield, and Zora sprung upon him, redoubled her strength, approached, wounded, overthrew him, and buried her sword to the hilt in his body. "Die," said she, "barbarian, but before you expire, learn that you have fallen by the hands of a woman. Zora has dealt the blow, Zora, wife of Ishmael, who avenges the husband she adored." At hearing their words, at the sound of her voice, Ishmael raised his head, collected his ebbing spirits and gathered his failing strength. "Zora," said he, "Zora, is it you who rob me of life, and against you my hand! . . ." He did not finish. Zora hastily detached his helmet, looked at him, and the first rays of day showed her the pale face of Ishmael. Pale as himself, mute, motionless, transfixed with grief, she gazed at him attentively. She could not doubt her crime. Without pronouncing one word, without being able to make a single movement, she remained stupid and absorbed. Her hair stood erect upon her forehead, her white lips half-opened, her wild eyes became fixed upon the eyes of Ishmael, who tremulously seized the hand of Zora. "Oh my, dear friend," said he, "my beloved wife, calm your despair, forgive your own error, as Ishmael forgives it. You desired to avenge my death, and I believed that I was punishing the perfidious Osman. Your bloody hands are pure. The mortal blow you have given me, proves to me your love. I expire, looking at you, pressing your beloved hand upon my heart. My death is not to be pitied. In the name of our love, oh my tender Zora, in the name

of our worthy father, who has no remaining child but you, promise me to live, to console him promise me now . . . Implacable death approaches . . . it has already come . . . I feel it . . . Adieu, Zora, my beloved . . . Adieu, my only love . . . Ishmael forgives you his death, grant him at least your life." His voice failed, his eyes closed, his head inclined, and his cold hand fell from that of Zora. She remained motionless for some moments. Suddenly her knees trembled, her arms fell, she stooped down, approached the face of Ishmael, sought his lips, pressed them convulsively, embraced his cold body, and exhaled her last breath.

[*End of Book Seventh.*]

## THE RISE OF DESPOTISM IN EUROPE.

If one thing more than another surprises the student of history, it is to see the manner in which the Ancient Liberties of Europe were lost, and how despotic governments arose upon the ruins of primitive freedom.

There was a time when no such thing as absolute monarchy existed. Men were not free, in the sense of freedom protected by law, as at present; they were free rather in the sense of untamed liberty, such as the Indian and the Arab enjoys.

Certainly, to go back to the beginning, the wild tribes of freemen who overthrew the Roman Empire and originated the present nations of Europe, did not found absolute monarchies. They oppressed the conquered races, reducing them to slavery; yet every one of the conquerors was himself a freeman, every warrior was, in personal rights, the equal of the chief whom he followed to battle.

If we cast our eye over Europe at that time, we find a republican spirit to prevail: for not only were all the conquerors equal but each one had a voice in the election of the chief, and a decisive vote in all affairs of government. It could not be otherwise when we consider that these conquests were made by armies held together by no power save

the consent of those who composed them. "The cohesive force of public plunder," was indeed the sole motive which prompted the enterprises of that time; and the division of the conquered territories with their inhabitants, was the reward of the victors. Every freeman, on his own land, was lord and sovereign over his slaves; and with his power no one could interfere.

This is the wildest kind of liberty; it is license rather than freedom. We do not recommend it; yet it proves our assertion, that there was a time when no such thing as absolute government existed in Europe.

How then did absolute government grow up in Europe?

We propose to answer this question, and to show in what manner it happened that the kings and privileged orders grew so strong as to absorb all power into themselves, and to change perfect freedom into absolute despotism. We are not content, however, to look back to the foundation or commencement of the various governments of Europe, to show that the people who formed them were at that time free. Every tribe of savages consists of free warriors. Our purpose is to show that a large share of liberty was, for a long time, enjoyed by the independent tribes who overran Southern and Western Europe; that this freedom existed during the dark ages, and that it has been lost in comparatively modern times. Lost, too, after civilization had made much progress in Europe, when the dawn of modern science had begun to shine brightly, and when the printing-press was carrying knowledge to the hitherto obscure corners of every land.

Take a few well known facts, to prove how much freedom there was in the middle ages.

The Feudal System, extended as it was all over Europe, rendered every man, (originally free born and descended from ancestors who were not slaves,) at liberty to do what he pleased with himself. Any knight could confer the honor of knighthood upon any one esteemed worthy, and the king could do no more. Every noble had a Liege Lord, but he could change him at his own choice, or resist him if he exercised arbitrary authority.

The Feudal System preserved that wild and perfect freedom, which the warrior tribes

brought with them in rendered every noble every gentleman, in a could bear arms, a sense of that word. we are now; he con war.

Magna Charta, so creator of English lit right or privilege to the barons already possessed the possession of the which their sea-roving with them from Scandinavia granted nothing; he s ger to interfere with his people.

The Bishops—as bishops were present on this c rights with the rest; anathematized the whole work, commanding the tool and minion, King nor bishop would abate privileges.

This transaction has stood; partial historians as a creation of something recording and confirming standing. It was merely the title deed to an estate proprietor had been in

The Crusades themselves complete was this spirit of Europe.

Men of every degree marched towards the first crusade, we re fact that there was no armed men assembled, under Godfrey of Bouillon conquered Palestine. Nor been taken, and when necessary to elect a king, did one turn to the Royal they elected a king from without any regard to blood.

There was no absolute rope.

The Hanseatic League scattered throughout Germany and Italy—not subject to

ing no lord or ruler, bound together by the interests of commerce, making their own laws, choosing their own governors, and sometimes carrying on wars against neighbouring nations, go strongly to prove that there was a spirit of freedom then existing among the people of Europe; and that there was no power in the State strong enough to check or control it. No sovereign of Europe, for the last three hundred years, would have allowed his people to arm and march off on any expedition like the crusades; or to choose a king from among themselves, to reign over the conquered country. He would not have permitted the wild liberty of the feudal system, nor would he have allowed the well trained and systematically constructed freedom of the cities which formed the Hanseatic League, to exist for an hour. Such things would have been called treason; and yet such things existed all over Europe.

The power of the kings was then at a low ebb; it has since risen to full tide; may we see it rolled back, until its proud waves are stayed, and the rights and possessions which its grasping power has seized on, are rescued from its force and restored to their rightful owners.

Let us speak more particularly of the liberties of Europe when the dark ages were hastening away, and the dawn of a better civilization was breaking over the world. Let us take up particular nations, and examine the liberty which they possessed. And we will choose as the subjects of our enquiry, those nations which have been most oppressed, and whose names at once recal to our minds scenes of despotism and cruelty.

France, Spain and Italy have been ground down by tyranny of the most oppressive kind, and have for centuries been under despotic rule. Yet we can prove, historically, that the people of these countries possessed a larger share of liberty than any country in Europe (save England) now enjoys. Our purpose is first to prove this, and then to show how these liberties were destroyed.

And first we take up Italy.

Let any candid reader examine Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, and he will find ample proof of the truth of our statement. Or, if this book is inaccessible to him, he will find in Hallam's View of the

State of Europe in the Middle Ages, a sufficient number of instances to convince him of the truth of the following assertions.

*First*, that most of the cities of Italy retained a knowledge of the old Roman constitutional government of cities, and preserved in some degree the free customs of antiquity.

*Second*, that these cities, like the other cities of Europe which afterwards became free, served as a refuge for the oppressed of every part of the country, and protected all who came to them by their strong walls, and by the united strength of the citizens.

*Third*, that they encouraged the mechanic arts, drew together artizans and traders of every kind, and created an extensive commerce.

*Fourth*, that by these means they became rich, strong and populous; freed themselves from vassalage to any noble who might claim authority over them, and even subdued to themselves all the surrounding territory.

Thus it happened that "at the middle of the twelfth century hardly any nobleman could be found, except the Marquis of Montferrat, who had not submitted to some city." Hallam, page 131.

There were in Southern Italy the Republics of Naples and Amalfi, with many others of less note, and these were styled Greek cities, and had been nominally under the Emperor of Constantinople. All the cities of central Italy were more or less free in point of fact, although their allegiance was claimed by the German Emperor.

Of Rome itself we learn that it was strongly disposed to republican institutions; rebelling against the German Emperor on every opportunity. We quote from Hallam, page 127: "The same republican spirit broke out whenever the Emperor was absent in Germany, especially during the minority of Otho III., and directed itself against the temporal superiority of the Pope." "Rome itself was throughout the middle ages very little disposed to acquiesce in the government of her Bishop. His rights were indefinite and uncompromised by positive law; the emperor was long sovereign, the people always meant to be free,"—page 153. This intention they carried out again and again. Let

any one read the 69th chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to find confirmation of the words of Hallam. The tendencies and the character of the people and government of Rome were to republicanism; their history is a succession of struggles with this end in view. The effort of Rienzi, so glowingly described by Bulwer, is but one of a long and disastrous series of attempts to carry out republican principles.

Tuscany had its confederation of free cities; and Lombardy was filled with them. They were leagued together, sometimes against the emperor, and sometimes, alas! against each other.

Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Pisa fill a large place in the history of Italy. The Lombard League defeated the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, in the battle of Legnano, gaining a complete victory, and compelling him to grant them all the rights which they claimed and exercised. These were—the right to choose their own rulers, to govern their own cities and territories, to coin money, to continue in and to renew their league at their own option, and to regulate everything relating to themselves without any interference from without.

Thus we find about the 12th and 13th centuries that Italy was mainly divided into free cities and their adjoining territories. The nobles rather belonged to the cities, and formed a part of the citizens, than resisted them; the emperor's authority was lightly held, and that of the Pope, as a temporal prince, could be said to have little or no existence.

As to this government, we again quote the candid Hallam, part I., page 145: "The magistrates were elected annually, and were called Consuls. A council of trust and secrecy was composed of a small number of persons, who took the management of public affairs, and may be called ministers of State. But the decision upon matters of general importance, treaties of alliance, declarations of war, the choice of consuls or ambassadors belonged to the general council. An ultimate sovereignty, however, was reserved to the mass of the people, and a parliament or general assembly was held to deliberate on any change in the form of constitution."

Every respectable citizen was eligible to the highest offices. Can any thing be more

free than this? It is more liberty than the Roman American Union possesses the right to make alliances or to carry on war.

Had the various Italian cities united, Italy might have been a united Europe, as she did in the days of the Roman powers. Under the influence of freedom and the rights of the city was too independent of its neighbors, an infringement of its rights by its close union with any one power, standing alone, each city had its domestic foes and foreign enemies.

Rienzi made one attempt to unite all the cities of Italy in a common defiance against their internal enemies. It was a hundred years too late. Siena, Perugia, and Florence, with Rome, yet Tuscany had fallen into the hands of the French, could not be rendered independent to be strong. The nobles and the nobles were too weak, and the nobles were too weak, hopes that had been vain. Gibbon, 391.

We shall not speak of commerce belonging to the cities, that commerce which was the life of the then known world, trying and creating a new world went. We shall not speak of letters, or of science, or of the edge made by these things.

We speak not of the sciences, of the coveries of science, of the progress in architecture, of the progress in literature, which accompanied the rise of freedom in Italy, and adorned that country when its liberties had departed.

The canals of Lombardy, the canals of Europe; the canals of Genoa, Florence, and Venice, are still objects of admiration. Of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Michael Angelo, the names are renowned and honored.

We will not stop to speak of the spirit of patriotism was reared up in Italy, a fabric of freedom

us hasten to consider the condition of Spain, and ascertain whether she had any liberties to lose, and what they were.

Standing apart as she does from the rest of Europe, naturally defended by the sea and the Pyrenees, fortified by dividing mountain chains, we should have supposed Spain to be of all countries the one best qualified to originate free institutions, and to nourish a free people. Divided into several kingdoms, whose natives held themselves aloof from one another, and regarded with equal jealousy any interference of strangers with their customs or of their rulers with their rights, we might look for a people who would possess and retain free institutions.

And the following record will show that Spain was the freest country in Europe; and that liberty was controlled and preserved by law.

Robertson's *History of Charles V.*, page 70—"In Arragon the form of government was monarchical, but the genius and maxims of it were purely republican. The kings, who were long elective, retained only the shadow of power; the real exercise of it was in the Cortes or parliament of the kingdom."

The members of this Cortes, in swearing allegiance to the king, devised an oath to this effect: "We, who are each of us as good, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties; but if not, not."—Robertson, page 72.

The ancient laws expressly declare that "absolute power never was the constitution of Arragon, nor of Valencia, nor of Ribagorça, nor shall there be in time to come any innovation made." "The Arragonese established a positive right of maintaining their liberties by arms."—Hallam, page 919.

The Justiza, or Supreme Judge, was superior to the king; his office lasted for life, and his powers resembled those which now protect a man in his property and his life in obtaining for him a fair trial, according to our system of law.

This is only a small part of the privileges enjoyed by this people.

Let the reader consult Hallam for farther information.

The Catalonians exercised similar rights.

"At the accession of Ferdinand I., they obliged him to swear three times successively to maintain their liberties, before they would take the reciprocal oath of allegiance."—Hallam, 225.

Similar in point of excellence was the constitution of Castile and Leon.

Here, there were a large number of important towns, endowed very early with extensive privileges.

Spain was wrested step by step from the Moors. These towns were invested with civil rights and extensive territories, on the condition of defending their country. Large districts of country belonged to these cities; they continually carried on war against the Saracens, regulated their own affairs, and were in point of fact nearly independent.—Hallam, page 200.

Deputies from these towns formed a part of the Cortes or Parliament as early as 1169. Every chief town received a regular writ for the election of deputies.

To these were added the representatives of the Barons and of the Ecclesiastics; and this body possessed all legislative power—the sole right to lay taxes, and the right to inquire into expeditions and examine accounts.

They sometimes refused subsidies, and remonstrated against any encroachment upon their privileges and rights.

If oppressed by the king, they confederated together to resist him; and in all respects seem to have guarded their privileges with very jealous care.

These liberties existed a long time, from the time of the first formation of the Gothic monarchy to the 16th century. We find in 1520, that the last effort was made to preserve them against the ministers of Charles V.

The cities confederated together, under the title of the Holy Junta, selected Don John de Padilla for their leader, and assembled in Cortes, presented a remonstrance to the king, which exhibits the independent spirit of the citizens of the Spanish towns.

This remonstrance is too long to be inserted here; it contains all that a free people, content to live under a limited monarchy, could require to render that freedom perfect and safe. Especially does it separate the kings from any possible interference with



the representatives of the people; and declares that the Cortes shall assemble once in three years, whether summoned by the king or not, and shall appoint officers to execute the laws, if the king fail to do so in a specified time.—Robertson, page 165.

“The principles of liberty seem to have been better understood at this period by the Castilians, than by any other people in Europe; they had acquired more liberal ideas with respect to their own rights and privileges; they had formed more bold and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered an extent of political knowledge to which the English themselves did not attain until more than a century afterwards.”—Robertson, page 166.

And history shows us that this was the glorious age of Spain, when her renown in arts, arms, science, literature, discovery and conquest was greatest. A Spanish knight was the mirror of chivalry; the Spanish infantry was the best in Europe, and proved itself so by defeating in fair combat the hitherto invincible infantry of Switzerland. Spanish generals were acknowledged superior to all others; the great captain of the age was Gonsalvo de Cordova. Spanish adventurers not only discovered a new world, but also conquered it through unheard of difficulties, and in spite of obstacles that would have appalled the men of any other nation. The deeds of Cortez and Pizarro have all the wonder of romance, and all the dazzling glory of fairy tales. In spite of the cruelty which marked their course, they stand as models of valor, of enduring fortitude, of courage under disaster, and of heroism in the midst of all that was most appalling and terrible, compared with which the world affords nothing equal—nothing parallel. Spain had been for centuries a land of freemen; and the energies of this mighty people, directed by a few master minds, spread, in a single generation, to an extent of power, which seemed to grasp and hold all the world in its sway. America, North and South, belonged to them, with the East and West Indies, and large possessions in Africa and in India, so that the richest portions of the world, whether it regards vegetable or mineral productions, belonged to the king of Spain. The sun never set on his wide dominions. And

beside this, he was Emperor of Germany, possessed the Low Countries, held the government of Italy, and had more than once defeated the French, and overrun France, even besieging Paris.

Spain, like Italy, attained to high rank among the nations, through a people trained in free institutions; although like Italy, her national glory was erected upon the ruins of these very institutions.

Let us turn now and see whether France possessed any thing like freedom in ancient times.

The kings in the early periods of its history had scarcely any power; the nobles and the powerful dukes governed their respective possessions by local customs, without any regard to the sovereign of the realm.

“Every district was governed by local customs, acknowledged a distinct lord, and pursued a separate interest.”—Robertson, page 77.

France was of course treated as a conquered country by the fierce barbarians who invaded it; they divided it among themselves, and free themselves, oppressed all beneath them. These nobles, and all who descended from the original conquerors, were however absolutely free. Gradually, from the same causes which had produced the growth of free cities in Italy and Spain, towns possessing rights and liberties grew up also in France. And the chief right which they possessed was that of self-government.

France not only possessed cities which had peculiar rights and privileges, she was also so strictly divided into Provinces that the inhabitants of these provinces were called nations. They were Normans, Picards, Bretons, &c., &c., and not Frenchmen; and each of these provinces had its own Parliament, or supreme court. This was composed of deputies from the nobles, the clergy and the commons. The Parliament of Paris was the most powerful and influential of these, and “from the age of Francis I. till the subversion of the monarchy there was a constant succession of conflicts between the king and the Parliament.”—*Lectures on the History of France*, by Sir James Stephens, page 218.

Besides these Parliaments there were also the States General of France. These were composed of the deputies of the clergy and

the nobles of every district; and besides these, every village in the land sent its complaints by its deputies, who assembled in the chief city of the district, and elected deputies of the commons for that district, and also drew up into one paper the several complaints or grievances of every part of the district. They were first assembled in 1301 by Philip Le Bol, to resist the aggressions, and to deliberate on the best method of opposing the claims of Pope Boniface VIII., in his encroachments on the French clergy.

They soon obtained great power, and pursued the design of limiting the authority of the king, and of maintaining and increasing their own importance and privileges.

The grievances of the people were discussed, remedies were proposed; taxes were levied or refused; and sometimes the king was sharply reproved by the orators of the Commons. During the minority of Charles VI., the Chancellor of France had declared in their assembly that "kings reign only by the suffrages of their subjects, though they may deny it a hundred times."—Stephens, page 282.

In 1484 (see Stephens, page 316) the deputies of the people had so arranged the government of the country, as really to form a sound constitutional government.

One of them, Philip Pot by name, in the discussion promulgated the following sentiment, among others equally democratic—"Above all else be assured, that to the people and to them alone, it belongs to determine any question affecting the welfare of the commonwealth at large; that the government of it has been confided to our kings by the people; and that they who have possessed themselves of that power by any other means than the consent of the people, are nothing else than tyrants and usurpers. By the people I do not mean the popular, or merely the commons of the realm, but all Frenchmen of every condition." Sismondi says of this debate and of the decisions resulting from it that, "the deputies had risen to the height of the loftiest and noblest constitutional principles."

The power of the States General were never abrogated; they were suffered to lie neglected; the delegates were not called together, and the power which should have

been exercised by them were usurped by the kings.

We find them refusing to persecute or to lend their influence to the religious wars carried on against the Huguenots, and quarrelling with the king, Henry III., because he wished to carry on such a war.

We might give many more proofs from various authors to show that in the middle ages, and after them too, a large share of independence was possessed by the cities, the nobles and the better classes of society in Italy, France and Spain.

Let us now see how this liberty was destroyed, and how it happened that the most despotic forms of government arose, where there had been so much freedom, and where we should naturally suppose that it would have continued and increased.

The free cities of Italy had three kinds of enemies, the Emperor, the Nobles, and the Pope. And the history of Italy, for a long period, contains nothing more than the various efforts of these three powers to obtain supremacy. The nobles were the most dangerous foe; they dwelt in the cities, aspired to office, took part in the government, and were ever plotting to overthrow the republican institutions, and to establish their own supremacy. Hence the continual factions and the bloody strife which disgraced the free cities. One party of nobles waging war against another party, and the commons suffering in the contest, until in very despair they raised some eminent man to the head of affairs, or submitted to some powerful noble, and sought peace in the loss of liberty. Thus the Medic became sovereigns of Florence, the Visconti of Milan, Della Scala of Brescia, &c., and almost every city of Northern Italy finally submitted to the loss of liberty, in order to escape the endless and bloody feuds of the nobles. They escaped from anarchy to a despotism, mild at first, but which afterwards became more intolerable than the evil which it had supplanted.

However, we are anticipating. The first republics which were destroyed were those of Amalfi and of Naples. They were conquered by the Norman adventurer, Roger Guiscard, in 1127. He became king of what is now the kingdom of Naples; and knowing

that his title was not a just one, sought to make it so, and to render his throne secure by obtaining an investiture from the Pope, Leo IX.

In truth the Pope had waged war against him, had been defeated and taken prisoner; and as the price of his liberty granted him the investiture of his kingdom. How the Pope, who had no title himself to the stolen kingdom, could give what did not belong to him to the robber chief who had taken it from its rightful owners, does not appear.—Hallam, page 129.

Certain it is that the investiture was made and confirmed by subsequent Popes, and the kingdom of Naples is still held by this title—a title born in robbery and baptized in falsehood.

We cannot think that if a comrade of St. Peter had plundered a fellow-fisherman of his nets and boat, that the Apostle would have justified the act, and solemnly invested him with the possession of the stolen property. Still less do we think that the holy Apostle would have set out on an expedition against the property of his neighbors on his own account, as his successors now began to do. In truth, they fished to some purpose, gathering into their own net all the free cities, and adjoining territories of Central Italy.

It was not until the thirteenth century, that these all submitted to the temporal power of the Pope.

Rome itself had republican institutions, and these were again and again revived, although as often overthrown by the factions of the nobles, and the power of the Head of the Church. The Duchy of Spoleto and the March of Ancona became subject to the Pope in the twelfth century; the Romagna with all its cities was ceded by the emperors soon after; and by force or flattery, he persuaded or compelled all the free cities around to yield up their right of sovereignty.

By treaty, by bequest, by war, by fraud, and by violence, the dominion of the Bishop of Rome as a temporal prince was extended over Central Italy, pretty much as that of the Norman prince had been in the South. Liberty still lived in Lombardy and Northern Italy, and this was the chief place of contest between Emperor, Pope and Factious Noble.

The Emperors of Germany claimed the right of Leige Lord over Italy, by virtue of the former conquest of that country, and because also of their possessing the title and the rights of Charlemagne. They were crowned at Rome, and kept up the figment of a Western Roman Empire. The Popes claimed under an asserted grant from Constantine the Great, who had removed his seat of Empire from Rome to Constantinople. The Popes asserted that he had given to them his right and title to the sovereignty of Italy. Hence it was, that the Normans purchased from one of the Popes his asserted right to their blood bought kingdom. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no shadow of foundation for their claim; it was not heard of for several hundred years after the time of Constantine.

However, it was made use of to advance the temporal power of the Popes; and we see with what result; for all Southern and Central Italy belongs even now to the Pope and his subject-ally, the king of Naples. The situation of the free cities of Italy was therefore a peculiar one. They existed free amid the conflicting claims of two rival powers, one within and the other without the peninsula; and at the same time there was in every city, apart from the feeling of jealousy and of active hatred towards almost every other city, a large and powerful class of nobles who were continually striving either to advance the cause of the Pope or the Emperor, or to destroy at once their own opponents and the freedom of the city, in order that upon the ruins of freedom they might erect their own house of power.

For long years, however, the temporal power of the Popes had no existence, and their claims to dominion were never heard of. The power of the Emperors was in abeyance; and during this period the cities became free and subdued the Nobles, as we have already related.

With the rise, however, of the temporal power of the Popes began also (perhaps as a consequence of it) a revival of the Emperor's claims to dominion over the free cities of Italy. He was continually striving, by force or fraud, to subdue these cities, especially those in the Northern part of the peninsula. And we have shown that when

leagued against him their combined forces were too strong for all his power. The Pope endeavoured in every manner to counteract his efforts, and, as a consequence of these struggles, two parties arose and existed in all the cities of Italy, whose mutual animosities destroyed everywhere all that was left of freedom, and prepared the cities to fall into the hands of tyrants.

They were the Guelfs and the Ghibelines. The first advocated the temporal authority of the Popes over Italy; the other that of the Emperor.

Their wars extended over every State, and penetrated into every family; the peace and the freedom of Italy was overthrown; and as a result of the long continued contest, the Ghibelines were driven out, some cities fell into the hands of private tyrants as we have already mentioned, the States of the Church were largely increased, and all Italy would probably have fallen under the dominion of the Bishop of Rome had not a new enemy appeared on the scene. This was the King of France. Hence followed other wars; until the Emperor, Charles V., king of Spain, and of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, Emperor of Germany and the Low Countries, and Conqueror of the Dominions of the Pope, drove the French out of Italy, and subdued all Lombardy.

If anything of liberty had remained after all these contests, this arbitrary monarch would have destroyed it. And, since his day, whatever change may have been made in Italy, a change from despotism towards liberty has never taken place among the cities or the people of that unfortunate land.

The Ghibelines had within their ranks many of the best minds and most patriotic hearts of Italy. Danté, the master poet of his age and country, was punished because the Guelf party triumphed in Florence.

Many conscientiously opposed the temporal power of the Pope, esteeming it an unjust and unholy union of Church and State, and believing that each could be better governed when their affairs were kept separate and distinct. Others, no doubt, thought it better to have a sovereign acknowledged only in name, and who was the ruler of another land and dwelt in a foreign country, than a monarch who resided in Italy, and

who governed both the soul and the body.

Indeed, we may consider the Ghibelines as the opponents and the Guelfs as the advocates of a centralizing power; the one leaving each city in reality free, although nominally recognizing the Emperor as liege lord; the other centering all power in the hands of a native Italian who lived in Rome and was called the Pope. Can any one doubt that if a State in this confederacy had to choose between nominally acknowledging an European sovereign, or really submitting to a king seated on the North side of the Potomac, or on the banks of the Hudson, that there would be any hesitation felt in making choice of the distant and foreign shadow of power to the present real domestic tyranny?

Such we consider to have been the difference between the Guelfs and the Ghibelines.

Both parties used unfair means to advance their power, and often made an unjustifiable abuse of power when obtained.

Still we cannot help thinking that it would have been better for Italy had the Ghibeline triumphed instead of the Guelf, and the party of the Emperor overcome that of the Pope. Certainly it could not have produced a worse state of affairs, or one more disastrous to the peace and happiness of the Italians.

We shall speak at another time of the love of liberty in France and Spain.

## SONG OF THE NAIADS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Gay is our crystal floor,  
Beneath the wave.  
With strange gems flaming o'er,  
The Genii gave;  
Sweet is the purple light  
That haunts our happy sight,  
And low and sweet the lulling strains that sigh  
While the tides pause, and the faint zephyrs die—

Come! come! and seek us here,  
In these cool depths,  
Where all is calm and fair,  
And sorrow sleeps.  
Thy burning brow shall rest,  
Couched on a tender breast,  
And, charmed to bliss, thy soul shall catch the gleams  
Of mystic glories in ambrosial dreams.

Come! for the earth is drear.  
The tempests rave,  
And the fast-falling year  
Is nigh its grave.  
Thy summer, too, is past,  
Wouldst thou have peace at last?  
O! here she dwells serenely in still caves,  
And waits to clasp thee underneath the waves.  
*Home Journal.*

## SYDNEY SMITH.\*

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

Will the fame of Sydney Smith be as wide and enduring as it was promptly and pleasantly acquired? Will it be evergreen and classic? We incline to think that it will. At all events, one who filled so large a space in the eyes of his contemporaries was entitled to his biography. If he has not, in any exalted sense, bequeathed us an *opus magnum*, the author of so many volumes of reviews, pamphlets, and sermons, full of condensed wit, and wisdom, and excellent purpose—the cherished associate of choice spirits—the most popular of Edinburgh critics—the most practical of its reformers—the liveliest of jesters with a serious intent—of whom Macaulay writes the consolatory assurance to his widow that he was “a great reasoner and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift”—to whom belongs the higher praise of a less ambitious eulogist, that, being such a wit, “he was more beloved than feared”—to whom, as sage, humourist, polemic, pulpiteer, men of various degrees of eminence have borne an unvaried testimony, which the sensible public has creditably accepted and endorsed,—of such a man it was proper that a life should be written, and that all memorials worth preservation should be got together and published.

But it was the penalty of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary span that those who could best have accomplished this duty were also removed from the scene, or otherwise disqualified for its performance. Macaulay was pre-occupied, Moore was not available, Lord Jeffrey was himself descending into the dark shadow. The canon-moralist had phrased his last sentence to a diminished circle of friends, and had shared his last joke with few of his early familiars. So many had dropped from his side by the way that practically there was none left to render him the service which Lockhart performed for Scott, or Twiss for Lord Eldon. In this emergency filial affection interposed, and the task which his wife affectionately

enjoined has been performed by his daughter, Lady Holland. In association with her Mrs. Austin has undertaken to edit a volume of his letters, and the present work is the combined result of their well-intentioned efforts.

Criticism is, of course, to some extent disarmed by the act of reverence for a father's reputation. But it must not affect, therefore, to call things by wrong names. A disconnected narrative, with singular omissions, the interpellations of friendly critics, scraps of diary, letters, stray fragments and memorandums, and centos of jokes, arranged like onions on a string, do not constitute the requisite literary record of such a life. A memoir they may be, but they are not a biography. They are even a poor memoir, when we wanted a good biography. Such as they are—a compilation, not a construction—a heap of materials almost in the order in which they were obtained from their several contributors—they may serve as suggestions for a future life, or for any kaleidoscopic view of that life which we or other reviewers may take in the interim.

Such a summary arrangement of them we will briefly attempt. Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771. Of his ancestors he has said, possibly with some remote foundation for the joke, that “they never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.” His father was well reputed, but was also an oddity, with a taste for repeated migrations and for costly experiments in bricks and mortar. His mother, from whom, like many other celebrities, he derived his strength, was of Huguenot blood, the vigorous qualities of which Garricks, Grotes, Lefroys, Romillys, and, we believe we may add, Mr. Layard, have variously exemplified. Of his brothers, Robert, known at Eton as “Bobus,” was the eldest and the best cultured. But they were all intellectual athletes, and the peculiar vein of Sydney was not starved or impoverished by the then scanty, even in a physical sense, regimen of Winchester. The rest of the boys there declined to compete with him for its prizes; he became captain of the school, and in due course Scholar and Fellow of New College, Oxford. In the interval between school and college his French

\* *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. 2 vols. Longman, 1855.

was de-Saxonized by six months *en pension* at Mont Villiers, in Normandy, where, it is stated, for protection in the crisis of the French Revolution, he was inscribed as "Le Citoyen Smit, Membre Affilié au Club des Jacobins de Mont Villiers." On leaving college he was inclined for the bar; he had a narrow escape of being sent as a supercargo to China, but his father's express desire ultimately consigned him to the church, and he obtained his first view of the ladder of ecclesiastical preferment from perhaps its lowermost rung—the perch of a poor curate in the midst of Salisbury plain. He has himself depicted the life of "the poor working man of God, the first and purest pauper of the hamlet," yet still the Christian pastor and kind gentleman. We may be sure that he realized this life in the most honourable of its aspects.

In this forlorn locality the utmost that social attractiveness could compass was obtained in the captivation of a neighbouring squire. This gentleman engaged him as tutor to his son, with whom he was on his way to Weimar when the war with which Germany was disturbed drove him home again, and "in stress of politics he put into Edinburgh," where he remained five years, as he himself described it afterwards, "amid odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

Most readers are familiar with the circumstances under which he here protected and assisted in the incubation of the *Edinburgh Review*. All the world knows of his relations with Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, Playfair, &c. He has always appeared to us a happy incident in this sharp and hungry society—the "emollient potato" of this hyperborean salad. As a neutral element he subdued the pungency of its other ingredients, and evidence is not wanting that he tempered their rigour and modulated, *inter alia*, certain inclinations to scepticism. He was perpetually probing their points, especially if they were tender, and found that they could "stand anything but an attack on their climate." "Jeffrey," he says,—

"Cannot shake off the illusion that myrtles flourish at Craig Crook. In vain I have represented to him that they are of the ge-

nus *Carduus*, and pointed out their prickly peculiarities. In vain I have reminded him that I have seen hackney coaches drawn by four horses in the winter on account of the snow; that I had rescued a man blown flat against my door by the violence of the winds, and black in the face; that even the experienced Scotch fowls did not venture to cross the streets, but sidled along, tail aloft, without venturing to encounter the gale. Jeffreysticks to his myrtle illusions, and treats my attacks with as much contempt as if I had been a wild visionary, who had never breathed his caller air, nor lived and suffered under the rigour of his climate, nor spent five years in discussing metaphysics and medicine in that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oatcakes, and sulphur."

Sydney found that laurels, at all events, could take root in the Scottish soil, and, after the *Review* had made a hit, having in the meantime married and terminated his tutorial functions, he left Edinburgh at the suggestion of his wife, who had a discerning reliance on his talents, and in 1804 established himself in London. At first he suffered from the *res angustæ domi*, his difficulties from which were increased by the birth of his eldest son. Some jewels of value which his wife inherited were at this time sold, and he obtained the preachingship of the Foundling Hospital through the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Barnard, yet still he remained short of appraisable assets. That his self-reliance did not abate we may fairly infer from the language he used respecting his countrymen in a sermon to the volunteers of 1804. We extract this, as not inappropriate now. "I have," says he,

"A boundless confidence in the English character. I believe that they have more real religion, more probity, more knowledge and more genuine worth than exists in the whole world besides; they are the guardians of pure Christianity, and from this prostituted nation of merchants (as they are in derision called) I believe more heroes will spring up in the hour of danger than all the military nations of ancient and modern Europe have produced. Into the hands of God, then, and his ever-merciful Son we cast our-



selves, and wait in humble patience the result."

This was the language not only of a good patriot, but of a brave man, who could support delays and disappointments in his own case. Happily that all befell him was not of this dreary complexion. His brother Robert assisted him, supplying his needs, and the friends he was making in the great world helped to swell his sails. He became morning preacher at John-street, Berkeley-square, and expanded into full flower in the memorable lectures on moral philosophy which he delivered at the Royal Institution, and to the effect of which Mrs. Orrie and Mrs. Marcet, Horner, and Sir Robert Peel have alike testified. The proceeds of these lectures enabled him to furnish a new house, and added greatly to his rising reputation. About this time he was told that the King had been reading his reviews, and had said "he was a very clever fellow, but he would never be a bishop." But he contented himself with his "dinner of herbs and a pure conscience;" and in 1806 he was rewarded for his patient courage by the Chancellor, Lord Erskine, who, presented him with the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire.

As Foston-le-Clay had no parsonage house until he had built one, which he postponed as long as he could, he resided elsewhere, among other places at Sunning, whence it is suggested came the first letter of Peter Plymley to his Brother Abraham. Who, at this day, is insensible to its jocular logic and sagacity? Lord Holland, to whom it is said he really owed his Yorkshire living, wrote on the performance as follows:—

"My Dear Sydney,—I wish you could have heard my conversation with Lord Grenville the other day, and the warm and enthusiastic way in which he spoke of *Peter Plymley*. I did not fail to remind him that the only author to whom we both thought it could be compared in English lost a bishopric for his wittiest performance, and I hoped that, if we could discover the author, and had ever a bishopric in our gift, we should prove that Whigs were both more grateful and more liberal than Tories."

But this hope, uttered, doubtless, in all sincerity, was not destined to be realized, and in 1809 Sydney went down to reside

near his Yorkshire living. A few years later, apparently in 1813, much against his will, he was building his parsonage, a costly and troublesome work, of which he was architect and superintendent, and which sorely taxed his energy and resources. Here, for the first time, we find him disposing of himself cosily. "I am not leading precisely the life I should choose" he had already said, in a letter to Lady Holland; but

"I am resolved to like it, and to reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away and being desolate, and such-like trash."

In this spirit he accommodated himself to his tabernacle in the wilderness, and solaced his lot by ingenuity and good humour.

The house he had erected was singularly ugly, but it was comfortable within and supplied with devices which were droll illustrations of his practical talents. He managed his farm from his door by means of a speaking trumpet and telescope. In the back settlement of a York coachmaker he had discovered an ancient green chariot, "supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind." This chariot the village tailor lined and the village blacksmith repaired; "each year added to its charms; it grew younger and younger—a new wheel, a new spring," and he christened it "the *Immortal*." He contrived also a "universal scratcher" for his cattle, cured his own smoky chimneys, and attempted to make his own candles. He took into his service a carpenter, who came to him for parish relief, called Jack Robinson, with a face like a full moon, established him in a barn, and said, "Jack, furnish my house," with a result which he pointed out to his admiring visitors. He "caught up a little garden girl, made like a millstone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her his butler." He taught her to repeat her "crimes," which were "plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slaming, bluebottlefly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing." "Explain," said he, "to Mrs. Marcet what bluebottlefly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, Sir." "And what is curtsy-bobbing?" "Curtsying to the centre of the

earth, please Sir." "Good Girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on *state* occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork." To these and his two other servants must be added his horse, "Calamity,"—"a large living skeleton, with famine written in his face, whose paces he encouraged by a small sieve of corn suspended on a bar of iron from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the said Calamity's nose, and which he designated his 'patent Tantalus.'"

He was not less ingeniously active on behalf of his neighbours and parishioners. "Many a hungry labourer was brought in and stuffed with rice, or broth, or porridge, to test their relative effects on the appetite." He set on foot gardens for the poor, and became their doctor and general comforter. He was obliged to read *Blackstone* to qualify himself for magisterial duties; but he played the part of village *Æsculapius* in virtue of his attendance at some medical lectures in Edinburgh. Several volumes of his prescriptions, it is said, remain, but, according to his own account, his practice was very simple.

"Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay." Kay appeared. "Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay." Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines. Kay appears with the book. "I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?" "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "There is the Gentlejog, a pleasure to take it—the Bulldog, for more serious cases—Peter's puke—Heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village—Rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation—Dead stop settles the matter at once—Up-with-it-then needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of Rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles a dose of Dead-stop and 20 drops of laudanum."

"This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something. I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contri-

vances for everything. Have you seen my patent armour? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armour. Now, look here. If you have a stiff neck or swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary's shop."

"We all went downstairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines, and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessities; in the centre a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar.

"Here, you see," said he, "every human want before you";—

"Man wants but little here below,

"As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show;"

spreading out his arms to everything, and laughing. "Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you, and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship when you live 12 miles from a lemon."

All his forethought, however, could not prevent occasional misadventures. A horse named Peter the Cruel on one occasion ate, by his groom's mistake, instead of a ball, two boxes of opium pills in his bran mash, boxes and all. Another time he found all his pigs intoxicated, and, as he declared, "grunting 'God save the King' about the sty," from having eaten some fermented grains which he had himself ordered for them. *Per contrâ*, his medical skill sometimes availed to repair similar mishaps. He probably saved the life of his footman, who had eaten some dough prepared with arsenic for the rats, and which had been left on the kitchen dresser. The man, we are told, had a passion for dough. "He swallowed," says Sydney, "as much arsenic as would have poisoned all the rats in the House of Lords; but I pumped lime water into him night and day for many hours at a time, and

there he is." Jeames was lucky in a master who enabled him to offer such evidence of his preservation.

In these domestic ministrations, in which it is cheerful to regard him, and in sedulous performance of parochial duties, but enlivened by friendly correspondence, reading, and reviewing, he passed some of the best years of his life. Occasionally he ran up to town or to that northern metropolis which literary associations made equally dear to him; and sometimes he took lodgings at York during the assizes, that he might chum with his friends of the northern circuit. At one of these he officiated as chaplain, in which capacity he preached his remarkable sermon upon the unjust Judge and the Lawyer who tempted Christ. On the other hand, many of his most valued friends found their way to his retired parsonage. Upon one occasion Bunch announced "Lord and Lady Macincrush;" on another, returning home, he found Francis Jeffrey triumphantly bestriding his donkey Bitty, whereupon he broke into the impromptu,—

"Witty as Horacius Flaccus,

"As great a Jucobin as Gracchus.

"Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,

"Riding on a little jackass."

In this phase of life he had some minor accessions of fortune. His aunt Mary left him a legacy, and for two or three years he had a warming-pan tenure of the living of Londesborough; but his most important advance was not obtained till 1828, when Lord Lyndhurst, forgetting the politician in the friend, presented him with a vacant stall at Bristol. In the following year he succeeded in exchanging Foston for Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, in which "flowery valley," well known to the passing stager, he beautified the house which will be always identified with his name.

As he had fluttered the Bristol magnates by his 5th of November sermon, so in 1830, true to his party, which, in his case, meant his principles, we find him addressing a Reform meeting at Taunton. About the same time he penned some excellent *Letters to Swing*, and published them for circulation among the labourers of the neighbourhood. But his Whig friends, when in office, if they

did not forget their former champion, were not sufficiently eager to realize the desire of Lord Holland. Lord Grey, in 1831, gave him a prebendal stall at St. Paul's, in place of that at Bristol, but mitre after mitre descended upon other brows, to what many will think his legitimate annoyance. He was too proud to complain, he was too comfortable to grieve, and he exhibited in his new sphere a strict attention to his capitular duties. He continued, also, to write, and some of his happiest productions belong to this latter phase of his ecclesiastical existence. It was the Canon of St. Paul's who wrote the letters to Archdeacon Singleton, the pamphlet on the Ballot, and the letters on Pennsylvanian repudiators. The same dignity suggested the combustion of a bishop, even if it was only Sodor and Man, to prevent the locking up on the railways. But he defended the shutting up of St. Paul's, at all events, in private with equal wit and almost equal tenacity. He was a good steward of the chapter revenues and an admirable preacher; he was a good exemplar of substantial decorum and Christian conduct; and, though none threw up his hat more cheerily at a favourable disposition of the *rota*, few have made a better use of their patronage in befriending others who appeared meritorious.

His residence in London naturally restored him to the brilliant society in which he shone with such sparkling colloquial lustre. Combe Florey, with its charms, could not long atone for the privation of such intercourse, and, with all his resources, he yearned for the metropolis. In vain he renewed the activities of Foston. Oranges tied upon his baytrees at Christmas, or his donkeys' heads ornamented with stags' horns, out of compliment to some sprightly visitor diverted him but indifferently. He preferred pavements to grass lawns, notwithstanding his gout. He had no reason, however, to be discontented with his pasture, and he remained as cheerful as advancing infirmities would allow until his death in 1845. A year previous he had written to M. Eugene Robin, who asked for some particulars of his life, in the following terms:—

"I am 74 years of age, and, being Canon of St. Paul's in London and a rector of a

parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living among the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London and physic the poor in the country, passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

His literary labours were especially remarkable for their fruit. Others shared in his advocacy of various measures, but he made them popular. How much he contributed to the changes which "wisdom and counsel" have effected in this present century may be inferred from the bare index to his pamphlets and reviews; but how close a relation subsisted between these efforts and the event, and how nearly they were connected as cause and effect, may be learnt only from impressions already in part forgotten. The younger half of this generation may remember the effect of the letters to Archdeacon Singleton and of the pamphlet on the ballot; but more positive consequences were derived from his earlier efforts, and for these we must refer to the memory of some of our elders. "To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*," said Sydney himself—

"The state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated; the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed; the game laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel; Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind; libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments; the principles of political economy were little understood; the laws of debt and conspiracy were upon the worst footing; the enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated; a thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good or able men have since lessened or removed; and these efforts

have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*."

We will add our conviction that more than by any other individual contributor to that periodical the public mind was brought to appreciate them by the writings of Sydney Smith.

On the method of his achievements there may be various opinions. We may be inclined to dispute with Mr. Macaulay his title to be termed "a great reasoner." A great reasoner is an inventor, a discoverer of laws and principles, or a successful analyzer of the conditions of reason and of thought; but it would be vain to insist on Sydney Smith's eminence in this sense. He had a logically-constituted mind, and he possessed powers of penetration. He may have deserved Mr. Everett's description, that "if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day he would have been accounted one of the wisest." But he was wise in appreciating, not in originating, and he did not create, though he "diffused" most admirably. He comprehended the ideas of the most advanced spirits of his age, and he put them frequently in a clearer light. But his practice was simple, though new to his time, and amounted only to a literary art, which others have since imitated with success. He translated the abstract into the concrete, and by personifying ideas made them familiar and popular. He thus converted principles into facts, which he rendered effective by a startling sense of the ludicrous. He illustrated by examples,—such examples as "Mrs. Plymley in the embraces of a French Grenadier" atoning for the alienation of Catholic Ireland, or the effect of Mr. Grote's ballot-box upon the domestic confidence of "John, Walter, Honoria, and Arabella Wiggins."

His wit, his most remarkable quality, whatever others may say of his reasoning, was of a genuine stamp, robust and original, and it gained by its alliance with a serious intent. How different to the wit of Charles Lamb, which embellished a taste or flavoured a sentiment, and was, at the best, but a species of fine intellectual dissipation. Take Elia's idea of a transcendent joke, the question to a man carrying a hare—"Is that your own hair, or a wig?" The gusto with

which he dilates upon it distinguishes his tendency to the vague and inexplicable. He appreciated mind before logic, as well as the "world before perspective." But in the drollest of Sydney Smith's jokes there is a logical bearing and a grace of congruity. They are cases in point. "Billy," said he to a child who was stroking the shell of a turtle, "why are you doing that? "Oh to please the turtle." "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." He comes upon his joke often while pursuing an analogy:—"If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?" Or he deduces it as a consequence of some incidental circumstance or impression. Thus, to an old friend in a fine crimson velvet dress he exclaims, "Exactly the colour of my preaching cushion!" and, leading her forward to the light, he pretends to be lost in admiration, saying, "I really can hardly keep my hands off you; I shall be preaching on you, I fear, &c." His wit is the combination of cognate ideas remote only in appearance, or related closely in some respects, if not in all. It is rarely an arbitrary operation of the intellect, and still less a wanton play upon words.

His panegyrists have therefore insisted with justice that his talent did not consist in mere repartee. It was evinced rather in dealing with a conception of his own, and drawing out all its ridiculous bearings. For example, he is struck by the size of a certain lady who is large enough to make two or three ordinary people; and when he hears a friend is about to marry her, he reasons from his notion thus:—

"'Going to marry her!' he exclaims, bursting out laughing, 'going to marry her! impossible! you mean a *part* of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting places, and you were in rude

health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and *disperse* her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her.' 'Oh, Mr. Sydney!' said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, 'did you make all that yourself?' 'Yes, Lucy (throwing himself back in the chair and shaking with laughter), 'all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours ' and G, or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it.'" In truth, if at any time he wanted a joke he had only to dally with his ordinary conceptions in that ludicrous, but at the same time logical vein which was the peculiar and distinguishing gift of his genius.

One highest praise remains; his wit rarely stung, or seared, or lacerated, and the sensations of those he quizzed are described as agreeable. His friends rightly deprecate a comparison with Swift, but if he had not the master grasp which could mould granite or bend iron, he had none of the *sava indignatio* of that resentful Titan. He played with his victim as Izaak Walton hooked his frog, "as if he loved him;" and he was generally in good taste as well as good temper: he never degenerated into buffoonery. Moreover, there was an unexpectedness about his best things which greatly contributed to their effect. Sheil says of someone "who evidently led up to his own jests" "he seemed as if he were chewing the poison before he spat it forth." Sydney's gentle distillations, on the contrary, came upon you suddenly, like the splash of a cabwheel, the centrifugal dispensations of a wet Newfoundland dog, or the passing bequest of any other reverend rook. You were involved in his jest unexpectedly without notice that you were in its neighbourhood. Thus heartfully concealed his art and took increased tribute from your surprise.

Another tendency of his jokes must not be passed over, though it marks their object rather than their quality; it is notable in how large a proportion they were showered upon the heads of the superior clergy. Sydney, perhaps, would have cited it as an evidence of his respect:—

"It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner. 'Oh, I see, you are afraid of me (turning to a young lady who sat by him); you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop.'" "I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury." It is of great importance that archbishops could be tall. They ought not to take them under six feet, without their shoes or wigs. Lord Liverpool meant to elevate Kaye, the Bishop of Lincoln, if the See of Canterbury had become vacant in his time; but the church would not last 20 years with such a little man." The "*real* bishop," among other qualifications, is "a grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preter-pluperfect tense." He may be allowed to marry. "Yet, how can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service?'" As for the Dean of — (who will fill up the blank?), he deserves to be preached to death by wild curates."

Sydney, speaking of defects as curable in another planet, says that there "he shall himself be more respectful to the higher clergy." But in this state of imperfection he must be allowed to complain that "the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig Ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of — has had the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of — to be vigorous at 82; and yet these are men who are called Christians!"

Allowing that he naturally sported with the persons with whom he was familiar, we yet think we can discern in this chase of episcopal game some traces of the annoyance which he not unjustifiably felt that his friends had overlooked him. He wrote a manly remonstrance to Lord John Russell on this subject:—

"I defy — to quote one single passage of my writing contrary to the doctrines of the church. I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. The only thing he could charge me with would be high spirits and much innocent nonsense. I am distinguished as a preacher

and sedulous as a parochial clergyman. His real charge against me is that I am a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom he and all the bench of bishops could not turn upon vital questions. This is the reason why, as far as depends upon others, I am not a bishop."

At a later period he wrote to Lord Holland—

"I have entirely lost all wish to be a bishop. The thought is erased from my mind, and, in the very improbable event of a bishopric being offered me, I would steadily refuse it. In this I am perfectly honest and sincere, and make this communication to you to prevent your friendly exertion in my favour, and perhaps to spare you the regret of making that exertion in vain."

Lord Melbourne admitted the injustice of his exclusion from the bench, and said "there was nothing he more deeply regretted, in looking back at his past career, than the not having made Sydney Smith a bishop." But Lord Melbourne was a man of candour and less interested than others of his party in sacrificing the abler of its champions to family preferences, which has been its weakness and reproach from Burke and Sheridan downwards.

We can easily understand that such an appointment might have fluttered many sincere but timorous believers; and it may be useful to refer their descendants to the homily of a famous theologian on the subject of facetiousness. "Allowable pleasantry," says the great Isaac Barrow, "may be expedient to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of lumpish or sour people—that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff," to which some will add that it may not be superfluous for this purpose even at diocesan altitudes. We hold that, at all events, Sydney Smith never passed beyond the limits laid down by the eminent divine. He never abused his gift to an irreverent purpose. If he indulged in what Barrow approvingly describes as "reasoning pleasantly abusive," he did not, "to be enrolled among the wits, *make shipwreck of conscience*." In fact, he was not the man to play Momus in a surplice, or to shame his calling with the cap and bells of a professional jester; and as every appan-



age of the church fabric partakes of its sacred character, and even a gargoyle may be out of place at Vauxhall, in this and in every other instance, as far as we are aware, he kept wisely within the bounds of ecclesiastical propriety. On the other hand, we do well to remember the good which his wit accomplished, where frigid dulness would have failed, and from what perils it protected even the "establishment" itself. It was coupled apparently with sincere convictions, and certainly with that rectitude of conduct on which he insists, and, whether compatible or not with episcopal dignity, we infer that in his case it was the attribute of a righteous man.

It was, at all events, compatible with the performance of more kind and generous actions than the world generally looks for from persons in his position. We do not allude to the presentation of the living of Edmon-ton to the son of Doctor Tate, of which circumstance too much has perhaps been made, and with respect to which his panegyrists overlook that, had he elected to present himself, Combe Florey would have come under the operation of the Church Pluralities Act. We observe throughout his life a consideration for others which showed itself in various acts of prompt and genuine kindness. He was not of those who strive to play the Good Samaritan, as he himself phrased it, "without the oil and the twopence," but he contributed freely of his substance to those who needed it. It is remarkable that we find him at the commencement of life, when a poor Fellow of New College, with about 100*l.* per annum, paying a school debt of 30*l.* for his brother Courtenay, and presenting, almost as a last act, a living of 120*l.* per annum to a worthy and friendless clergyman. Such acts at the two extremities of his career are specimens of various others between them, corresponding, of course, with his limited means, but showing what he would have done had his facilities been extended.

We are not of opinion that his "letters," to which we will briefly refer, will add much to his fame. Those which are now published form, as we stated, one volume of the present work, and extend from 1801 to 1845. Of these, perhaps, one or two had better have been left out entirely. We refer to

one dated June 3, 1835, and to another of January 3, 1844. Taken as a whole, they are clear, sensible, unaffected, and sufficiently full of point. For any one else they would doubtless appear sprightly, but for him they comprise in an inferior degree the characteristic wit of his works and conversation. Among them, of course, are many clever sayings and quaint verdicts on men and things, but the gossip of which they are principally composed is, with few exceptions, old or trivial.

We have been most struck with his address in complimenting ladies:

"The same Providence which inflicts gout creates Dufferins. We must take the good and the evils of life. . . . the glass on which your eyes are so often fixed, knowing that you have *the great duty imposed on the Sheridans*, of looking well. . . . Remember me to the Norton; tell her I am glad to be sheltered from her beauty by the insensibility of age; that I shall not live to see its decay, but die with that unfaded image before my eyes."

Again, to Mrs. Meynell—

"I am glad your girl likes me. Give my love to her. . . . She is charming, and as fresh-minded as a sunbeam just touching the earth for the first time."

Again, of a group—

"Oh, they were all so beautiful that Paris could not have decided between them, but would have cut his apple into slices."

Of Lady Murray's mother—

"Her smile is so radiant that I believe it would force even a gooseberry-bush into flower."

On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl who was of the party exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

To Mrs. ———, he writes from Combe Florey—

"Pray be my tombstone, and say a good word for me when I am dead! I shall think of my beautiful monument when I am going; but I wish I could see it before I die."

He was not, however, always as complimentary to the pets of his lady acquaintance.

One of them asked him for a motto for her dog Spot, and "Out, damned Spot," was the immediate rejoinder.

His opinions, complimentary or otherwise, of political and literary celebrities will, no doubt, be read with interest. Orator Hunt "I heard at York, and was much struck with his boldness, dexterity and shrewdness. Without any education at all, he is the most powerful barrister this day on the Northern Circuit." Arnold, of Rugby, "seems to be a learned, pure and honest Liberal, and with much zeal and unaffected piety." "My dear Lady Grey, there are not two more intelligent men in the Kingdom than Wood and Howick." "Lord Lansdowne is at the head of the genus Whig; species, Whigista mitior, as the Lords Holland and Grey are of the Whigista Truculentus Anactophonus." "If I could envy any man for successful ill-nature, I should envy Lord Byron for his skill in satirical nomenclature. Sir Walter Scott has written *The Abbot*, 'hardly worth reading,' and *Peperil*, 'a moderate production.' But Mr. Dickens is not in the opposite ranks, and his '*Nickleby*' is very good. I stood out against Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me." "I met John Russell at Exeter. The people along the road were much disappointed at his smallness. I told them he was much larger before the bill was thrown out, but reduced by excessive anxiety about the people. This brought tears into their eyes."

For one of his best characterizations we must turn back to the first volume, in which he parodies the indiscriminate praise of Macintosh's oratory—

"It is impossible to conclude these observations without expressing the obligations I am under to a person in a much more humble scene of life—I mean, Sir, the hackney-coachman by whom I have been driven to this meeting. To pass safely through the streets of a crowded metropolis must require on the part of the driver no common assemblage of qualities. He must have caution without timidity, activity without precipitation, and courage without rashness; he must have a clear perception of his object and a dexterous use of his means. I can safely say of the individual in question that for a moderate reward he has displayed unweari-

ed skill, and to him I shall never forget that I owe unfractured integrity of limb, exemption from pain, and perhaps prolongation of existence.

"Nor can I pass over the encouraging cheerfulness with which I was received by the waiter, nor the useful blaze of light communicated by the linkboys, as I descended from the carriage. It was with no common pleasure that I remarked in these men not the mercenary bustle of venal service, but the genuine effusions of untutored benevolence—not the rapacity of subordinate agency, but the alacrity of humble friendship, what may not be said of a country where all the little accidents of life bring forth the hidden qualities of the heart—where her vehicles are driven, her streets illumined, and her bells answered, by men teeming with all the refinements of civilized life?

"I cannot conclude, Sir, without thanking you for the very clear and distinct manner in which you have announced the proposition on which we are to vote. It is but common justice to add that public assemblies rarely witness articulation so perfect, language so select, and a manner so eminently remarkable for everything that is kind, impartial and just."

There is nothing so good as this in the letters. The fancies there are only in the germ, and the jokes and conceits but partially blown. The set-off is the hearty enjoyment of his own fun which they continually evince. Mixed with this fun, like warp and woof, are lines indicative of pains and infirmities; but he bears them bravely, and is perhaps more cheerful than his readers. Lamb has spoken of the incongruous impressions created on the mind when suffering overtakes those who are known for their pleasantries, and such is the effect of portions of this correspondence. But the genial humourist on the rack consoles himself honourably, and dwells on his consolations up to the hour when he enjoys the "best attentions of Dr. Holland and the use of a comfortable house, where a suite of rooms are perfectly fitted up for illness and death." Even there there is a kind expression of sympathy for others before the letters and the life close simultaneously.

## The Ladies of the Revolution.

RICHMOND, September 18, 1855.

*Mr. Thompson*—Some few years since an old iron chest that had long stood undisturbed in the entrance to the Treasury of Virginia was opened and its contents repacked in a box as of no importance. A few days since, I took occasion to examine them, in making a professional investigation into the "Old Times," and found the following letter, which, perhaps, will not be uninteresting to your readers generally, nor inappropriate to the organ of the Central Mount Vernon Association; to whose members it may serve as an encouragement. The old adage, "what man has done man can do," needs no paraphrase to make it applicable to the gentler sex. If it did, that change might be well founded on the following patriotic examples.

Yours very truly,

B. B. MINOR.

"ALEXANDRIA, Dec'r 15th, 1780.

"*Madam* : Having been appointed Treasurer of this town and county for the reception of money collected for the use of the soldiers, I am happy in transmitting to you seventy-five thousand, eight hundred and twelve dollars; also six pounds, sixteen shillings and 4d in specie, which lady Washington directed me to send to you. It gives me pleasure I was so fortunate to get such a sum and for the intended use.

"Inclosed you have an order on Messrs. Watson, Tandy & Co. of Richmond, for thirteen thousand, eight hundred and twelve dollars, which I presume you can get paid without much trouble. Major Duval will deliver you three bundles containing sixty two thousand dollars and the specie, which will complete the sum in my hands. When I receive more I will embrace the first opportunity to transmit you. Mrs. Ann Ramsay being indisposed prevents her writing you; for whom I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient servant,

"DENNIS RAMSAY."

"An order for	13.812
3 bundles,	62.000
	<hr/> 75.812

Specie :

1½ Joe,	2.8.0
3 guineas,	4.4.0
3 pistareens,	3.9
1 bit,	7½

---

£6.16.4½."

Addressed on the back to

"Mrs. Jefferson,

"At

"Richmond."

"Favor of  
"Major Duval." }

In the same receptacle, I afterwards found the following paper.

B. B. M.

*Subscriptions received for the use of the Army at Fredericksburg, by Mrs. Weedon, Treasures.*

Ann Moore,	£ 18
Fanny Washington,	250
Frances Jones,	120
—————,	30
Mrs. Legg,	30
Mrs. Galloway,	50
Margaret Whitler,	43.10
Sarah Anna Maria Mortimer,	240
Courtney Bowdoin, Ann Tucker and Betty Tayloe Corbin,	180
Margaret Gordon,	24
—————,	60
Miss Mary Stadler,	9
Mrs. Joanna Hamilton,	30
Isabella Mercer,	18
Miss Ann Gordon Mercer, daughter of the late General Mercer,	
1 guinea and	9
Mrs. Mary Washington,*	45
Mrs. Frances Thornton,	90
Mrs. Durand,	105
Mrs. Stadler,	9
Mrs. Mary Taliaferro,	90
Mrs. Sarah Carter,	150
	<hr/> £1600.10

\* The Mother of Washington.

## NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

If Robert Fulton could have been restored to life for half an hour and permitted to take a bird's eye view of the steamer in which we ascended the Danube from Nussdorf to Linz, I fear he would have gone back to the world of spirits convinced that his invention was, after all, a failure, for a more detestable affair in all respects, I certainly never saw. When we first caught sight of it, from the window of the carriage in which we accomplished the three miles and a half between Vienna and Nussdorf, I was confident there was some deception—it could not be that such a boat as that was the regular means of communication between the capital and any portion of the Austrian dominions—I had more catholic notions of Austrian civilization than to think so for a moment, but the driver insisted there was no mistake, and we soon made our way to the muddy decks, through a drizzle of rain, in a melancholy condition of dampness and despair. The getting on board, however, was not a matter unattended with bother, apart from the general sloppiness of the occasion, for at the gangway there stood a gendarme who challenged your right of departure in a tone of voice such as was calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. At the instant, I was floored completely by this unexpected demand, but being reminded of a document, which the proprietor of the Hotel Munsch had caused to be procured for me at the police office, to the effect that Herr What's-his-name had permission to pass from Vienna to Linz, I flung it at the gendarme as a sop to Cerberus and gained the after cabin in safety. Upon arriving there, I found one of my friends in a state of very lively indignation, in consequence of a card which had just been handed to him by an officer of the boat. Part of this card was printed in characters as unlike our own as Sanscrit, and I cannot therefore reproduce it, for want of a font of Russian type, but the following is a faithful copy of that portion which excited the choler of my fellow traveller:

A' t. cz. utazók szíveskedjenek utlevelöket hivatalos látomozás végett az illető vezérrelnökönek átadni, 's annak visszavételekor e jegyet visszaadni.

"Did you ever see such a semi-barbarous paragraph as that?" said he, handing me the card.

I had to confess that appearances were against it.

"What the deuce does it mean, do you suppose? What new designs upon us have they got now?"

Of course I was unable to answer, but I suggested, what turned out to be the fact, that the paragraph might possibly be Magyar and not pagan, adding, by way of consolation, that instead of the two-headed eagle at the top there was a tolerably accurate representation of the steamer, and concluded by pointing to a French solution of the enigma, which in his excitement, my friend had overlooked. This gave a very pacific intent to the affair, questionable as it had appeared, it being nothing more than a notification to passengers that they must give up their passports for *visé* and were entitled to demand them again upon returning the card. My friend, however, was not at all satisfied by the French, and seemed to regard the distribution among gentlemen of such handfuls of consonants, as were to be seen in the Hungarian sentence, in the light of an affront, just as the parrot, according to Sam Weller, thought it was adding insult to injury, in not only taking him from his native isle but making him talk the English language afterwards.

Our immediate company, which was huddled together in the narrow and uncomfortable cabin to avoid the rain that pattered on the decks, seemed sufficiently miscellaneous to furnish the student of character with material for observation during the eight and twenty hours we were to remain on board. There were ecclesiastics with shaven crowns; English gentlemen as innocent as ourselves of German; Austrian officers in their showy uniforms delighting the hearts of Viennese beauties on their way to Ischl, the Austrian Saratoga, and Berlin dandies wrapped up in shawls and tobacco-smoke; while among the *hoi polloi*, who combatted the elements upon the forward deck, there might be seen as great a variety of *genre*, the most readily distinguishable of which were trading Jews, with packs of flash jewellery, and the lumbermen of the Danube, who having descended the river on their rafts at the rate of six miles an hour, were now returning by steam at the rate of four.

As the Danube, for the entire distance between Nussdorf and Linz, presents a succession of striking and beautiful pictures, the ascent did not prove so tedious as the reader might suppose from the slow rate of progression. Fortunately for us, too, patches of blue sky soon began to appear through the clouds, and we were enabled to exchange the confinement of the saloon for the open atmosphere above. The first object, that arrests the attention of the tourist after leaving Nussdorf, is the imposing Benedictine Convent of *Gothweih*, situated upon the summit of a hill 700 feet above the river, and impressing one, at the distance of four miles, with a vivid idea of the immense wealth of the order to which it belongs, from its vast quadrangular dimensions. There is

a large library attached to it, and Murray speaks of its rich decorations and costly tapestries as worth stopping to look at. The river makes a wide bend just opposite *Gottweih*, and the white walls of the edifice are thus kept in view for a considerable time, sufficient to allow the observer to indulge in his own reflections upon the religious system which fosters such eleemosynary establishments.

And now the scenery becomes bolder. It is the Hudson over again, as it is seen at West Point, lacking the placid flow of the American stream, but with a Rhenish profusion of castles and donjon keeps. Justice to the Danube demands the statement, however, that her ruins are gotten up in a better style of gloom and antiquity than those of the Rhine, and that her legends are altogether more charmingly tragic and miraculous. A young lawyer of Vienna, who spoke excellent English, (entirely out of Ollendorf, as he informed me,) was one of our fellow-passengers and he obligingly discoursed of each memorable spot as we crawled along by it, and I do not recollect a pleasanter day than we spent on the deck of the Danube steamer, smoking bad cigars and hearing "sad stories of the death of King."

What Rhenish ruin, *par exemple*, will compare with that mass of shattered masonry which crowns the lofty rock of the *Dürrenstein*? Here it was, they say, that Richard Cœur-de-Lion was imprisoned on his return from Palestine, but as the same historical fact is connected by tradition with two other localities in the immediate neighbourhood, we cannot repose much confidence in the assertion. Yet the place was certainly a very capital one for the purpose, seven hundred years ago, and we can imagine the bold crusader there beguiling his lonely hours with poetic fancies, after the manner of the Troubadours, attuning his sad minstrelsy to the murmur of the Danube as it swept past the walls of his dungeon.

A little farther on and the Castle of *Aggstein* breaks upon the view, perched high in air and seemingly inaccessible to the human foot. This was a famous castle in "the good old times." It was originally occupied by a jolly old gentleman of the name of Schreckenwald, who used to indulge himself in a pleasant freak of hospitality by which his guests were precipitated after dinner through a trap-door into an abysmal apartment facetiously called by him "the bed of roses;" so that he was relieved of any annoyance that might arise from a too liberal enjoyment of his Amontillado. To Schreckenwald there succeeded two brothers Von Kuenring, who so well maintained the character of the house for taking care of its visitors and managing their ef-

fects, that the country side bestowed upon them the nickname of "The Hounds." These brothers had ten establishments on the river, which they called their ten fingers. Having on one occasion taken a liking to the great seal and money box of the Duke of Austria, Frederick II., and removed them from Vienna, that young potentate collected his followers and successfully carried by assault castle after castle, until he reached *Dürrenstein* and *Aggstein* where the brothers Von Kuenring sat and laughed his majesty to scorn in conscious safety. But what force of arms could not effect was easily accomplished by strategy. A rich merchant Rudiger, who had frequently been plundered by the brothers when descending the river with merchandise, concealed a large number of stout men-at-arms under the decks of a richly freighted vessel and essayed to float past *Aggstein* with his cargo. Hadmar Von Kuenring who was looking up and down the river, carefully noting such little novelties as might present themselves to his observation, no sooner recognised Rudiger's flat-boat than he prepared to intercept it. So the horn was blown from the battlements and the bell sounded in the highest tower, as was usual upon such occasions in a well-regulated household like that of *Aggstein*, and down went Hadmar and his men to their booty. Rudiger invited them to come on board and carefully securing the party, carried them off to the brisk young Frederick, who no doubt entertained Hadmar with all the cordiality that belonged to *Aggstein* itself.

Such little histories as these seem naturally to belong to the rambling lines of battlement seen against the dark fir trees and grey walls of granite that give an air of desolate grandeur to the banks of the Danube. But if softer and tenderer imaginations please the stranger more—if my lady, for instance, who sits reading Murray, on the extreme left, prefers to associate other and more peaceful romances with *Aggstein* and *Dürrenstein*, it is easy to call up the graceful and debonair damsels and the chivalric and elegant cavaliers who doubtless dwelt in these stately mansions when the joyous science of Poetry and Music was the study of the "best society,"—to fancy the ponderous gates thrown open and emerging therefrom the hawking party in gay costumes and mounted on noble steeds—to hear the clear notes of the lover's chalumeau played under the fair Ermengarde's window, or to see that bright being seated in the loftiest balcony watching for her lover's return, while he lies far away on the drenched field of some fiercely fought battle with the star of newly-won knighthood shining on his breast.

Perhaps my lady is musing after this fashion, as she puts Murray into the patent leather

satchel and prepares to go down to dinner. For that meal is served in the saloon, and our friends are quickly gathered around the table, the Viennese belles and the Berlinese swells, the Austrian hussars, those awful sons of Mars, and the monks with shaven polls, conservators of souls, and the Englishmen in gaiters, always calling on the waiters—all are punctually in place and ready to dispatch the dishes, as passengers are generally on steamboats, from the Mississippi to the Hellespont. The dinner was quite good, and it was amusing to see one of the divinities from Vienna, who looked as if she might have dieted on nightingale's tongues, make way with a Kalbs-cotelette which ought to have satisfied the hunger of a couple of dragoons. We had not reached the pastry, however, before our companion, the lawyer, called us to come and see the monastery of Molk and we went on deck again.

This monastery is a magnificent and imposing edifice that stands immediately on the verge of the river at an elevation of 200 feet above the stream, and looks far more like the residence of some powerful monarch than the retreat of a religious brotherhood. It is munificently endowed and contains, besides a splendid collection of books and paintings, a wine cellar supposed to be inexhaustible, inasmuch as a levy of 15,000 gallons a day by the French army for several days in succession, about the beginning of the present century, did not appear to make any serious chasm in its vaults. It is impossible not to conceive an exalted respect for an institution, monastic or otherwise, with such vinous resources, and I confess I envied a young gentleman, a son of the Lord Mayor of Vienna, as the lawyer told us, who left the boat at Molk with the intention of paying a visit to the jolly ecclesiastics who live there. Of these there are but 90, half of whom are absent fulfilling the duties of professors or ministers in colleges and universities many months in the year, while the rest pass their days in port and piety, alternating the rigors of the cloister with the instruction of a small number of pupils, and tempering the rôle of priest and pedagogue with the generous products of the vintage.

It cannot be otherwise, of course, than that by the overgrown power and enormous aggregations of wealth of these pampered religious corporations, the country round about is greatly impoverished—the church, indeed, in Austria and Bavaria seems to bestride the country like a Colossus. The most fertile meadows, the richest vine-growing regions belong to the monasteries, and it is a high rent that must be paid to the monks for the use of the land. In such a condition of affairs there can be no progress, no real prosperity, and the people have made only an exchange of plunderers since the days of feudalism, being

compelled now to suffer as much from the exactions of the priesthood as their remote ancestors did from the depredations of the robber chivalry. The castles are in ruins, but the monasteries flourish in palatial splendour, and to some minds the difference between a rogue in armor and a rogue in a cassock\* is of little consequence.

After passing Molk, we were brought at every turn upon some picturesque arrangement of rock and river, until a full-orbed moon showering down its silvery lustre upon the ruins and the water, converted the whole into a scene of enchantment. Ever and anon the red lights of some quaint old town would glare upon us, and coming nearer, the cross upon the spire of some antique chapel would glisten in the moonbeams, and then fade slowly into the distance. Long after the company in the saloon had disposed themselves for slumber, as best they could, did we remain on deck, unwilling to lose such enjoyment as the scenery, softened and, as it were, idealized by the moon's white illumination, afforded us. Midnight, however, and a sense of weariness, after eighteen hours of travel, at length reminded us of the necessity of going to bed. Fortunately, we had not relied upon the casual and unsatisfactory sleeping accommodations of the saloon, (where berths less commodious than those of our canal packets had been fitted up for as large a number as possible, with improvised pallets on the floor for the residue) but, early in the day, had bargained with the Oberkellner for an apartment in the nature of a state room, on deck and immediately behind the starboard wheel, which for the sum of seven Kron Thalers, about eight American dollars, was placed at our disposal for the voyage. Thither we accordingly repaired, and, barring the occasional splashing of water through the partition which divided us from the wheel, and the continual whirl of that important part of the steamer, superinducing disagreeable dreams of revolving around the ponderous axle of an *oubliette* in a medieval dungeon, had a comfortable time of it till morning.

Soon after a late breakfast, we were rejoiced by a distant glimpse of the towers of Lins where we were to leave the steamer. Presently we came up to the wharf, and upon an examination of passports, were permitted to land. Learning that the regular conveyance for Munich did not depart for two hours, we took a carriage under the convoy of our legal friend from Vienna, and set out to see the town. The day was cloudless, every thing that met the eye novel to us, our

\* To such as have a fancy for tracing etymologies, I suggest the word *stole*, a priest's garment, as probably connected with the grasping propensities of the class in days gone by.



companion thoroughly informed and extremely communicative—so that the detention proved a very pleasant experience.

Linz has long enjoyed an enviable distinction in Austria for the beauty of its women, although we did not have the good fortune to see any of its feminine inhabitants who were endowed with greater charms than those of other towns of its size. The population is 25,000, but there are no evidences of its increasing importance to be seen in the streets which are narrow, meanly-built and dirty. There is an old castle still standing, in which Prince Rupert was a prisoner, and where he fell in love with the jailer's daughter, who was one of those beautiful creatures from whom Linz derived its reputation for female loveliness, and a great Market Place, where the stranger will see the oddest collection of red and blue cotton umbrellas in the world. Linz is remarkable for its system of fortifications, as yet untried and considered by many competent engineers to be altogether worthless. They consist of thirty-two isolated forts surrounding the town and connected with each other by a covered way. These forts are exceedingly strong and mount heavy artillery, but, it is thought, would present no adequate resistance to an army of invasion descending the Danube. Should Austria take part with Russia in the pending controversy with the Allies, it is not improbable that an Anglo-French army on its way to Vienna would test the strength and value of these works. On the top of a hill two miles from Linz, and directly in the line of the fortifications, there stands a *Jesuit's College*, and attached to it is a pretty little Byzantine Church, from the door of which there is a noble view of the town and the river lying between high ridges, with lofty blue mountains stretching away in the distant horizon.

As our companion was to leave Linz a half hour in advance of us, we had little time to linger upon the hill, and so we rattled back to the town and escorted him to the station house of a tramway railroad upon which some dilapidated cars, drawn by horses, furnished travellers with a mode of conveyance to the beautiful region of the *Salzkammergut*, the German Arcady, where, very much to our regret, time did not permit us to go. Our friend said it was *Himmel* and entreated us to accompany him, but, as we could not, he bade us farewell, presenting each of us with his card, which, designating his residence as "3845 Wien,"\* would enable us to find him easily, he said, should we ever visit Vienna again.

I confess I took leave of our accidental fellow-

\* In Germany and the South of Europe, the streets are not numbered individually as with us, but the whole city is numbered in gross, so that ascertaining where a man lives from his number is, by no means, so easy as our friend represented it.

passenger of two days' acquaintance with real regret, and as the kindly *Leben sie wohl* came from his lips, I could not help thinking how much pleasanter it was to meet with such people than with those porcupines of propriety, whom no concurrence of circumstances could induce for one moment to address a single remark to a stranger. In this case, an Austrian gentleman had encountered three Americans, they had mutually contributed to each other's enjoyment of an excursion they were taking in company, they had discussed in perfect good temper the social and political contrasts presented by their two countries, drank together a bottle of wine, "done" an Austrian town, and now parted with better feelings, perhaps, for Austria and the United States respectively than they had previously entertained. An Englishman, under similar circumstances, would have thrown out his quills, repelling anything like an advance from anybody, consulted Murray concerning the ruin and looked at it through a pocket-glass, taken his bottle of port or beer in glum dignity by himself, and finally gone on his way, leaving behind him a very decided, though perhaps erroneous, impression, on the part of his fellow-travellers, of the selfishness and *hauteur* of John Bull.

But the hour for our own departure now rapidly approached, and we betook ourselves to the office of the Post in the *Landstrasse*, just opposite to the hotel of the Golden Cannon, having already booked for seats in the *eilwagen* to Munich. This vehicle, answering to the diligence or stage-coach, has been denominated in Austria, *eilwagen*, or *fast carriage*, by the use of the same delicate irony that has been manifested on the Rhine in the name *schnell-post*, and is so far from being a rapid means of travel, that even the old punning translation of *snail-post* loses all significance when applied to it. It is an imputation on the locomotive powers of the snail to compare his progress with that of the *eilwagen*. And the tedious rate at which it moves is all the more wearisome to the passenger from the absurd air of consequence that belongs to the whole machinery of the *Messagerie*. The *eilwagen* itself is of a flaring yellow, blue or vermilion colour, and is magnificently emblazoned with the Imperial arms, the double-headed eagle reappearing, somewhat the worse for wear, on the confines of the territory, while the conducteur, habited in a miraculous uniform garnished, or rather tarnished, with silver lace, walks about as if the importance of the House of Hapsburg for many centuries were concentrated in his person. And then the postilion! What cheering suggestions of ten miles an hour are conveyed in his deceitful smile and the treacherous crack of his whip! Referring to that charming individual my pen breaks into a

jog trot of rhyme for which the reader's kind indulgence is invoked—

What a brave looking fellow comes walking this way—  
Who is he, what is he? can any one say?  
With his coat so resplendent, his breeches so gay—

As fine as an African Prince:  
See, the boys all retire when his Brightness appears,  
(As the populace do in the streets of Algiers,  
Backing out, like the stars, when the Dey interferes)  
'Tis the splendid Postilion of Linz.

With his pipe in his mouth and his whip in his hand,  
And the air of a gentleman born to command  
All the horses that ever were seen in the land—

How the leaders, beholding him, wince!—  
He jumps to the saddle, "a good 'un to go,"  
Like the gallant Postilion of Lonjumeau,  
Whom we saw at the Opera Comique, you know,  
Is this funny Postilion of Linz.

His coat is of scarlet—his breeches of blue—  
Alas! both a little bit faded in hue,  
And a hole in the arm where the elbow peeps through  
At time's awful ravages hints;  
But philosophy quietly laughs in its sleeve  
At trifles like this, and you'd better believe  
A philosopher scorning at trifles to grieve  
Is the careless Postilion of Linz.

While his hat and his boots show of leather a sight—  
Like the "leathery postilion" that "comes from the  
height,"

Yet no traces of leather, as true as I write,  
Does the old fashioned harness evince—  
'Tis a rope, d'y'e see, that attaches the team  
To a(c)cord with the coach, which would certainly seem  
Like some tawdry but broken-down coach in a dream,  
With its gaudy Postilion of Linz.

Yet let us not wickedly seek to deride  
Our pleasant companion, philosopher, guide—  
Though such a Postilion I never espied  
Before I first saw him, or since,  
Let us hope that his beery existence may tend,  
Like his song, to a happy and peaceable end,  
And Time all the ruts in Life's highway may mend  
For the jolly Postilion of Linz.

But if my rhymes, permitted to take their own course and tempered by agreeable recollections of his good humor, thus run into kindly commemoration of the Postilion, justice, alike to the truth and to the wrongs of my excellent friend Bob, demands that the conducteur should be treated differently. That despotic officer, in his disposition of the passengers, behaved in a manner that justly provoked our displeasure, for having sent two of us off in the first coach, containing seats for four, with two Austrians, whose appearance was anything but prepossessing, he detained R—— for the second, in which that indignant young gentleman was finally packed away with three individuals, with whom he could not exchange one word by reason of wanting a common language, and this for a distance of one

hundred and fifty miles to endure for a period of more than thirty hours. No wonder R—— bestowed the heartiest of English maledictions on Monsieur le Conducteur; no wonder he felt an intense desire to punch that obnoxious person on the head, and afterwards, when pursuing some lonely mule-path over Alpine precipices, longed to have him at hand that he might push him over, in a quiet way, to the bottom.

The journey by *eihagen* to Munich was a very tedious one, varied by few incidents of an interesting sort, and I feel an inclination to go over it hastily on paper as a compensation for the tedious, weary time we had of it on the road. After leaving Linz, we followed the banks of the Danube for a considerable distance under the shadow of a lofty range of hills on the left, then striking across the country, we arrived about midnight at Scharding, where we crossed the Austrian frontier on a fine bridge over the turbulent river *Inn*, with the moon directly above our heads in unclouded majesty. I recollect being rudely awakened from a reverie of moonlit skies in a distant land, by the custom-house officers of Bavaria who searched our trunks and examined our passports, and then I remember nothing more, till looking out of the coach-window in the morning, my eye rested lovingly on the long line of the Styrian Alps, the first snow-covered mountains I had ever seen, which lay in rosy distinctness far away across the undulating country, with the sunlight on their tops. All that day were these mountains in view, rejoicing the vision, as it turned gratefully from the dusty highway to repose upon their remote and serene beauty. As the morning wore on, we rattled over the stones of the little town of Altötting, famous as a place of pilgrimage for Catholic devotees, many thousands of whom resort thither annually to pay their vows to the Black Virgin. As we breakfasted at this place, I employed the time when the servants were preparing the table, in visiting the Church wherein the the Black Virgin is enshrined. It is a small building, the exterior of which is literally covered with votive paintings representing various miracles supposed to have been performed by our Lady of Altötting. From the number and variety of these pictures, she must be one of the most industrious of all miracle-workers. In one picture she had stopped a pair of runaway horses, in another she had extinguished a fire in a three-story mansion, a third showed the arrest of an avalanche, while innumerable marine views, rather inferior in execution to Joseph Vernet's, were devoted to exhibiting her benevolent interference in cases of shipwreck. Neptune's temple could not have displayed so many. The interior of the church disclosed the shrine where the sable Virgin stands holding in her arms a black child, both

figures being profusely covered with jewels. Around the chapel might be seen a sort of anatomical museum consisting of models of limbs upon which Our Lady of Altotting had performed cures. Altogether the impression made upon me by this Bavarian Loretto was far from being agreeable and I was glad to leave it behind me.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the *eilwagen* stopped at a little village for a change of horses, when the conducteur opened the door, and asked if we would like to descend, remarking at the same time that we had arrived at Hohenlinden. "Is the battle-field near by?" we inquired. "Within two minutes' walk," said he. So we got out and strolled over the classic ground where Mr. Thomas Campbell, occupying a front seat in a neighboring wind-mill, saw the white-coated battalions of the Archduke John give way before the terrible onset of the French. That spirited poet has been guilty of a great geographical swindle\* in causing the Iser to roll darkly and rapidly by the scene of the combat, whereas this rather insignificant stream is some twenty miles distant and could not by any possibility have been rendered bloody by the slaughter of the day.

\* That we were annoyed, in no small degree, by the unjustifiable exercise of the poetic license in the poem of "Hohenlinden," will appear from the shocking manner in which a member of the party revenged himself in the following parody—

On Linden when the sun was low—  
The coach was very, very slow,  
The lazy horses would not "go"  
To Munich with the passengers.

But Linden yet shall see a sight,  
The weary pilgrim to delight,  
When locomotives shall affright  
The field from its propriety.

By coachman's trumpet loudly played  
The horses were not "fast arrayed,"  
And not a single charger neighed  
To join our little company.

\* \* \* \*

But far less speed we yet shall know  
Before we see the Iser's flow,  
And slower yet the coach shall go  
To Munich with the passengers.

The team was changed by Linden's mob,  
But scarcely had they done the job,  
When furious John and fiery Bob  
Cried "go ahead" most lustily.

The highway lengthens. On we crawl  
To town before the night shall fall—  
Take, Munich! take the party all  
And charge with all thy hostelry!

Ah! when at last we there shall meet,  
A jolly dinner we shall eat,  
And every bottle 'neath our feet  
Shall tell of vanished Burgundy!

The repetition of the lines, upon the spot commemorated by them, did not, therefore, have half as much effect as we had expected, and we went back to the *eilwagen* with the feeling of having been imposed upon, R—— mingling with his complaints against the poet, the expression of his sincere regret that he could not signalize the field of Hohenlinden by a duel with the conducteur in which thirty-two pounders should be the mildest weapons he would consent to employ.

The end of our tedious journey, however, was near at hand, and, two hours afterwards, we saw, from the summit of a hill twelve miles off, the towers of Munich with the glittering Alps behind them, and now, as the road was a continuous descent to the city, we went at a better pace, entering the barrier just as they were lighting the gas-lamps in the streets of the Bavarian capital.

## SOME ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

The last number of the London Quarterly Review, for which we are indebted to Mr. James Woodhouse, the Richmond Agent, contains a pleasant article on advertisements from which our readers will thank us for making the following extracts.—[*Ed. Messenger.*]

\* \* "The papers are full of minor pitfalls, into which the unwary are continually falling, sometimes with their eyes wide open. Of the latter class are the matrimonial advertisements; here is a specimen of one of the most artful of its kind we ever remember to have seen:

TO GIRLS OF FORTUNE—MATRIMONY.  
—A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome, and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is his only hope of extrication. This advertisement is inserted by one of his friends. Ingratitude was never one of his faults, and he will study for the remainder of his life, to prove his estimation of the confidence placed in him.—Address, post-paid, L. L. H. L., 47 King street, Soho. N. B.—The witticisms of cockney scribblers deprecated.

"The air of candor and the taking portrait of the handsome bachelor, whose very poverty is converted into a charm, is cleverly assumed. An announcement of a much less flattering kind, but probably of a more genuine and honorable nature, was published in Blackwood some time ago, which we append, as, like Landseer's Dog pictures, the two form a capital pair illustrative of high and low life:

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.—I hereby give notice to all unmarried women, tha

I, John Hobnall, am at this writing five and forty, a widower, and in want of a wife. As I wish no one to be mistaken, I have a good cottage with a couple of acres of land, for which I pay £2 a year. I have five children, four of them old enough to be in employment, three sides of bacon, and some pigs ready for market. I should like to have a woman fit to take care of her house when I am out. I want no second family. She may be between 40 and 50 if she likes. A good sterling woman would be preferred, who would take care of the pigs.

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\* \* "The more curious advertisements which from time to time appear in the public journals, but particularly in the Times, do not admit of classification; and they are so numerous, moreover, that if we were to comment upon one tithe of those that have appeared within these last six years, we should far exceed the limits of this article. We make no apology, therefore, for stringing together the following very odd lot:

**DO YOU WANT A SERVANT?**—Necessity prompts the question. The advertiser offers his services to any lady or gentleman, company, or others, in want of a truly faithful, confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a practical knowledge of human nature, in various parts of the world, would be available. Could undertake any affair of small or great importance, where talent, inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in the best and worst societies without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged; no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income, and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, or preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime, or do anything from the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel, but never to excel his master. Address A. B. C., 7 Little St. Andrew Street, Leicester Square.—*Times*, 1850.

**TO P. Q.—HOW IS YOUR MOTHER?**—I shan't inquire further, and must decline entering upon the collateral branches of the family.—*Times*, 1842.

**TO WIDOWERS AND SINGLE GENTLEMEN.**—WANTED, by a lady, a SITUATION to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, regular, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, xantippish, youthful, zealous, &c. Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's library, Edgeware-road.—*Times*.

**THE TITLE OF AN ANCIENT BARON.**—Mr. George Robins is empowered to SELL the TITLE and DIGNITY of a BARON. The origin of the family, its ancient descent, and illustrious ancestry, will be fully developed to those, and such

only, as desire to possess this distinguished rank for the inconsiderable sum of 1000*l*. Covent-garden Market.—*Times*, 1841.

**POSTAGE STAMPS.**—A young lady being desirous of covering her dressing-room with cancelled POSTAGE STAMPS, has been so far encouraged in her wish by private friends as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000*l*! these, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good-natured persons who have these (otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal would assist in the whimsical project. Address to E. D., Mr. Butt's glover, Leadenhall Street, or Mr. Marshall's jeweller, Hackney.—*Times*, 1841.

**TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.**—WANTED, for a Summer Theatre and Circuit, a Leading Lady, Singing Chambermaid, First Low Comedian, Heavy man, Walking Gentleman, and one or two Gentlemen for Utility. To open July 9th.

Address (enclosing Stamp for reply) to Mr. J. Windsor, Theatre Royal, Preston, Lancashire.—*Era*, July 1, 1855.

**WANTED** A Man and his Wife to look after a Horse and Dairy with a religious turn of mind without any incumbrance.

"The variety is perhaps as astonishing as the number of advertisements in the Times. Like the trunk of an elephant, no matter seems too minute or gigantic, too ludicrous or too sad, to be lifted into notoriety by the giant of Printing-house Square. The partition of a thin rule suffices to separate a call for the loan of millions from the sad weak cry of the destitute gentlewoman to be allowed to slave in a nursery 'for the sake of a home.' Vehement love sends its voice imploringly through the world after a graceless boy, side by side with the announcement of the landing of a cargo of lively turtle, or the card of a bug-killer. The poor lady who advertises for boarders 'merely for the sake of society' finds her 'want' cheek-by-jowl with some Muggleonian announcement gratuitously calculated to break up society altogether, to the effect that the world will come to an end by the middle of the next month. Or the reader is informed that for twelve postage stamps he may learn 'How to obtain a certain fortune,' exactly opposite an offer of a bonus of five hundred pounds sterling, to any one who will obtain for the advertiser 'a Government situation.' The Times reflects every want and appeals to every motive which affects our composite society. And why does it do this? Because of its ubiquity; go where you will, there, like the horse-fly or the sparrow, we find it. The porter reads it in his bee-hive chair, the master in his library; Green, we have no doubt, takes it with him to the clouds in his balloon, and the collier reads it in the depths of the mine: the workman at his bench, the lodger in his two-pair back, the gold-digger in his hole, and the soldier in the trench, pores over its broad pages."

## SUMMER SUNSET LINES.

ADDRESSED TO ONE FAR WEST.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

Dear Mary! when the sunset glow  
 Is fading from the Western skies—  
 When sombre twilight, sad and slow,  
 Steals o'er the rich empurpled dyes  
 Which, like the blood from Warrior slain,  
 Enanguining the Battle plain,  
 Mark where the glorious God of Day  
 (Like Hero fallen in deadly fray,)  
 Has passed in crimson gore away:—  
 When, through the azure veil of Heaven,  
 Peep out the starry eyes of even,  
 As slowly up th' empyrean height  
 Steals forth the silvery Queen of Night;—  
 While gently to the evening breeze,  
 Wave the light branches of the trees,  
 And ruddy tassels that adorn  
 The rustling stalks of ripening corn:—  
 When scarce a sound, or, earth below,  
 Or air above us, seems to know,  
 Save as some drowsy insect's hum  
 Upon the dreamy ear may come,  
 Or on the breeze, thus gently swells  
 The twinkling, faint, of far-off bells,  
 Which herald their approach, as come  
 The lowing herd, all lazily, home;  
 While, in the vale and on the hill,  
 Ploughman and Woodman both are still,  
 As the last rays of yonder Sun  
 Proclaim their daily labors done;  
 Then—at this hour—set loose and free  
 From all that binds them here to stay,  
 As bees fly home at close of day—  
 How do my thoughts take wings and flee  
 At eve, to seek their rest with thee,  
 Oh! best beloved!—far away!

Day, with its labors and its cares,  
 May drive thee sometimes from my thought,  
 Till Night steals on me unawares—  
 But ah! thou'rt never then forgot!  
 I sit and muse upon the past,  
 In other years, when, blithe and gay,  
 My daily duties done, at last,  
 I flew to thee—now far away!

I watched, this eve, the Sun's decline,  
 As slowly down he sank to rest;  
 And sighed, to wish his journey mine—  
 To seek, like him, yon far-off West!  
 I thought how soon this glorious sight  
 That now is mine, will MARY be;  
 She'll gaze too, on his setting light,  
 But not, to-night, she'll gaze on me!

Would it were mine, as thus 'tis his,  
 That daily round to run!—Yet, No:  
 For when I get where MARY is,  
 I would no farther wish to go!  
*Banks of the Kanawha, Va., August, 1855.*

## Notices of New Works.

THE HIDDEN PATH. By MARION HARLAND. Author of "Alone." New York: J. C. Derby, 119 Nassau Street. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It was with something very like a thrill of pride that the writer of this notice received the solicitations of a newsboy at Folkestone on the English Channel, last November, that he would buy a copy of "Alone," just reprinted in a London Edition, and he has observed the success that has attended the publication of the second work of fiction by Marion Harland with real pleasure. To few of the competitors for literary fame is it permitted to mount *per saltum* into public favor, and that dreadful *premier pas* once taken, unlike St. Denis with his head under his arm, the author does not find the difficulty to be over. Marion Harland, however, has safely advanced beyond the point reached in her first essay in the walks of literature, and we may be assured will neither forfeit her position, nor fall behind it, hereafter. As a daughter of Virginia, as an ornament of Southern letters, we may therefore feel proud of her. (By the way, may we be permitted to remind her, in a parenthesis, that she has taken for her *nom-de-plume* a masculine appellation, and that she should write Marian Harland to indicate that "Alone" and "The Hidden Path" are from a female pen?)

The volume before us is a gracefully-written, sweetly-told story of domestic life, with, as it seems to us, a two-fold purpose. The author endeavours first to teach the excellent moral that the surest happiness in life is attainable by a strict adherence to the "path" of duty, sometimes lying straight in advance of the pilgrim, though invested with thorns and pitfalls, at other times, obscure and "hidden," and requiring the closest examination to follow it. Along this path, the heroine resolutely moves with an independence and courage that we can not too much admire. Though somewhat too *friste* to be altogether *loveable*, Bella Conway always challenges our respect and confidence, and we can recal but a single passage in which she absolutely gives way to the weakness of human nature. This is when she breaks out in that pathetic entreaty to the abominably conceited and obdurate Mr. Willard Monmouth—

"Talk to me . . . tell me that you love me," which we suppose is quite natural, but which will nevertheless be harshly criticised by the female readers of the story.

The second object which the author of "The Hidden Path" appears to have in view, is utterly to demolish and explode that long-established sentimentalism, dear to the souls of novel-readers and novel-writers since the days of Clarissa Harlowe, known as "First-Love." A work appeared with a similar intent, a few months ago, under the title of "Constance Herbert," in which the beloved of the earliest passion of the heroine, turns out a very sorry character before we reach the colophon, and so we are led, long before arriving at the goal of "The Hidden Path," to congratulate Bella that she escaped the *mésalliance* she was once so anxious to consummate. Marion Harland seems to join issue directly with that delightful young moralist, Mr. Clive Newcome, in his notions on this tender subject. When the dear old Colonel

asks his son concerning Ethel, during the brief life-time of the first Mrs. Newcome jr. —

"And are—you fond of her still, Clive?"  
that constant young gentleman makes reply

"Still! once means always in these things, father, does't it? Once means to day and yesterday, and forever and ever."

Now it is this sentiment which Marion Harland repudiates entirely. Accordingly, though all her *dramatis personæ* are benevolently married off, none of them are united to the objects of their early admiration, and the author seeks to make us believe that the first blossoming of the affections is "of no consequence." Very consoling this, certainly, to those crushed spirits, the freshness and fragrance of whose heart-existence some false one has caused to wither and perish, but not likely to meet with a ready acceptance at other hands. Indeed, we doubt if so whole-souled and passionate a devotion as that of Bella for Monmouth could be transferred without weakening to the exemplary clergyman whom she subsequently marries, and despite the happy illustrations that Marion Harland gives us of the truth of her creed, we are bound to dissent from it and vote with Clive.

There are faults in "The Hidden Path" that might have been, and should have been avoided. The plan of the work, for instance, too closely resembles that of "Villette," not to suggest the idea of imitation. In both, the principal character is a young girl, who disdaining to be dependent on relatives or connections, goes bravely out into the world, to maintain herself by honorable and persistent exertion. In both, she selects the vocation of teacher and becomes one of the corps of instruction in a boarding school. Nor does the resemblance stop here. In "The Hidden Path" as in "Villette," a love affair is carried on by a pert and rebellious young lady through the expedient of a nocturnal apparition. The Ghost of Mr. Waylie's Institute is the Nun of Madame Beck's Pensionnat over again. Now we do not say that Marion Harland was conscious of the similarity we have pointed out—the charge of plagiarism is too serious a one to be lightly imputed—but we do say that it is a blemish upon her performance, and that a writer of so much dramatic invention ought not to have fallen into the error.

A graver defect yet is the needless introduction of characters who are constantly *de trop*, and the consequent falling off in the interest of the narrative while the reader is engaged with their unprofitable sayings and doings. We suppose the enlistment of Alma late in the action might be defended on the ground that she was wanted to supply a "first love" for Frank, but what other purpose does that insipid little outsider subserve? Who cares anything about Alma in reading the volume, who indeed is not possessed of a desire to send her back to Chicago by the first train and bid her adieu, before two chapters of her adventures have been accomplished? We must remonstrate with the author, too, for impeding the story with those interminable discussions between Isabel and Frank. For the peace of society we ask, do authors really talk in that way? Is a writer of fiction the tedious, unmerciful speaker of speeches that Isabel shows herself? We trust and believe not.

Another error, and that a misconception of successful authorship is apparent in the career of Isabel. We would not disenchant Marion Harland of the illusion that decided and brilliant success in literature may have woven around her, but it is a mistake to suppose that women are empresses when they have won the triumphs of letters; the world is not theirs by right of conquest, the wreath of laurel is not a crown of authority nor is

the pen an omnipotent sceptre. Such seems to have been Isabel's opinion, but then she was yet too young in her literary experience to have discovered that like all other kinds of fame, that of the writer, unless it be gathered from genius of a commanding sort, is empty, for the most part, and transient.

We have done, however, with pointing out defects in "The Hidden Path." It were an easier and more grateful office to point out beauties, but the reader will be at no loss to discover them without our assistance. They abound in the volume, gems of happy and eloquent description, exquisite touches of pathos, felicitous delineations of character,—all giving evidence of rare talent guided by a pure and fervent love of the good and the beautiful.

MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON.  
D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

If this extraordinary compound of mysticism and misanthropy had not appeared with the name of the English Laureate on the title page, we should have been certain that it had its origin in one of two exceptional conditions of the mind—either that it came from some unhappy lunatic, whose poetic faculty had been disordered and now vibrated discordantly, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," or that it was the production of some wag, who designed an attempt on the critics by endeavouring to palm off nonsense on them for profound philosophy. Though occasionally we discover a passage of genuine and exquisite poetry, worthy of the author of Locksley Hall, the stuff so greatly preponderates, that we are tempted one hundred and odd times (there being so many pages in Ticknor and Field's edition of it) before getting at the conclusion, to throw Maud out of the window and take to some more sensible and healthful reading. And the reader is the more provoked with the performance, because he is left in a painful state of indecision, after having accomplished its perusal, as to which deserves the greater amount of censure, the story itself, or the manner in which it is told. The hero of the poem, who speaks the piece in the first person, is altogether as uncivilized and disagreeable a young gentleman as we have met with for many a day, who grumbles and snarls at every thing and every body, with less manners than Manfred and a more unbounded licence than Lara; while it is scarcely necessary for us to hint that his disjointed hexameters and other metrical affectations do not deserve to be considered in comparison with the wild rhythmical music in which the Byronic misanthropes pour forth their bitter sentiments to the ear. This hero, who has no name at all, like the man that was won in a raffle, is introduced to us as living in the neighbourhood of a "Hall," the owner of which is a rich lord with a son and daughter. The "governor" resides for the most part in London, and does not figure much in the dactyls and trochees of the poem, but the young people keep up the *ménage* of the Hall, and are thus brought in contact with Sir Grumbler. "Maud" is the name of the daughter and with Maud he falls desperately in love, while the brother, (whom the poet calls bad names as, for instance, "that oiled and curled Assyrian bull") very reasonably objects to the addresses of an anonymous and unamiable gentleman without resources or expectations, preferring for a brother-in-law a nobleman who comes in, of course, for some of the poet's *ex parte* abuse, and is styled, among other uncomplimentary epithets, "babe-faced." After a little, there is a great dinner and ball given at the Hall to which our



snarling lover is not invited. He dodges around the house, however, all night, and tries to run away with Maud in the morning—singing to her a very sweet little song, "Come into the garden, Maud," with a melody very like Poe's, which, if it had not been copied into ever so many newspapers and thereby brought to the notice of our readers already, we should be glad to quote, as a proof that Tennyson has not lost the gift of poesy. But while Maud and her lover without a name are making off, they are intercepted by the "Assyrian Bull" and the "babe-faced lord"—there are hot words ending in a duel in which Maud's brother is killed, and here the action of the poem is ended. Of Maud we hear nothing more, and the wretched survivor of the duel discovers, after months of mental suffering, that war is the remedy not only for his remorse, but for all the ills that afflict society, and favors us with some praises of war in general and that in the Crimea in particular, in a sort of blank verse that rhymes every now and then, semi-occasionally and whenever a rhyme chances to "turn up." Finally we are led to suppose that the poet goes off to join the allied army, which he reached in time, let us hope, to be blown up at the taking of Sebastopol.

Such is Maud, a morbid, splenetic, fragmentary effusion, in which false philosophy is embodied in vicious verse—quite unworthy in all respects of Mr. Tennyson. We cannot believe that it is favorably regarded even by himself and we are sure that it will not rank with the *Morte d'Arthur* or the *Gardener's Daughter* in any just estimate of his writings.

**LIGHT AND DARKNESS: or The Shadow of Fate. A Story of Fashionable Life.** New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main St.

This work is said to be the first effort in authorship of a Virginia lady, and as such we have read it with great interest. The style is remarkably spirited, and it exhibits, besides affluence of diction, very considerable dramatic ability. Few readers, who get beyond the fifth chapter, we think, will lay the book down, and this is certainly proof that the author has not misconceived her powers. With so much of commendation, we are pained to add that in our judgment the novel had far better never been published. It is a story of guilty love, in which a "sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man" contrives to work the ruin of a brilliant woman, who finally dies by her own hand. The effect is all the more injurious because, while conducting the charming criminals to the retribution of the catastrophe, the author seeks always to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. Claude St. Julian is perhaps, of all the sentimental scoundrels we have ever read of, the most utterly base and despicable; he treats a gentle and loving wife with systematic cruelty, deliberately plans the degradation of a confiding girl, and ultimately accomplishes this purpose by employing a love philtre, and yet throughout the whole of his rascalities we are entreated to look upon him as the sport of an unhappy destiny, the victim of the "Shadow of Fate"—nay, within that gloomy penumbra, he walks always invested with a *coulour de rose*. The sins of the dark-eyed Florence, also, are so eloquently extenuated, from her innocent flirtations on the Fifth Avenue to her sweet suicide in Rome, that we pity rather than condemn her. The author seems to have chosen for her model in novel-writing the Bulwer of some years ago, and "Light and Darkness" reminds us frequently of that gifted author's early bad manner. Most earnestly do we entreat her to pause and remember, before giving another work to the

public, that no amount of genius, no display of literary and dramatic skill, can atone for the palliation of vice or the inculcation of spurious morality.

From Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co. of New York, through J. W. Randolph of this city, we have received several of the latest publications of Bohn, whose press seems to be never at rest. Among them is the well-known philosophical work—*The Critique of Pure Reason*—translated from the German of Immanuel Kant. A good English version of this essay in dialectics has long been a desideratum to the student of metaphysical science. We have also, as an addition to the *Standard Library*, a historical work to which the present aspect of European affairs will give a vivid interest, being a History of Russia, in two volumes, compiled from the most authentic sources, including the works of Karamsin, Tooke and Segur, in which the events of the Muscovite Empire are brought down to the death of Lord Raglan before Sebastopol. The second volume is embellished with a portrait of the late Emperor Nicholas. The *Classical Library* is further enlarged by the publication of the *Natural History of Pliny*, translated by two eminent Cambridge men, and amplified with copious notes and illustrations. Sixty-six volumes have now been published of the *Classical Library* alone, affording the English reader an introduction to the whole body of Grecian and Roman literature. By some accident we failed to receive the first volume of either Pliny or the work on Russia—will the New York agents oblige us by sending them?

**GUY RIVERS, a Tale of Georgia.** By W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ. Author of "The Yemassee," &c., &c. New and Revised Edition. Redfield, 34 Beekman St., New York. 1855.

**RICHARD HURDIS, a Tale of Alabama.** Same author and publisher. [From Butters & Simons, 97 Main St.

Two additional volumes of the "new and revised edition" of Mr. Simms' novels, which are all the more acceptable for the fact that the original editions of both have long since been out of print. "Guy Rivers" was, we believe, the first work of fiction that Mr. Simms gave to the world, and secured for him at once that hold upon the public favor which he has never since lost for a moment. But, perhaps, of all his works none ever excited such an sensation as "Richard Hurdis." There was a tragic, grim sort of interest inspired by the life-like delineations of this wonderful narrative of blood and crime, that has never been equalled by any work that has appeared from the American press. Mr. Simms attributes the success of "Richard Hurdis," in a great measure, to its having been published anonymously, and in the preface to the reprint, he argues with much force the advantages of the literary incognito to young authors. But the story of the "Avenger of Blood" could not have failed of immediate and general acceptance, from whatever quarter it might have come. We trust Mr. Redfield will speedily complete this new and elegant edition of Mr. Simms' Works.

**ART-HINTS. Architecture, Sculpture and Painting.** By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The increased attention paid of late years to the study

of the fine arts, and the growing taste for the subjects of painting and architecture stimulated by such aesthetical works as those of Ruskin, Mrs. Jameson and Lord Lindsay, render it probable that Mr. Jarves' volume will meet with a large circulation in this country and in England, where it has been published in a very beautiful edition. We have read these "Arts-Hints" with real satisfaction, and consider them well calculated to assist the formation of correct opinions upon the matters of which they treat.

**A MEMOIR OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.** *By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND.* With a selection from his Letters. *Edited by Mrs. Austin.* In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

In foregoing pages of the present number of the Messenger, we have given a review of these volumes from the industrious pen of the literary Editor of the London Times, which will afford the reader an excellent idea of the manner in which the task of biography has not been performed for the witty canon of St. Paul's by his daughter and Mrs. Austin. Had the work been entitled "*Memorials of the Rev. Sydney Smith*," no such criticism on the pious labours of Lady Holland would have been called forth. What is now before us is in the highest degree entertaining as connected with one of the brightest minds of the age, and will be of infinite value to the person, whoever he may be, that shall hereafter write such a Life of Sydney Smith as the literary annals of the nineteenth century should contain. The typography and paper of these volumes show that the Messrs. Harper are prepared to execute even better work than they have ever done before.

**A VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN, In the year 1853.** By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1855. [From Butters & Simons, 157 Main Street.

A very readable account of adventures in the East, made up chiefly of letters written to the New York Tribune. That portion of the volume relating to Japan comprises but seven chapters, and is not so full as we had expected to find it, but Mr. Taylor explains that on leaving the Expedition he was called upon to surrender his journals to the Navy Department, in consequence of which he was unable to give as complete and continuous a narrative as he had designed. Mr. Taylor's visit to the Himalayas is described with great spirit and effect, but altogether we think the narrative unnecessarily expanded. What he tells us in 539 pages might have been told much better in 300, with a saving of paper, printers' ink, composition, valuable time and patience, to author, publishers and reader, and we can only express our surprise that a gentleman of such experience in authorship as Mr. Taylor should have failed to learn the importance of condensation. The book is beautifully printed in the best style of Mr. Putnam.

**STRAY LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.** By M. SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 10 Park Place. 1855. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Mr. Schele De Vere has shown us in a previous volume, Comparative Philology, with what propriety and

even elegance he writes English, and whoever will pick up these "Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature" will find a most delightful collection of essays upon the varied phenomena of earth, air and ocean. We recognise some of his researches into the life of plants as belonging to a series of Lectures delivered by him before the Richmond Athenæum, two years ago, and received with great satisfaction by intelligent audiences. We cordially commend the book to public favor.

**JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS.** By RICHARD HILDRETH, Author of "History of the United States." Boston, Phillips, Sampson, & Co. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

Mr. Hildreth is one of the duller writers with whom we are acquainted, and whatever he has done in the volume before us has been done drowsily enough. Mr. Hildreth does not pretend to know anything of "Japan as it is" from personal observation, he has never been there except in spirit, but, with a keen New England eye, he thinks the present moment a favorable one for a book on Japanese history, and he has therefore availed himself freely of other people's labours to get up a volume for the market. The compilation of course contains much valuable matter touching the manners and customs of the people, as far as they have been heretofore revealed to Portuguese and Dutch adventurers, but as far as Commodore Perry's Expedition is concerned, it is singularly vacuous.

**LETTERS to a Young Physician just entering upon Practice.** By JAMES JACKSON, M. D., LL. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

The author of these "letters" is a gentleman of wide reputation in his profession, and his name on the title page will be enough to ensure them a general welcome at the hands of all students of medicine. We are not able to form an opinion, of course, of the value of the suggestions in a scientific point of view, but we can say that they are written in a pleasing style, and embody much that the young practitioner may profitably learn.

**BITS OF BLARNEY.** By R. Shelton Mackenzie. Redfield, 34 Beekman Street. New York. [From Butters & Simons, 157 Main Street.

A capital collection of rollicking Irish stories, full of humor and pathos, to which are appended biographical sketches of Grattan and O'Connell, though why these latter should be denominated "Bits of Blarney" we cannot exactly understand. The book will assuredly have a great run.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. M. D. Hoge for a copy of his Discourse upon "Honorable Old Age," preached at the Funeral of the late Captain Benjamin Sheppard of Richmond. The occasion was one of no ordinary interest, and the gifted speaker illustrated it with words of the most pathetic eloquence.

To G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel, we are indebted for the "Deserted Wife," a novel from the pen of Mrs. Southworth, and "The Yellow Mask," a story of thrilling interest, reprinted from "Household Words," by Peterson of Philadelphia.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1855.

NO. 11.

## The Black Race in North America; Why was their Introduction permitted?

[The following argument on a subject whose importance at the present crisis can hardly be over-estimated, was commenced more than two years since; but, owing to causes which it is unnecessary here to mention, it was thrown aside by the author when the MS. was not more than half completed. Very recently, at the urgent instance of a number of gentlemen to whom the leading view was orally but fully explained, and who thought that it should no longer be withheld from public scrutiny, the task has been resumed and finished. It is hoped that the reader will not be deterred from a thorough perusal of it by its length, as nothing has been introduced which was not deemed essential to the proper illustration of the main position. It has been supposed that the subject was already exhausted, but if the reader will persevere, he may chance to find in this paper something novel and not the less worthy of his consideration on that account, while the elegance of the style and the clearness of the demonstration can not fail to interest and delight him.

ED. SOUTHERN LIT. MESSENGER.]

This is a question which has been often asked, and to which as yet no full and satisfactory answer has been given; none such at least has fallen under the observation of the present writer. And this is not a little to be wondered at when we consider that they have been here for more than two centuries: that the motives of those who brought and of those who received them were patent and obvious; that their occupation during that time has been the same with but little variation, and that some of the immediate results of their presence and relation to the dominant race have all along lain open to view.

Our ancestors did not solicit their introduction, but could not have been ignorant of the state of society and government on the western coast of Africa, and knowing that none could be worse, they may have regarded the change as in every aspect the better for the negro. A short trial must have convinced them that many traits of the savage were ineradicable until after the lapse of generations; that as a race they were incapable of freedom, and that subsistence and protection in a Christian country were therefore the only equivalents that could be rendered for their labour.

While the blacks were but few and tilling a rich and virgin soil, with a boundless territory in reserve, the reciprocal duties of this relation were

of easy performance and the benefits mutual. Such being the case, it was hardly to be expected that the leaders of society at that early day would trouble themselves about the future of slavery, leaving posterity to meet its own difficulties as they had theirs. But when the blacks had greatly multiplied, and certain effects of their presence both on the soil and its owners had begun to be developed, the subject generally must have become one of more frequent and grave consideration.

We do not learn that they ever questioned the *legality* of the relation in the abstract, whether viewed from a political or religious stand-point. The previous history of the world had not been such as to make this a pressing case of conscience. They may have and did deprecate the needless inhumanity which often attended the traffic, and no doubt thought it hard that its subjects should be separated from their natal soil, their family and friends. But this was an evil not peculiar to slavery, but common in some measure to all states of society; and the suffering thus occasioned was more than compensated by the happier lot which awaited them here.

In a country so new and so sparsely populated, as was natural, the best lands, or those most easily cultivated, were first brought into requisition. And yet the task of preparing for culture the surface demanded by our increasing numbers was toilsome and vast beyond the conception of Europeans. The preliminary toils once over, the means of subsistence were more easily won and this surplus labour could be expended in rearing the products of a profitable trade. And because land was abundant while labour was scarce, a system of husbandry was devised whose object was to exact the largest tribute from the soil, rather than to preserve or improve it,—for which last indeed the kind of labour employed was then thought to be ill adapted. The inevitable effect of this system pursued too far became ere long apparent in the *district first settled*, much of whose soil was reduced below the point of profitable culture, and the settlers in consequence were led to seek new fields for their efforts in the reserved territory. The slaves also at first were few, but their natural increase, which under humane treatment had been rapid, was farther hastened by fresh importations from Africa.

Here then were two phenomena of ominous

tendency,—fields of lessening fertility and a degraded caste of labourers the ratio of whose numbers to that of the whites was constantly advancing,—which annually became more apparent. They must at length have forced themselves on the attention of the governing race and induced the grave inquiry; 'Is not the first but a temporary evil and incidental to every new settlement in a country such as ours, and the other an abuse by aggravation of a measure indispensable to the success of our enterprise? Or must we believe that the evils are inseparable from the system itself and likely to be enhanced in its farther development? If so, the system is wrong in its inception and should be assailed before it becomes unmanageable.' We will not anticipate their answer farther than to say, that they took the more cheerful view of their situation. Measures were accordingly taken, both by memorials addressed to the authorities abroad and by domestic legislation—so far as they were permitted—to limit the supply of labour in this kind, which was also retarded by the slow accumulation of capital in the planter's hands. Events also, growing out of the religious and political state of Britain and France, induced a more constant and rapid influx of immigrants into the Southern Colonies; and these several causes concurred in preserving the equilibrium which had once been seriously endangered.

The subject was thus considered by our authorities principally in its politico-economical bearings; and from aught that now appears, in that aspect was it regarded throughout the Colonial Era.\* But this species of labour had been also employed, in a greater or less degree, in each of the Northern as well as the Southern Colonies, and in each of them its toleration or exclusion remained a matter of municipal regulation. Whether it was owing to climate and the nature of their products, or the prevailing character of their industrial pursuits, or the more general direction of European Immigration to their shores which furnished them with a supply of labour at once more eligible in itself and better suited to their habits and wants, or to all these causes together;—or whether it was in obedience to the dictates of a higher principle; during this period

\*At this early day, individuals among ourselves may have doubted the justice of this relation, and we suppose there were isolated cases of such. Others again may have been disposed to emancipate their slaves as the reward of faithful service, or at their own death when they had no farther need of them and no near or needy relatives to whom to bequeath them. And as the laws for a long time allowed of their being liberated with permission to remain in the State, to the operation of one or another of these motives may a portion of free blacks who are still among us trace their present freedom, having received it from their fathers to whom it was granted by their former owners.

measures had been taken for the prospective emancipation of the blacks in several of those colonies and the example was like to be followed by others. The latter motive is now pretended; but when we reflect on the number of those people who found their way to the Southern Colonies without having attained the liberty which was promised them, we may be allowed to doubt its exclusive or very general operation. Certain it is however, that the difference in the complexion and rights of their laboring classes was supposed to have produced a diversity of interests as between the two sections.

In framing the old articles of confederation the requisitions, whether of men or money, for the impending contest and the shares in which the public burdens were to be borne by the several states had to be adjusted. Then it was that it first came up as a *national* question, whether these people were to be regarded solely as persons, or property, or as being of a mixed character. In the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States, when the ratio of Representation in the lower House of Congress was to be determined, the discussion was renewed. Opinions tending to opposite extremes were advocated by those whose sectional interests they were supposed to favour. It is now known that but for the concession of Representation to this interest—although on the somewhat arbitrary basis which was finally accepted as a ground of compromise—and the provision for the surrender of fugitive slaves, the Constitution could not have passed the ordeal of the State Conventions.

The ordinance for the North-Western Territory was arranged without much difficulty; and to all outward appearance our national councils for some years were but little disturbed by collisions traceable to this as a cause. At length, after the purchase of Louisiana, and particularly when Missouri sought admission into our Union as an equal among States, the question was revived in a new and more portentous form. It now appeared that the diversity of feeling on either side of a particular line had all along been growing in intensity. Pretensions were set up by Northern Representatives which were thought to trench on the equal rights of the South and were resisted accordingly. There was indeed a pretense of appeal to principle on the part of certain Statesmen from that quarter, while others argued the necessity of the proposed restriction on grounds of high national prudence; but the leading champion of the North\* had the candour to acknowledge that it was at bottom 'a contest for power' between the two grand divisions of the country. The formation of geographical parties—if not a dissolution of the Union—seemed like

\* Mr. Rufus King.

ly to be the result, when a spirit of compromise came again to the rescue and the disputants were quieted for a time. But as the particular ground of compromise was suggested by convenience or other circumstances, and as no *principle*—other than that of '*uti possidetis*'—was settled, the adjustment was but superficial, and temporary at best. The agitators accordingly have either sought or embraced every occasion of exciting the ferment anew and often in a seemingly wanton spirit;—their measures being rather calculated to irritate Southern feeling than to compass any practical or useful end.

Thus, in framing our Tariff laws, the South has generally thought that this should be done without any direct reference to the Protective Policy. In this she may have been right or wrong;\* but she was sincere in the belief that such policy was both premature and injurious to her prosperity. The North being more generally favorable to a system which fostered her interests, some of her hot spirits chose to think that the antagonism from this quarter grew directly out of the institution of slavery, which they must therefore seek every opportunity to limit and repress.

The District of Columbia was carved out of Commonwealths in which slavery had existed almost from their foundation; nor was this spot an exception. But it was now subject to the jurisdiction of the entire confederacy, and therefore must the tables of Congress be loaded with petitions to remove the offense from the eyes of those who affected to be too pure to tolerate the sight.

When the blacks under kind treatment had become too numerous in one locality and their labour more valuable in another, it was natural and best for all concerned that they should be transferred from the former to the latter. And forthwith the same body is called on to suppress the iniquities of the internal slave trade by those who knew 'a great deal less than nothing' of that whereof they so positively affirmed.

Iowa in time and Oregon successively apply for admission into the Union, as had other States in the same latitude before them. They might have come in peaceably; but no—it must be with an express 'proviso' for the exclusion of slavery from their borders, although climate and other circumstances had determined already that it could exist in neither.

Texas, a bordering though foreign State which had conquered her own liberty, offers to merge her sovereignty and territory in that of the Union. The proposed arrangement, besides adding pro-

pectively to our population and strength, would give us a boundary more defensible in war, and without adding to the number of slaves in our whole country would tend to draw them off from the most northern line of States in which they were then held. Nevertheless, it was most strenuously resisted, because it would be attended with a present benefit to what some are pleased to denominate 'the slave power.'

The treaty which brought the Mexican war to a close placed a large additional territory at our disposal. For its acquisition Southern blood and treasure had been poured out in more than due proportion. From much of it slavery would be excluded by the nature of the soil, by locality and the laws of trade. Not so, however, with California, the province lying on the Pacific, the Southern part of which should in equity have been left open to Southern emigrants with Southern labour. And yet to this a still more determined, protracted, and at length successful resistance is maintained. The only equivalent offered to the South for her unequal share in the partition, was the passage of a more stringent law for carrying out that provision of the Federal Constitution which guarantees the surrender of fugitive slaves; and even that has been rendered well-nigh inoperative by the spirit of the Northern people and the reluctance of their tribunals to enforce the laws which they have sworn to maintain.

A Northern statesman believing that the Missouri Compromise had already answered all the good ends hoped from its enactment, and that its continued legal existence would only serve to perpetuate the unhappy sectional feeling which would otherwise subside of itself, proposed its repeal so far as Nebraska and Kansas were concerned. He believed that *the people* who would probably betake themselves to those territories might be safely left to adopt that species of labour which should appear to them most eligible in their circumstances. That if slaves were introduced into either, it could be but in small numbers, that they would but hasten its occupation and settlement, and that their stay would be but temporary when we consider the magnetic attraction of the vacant territories which lay to the South with a climate, soil and products far better adapted to this species of labour. The South were disposed to accept this as a token of returning justice, and mutual confidence. But if designed as a peace-offering it has failed of its purpose or its advocate has miscalculated the feelings of his people. It has become rather a firebrand to ignite the combustible materials which have by no means lessened in amount. Far from proving a healing measure, it has re-opened the old wounds which so many tried patriots—however they may have differed on other points—had laboured most assiduously

\* The present writer has a settled opinion of his own on this head, but it is not necessary in this connexion to state, much less to enforce it.

to close. We have at length witnessed 'the torrent, tempest, and we may say the whirlwind of their passions,' and unless the voice of reason be heard amid its pauses, the future integrity, and with it the peace and prosperity of this Empire may be sacrificed.

In our deliberative bodies, whether State or Federal, this matter has generally been debated—except by a few intemperate partizans, *on grounds of expediency* rather than that of abstract right or morality; and with but little variety of topics, except as these were modified by new circumstances as they arose. Legislative propriety and the extreme delicacy of the subject must have alike suggested this restriction. But the feelings which burnt within on either side have found expression elsewhere.

In a government such as ours, founded on public opinion and whose measures are regulated by it, it was but natural in an affair of so much interest that the diverse views of parties should be laid by their respective advocates before the people, and that for this purpose every legitimate channel should be used. It was hardly to be expected that even the *extra* political press should have herein observed a dignified neutrality. Had the argument on either side been stated with calmness and partiality and left to produce its proper effect, we should have been content. But it has been otherwise. The institution and its abettors have been denounced without measure while their apologies have been unheeded. Societies have been formed to keep up the agitation, and appeals have been made incessantly and in every variety of form,—*not so much to Southern people themselves who, as the accusers aver, have herein mistaken their own true interests*—as to Northern ignorance and prejudice. There was the penny tract with pictorial illustrations to engage and preoccupy the mind of the child and the larger volume to forestal the judgment of the parent. All the separate accounts of isolated abuse, for generations past and over an area of five hundred thousand square miles, have been diligently collected from such veracious sources as the daily press, the narratives of fugitive slaves, and the reports of *spies* who could vouchsafe such a return for the hospitality or patronage of the South, and, without scrutinising their authenticity or truth, have been wrought into one comprehensive libel against a great and Christian community.\* When perver-

\* Fortunately it required but little arithmetic to show that if this were a fair sample of Southern character and had such been the rule of action with Southern masters in the treatment of their slaves, the black race would long since have been exterminated from this region. If the records of police and other criminal courts in northern cities were daily sifted, and the numerous instances of gross fraud and immorality which occasionally emerge to light in town and country, and the veritable sufferings

ted History and pretended current facts had begun to pall on the wearied ear, the powers of romance and poetry were summoned to their aid. Imagination was tortured to conceive impossible characters in unheard of situations, and the heroes of the sock and buskin have hastened to embody these creations of fancy in mimic life and action. Itinerant lecturers have been engaged in enforcing by their misapplied rhetoric the abuses of the press. The very pulpit has been desecrated to the same end. Christian brethren have been alienated from each other; and different branches of the Christian church have been rent in sunder by this disturbing theme.

And most noticeable it is how exclusive these distant 'friends of the blacks' are in their sympathies—all of which are reserved for the slave. It seems never to have occurred to them to inquire, whether *the masters* in this relation had verily lost all conscience, all sense of right and duty, and all sensibility to calumny? whether they had no trials of temper and patience, and were not called to make any sacrifice of self? whether in fact they did not voluntarily renounce many of the innocent pleasures of life which were open to them as well as others; and forego many pursuits both honorable in themselves and more agreeable in their own nature than that in which they are engaged? whether the cares and anxieties which attend it are not so incessant and wearing that in the effort to fulfil all its behests the owners *themselves* in many instances become the slaves? whether in fine there are not among them and have not been from the first *martyrs to duty and principle by hundreds*, as veritable and as steadfast as are the brave soldiers who enter on a protracted campaign not knowing what shall befall them? Their sufferings have indeed been borne in manly silence or with womanly dignity and fortitude, but to willing observers enough would have been revealed to furnish themes for their surplus powers of Tragedy. It may not have suited their purposes to hear these things; but supposing the Southern people to have been in the wrong, their accusers might have learnt ere this that the most likely methods of convincing them of their error had *not* been chosen, and that these were neither of a temper nor temperament to be bullied or abused into the right.

And the consequence which might have been anticipated from so injudicious an attempt has actually appeared. For more than thirty years we have been not wholly inattentive observers

of the poor, especially of the free blacks—in the same quarter from hunger, cold and disease, were composed into an artistic narrative, as a counterpart to the above picture, a foreigner who had no other means of judging than this double representation might suppose that the United States—North and South—were peopled by a race of demons.



and in that interval we have witnessed the gradual rise of two parties with very opposite and well-defined principles.

The doctrine of the one is, that slavery, or 'property in human beings,' is a great moral and political evil, an incubus on our prosperity and a curse to the nation as well as the subjects of it—a sin in the responsibility for which the free States as well as the South are involved, because they both belong to a confederacy which recognises its legal existence—a crime of so deep a die as to call down the vengeance of Heaven—a false step which must be retraced and without delay,—in fine that the relation is unnatural and unjust, and should be abolished forthwith, *without regard to consequences, immediate or remote*. When this double imputation of sin and common responsibility—as absurd as it is insulting—is met by a demand for proof, and they fail to find its condemnation in Holy Writ, the appeal is then made to the *Declaration of Independence* as the standard of right! as if the authors and original advocates of that paper, many of them slave-holders, and the rest their coadjutors, were so ignorant of the purport of their own language as to write themselves down asses in the face of the civilized world!

The extreme party on the other hand declare, that it is as ridiculous as presumptuous to proclaim that a sin which God has not so pronounced—that when Providence has brought two such races together in a climate, and under circumstances such as ours, then this relation is mutually beneficial—that the tendency of this institution is to form citizens of a bold, manly character, men who know their rights and dare maintain them, the most reliable champions of well-regulated liberty, and the surest and safest check to the excesses of an unbridled Democracy; that it has accordingly proved itself the *Great Conservative Power* of the Union, and the only efficient means of repressing the wild theories and more reckless experiments in religious, political, or social life, which are perpetually disturbing all established opinions and institutions in the States where a nominal freedom and equality reign; and that while such is the state of our country they can neither see nor desire any limit to the duration of that which is so much denounced.

There is also and has ever been a third party among us holding more moderate sentiments, once the common opinion of the South, and still, we doubt not, that of a large majority of her citizens. These also refrain from declaring that to be a sin which is not prohibited in Scripture. While they acknowledge that individuals have abused the power it assigned them, they can also see in this relation ample scope for mutual, kindly feeling and charity in act, and that both are kept in constant exercise they know to be the rule and not the ex-

ception. Upon the whole they regard it as a political evil, whose existence they lament, but for whose introduction or continuance they do not feel responsible. They would rejoice to be safely rid of it, but give no countenance to the Utopian and extravagant schemes which visionary philanthropists or reckless theorists have proposed to this end. They doubt not that the authority of the masters should be maintained intact until such time as Providence shall have opened a way for the removal of this unhappy race; and that if that time should never arrive, the white man of the South must seek another home, leaving the negro behind to prosper or fade away as the future may determine.

Now while we dissent wholly from the tenets of the first school, we cannot fully concur in those of the second, nor embrace the conclusions of the third.

There is however a view of this entire subject, which, although not included in the published reasonings of those who have heretofore treated it, is recommended, as it appears to us, by its common-sense, practical character, and confirmed by the whole tenor of our history and that of modern Europe. Whether true or false, it is in the opinion of many worthy of being thoroughly canvassed. If it have nothing but plausible sophistry for a support let it be exposed and discarded. If it be just, it is worthy of general acceptance: may serve as a common ground on which honest and patriotic men of all parties may meet in harmony; may allay the bitterness of strife and at length restore that fraternal feeling between the different sections of our common country which has been so long and so seriously disturbed. It is this view which we now propose to elucidate. If in the exposition we should seem to grow tedious, its novelty and supposed importance and possible utility at this imminent crisis must plead our apology.

A certain degree of density of population is favorable to association, to coöperation for public ends, to the wider diffusion of primary education, to variety of pursuits and employments, to skill in mechanism, to the aggregate wealth of the community, and to the more general spread of what are ordinarily called the comforts and luxuries of life. Now the rural white population in a country where negro slavery obtains must needs be sparse. Such a state of society is scarcely compatible with the enjoyment of certain civil and social advantages, in as high a degree as falls to the lot of states whose citizens are more homogeneous in race and rights. In particular has this dispersion of proprietors proved a standing obstacle to scholastic education, which in its turn, if not a fertile source of evil, has been preventive

of much good. These and other unfavorable incidents to our situation we are ready to concede. Yet does it not follow that we should give into a hasty or wholesale condemnation of the peculiar institution.

The blessings vouchsafed by heaven to man are manifold and various. Of these no one state or people has a monopoly. The advantages bestowed on one are either wholly denied or partially granted to another. But if unequally distributed so are the responsibilities of the recipients. A wise and grateful nation should carefully survey its condition and past history, ascertain its capabilities, note whatever is good in actuality or tendency, cherish and preserve those, develop these,—in short, should make the best of its situation. It is even possible to educe some good out of what is comparatively evil, and to superinduce a species of order on that which tends to confusion as being a departure from the normal or intended condition of man.

It becomes us then, before we join in the usual lamentations concerning slavery, to inquire, whether we also have nothing for which to be grateful? And, before we endeavour to shift the blame of its introduction, if blame there be—on our ancestors or the British Government—to consider whether our past history in this regard could have been reversed or materially modified with safety? whether a great responsibility was not imposed, first on the British colonies on this continent and afterwards on the United States, and how they have met it? whether, in fine, they had not *a mission to discharge in which the whole world was interested, and whether they could have accomplished it without the aid of the black race?* and whether we need to look to the future of slavery with that undefined dread or gloomy apprehension in which many now indulge?

In answer to the declaimers on the wrongs of slavery, it is very common to hear such language as the following:

“You denounce us as slaveholders, as if we were the authors of the system or were responsible for its continuance. We found it ready made to our hands. We inherited it with our lands; and the phenomenon has grown to that formidable size that an attempt to remove it suddenly would occasion greater evils than those it would pretend to cure. Our fathers, while struggling with the hardships which ever beset the path of pioneers in a wilderness, accepted the proffered aid without duly considering the dangers that were involved in the gift. When at length they became awake to the inevitable consequences, and sought first to mitigate and then to arrest the evil, the British Government refused its sanction to any measure proposed for that end. Let the sin then, if sin there be, rest with those who

would not hearken to the remonstrance of those more nearly concerned, but abused their power in fixing this terrible incumbrance on our inheritance.”

To these and the like considerations it has been rejoined with admirable impudence by our modern Pharisees. “No! your fathers became too soon weary of the task they had voluntarily assumed. They took counsel of their indolence or listened to the calls of avarice herein. They were deaf to the pleadings of humanity when they employed the enforced labour of their fellow men for their own exclusive benefit. Could they not have followed the example of the more conscientious Pilgrims, who encountered *their task* with stout hearts and strong hands, and are now reaping the reward of their self-denial and fortitude without this alloy and without remorse. Reckless of consequences which they must or ought to have foreseen when they accepted the temporary relief from their burdens, they followed the dictates of selfishness, and as they have sown, so now must you their posterity reap. ‘The vices of youth are drafts upon old age payable with interest.’ Theirs was the first false step, and all the intermediate sum of misery is but the bitter price which folly pays for repentance.”

We shall see anon the hypocrisy and injustice of this philippic. Yet are there some among ourselves who have succumbed before it. Nor have there been wanting those who with perverted eloquence will vividly contrast the *Mayflower*, bounding o’er the main, freighted with the future hopes of Liberty and Religion, and that other ship of evil omen bound for these Southern shores,

‘Built in th’ Eclipse and rigged with curses dark.’

The apology of the first is true as far as it goes, yet it is founded on an essentially narrow view of the subject and is therefore inadequate. Neither does it furnish an answer to the question with which we set out. If slavery be intrinsically an evil, or necessarily attended with evils, why was it permitted here? This of course is addressed not to those politicians ‘who would circumvent God himself,’ or who believe that human affairs are left to the sole guidance of human prudence or caprice, but to the thoughtful of all classes who recognise a superintending Power—a Power that has presided over all the great movements of Humanity, and will not suffer his plans to be marred by the selfishness or presumptuous folly of his creatures. There was a time when such reference would have been shunned as in bad taste or as savouring of cant. But we hope there are many now who will regard it as becoming to approach such a subject in a reverent spirit. To trace out those movements and plans on the map

of the world's history is the duty of the philosophic historian; and the history of our own country, to those who know how to read it aright, should furnish the solution of this vexed question.

And what is that solution? We maintain that THE SLAVERY OF THE BLACK RACE ON THIS CONTINENT IS THE PRICE AMERICA HAS PAID FOR HER LIBERTY, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, AND HUMANLY SPEAKING, THESE BLESSINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN UNATTAINABLE WITHOUT THEIR AID. This assertion, so far as we know, is now publicly made for the first time, and at first view may have the air of a paradox; yet do we believe it true to the letter and susceptible of historical and moral demonstration.

Those who are working out the purposes of Providence may not always be conscious of this higher agency or foresee the remote benefits to result from their present doings. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. And however some may ignore His hand, others who survey the past in a spirit of earnest inquiry may observe the traces of His presence and constant guidance.

To come to sound conclusions on this matter we must examine it in all its principal bearings. The late British Colonies, now the United States of America, should not be taken as isolated from the rest of the world and as labouring solely for the welfare of their own citizens. Let them be also viewed in their religious, political and commercial relations, and we think it will appear that they have exerted a yet higher and more important influence in all these respects on the affairs of the world than has heretofore been surmised. But in order to do this it will be necessary to go back a little in point of time and away to other shores.

The Church of Rome had long been in the ascendant throughout Western Europe, when in the Fifteenth Century, her corruptions, her exactions and dogmatic tyranny excited a revolt, which proved successful in some of the Northern and Western States of that Continent, and for a time was favoured by numbers nearer to the seat of her power. That the revolution was neither complete nor universal should not excite our surprise, even if in the plenitude of our charity we suppose there was no serious error of opinion or policy, or of conduct on the part of those who headed the new movement. The tenacity with which men hold to ill-gotten power and influence, the obstinacy with which they cherish their corruptions, the consequent difficulty of reforming abuses, and of regenerating depraved and enervated races, are among the most obvious lessons of history. This is so true that "progression by antag-

onism" has come to be regarded as a law of human advancement. Hence also the tardiness with which mankind return to their normal state, their progress being gradual, through ages and generations.

This movement, as we know, was arrested in mid-course: the result, the rise of two antagonistic interests—the nations of Europe being enlisted on one side or the other—the formation of a Protestant and a Catholic party, whose hostility has been mutual and uncompromising from that hour to this. A counter-revolution was moreover organized under the auspices of the Jesuits, and the opposing parties, abandoning the field of fair argument, have sometimes betaken themselves to other than spiritual weapons. This resort to the *ultima ratio regum* has been with alternate and varying success. There have ever been serious differences of opinion on minor matters among Protestants themselves, no one form of faith or regimen having yet attained a decided ascendancy over all others. This has prevented that Union and coöperation which were necessary to farther conquests and has even invited aggression. But on the whole, the anti-papal party has been strengthened; in other words, the mediæval spirit has gradually declined, and the rights of conscience and private judgment on the other hand, been more strenuously asserted and enforced.

We do not propose to enter the field of polemics, and only approach it to note two remarkable facts. First, that the great streams of the world's wealth flowed for a long time into the laps of the most Catholic nations, and were employed, first in strengthening the influence of that church throughout Europe and then in repeated efforts to reconquer her lately revolted subjects. Secondly, that the history of the last three centuries goes to shew that no nation is capable of freedom where Romanism has a decided or the exclusive ascendancy. Bear witness Italy, Spain, Portugal, the States of Central and Southern America, and more recently and above all, France. This is the double consequence of that wide-spread and ancient conspiracy between the Altar and the Throne, whereby the priesthood have aided to place the persons and the property of the people at the disposal of kings, who in turn have used their power to suppress all opinions obnoxious to their allies. It has sometimes happened that a nation, goaded with whip and spur, has by a desperate effort thrown one or the other of its riders. But if the magistrate was unhorsed, there sat the churchman—(and *vice versa*), like the old man of the sea on the shoulders of Sindbad, to seize the vacant rein, and he has generally succeeded in quelling the fiery spirit of the steed so that his fallen comrade could remount. Hence

it is that in each Catholic country, an attempt to secure political liberty has generally proved a farce, followed by a more serious tragedy than that which introduced it.

To advert to a few of the most striking instances in proof of our first proposition would but quicken our movement.

The wealth of the East had long flowed through the Levant into Venice, Genoa, Florence and Pisa—Italian cities, vassals of Rome, which flourished beyond all recent example and laid a rich tribute at her feet. But she who was once the civilizer had now become the corrupter of the nations. The virus first wrought its enervating effects in Italy and prepared that fine region for the inevitable retribution. But other tributaries remained, who, being farther from the centre and source of corruption, were less deeply tainted, and to them was a longer season of probation granted. The virtues of the *Spanish* nation had been developed and strengthened by centuries of severe discipline in their contest with the Moors. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella all the provinces of the Peninsula, save one, were reunited under a single head; their subjects were rendered more homogeneous by the successive expulsion of the Moors and the Jews, and *Columbus* commenced (in 1492) those discoveries which were destined to change the moral face of the world. Portugal likewise had succeeded in making good her position as an independent State against her more powerful neighbour, and had risen to wealth by a commerce which had not yet trenched on the domains of her Italian predecessors. To these two nations was at length transferred the commercial sceptre which had been forfeited by degenerate Italy.

But it was a divided sceptre. The passage of the Cape of Good Hope by DeGama (in 1495) opened a new and safe channel for the commerce of the East. Of this, Portugal became the fortunate recipient, to whose lot also fell a magnificent domain on this continent. But Spain was more than compensated by her share in the new found territory. If to Portugal the East Indies were tributary, to Spain were given the greater Isles of the West, and these were but stepping-stones to wider regions on the main-land, which were also to become hers. Quantities of the *precious metals*, the accumulations of centuries were handed over to her by the conquests of Mexico (1519–21) and Peru, (1531–3.) And these were but a foretaste of the treasure supplied through generations by the *new* commerce, the materials of which were furnished by the mines, the forests, and the fields of her American colonies.

And how was all this wealth, flowing as they supposed from perennial fountains, employed? Who does not know that these realms, which in

the season of their humbler fortunes had been the homes of the hardy virtues and had manifested more of the true spirit of freedom than any other portion of Europe, were rendered giddy by prosperity. They rapidly became the most bigoted adherents of Rome, and the purse and the sword of his most Catholic Majesty and of his most Faithful Majesty were thenceforth at the disposal of the Holy Father, whenever the old chains were to be rivetted on the necks of the nations or new conquests were to be gained for the faith.

Very soon after Luther's Protest against the spiritual power of Rome, the question in Germany was referred to the arbitrament of arms; and the Emperor Charles V. threw his sword into the scale of conservatism, thus endeavouring to prevent the spread of the new opinions and to stifle them where they had arisen. His partial success we know did much to retard their progress. But Charles as the grandson and successor of Ferdinand was also King of Spain and as such the heir of her American possessions, and the wealth thence obtained was lavished in maintaining the cause of spiritual despotism. The various conquests and settlements of the Portuguese likewise in Africa, Asia and America were ever attended by Jesuits who made it their boast that they had thus gained more for Rome than she had lost by the protest.

The passions of Henry VIII. however turned him against the cause he had once defended and thus contributed to restore the long-lost rights of the British nation. England had not then attained that ascendancy in the world's politics which she has since acquired; but the wealth and spirit of her people had long given her rank among the leading powers of Europe, and into whatever scale her weight might be cast, it would prove a most formidable accession of strength. Were her favour extended to the revolt, the result would be a balance of power sufficient to prevent the forcible suppression of the new opinions. For her insular position and naval strength even then would make her the refuge of the disaffected and difficult of approach by an enemy. It thence became of the last importance to detach her from the Anti-Roman Party. Nor were any means left untried. But England was fixed beyond recall on the Protestant side; for the reaction under Mary was but a parenthesis—and every similar movement of misguided monarchs has been steadfastly resisted by both Parliament and people.

Rome did not, however, immediately acquiesce in the new relations of England. When argument, intrigue, persecution had all failed, a desperate effort must be made to storm this fortress of the Reformation. And Philip II. of Spain,

'the demon of the South,' whose thirst for heretic blood was but stimulated by his late copious draughts in the Netherlands, was enlisted in the enterprise. A naval armament, the most formidable the world had ever seen, was raised for the purpose. The *Invincible Armada* was scattered; as much however, by the force of adverse winds and waves as by the gallant resistance of England.

The danger was averted, but only for a time, or, if averted from Britain, the Protestant States of the continent were still accessible. And if these could be conquered in detail, to the united strength of Europe once more Catholic, England might be compelled to surrender. But if she could not reconquer the Rebels no one can now doubt that it was the settled policy of Rome, to annoy, to embroil, embarrass and weaken them as much as possible and thereby *prevent the regular development of Literature and the Arts*, the natural consequence, as we believe, of undisturbed freedom in Church and State, and at once the ornament and defence of both. If these results could be indefinitely postponed, *Protestantism* far from growing in respectability, *might in time become contemptible* and the overwearied nations at length return voluntarily under the shadow of her wings. To this end she would not hesitate to employ the wealth and military force of Catholic Germany or France or Spain as occasion might offer. These were at the disposal of despotic monarchs, who were under her influence; for in each of those countries there was a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

Now we know from whence Philip II. obtained the means of carrying on his iniquitous projects as did his father before him. *Spanish America* it was which furnished the 'ships, colonies and commerce,' and with them the sinews of war. The tendency of her colonial system was to give to Spain a monopoly of all these advantages, and the current of riches promised to grow wider and deeper with the lapse of years. The case was similar with Portugal. Much of the wealth of either country, we also know, found its way to Italy, thence to be distributed to the points where it could most avail the purposes of the Papal See.

The Protestant powers then could have no security against the recurrence of hostile demonstrations as often as the finances of the opposing party were sufficiently recruited. A signal proof of this was the Thirty Years' War, as also other wars which might be mentioned, where religion was not less the real motive because it was latent or unavowed. It thenceforth became the true policy of the Protestants either to *cut off* or divert these sources of supply which had been so abused, or else to *balance* them by similar and corresponding advantages of their own.

In point of fact, Drake in 1580, and Cavendish in 1587, by their somewhat irregular enterprises, had proved that Spain was vulnerable in the very sources of her power. Their success had done much to inspirit the English people in their contest with the Armada in 1588; and that victory had for Britons removed forever the *prestige* of terror from the Spanish name. In the several wars between England and that country during the next two centuries, the names of Raleigh, Clifford, Blake and others will remind the reader of the frequent success of those naval heroes in intercepting the Spanish treasures in their transit from America, and shew that they knew where to strike the most effective blows. But after all, and aided as they may have been by the Buccaneers, these depletions were only occasional, or incidental to seasons of war, and the long intervals of peace sufficed to replenish her coffers, the contents of which continued to be misapplied as before.

To reach the root of the evil the other great measure must be seriously entered on and carried out, *even if it were the work of ages*. To the Spanish domains on this continent a *counterpoise* must be obtained by *establishing Protestant colonies on the great unoccupied territory of the North*.

But, it may be asked, why not attempt at once to wrest them from her grasp? We cannot pause to shew that this was hardly just or feasible, and if it had been either or both in the then state of Europe, the attempt would not have been wise. Incessantly occupied as the nations were nearer home, who was to conquer or divide the spoil? or how was it to be retained, the Spaniards having been so long in possession and still so formidable on land? The battle of human freedom was to be fought in America at a later day, but not then, nor wholly in that way. Peace has her victories no less than war. And the arts of peace as well as the energy of the soldier were required to build up the Empire which was to become the pledge of the redemption of the rights of man. No: a wiser power was at work when in the seventeenth century the germs of a great nation were planted at various points along the Atlantic coast of North America.

It does not appear that those who first engaged in this enterprise proceeded on a system so comprehensive or with any ulterior views of reacting on Europe in this precise mode. The probability is that *very few*, if any, saw so far, or if they did, they may have regarded it as a thing, though possible, rather to be desired than expected. Meantime there were other benefits not so remote or contingent which might be realised.

The ordinary motives with States in the plantation or encouragement of Colonies, are—to open new vents for redundant population, more

copious sources of materials for industry, additional markets for its finished products, and new channels of commerce. Individuals are induced to embark in such schemes by the spirit of adventure or the hope of material benefit to themselves or their posterity. To these motives in the case of the earlier colonies was superadded a professed desire of bringing the gospel to the savage heathen. Large bodies of men also sought America as a refuge from persecution, as a land in which they might enjoy unmolested the rights of conscience and their specific modes of faith and worship. As these were generally 'birds of a feather,' they no doubt regarded America as a fine theatre on which to try their experiments in religion or government. And these, if successful, they might have hoped would influence Europe in the way of example. Beyond this, their views could hardly have extended.

While such bodies or individuals, however, are pursuing their private or corporate ends, they may be at the same time forwarding great public objects all unknown to themselves. But we have reached a stage in the course of events from which we can not only look back and discern the effect of labours past, but in some degree anticipate the future. And better for those it probably was, that they were *not* fully conscious of the mission in which they were engaged. Had some prophet been empowered to declare to them the mighty work which lay before them and the stupendous consequences dependent on their conduct, they might have shrunk in despair before the difficulties of their position.

That we may judge of the Herculean task assigned them, let us consider both the face of the country and its then condition. Here was no isolated vale of Cashmere, or Bohemia, surrounded by mountains and accessible by passes few and easily defended; no labyrinth of valleys, like Switzerland or Arabia, to which free-men could betake themselves as a safe refuge from the tyranny which might seek them in coming ages. The whole vast region between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, was traversed by but one great range of mountains, the Alleghany with its parallel ridges, at no great distance from the Atlantic shore, and that *not* through its entire length. The course of its streams also indicated that in all that space there could permanently exist but *one* great nation. It so happened that not one of the original colonies had what might be called a complete *natural boundary*. Nor could such have been easily obtained. Were these separate provinces to accept this as an indication that they were finally to be united under one general government, danger would not be averted nor respectability assured. Its territory, so long drawn out, so

wanting in compactness, would be left vulnerable at so many points that the nation must either lay at the mercy of the Mistress of the Seas for the time being, or ultimately become a dependant on whatever power possessed the great valley of the Mississippi, or else be doomed to hopeless inferiority. No. That North America may exert an influence worthy of her position and resources, she must, within the limits designated, come under one rule.

And what was the condition of this immense territory when first settled by Europeans? It lay wholly within the temperate zone, but embraced every variety of climate, ranging at different seasons from Arctic cold to the heat of a Tropic sun. Its soil and capacities for production were equally various. But how were these to be made available? This was no vast Arcadian prairie, with pleasant groves conveniently interspersed and covered with flocks and herds, its brooks all sanded with gold; a land from which noxious reptiles, ferocious beasts and savage men had been excluded, as if guarded until now by some potent spell and reserved for the fortunate exiles who were invited to enter in, possess and enjoy, there being none within or around to make them afraid. It is not thus that human acquisitions are made, nor by such tenure that they are held. Time was, perhaps, in some far-distant era of antiquity, when this our land might have presented some traits of the picture; but all this was long past. Darkness or shadows, moral as well as physical, had once more enveloped the scene and chaos was come again.

The whole region from the Atlantic to the Mississippi was nearly an unbroken forest, which, growing undisturbed through centuries, had now become formidable to the civilized invader beyond all recorded precedent. The partial exceptions to this unbounded woody champagne were little patches of earth, open to the sun, the homes of the natives, and which under their simple culture aided in eking out their scanty subsistence. Of these it would have been both impolitic and cruel to attempt to deprive them by violence. We cannot indeed suppose that it was ever designed by Providence that such a country as North America should continue the permanent possession of a few scattered bands of roaming savages who obstinately refused to advance beyond the hunter state, when by proper culture it was capable of sustaining a thousand fold their numbers. Justice, however, required that they should be left in possession of their *settlements* for the time, and if they must gradually recede before the march of civilization, that their jurisdiction over that which they did not and could not occupy, should be purchased for what was to them a fair equivalent.



And this for the most part was done. It might have been done wholly and in good faith. But the noblest plans are often marred by the folly or imprudence of subordinate agents, and ours proved no exception. The Europeans felt their superiority to the natives, perhaps despised them for their weakness and vices. A spirit of acquisition was thus excited which soon betrayed an indecent haste to dispossess the former owners, that could not be always restrained by the moderation of their rulers. The relations which might and should have been friendly thus became hostile. And we need not say what are the characteristics of the Indian when roused to passion or what his mode of warfare. Who has not heard of his dissimulation and treachery, his deep and inveterate hate, his deadly revenge, his demoniac cruelty to those in his power? All this had the Colonists to encounter from an early period; and it became soon apparent that the war of races, however varied by breathing intervals of peace, was internecine—to terminate only by the expulsion of the intruders or the banishment of the Indian from his native wilds.

Nevertheless, our fathers had left the old world behind them. An ocean rolled between. The new world was before them, and a secret impulse urged them on. There stood the forest, boundless, bristling, dense and trackless. Their mission was to tame and subdue it, to convert it into wide-spreading fields covered with verdure or waving harvests, and ultimately to deck it with all the varied trophies of a Christian Civilization. But within those woods, as we have seen, and hovering on his skirts, prowled the savage, ever ready to dispute or harass the progress of the white man. The latter then must make good his foothold before he can march on to this mighty conquest. And this again made it necessary that his first settlements should be on or near the coasts. Fearful experience of the consequences of a departure from it had already taught them the importance of this lesson of policy. But there lay the frequent marsh and jungle, poisoning the air for miles around with their deadly exhalations. And where these were not, the enervating heats of the lowlands along the whole Southern coast made the labours incident to a first settlement well-nigh intolerable to the white man.

Such then was the task before them and such the obstacles to its execution. But accomplished it must be—and, as we shall see in the sequel, by a certain time. In Scripture phrase, they must 'enter in and possess the land.' They must overspread it as rapidly as was consistent with the preservation of Christianity and Civilization. Less than this might defeat the object of their settlement. More than this might hazard their own return to barbarism.

Surely, might one have exclaimed in view of all the circumstances, never before was such a task imposed on man, never until now a burden so disproportioned to the apparent strength of the bearer. A kind and amount of labour is here required, a degree of self-denial and endurance of fortitude and persistent toil await him, of which he cannot be aware. He cannot fulfil it alone. *Help must come from abroad or he must sink under its weight.*

Our fathers were not the men to shrink from any amount of toil or renunciation in pursuit of their object. Having put their hands to the plough they looked not back; but were prepared to do and suffer all of which human nature was capable, if necessary to attain their ends. But the requisition was too great for their unassisted strength. Help did come from abroad at length, and from the only place whence it could be obtained, but not until they had proved themselves worthy to receive and capable of organizing and directing it.

This mighty plan was conceived in the depths of the forest, suggested by the necessities of their situation, distinctly drawn out and steadfastly pursued. It has been followed out for more than two centuries. *It is in operation now.* What it has already effected and what more it is destined to perform we shall see anon. But he who knows not this plan is no competent judge of Americans in the gross, far less of the people of the South, and in a hasty conclusion may be guilty of ingratitude as well as unjust judgment. He who will not see it, may scan it in its full scope and bearings, has not the key to American History. To all such it must needs be a bundle of riddles, a mass of anomalies, a chaos of contradictions. With it all is light and order and the apparent discord is harmonized throughout.

When we consider the noises by which we are daily deafened; the universal conspiracy of nations, tongues and languages against American Slavery, the alleged offenders, conscious of their innocence, must either stand aghast at the hypocrisy or wilful blindness of their accusers, or else conclude that this is the veritable veil of Isis which has never yet been lifted for them. And yet it is the 'open secret' which might have been read of all men from the beginning.

Proceed we therefore, to reveal that secret, and to lay open that plan.

There can be no doubt that, had our fathers, on their first landing, chosen to form dense and compact settlements, and, without other aid than that of their kindred who might follow in their track, to open a continuous and ever-widening area to the sun, they might have made good their position. Had they proceeded only by such reg-

ular parallels, their ultimate possession of the land, as between them and the savages, would have been only a question of time. Though even then they must have kept watch and ward along their frontiers for more than one generation. Had they taken counsel of their fears, it might have been whispered to them that this only was the path of safety; and, if unmolested, they might in time have presented to the world a miniature edition, or rather a rough copy, of that Britain from whence they came. But in that case how far should we have advanced by now? By good fortune and better conduct we might have reached the foot of the Alleghany, but scarcely farther. We know from history how many plantations on our coasts had proved utter failures before that at Jamestown. We know how often and how long that was harrassed by their wily foe: how often the rifle was carried with the axe or hoe to forest or field; and that more than once the contest seemed doubtful to human ken. Such were the relations between them and the enemy that ever hung upon their borders, perpetual vigilance being here the price of life, as well as of liberty.

But this was a trifle when compared with the yet greater dangers which menaced them in the distance. From the first a hostile front scowled on them with malignant aspect from the South. And ere long arose on the Northern and Western horizon a black and angry cloud which ever and anon shot forth its fiery bolts to scathe their unguarded frontier. Spain, the ancient and implacable enemy of freedom, owned Florida on the South including the Northern shore of the Mexican Gulf to the Mississippi, and all Texas beyond, besides other and formidable claims. She *had* destroyed the Protestant colony of French settled on the coast of Florida, the first that was founded on this Continent with a prospect of success. And now, through her ambassador at the English Court, she sought, though indirectly, to crush the first English Colony in its germ. Was it that the ghostly power whose eyes are in all the ends of the earth foresaw the danger to *her* interests which lay concealed in that germ, and did she suborn her faithful son and servant, the Spanish monarch, to guard those interests under the pretext of shielding his own? She has often scented danger at a greater distance. However that may have been, certain it is, that Spain, if too much crippled to be directly aggressive, was unfriendly in spirit, and only waited a favorable opportunity for its exhibition.

The banks of the St Lawrence were explored by Cartier so early as 1534, and again by Roberval in 1542, who, the same year made an abortive attempt at settlement. The first which succeeded on the main-land was at Port Royal in 1605, two years before the foundation of Jamestown.

Quebec was founded in 1608. After this the settlement of the great Northern Valley proceeded apace. Fortifications were erected at the most eligible points—as at the mouths and entrances of the principal lakes and streams to command the trade, and again at other points favorable for aggressive or defensive movements against their ‘natural enemies.’ Louisburg, Quebec, Frontenac; Ticonderoga, Crown-Point, Du Quesne, what memories are excited by those names! The zeal of the Catholic Missionaries for the conversion of the Indians had won for them an ascendancy over their minds, and the authorities were ever intriguing with the savages, who were then numerous, and goading them to their hostilities with their Protestant neighbours of New England and New York. Catholic zeal had urged Franciscans and Jesuits even to the farther and more northern lakes in hopes of yet other conquests for the faith.

At length they turned their eyes to the South-West. Nicolle is believed to have reached the Mississippi in 1639. It was revisited in 1673 by Marquette and Jolliet who descended it far enough to be assured that this was the Great River which with all its tributary waters was discharged into the Mexican Gulf. It was yet farther explored and described by Hennepin in 1680. La Salle had ascended it from the mouth to the lakes in 1679. All these things gave them a claim to the most extensive and fertile valley on which the sun shines in his course. And certainly if discovery and exploration and partial settlement, could furnish a ground of jurisdiction, they had precedence of the English. De Soto with his Spaniards had indeed penetrated to the Mississippi so early as 1539; but he had left scarce a trace behind him, and the French might reclaim it as an abandoned discovery. They certainly shewed a determination to make it good. The same policy of spiriting up their Indian Allies to inroads against Pennsylvania and the more Southern Colonies: the same system of seizing strong or commanding positions in reference to their neighbours, or of securing the trade of the Valley by fortifying the mouths of the great affluents, was deliberately pursued.

Meantime the faithful in France were invited to come over and take possession of the promised land. The most alluring prospects were held out to emigrants and adventurers by descriptions of its wonderful beauty and matchless fertility. These it would have been difficult to exaggerate, and the hardships which await the pioneer were forgotten in the hopes of more than Spanish treasures concealed within its bosom. Thousands were thus induced to seek the banks of the Great River of the West and to aid in carrying out the deep-laid plan. Other causes contributed, but

the famous Mississippi scheme of Law, however disastrous to the fortunes of multitudes at home, gave a signal impulse to the settlement of the Great Valley, which thenceforth proceeded, if less rapidly than our own, without serious interruption.

Here then were Colonies of two leading European powers who had been for centuries rivals in arts and arms, located in the Western wilderness, confronting each other, and either knowing that however it might be postponed by present and more pressing exigences, a time of deadly conflict for ascendancy must inevitably come. For a season, the forest and the Indian would serve as a partial barrier. But the savage was between the upper and the nether mill-stone. He must gradually fade away before the civilized man, and the forest must fall before European energy, and then would come the tug of war of which the occasional collisions of an early day were but an earnest.

Humanly speaking, the probabilities were in favour of the French. The British colonies, from their advanced position looking towards Europe and their extended coast indented with numerous harbours, were more favourably situated for commerce. But for this they could be but gradually prepared, and the Southern provinces have been but slightly commercial to the present day. And then their whole territory, in comparison, was but a stripe between the sea and the mountains, of no great average fertility. On the other hand, that wide expanse, the domain of their rivals, was of tenfold productive capacity, and was penetrated from the East or the South throughout its entire length, by a single great river, which served as a sufficient vent for the exports of its own valley. Their grand ulterior purpose was more clearly indicated by the other measure to which we have adverted. The chain of forts thrown around this circuit and across their line of march was doubtless intended to obstruct the advance of the English. At a future day, in the hour of matured strength, it might serve as a basis for offensive operations, and from whence to drive the Britons back to their narrow coasts.

The difference lay in the men, in their respective causes, in the systems pursued for their maintenance.

The French were brave and cherished many other virtues of the soldier; enterprising but rather by impulse than from steady principle; social—too social for settlers in a wilderness which must be tamed, and quickly, if they would secure the prize for which they came. Their motto was "The Glory of France—the Spread of the Faith"—and these were to be promoted by the most uninquiring obedience to the Grand Monarque and the Holy Father. The cause of the English was

that of Protestantism, of Freedom, of Knowledge, of material prosperity based on steady habits and peaceful virtues. They were willing to forego many enjoyments incompatible with present duty, if by such sacrifice they might secure them for their posterity. They could fight too upon occasion, and with a different spirit, and for other ends than did the mercenary soldiers of Europe.

The ends of the parties were analogous, but the methods pursued were different. The French lines were too much displayed; they grasped more than they could well maintain, without either a too exclusively military constitution of society or a greater accession from abroad to the orders of citizens and of labourers. The English first secured the ground on which they stood; they then stretched out their hands to their brethren on the right and left, and in preparing for their westward march, each revolving year added new ranks to the array which bespoke the thickening phalanx and heavy tread of the Saxon.

It is not to be presumed that either party, during the period of its colonial existence, could by its own unassisted strength, have expelled the other from American soil, or have brought it under complete subjection. But either was backed by the power and resources of the mother country. France was more populous than England, was less commercial or manufacturing, and could better spare some of its teeming millions to come to the aid of their brethren in the wilderness. Meantime causes of war between the inveterate rivals might arise in Europe, and should either cast a longing eye on the American possessions of the other which were annually growing in importance, the contest might be transferred to our shores. The natural progress of events would thus be hastened; the coming struggle would be ante-dated, and the advantage would accrue to that party which had laid the broadest foundation for permanent prosperity, in other words, which had spread widest and *struck its roots deepest into the soil.*

We have entered into these details at the hazard of being thought tedious and digressive. But the events actually occurred: they illustrate the subject and should be brought prominently into view, as they seem to have been forgotten by those whom they most concern as well as by their accusers.

Sad was the danger that lay in the distance and which must have been anticipated by our fathers. It could neither be averted nor shunned. At the proper time it must be met and encountered. To do this with the hope of success required the preparatory toils, the sacrifices of generations; a steadiness of principle to sustain them, wisdom to

guide their counsels, and a vigilance that never tired. The very strategy and tactics of Europe must be greatly modified if not wholly changed to suit their present circumstances. As yet, this was no place for show-tournaments, for carpet knights, for the woman who for tenderness and very delicateness would not set her foot on the earth. Our heroic age was illustrated by far other characters. It was the rough chivalry of the woods, who must fight this battle and after a manner of their own.

This was no El Dorado such as once inflamed the imagination of the Spaniards. Time was when our fathers hoped so, but the dream was quickly dispelled, and they brought to a sober, practical sense of things. A fortunate few might become rich by the favour of the government or by administering to the wants of the many. The majority by industry and thrift might attain a competence, and the poorest need not fear actual want. But the idler and the dreamer must fall to the rear or seek other climes. The scientific agriculture of Europe was unattainable here, and inapplicable if to be had. Our fresh fields and pastures new were to be won from the woods. Only so much of the immemorial products of Europe was reared as was required for the subsistence of our own people, while labour was principally directed to the growth or preparation of materials for that new commerce which was destined to enrich both England and America.

The long gradation of ranks, the inequalities of condition, so conspicuous in old countries fully peopled, were here out of place, as were many of the laws, customs and observances, proper enough in populous and refined communities, with all their complicated relations. These, therefore, were held in abeyance, and to be revived only when necessary, some of them, they hoped, never. We say not that the theoretic equality of modern politicians, ever did or could obtain here. But the richest was not exempted from the necessity of directing the labour of others: the poorest was but little affected by the smiles or frowns of his employer while the means of a bare subsistence were so easily gained. Without some strong stimulus from without which would frequently remind them of duty there was even a danger lest our people should run wild in the woods, lose the benefits and blessings of civilization and forget the errand that brought them here.

But this must not be. It must be prevented at all hazards. Not only must we have new modes of bringing land into cultivation, new methods of culture, new products, new subjects of commercial interchange, new modes of aggressive and defensive warfare, new laws and manners, suited to our new wants in all these various departments, but, as a solid foundation for the whole and as a

means of carrying out their plans both particular and general, surely, safely, speedily—a new constitution of society.

Here was hard work, rough work, work which must not be postponed. If it could have been done by voluntary labour, some of the evils we now deplore might have been avoided. But of this there was no reasonable hope. The few scattered bands of settlers were competent to their own defence against the natives,—although no contemptible foe,—and might have eked out a scanty subsistence by their own efforts; but scarcely more. The labour to be devoted to this object must be systematic, constant, organized, enforced if necessary. But the settlers brought with them the liberties of Englishmen. Far from renouncing their ancient rights when they sought these distant shores, they believed themselves the more worthy to enjoy them. They would sooner have surrendered their lives. They were Caucasians from the British Isles; thought themselves collectively the *élite* of the best stock of modern times. Of them could be made soldiers in time of war and masters in time of peace, but neither serfs, nor vassals, nor slaves. They could direct the labour of others, and participate when necessary; some might be bound to service for a term of years, but to become mere and the exclusive labourers themselves would defeat their ends. Their acquisitions would have been but small, of doubtful permanence, and their influence on the rest of the world of little or no moment. So that we are again brought to the conclusion that help must come from another quarter.

And whence to be obtained? He who knows any thing of the *Indian* character, his inertia, his listless apathy, his invincible aversion from constant and regular application to any useful pursuit, must own his utter unfitness for that in question. The attempt could only be made by reducing him to slavery, or by proposals of intermarriage and amalgamation in the hope of obtaining an influence over the barbarian which would ensure his co-operation. The French tried the latter expedient, and the Spaniards both, and on a broad scale. The first plan proved an utter failure. Under compulsory labour the Indians perished by hundreds of thousands, and they were only preserved from extinction by procuring a substitute of another caste and temperament. By the second mode the Red Man was not raised to the level of the Caucasian. The Castilian and the Frank both descended in the scale, and the result of their incongruous mixture of races was a *tertium quid*, a hybrid, with all the vices and weaknesses of both and but few of the virtues of either. There are few things for which the Anglo-Americans have more reason to be grateful than for their preservation from this moral abyss.

Help then must literally come from abroad. And again we ask, from whence? From Europe, North or South? The South of Europe was Catholic. Portugal, Spain and France had colonies of their own to be nourished and on this continent. It was to oppose the two last that the help was required. The Italians were not migratory, and, unnerved as they were by oppression and their manifold corruptions, they would have proved a clog rather than a motive power. But had they been as remarkable for their efficiency as for the reverse, their sympathies would have led them to the enemy's quarter. The Old Eastern Empire, far from suffering under a plethora of population, was, under Turkish rule, gradually shrinking to a desert. Russia had forests of her own to clear.

Germany, strictly speaking, has never been over-peopled. There never was a time when, by well-directed efforts, all her sons might not have fed from her soil. But hers was a different rôle. In earlier days her banded tribes, in military array, would issue from their native forests and pour down on the more genial climes of the South, to sweep before them the feeble representatives of the world's old masters, or else to raise a sinking race by infusing new and healthy blood into their withered veins. In this sense while they have been the rod of the Almighty's anger, they have brought healing with the chastisement. It was however to the Protestant States of Northern Europe, to their kindred Teutons, that the Anglo-Americans would naturally look for congenial spirits, who would hasten to their assistance in the hour of need. But Saxon and Scandinavian had now their hands full at home. Our settlements had scarce begun, when the quarrel between Protestant and Catholic broke out afresh where it had originated more than a hundred years before. And this time it was a struggle for life or death on the Continent of Europe, with THE CAUSE which had brought our fathers here. Its star had paled: its friends were sinking under the unequal contest, when Gustavus issued from the farthest North with his hearts of steel and turned the tide of victory. They made good their Protest a second time; but not until that broad land had been swept for THIRTY YEARS as with a continued hurricane, which prostrated tower and town, devastated her fields, and threatened to bury all trophies of art and labour in one common ruin. The principle was saved which would in time restore all and more than was lost. But the destruction of human life was incalculable and the first duty of the survivors was to their Father-land. Many of its sons had escaped from the horrors of the scene—as after Turenne's waste of the Palatinate—and flying from a country which seemed no longer habitable by them, had found an asylum here, or rather another field in which they could con-

tinue the fight, though in a different mode. But the labours of those they left behind have not to this day repaired the ravages of that tempest, followed as it has been by other storms as fierce if less protracted.

England, or rather the British Isles, were not then the prolific hive of nations they have since become, and could do but little more than they had done. She was then ruled by the ill-starred dynasty of the Stewarts, who, for nearly a century strove to thwart the deepest instincts of the nation. It was during their tenure of power that the combat between the two principles was renewed in Germany, and when the English monarchs, far from placing themselves at the head of the Protestant host as they ought to have done, seemed rather disposed to make peace with the enemy and induce a reactionary movement at home. The indignation of her people at the false position of England, drove them by thousands to this wilderness, and the explosion which ere long followed there sent other thousands with various views to different parts of this great field. But after these spasmodic efforts, the tide of emigration must needs ebb for a time.

In point of fact, other States of Europe, at different times, did send their contingents to "the Army of the West." Besides the Germans already mentioned, there were the Hollanders in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey; at a later day, the Huguenots in Virginia, South Carolina and elsewhere. The very Catholics of England and Ireland had an establishment in Maryland. Two of these aspired to an independent dominion. But this was wholly inadmissible; and lest they should embarrass the great plan, it was ordered that they should first be conquered and then, like the rest, assimilated and absorbed by the prevailing caste. But when all are numbered a yet stronger force is required for the work before them. And the sad, and we doubt not, unwelcome conclusion was forced on them, that they must go beyond the pale of Christendom to obtain it. Wessay, unwelcome, because, as we shall presently see, it implied the settlement of another question and one of much greater import to the microscopic minds of this day.

And whither shall they now turn their eyes? To the Southern shores of the Mediterranean? or the farther East? But Moors and Arabs, with a pride of race equal to our own, must be caught and tamed before they could be made to serve our turn. The effeminate Persian, the dwarfed Hindoo, the Malay, the Chinaman, for analogous reasons, were, one and all, equally out of the question. Semi-barbarians all, bigots to their several idolatries or misbeliefs, they were the subjects of well-organised and strong governments which would neither lend nor give nor hire them

for our purposes. Or, had these difficulties been overcome and their people passively submitted to such disposition, they might have prepared for us a gulf similar to that which the Indians dug for their Spanish conquerors.

There remained then of all this world but the Isles of the Pacific or the mysterious and mighty continent of Africa to which they could look. And the *African* came without being sent for. In 1620—thirteen years after the debarkation at Jamestown—the first negroes were brought into James River in a Dutch vessel; and forthwith they were put to their appropriate use. Others soon followed in their train; it rapidly became a recognised, active and lucrative branch of trade, and at length we find slaves in all the colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia.

The question of their future relation to the new-comers was not presented to them in any alternative form. It had been virtually settled for our fathers by the Spaniards long before. We know not whether either party took this comprehensive survey of their own and the world's situation; but we have taken this retrospect for the vindication of both and to shew that their actual choice was wisest under the circumstances. We hope it will also appear that so far as our country is concerned, it was the best for the *African* as well as for the *Caucasian*.

Slaves had been introduced into the West Indies so early as 1503. Eight years afterwards they were imported in larger numbers by authority of the King of Spain. The philanthropic *Las Casas*—the special friend of the Indian—in 1517 approved their employment by the Spaniards—perhaps as the lesser evil, and because of their greater ability to endure hardships under which the natives had sunk and which threatened their extermination. We here simply refer to the fact of the employment of African slaves by the Spaniards. Their example as respects the method of treatment was one wholly to be shunned. If our fathers must use these less eligible tools, they must beware of the attendant dangers. They must be careful that the instruments are not wasted or broken in their hands, or by the opposite abuse become weapons wherewith to wound themselves. They must avoid the extremes of Spanish cruelty and Spanish voluntary degradation. And here the dictates both of policy and duty were co-incident.

In one respect extremes had met here. It is hardly possible to conceive a greater contrast than was exhibited by the two races when first brought face to face. While the Anglo-Americans regarded themselves as at least a fair specimen of the best stock of modern times, the *African*, when first taken from his native wilds, had

sunk to the very nadir of humanity. In colour, shape and feature he was at the farthest possible remove from the ideal standard. His notion of morality was little above the instinct of a brute. His religion in general was Fetichism. Some might cherish a vague species of Sabeism. At best he was a Mahometan. When left to himself, his wisdom was low cunning hypocrisy, his science nothing; his art being without forethought was mere shifts to lighten the pressure of animal wants. His highest notion of earthly happiness was exemption from regular labour and the unrestrained indulgence of sense. If with these he could compass enough of the bare necessities to ward off hunger and cold, he would think them cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of all the luxuries and most of the decencies of life. Cringing to all above, tyrannical to all below him: listless when at ease, but prone to contention with his fellows, he was capable of malignant hate and fierce vengeance when he thought they could be indulged with impunity. His very person was redolent of the hot and barbarous clime from which he came and of the low propensities which, from the habitual indulgence of unnumbered generations, had become incorporated with his very being. In short, if sensible of his degradation he was incapable of blushing, and it was not too strongly said that 'the hand of Nature had black-balled him out of society.'

Such were the shades of the picture. On the other hand the *African* was not without his redeeming traits. Though uncouth and repulsive in outward appearance, in other respects he was not a bad specimen of the physical man. Muscular and hardy, he was capable both of prolonged labour and of extraordinary effort when required. The terrible discipline to which this race had been subjected in Africa where there was no law but that of the strongest, had left none other; as among the wild animals of the wilderness the weak and timid retire before the strong and brave. And as the latter when tamed may be all the more subservient to the uses of man, so also might the negro become when properly trained. Although the most ignorant of savages, he was docile, tractable, disposed to lean for guidance and support on a superior nature. His latent energies could not otherwise be called out. And he was not without his better tendencies. His intellect not being suggestive, he was but little able or used to think for himself; but perhaps of all the human race his *imitative* propensity was the strongest. The very apes of his native forest were hardly more so, and like the apes, his power of imitation reaches only to outward appearance. Then he was not without both emulation and ambition. The former might be appealed to and the latter indulged within certain limits and gradations.



If due advantage were taken of these things, he might be drilled to various employment not above his capacity, and his instinctive loyalty to a master whom he could love and respect would stimulate his attention. His singular sensibility to musical harmonies would of itself show that the fountain of feeling was not altogether impure, however turbid the stream. His baser passions could be kept within bounds if not suppressed; his barbarous manners softened. He could be induced to enter into Christian marriage, and be practically taught the social and relative duties which spring from the family as their source. To crown the whole he might be weaned from his degrading superstitions and led to embrace a purer faith and higher morals. And all this might be done without his being taught to read. For he would naturally in time forget his barbarous jargon, come to understand and use that noble vehicle of thought, the English language, and thence might all other instruction be imparted orally or by example.

But nothing of all this would be done by his own voluntary efforts. He must be lifted out of the slough with a strong hand and must be upheld by the same or he will fall back. The knowledge could not be acquired without a master. It would not be retained without constant practice under his incessant vigilance. And whoever assumes the position must not anticipate a sinecure. The path of duty is rarely free from care, anxiety, occasional vexation and trials of temper; but he must expect them in higher measure and without end. He must be prepared to encounter frequent stupidity, obstinacy, hypocrisy, general indifference and indolence, occasional ingratitude and mutiny. A child of larger growth is consigned to the charge of the white man. He must take care of him in infancy, age and sickness: must provide him with food, clothing and shelter, with the instruction suited to his daily task and recurring duties, and see that it is both given and received. The master who would meet this responsibility must content himself with a more limited sphere—abridge his own power of locomotion, deny himself many a gratification of taste or curiosity or of social feeling which in another would be harmless or becoming.

Such were the two races which now came face to face on ground new to both. The blacks were brought as labourers, they did not come. They were sold and bought as slaves, not as freemen. They were savage heathen, had never enjoyed true liberty, or exhibited right reason, and having never shewn sufficient self-control or intelligence to govern themselves, they could hardly be regarded as *men* in the full sense of the term. There cannot be two opinions among candid and sensible men as to whether such creatures should

have been admitted among Britons on terms of equality. There was in them as we have seen, a possibility of being reclaimed and made useful. Without the promise and the hope of this, they would not have been received on any terms.

Let us figure to ourselves a conference between two of the better informed of either race as the ship which bore these unhappy beings first drew up near the Virginia shore. Let us suppose that each was fully aware of his position and that on this occasion either was filled with a strong presentiment, however vague, of the career that lay before him and his companions on this new theatre. In seeking to give utterance to that feeling on behalf of himself and fellows, the following strains might not have been wholly inappropriate.

"My sable friends, we learn from those who have you in charge, that you come from a far country, and it is now proposed that you become our servants. This we suppose was without your consent at first, and we know not whether you willingly yield to the arrangement as yet. However that may be, it is proper that we understand one another here. We have heard of you before, though the like of you we have never seen until now. A people once not unlike ourselves—the Spaniards of the South—have tried your brethren in that relation this hundred years and more, and we do not wholly like the result. A sad day indeed it was for your nation when they had passed under their yoke; but by too close contact with their victims virtue has also gone out of the oppressors. The Spaniard of the Isles of the Main is no longer as the Castilian of old, and we tremble to think that we also might become unworthy of our sires. Far be from us the thought of cruelty such as has stained the rule of our neighbours; but we must also avoid the retribution which has overtaken them. If you think by faithful service to rise to our level, to be admitted to our society as companions or fellow-citizens, either shortly or at any future time, we tell you nay. It may not be. Our races are different; so different that even good Christians are loath to believe that we are both descended from the same pair. We also have lately come across the broad water, but from the most Western Isles of the Land of Japhet, whither our fathers came from the far, far East. Their journeyings, vicissitudes and discipline of more than a thousand years, through peace and war, have made us what you see us. We are here now under the auspices and protection of our father-land. But something whispers us that we have come for other purposes than to promote our own separate interest or that of our king. It may be that we are to found a new empire. It may be that the fortunes of those we left behind us are bound up with our adventure, and to conduct this to a safe issue may re-

quire the highest qualities of human nature. The mighty plan, though now dimly seen by the wisest, will be developed in time. A great though unknown work lies before our posterity whom we must train for the duty as our fathers trained us. Meantime we know surely that yonder forest is first to be subdued and the soil reclaimed for the use of man. In this you might participate: for this you may have been sent to us by the Great Being who rules and guides us all. But again we say, you come not here on terms of equality. You may not mingle your blood with ours: you may not participate in our counsels: this is not to be your abiding place. Sojourn awhile you may,—how long we know not—but when your task is done, return you either to your fatherland, or whithersoever Providence may lead you. But aspire you need not, for you may not be permitted to thwart by your incompetence the great scheme in which we are engaged and on which so much depends."

And what the response of the strangers? "Sons of Japhet and children of the white man, you know why we are here. We came not willingly, but we charge not our captivity to you. Yet here we are and we submit to our lot. It may have been for our sins or those of our fathers that we are torn from our native land; but better is it thus than that our race should have been cut off as cumberers of the earth. A long and fearful penance may be before us, but bitterer it cannot be than the oppression we have left behind, and we trust to your pledges, to your honour and justice, to lighten our bonds and shun the atrocities which have darkened the Spanish name. A great mission you say, awaits you. In our hearts we can believe it true. And something whispers us that we also, all fallen as we are, have a duty to perform in connexion therewith. We ask not to be admitted to your higher sphere. Would that we were worthy. But the gods who denied us wisdom gave us strength, and that strength we offer to your cause. If *souls* are ripened in your Northern sky, the burning sun of Africa may have strung our nerves and sinews for the ruder toils to which yours are less fitted. We never have been governed aright: we cannot govern ourselves. Take us then and mould us to your will. Think for us: guide us; teach us our duty to the God whom we have forgotten and who has made you what you are. Take care of us and our little ones. Grant us subsistence and protection and we yield you obedience. Fill our hands with proper tools: assign us some simple work not above our capacity; bear with our perverseness and correct us when needful, and we will serve you until the curse is removed from our race. When called to war, as you surely will be, we will till your fields and provide you sustenance and wealth.

Nay, we will be the soldiers of peace under your command. THE FOREST SHALL BE OUR ENEMY, and there will we win the victories which may help you to fulfil your high vocation whatever that may be. And when the black man shall have done his work, a happier lot may be in store for his children. Then may he be led back to Africa another man,—or to a yet ruder soil under a more genial clime which shall be reserved for his conquest, his home and his reward."

Something of this remains to be accomplished, but the rest is history. We say not that there was ever a formal treaty between the parties or a distinct annunciation of principles, any more than there has been a literal social compact such as is assumed by writers on Government. But the view of the relation here presented has been tacitly implied and acted on from the first and on both sides. The more intelligent and moderate slaveholders have never regarded the institution as permanent, but as a *provisional arrangement*; to continue so long as it was needed, to cease when a better substitute could be provided. They have never contemplated this as the fixed home of the negro. They have looked upon him as a *sojourner* in the land, and as such not entitled to the rights of a citizen. That successive generations of his race have here been born and reared no more makes it their country than was Egypt that of the sons of Israel for the same reason. A natural corollary from this, was, that owing to the inferiority of his race, the negro was ever to remain in a subordinate position, the bond servant of the white man and subject to his direction.

The policy of Virginia on this subject as has been already hinted, was sufficiently indicated by the conduct of her Assembly. From an early date they watched the growth of this population with anxious vigilance. Under humane treatment their natural increase has always been great. For, as every one knows, negroes are prevented by no moral or prudential consideration from incurring the responsibilities of a family. Frequent importations swelled their numbers in an accelerated ratio. When the rapid influx from this source threatened to disturb the balance of the two races, repeated memorials were sent to the authorities in England. As these did not avail to exclude the stream which menaced a deluge, the assembly again and again laid a duty on such imports which served in a measure to check the tide or to divert it to other shores. Then, of the whites themselves there have always been two classes; the wealthier planters who were the principal owners of the slaves, and others who held few or none. These last being also reinforced continually by direct emigration, served to

maintain the desired equilibrium. Indeed the blacks have always been in a minority. At length, on the acquisition of Independence and long after it was believed that the natural increase would furnish a sufficient supply of labour, among the earliest measures of the New Government was one for prospectively and forever cutting off this source of danger.

To return: In one sense his slave was the property of the white man; not a "chattel" in the odious sense of the term. For his master, as was both his duty and interest, has ever regarded and treated him as a human being, though he claims a right to his time, labour and service, having received it by purchase or inheritance. Colour as well as other incidents rendered it inadmissible that the men of this caste should ever aspire to a connexion with the humblest woman of the superior race. As we may suppose, without any profound study of ethnology, the instincts of the heart suggested to our fathers the importance of preserving their purity of blood and integrity of type. These things were at once settled by public opinion and early incorporated into the fundamental law. If, in violation both of its letter and spirit, the white *man* should degrade himself by irregular connexions with these people, he would find his punishment in the degradation of his offspring whose contaminated blood would sink him to the level of the mother; or, if emancipated, would doom him to hopeless inferiority. This was an inflexible law, whose penalty could never be remitted, as on its observance depended the success of our entire interest, physical, material, social, political, religious.

Its adoption led as we have intimated to a new constitution of society; so new that history presents nothing like it. Slavery had existed from the earliest historical ages, and in many countries. It was known in Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, Greece, Italy; and in modern times in Europe, under the titles of villinage or serfage. But American slavery is distinguished from all these by certain strongly marked peculiarities. Society in Egypt and India was compounded of various castes of which the lowest was virtually slaves. In the Oriental monarchies a slavish spirit pervaded all classes below the despot. In the Jewish Theocracy the masters would have been separated from their slaves by those traits which have isolated them from all mankind, even if their religion had not erected an impassable barrier. Sparta, nominally a republic, but really an aristocracy with a kingly head, subjected to their rule the degenerate Helots who had been the original owners of the soil and perhaps not very different from their conquerors. Athens was a democracy founded on slavery, but here the slave was either a captive taken in war or the purchased child of a barba-

rian—so called,—and the relation did not necessarily imply physical inferiority or mental and moral incapacity. The same was true of Rome, which however, never was a republic in the proper sense of the term. In both states slaves often exhibited accomplishments other than those of mere handicraft, and there was no such obstacle as exists in America to their being allowed many privileges and ultimately becoming *freed men* and thence raised to the rank of citizens. To come lower down. The Feudal System, which once overspread all Europe, implied a long gradation of ranks from the king to the villain bound to the soil. The spirit of commerce, changes in the mode of warfare, improved appliances and means for the increase and diffusion of knowledge, have first emancipated the vassals and gradually undermined the whole system. The changes which followed in forms of Government, may have been necessary steps in the progress of nations, but were not always attended with a present increase of national happiness; perhaps never until individuals, by their personal improvement, have shown themselves worthy of their enlarged freedom. In Russia and Poland, there are also privileged orders between the Emperor and the Serfs, and here a process somewhat similar has been long going on.

Points of resemblance between our Southern society and some of those just mentioned may be detected by those who will look for them. There is here a sort of Feudal feeling between the master and his slave; the same reciprocal pledge of protection and obedience. There once was a kind of aristocracy of blood in *private and social life*, but this is fast disappearing. The theory of all our governments contemplates an aristocracy of merit, though from the spirit of party or other causes, it has not always been exemplified in practice. There is even now a spirit of *professional* caste, but not more than is inseparable from a progressive civilization. But the analogy fails when we remember the diversity of colour and other physical traits; still more when we consider the glaring and ineradicable moral and intellectual differences; to which we may add that other characteristic fact that *all our citizens, from the first, have been equal in the eye of the law.*

No, not for a moment, we believe, could the thought of a future general amalgamation have been entertained by any considerate person. The conduct of the barbarian soldier who dashed down the unique and perfect Grecian vase, or of the Egyptian Queen who dissolved in vinegar the priceless pearl, was wisdom compared with the insane fatuity of such a course. The distinction must be preserved; the corners must be employed. It only remained to adopt that rule which alone would secure both ends. They must thence-

forth be placed under discipline which partook of the *military* as well as the scholastic, and for a time, more of the former than of the latter.

Does this seem a harsh regimen? We answer, it was not our choice, but forced on us by the necessities of our position. We say not that men have a right to enslave their *equals* even if they have the power. We pretend not that slavery could exist were all men in their normal, intended state; that it is good in the abstract, or in any other than a relative aspect; otherwise we should expect and desire to see it perpetuated. We only maintain, that under the circumstances it was best for us, for them, and for the world. No doubt that would be the happier condition of society in which all are wise and good enough to know or learn their duty and voluntarily to perform it. But we are not prescribing for a state of moral and political health which would need no physician.

In the emergencies of the Roman Commonwealth unlimited power was temporarily placed in the hands of a dictator. While wars are pending or in prospect, we must have armies. Armies are made up of rank and file with their commanders, and to the latter must be conceded more than the ordinary civil authority with the power of summarily enforcing obedience. Ours, as we have seen, has been in effect a state of war from the beginning until now. Such being the case, it would have been the height of folly to adopt half-way measures or any less than sufficient for the end.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
And bend up every spirit to his full height.

Even in peace, with the forest for our enemy, we must be 'knights of the axe,' if not of 'the sword.' The slaves as men-at-arms, would be soldiers in their kind, with their masters for commanders; and as this species of warfare has never intermitted, to them was rightly entrusted a corresponding authority. When the strife was with his own kind, the whites became the combatants while the slaves continued in their appointed sphere of duty and thereby enabled them to sustain the otherwise unequal contest.

If the reader has favoured us with his attention thus far, we hope he is prepared to acknowledge that we were justified in asserting that society in the South is organised on a new principle, the equality of all citizens before the law, and this equality based on African slavery as a provisional arrangement, which also forbade all blending of the different castes as unlawful. To maintain

this policy entire and that the institution might be most efficient in serving the great ultimate end, it was indispensable to clothe the dominant race with military authority over their servants. Yet more; the masters themselves must in a special sense constitute a military state. That is, *without ceasing to be free citizens, they must cultivate the virtues, the sentiments, nay, the habits and manners of soldiers.* Peace indeed would be their great final object; but to obtain and secure this on a permanent basis, a military spirit must be constantly cherished, and often brought into requisition. We shall not suffer ourselves to be betrayed into the cant about 'chivalry' and all that. Neither would we intimate that there is a deficiency of those virtues in other parts of our country where slavery has ceased to exist, though the occasion for its exhibition has been less frequent. The people there, though placed for longer intervals on the peace-establishment and more favorably situated for cultivating the arts of Peace, are in truth a part of the same great army with ourselves. We only cite a fact which should be known to all among ourselves and which must be brought prominently forward in a thorough discussion of this subject. Not that we, as citizens, have been living under martial law. The slaves themselves have not; for the power of the masters has been defined and limited both by the civil law and public opinion. But, to express all in a word; OURS IS A QUASI-MILITARY CONSTITUTION OF SOCIETY.

This is the view which we desire to present to the consideration of the dispassionate, sincere inquirer after truth. We offer it as the key of Southern society and history, the solver of problems, the reconciler of apparent contradictions, the revelation which explains all and enables us to stand up with open front and demand, not the charitable but the just verdict of the civilized world. To one who is familiar with the history of our region and the habits and achievements of our people, many proofs of our hypothesis will spontaneously arise. For the benefit of the less-informed we will adduce a few which will suggest others.

Soon after the germ of a colony was planted on a selected spot, a band of hunters would be thrown forward to the frontier, as a vanguard to clear the forest of wild beasts or the Indians from the territory to which the aboriginal title was extinguished. Following hard after them we see other companies not less hardy but less roving in their dispositions, who on their chosen sites would clear a sufficient space to furnish such necessities as the gleanings of the forest left by their predecessors did not supply. While thus serving as temporary garrisons or outposts on which the sentinels of the frontier might fall

so commenced the formation of settlements. But the bulk of these settlers would in turn be displaced by the main body of the army—the greater planters—men of labour and capital, who would purchase up and unite their small clearings, extend the area of cultivation, open roads and provide other facilities of intercommunication, and thus lay a permanent foundation on which might be gradually built up the diversified employments, arts and institutions of free and civilized States.

Then an army which would acquire and maintain a new conquest does not attempt to overrun and take immediate possession of the whole territory. This would but delay its operations and waste its strength by needless diffusion. It wisely concentrates its forces at first, seizes and fortifies the *strong points*, and from these—knowing that their connexions and dependencies will follow of course—it extends its sway on either side and beyond. The strong places to be secured in our peculiar warfare were the more fertile lands or those most easily cultivated.

Taking our own State of Virginia as the field of illustration, we are struck with its character as being eminently favorable to such a series of operations. Well-watered by several navigable streams having their sources within or beyond our nearest range of mountains, and which running parallel for a time, approach each other as they hasten to the Chesapeake, these with their larger affluents offer in their margins continuous lines easy of occupation and defense as against the natives. Then, though the intervening plateaus of the tide-water region are more homogeneous and less attractive, the Piedmont district presents numerous isolated spots or continuous belts of fertility, other than alluvial and farther from navigation, which also invited settlers. Thus while the Virginia division of the Grand Army was broken into battalions moving westward in parallel lines, they were never so far apart but that they could readily communicate through these intermediate posts and if necessary unite their forces against the common enemy.

The privations, the toils, the perils incident to a new plantation made them patient and frugal, hardy, active and brave. Successful adventure made them enterprising. A sense of common dangers disposed them to unite their counsels, as well as efforts, and to follow the wisest. The habitual exercise of authority over their slaves gave them the spirit of command. The very air they breathed inspired freedom, and yet from habits of subordination and submission to law they could readily learn to obey. And, as obedience is more cheerfully rendered where the

est promise of becoming so, we will add, that chivalry, which still shone on Europe with a setting ray, shed on the leaders of our heroic age a more steady if less glaring light, and so continued until 'the knight' and 'cavalier' of the Tudor and Stewart dynasties subsided into the 'gentleman' of Hanoverian days. Here is an assemblage of qualities which would, upon occasion, at once convert citizens into soldiers.

The fulfilment of their mission was also hastened by the readiness with which the settlers accommodated themselves to the altered circumstances of their new abode. England and the Protestant parts of France were populous, studded with towns and cities rich in varied manufactures sustained by an active commerce. Many of the immigrants whose previous employments had lain in one or another of these departments, however disposed by taste or habit to continue them, found it necessary to suspend or change them, as such knowledge was in a measure useless here. In New England and other of the Northern States they sought from the first to re-create this scene, divested of its glaring inequalities; but in the South this could not have been done without a sacrifice of their principal end. Hence the contrast between the village life of the North and the plantation life of the South.

Our people were few; the country they were called to possess was large. The ambition to build cities would have been utterly out of place. To concentrate their forces in towns of lesser size would also have been a plain desertion of present duty. To fulfil this they must disperse as widely and hasten on as rapidly as was consistent with the general safety; pass by the less favored lands and occupy those only which would best repay their labour. One or two hundred acres might suffice for a New England farm. The greater number of Virginia Planters owned five hundred or a thousand each, while a fortunate few would claim ten, twenty, fifty, and in rare instances a hundred thousand or more. Thus it was that by combining judicious selection with extended grants a large territory was distributed among a small population. Notwithstanding a wider area thus allotted to individuals much of the soil originally occupied has been temporarily exhausted by incessant cultivation. But this also—as will appear in the sequel—has been made to contribute to the principal end.

Other incidents to this peculiar constitution of society, and which were more apparent in the earlier periods of our history, may still be traced in their effects. They are the more worthy of note as they serve at once to illustrate our position and to account for and to justify the absence

of certain things which are desirable in themselves. Coming as our fathers did from some of the most highly cultivated and civilized regions of Europe, it was long thought strange that their sons should have done so little to reproduce the scenes they had left behind. The charge in assuming a definite form has been carried out in detail. Thus it has been said; that however individuals may have been imbued with science, but little of it has been here applied by any class of society; and that the men of this quarter have not contributed their due quota to our nascent American Literature. Pictures and statues were perhaps out of the question, but, as is alleged, our architecture for the most part was without taste, our agriculture in general empirical and wasteful, and only a few of the most necessary arts regularly patronised and sustained. There was also an apparent neglect of education in the ordinary sense of the term; and the very manners and amusements of the people shewed a corresponding change for the worse. In a word it is pretended, that though a selfish and grasping, we have shewn ourselves to be a rather thrifless, desultory, *unpractical* race.

But is this verdict wholly just? and should we be surprised at so much of it as is true? The double object of a scientific agriculture in countries which have been long cleared and fully peopled, is, to force the soil to yield abundant crops, *and* to increase its fertility, or at least preserve it undiminished. For a time but one of these objects was here attainable. Here was indeed a virgin soil, already fertile and of indefinite extent, but covered with an usurping growth, which it was difficult to remove with labour inadequate to that and our other wants, and therefore did they draw more frequently on that which was open to culture. Soldiers as well as civilians must have the means of subsistence while on their campaigns. Money also is the sinews of war, and no where perhaps was the maxim of Julius Cæsar as to the mode of raising it more fully or innocently exemplified than in these Southern Colonies. The first adventurers brought with them the domestic animals, the cereal grains and implements of husbandry known in Europe; but they had the sagacity to perceive that certain other modes and subjects of culture were better adapted to their new situation. Improving on a hint caught from the practice of the natives, they devised a more expeditious method of clearing new lands, invented new implements of tillage, and adopted their maize—that wonderful plant—which served far better as the staff of life than any they had known before. Then, in default of mines of silver and gold, their other wants were to be supplied by a *new commerce*, the materials of which were furnished, first by their forests and then by their fields

and pastures as fast as the latter could be opened. And this new commerce—a principal subject of which was also borrowed from the natives—sufficed in its developement, not only to preserve their own civilization, but greatly to enrich the mother country and her other colonies, and through her the Protestant States of Northern Europe which were thereby strengthened for a renewal of the combat in defence of the Good Old Cause at home.\*

If our buildings in general have been less extensive and more frail than are elsewhere seen, or disposed after a model of our own, it was because they were the tents of a moving army or the temporary huts of an encampment rather than the abodes of a civilized race settled in a fixed home. Striking exceptions were indeed exhibited in many of the mansions of our ancient gentry where wealth and taste enabled them to erect more imposing and permanent structures. And their 'great houses,' as they were popularly termed, were, as we shall presently see, not without their uses in other respects, besides that they foreshadowed what was possible in the coming era of Peace. The same ever urgent motive compelled our people to dispense with all arts but such as were subservient to their present objects.

Their very amusements either took their form and colour from, or were suggested by the peculiarities of their situation. In the passion of the ancient Virginian for rearing the Blood-Horse and for the sports of the Turf, in his fondness for the hardy and robust exercise of hunting at such seasons as his attention could be spared from the more serious duties of the field, some may see only the habits of the English Squirearchy con-

\* As all readers may not be aware of the various matters to which special reference is here made, we may say that the allusion was to—the purchase of slave labour by the planters with their accumulations of capital—to killing the larger forest trees without removal, by the process of *belting*, or *girdding* (practised by the Indians in a rude way) which enabled them to extend the area of cultivation with fourfold rapidity; to the Coulter plough which by removing the roots from new lands was a farther preparation for the same end; to Indian corn, whose manifold virtues would require a separate dissertation, but of which we will only say that it more than to any single cause may we ascribe the rapid increase of our population—to Tobacco, (also adopted from the natives) which, although a luxury and a stimulant, does not intoxicate and may be used without injury to the health; and which, besides having been for generations the principal staple of Virginia has added largely to the revenue of England and other European States. Auxiliary to this were the naval stores of Virginia and North Carolina, and the Indigo and Rice of South Carolina and Georgia. Cotton, which now exceeds all the others in commercial importance, did not become a subject of extended culture until a much later day. Still more recently Sugar has been added to the list, and bids fair in time to rank next to cotton among those we have mentioned.



ish a military spirit and to prepare for its toils when called into action? The English nobles and gentry preserve their hereditary parks and stock them with deer at an enormous expense. Here the entire forest was a Park filled with game which was free to all comers. But are we to suppose that the choice of the Virginian herein was wholly the dictate of circumstances or inherited taste, when so much else that came from the same quarter was deliberately discarded?

Our Southrons again—with strongly marked individuality of character—have been somewhat noted for their social turn; for a strong feeling of mutual friendship and interchange of neighbourly offices, such as would become brothers-in-arms. Hence their rather remarkable proclivity to gather in groups for *conversation* and comparison of views on matters of personal or public interest, and the zest with which they partake of the indulgence. With them, however, as with soldiers, the pleasure to be derived from this source was ever held as subordinate to the calls of duty. Their regular avocation, if successfully followed up, confined them to particular localities with nearly the same rigour as if they had been members of a garrison. But this obstacle was turned by other expedients. The passing stranger, the junior relative, the friend less favoured by fortune were ever welcome to the roof. If in their entertainment the hosts were economical of money they were lavish of money's worth and that which money could not buy. Forest and river, field, garden and orchard, furnished the means, abundant if plain, of a hospitality which regarded the presence of a guest as a privilege rather than a burden. In the intervals of business also, occasions would offer or be sought, as at weddings and merry-makings, when friends and neighbours would assemble in yet greater numbers to interchange greetings and neutralize the hardening tendencies of the merely secular and solitary life. With them self-love and social were thus verily the same. Thus it was that the home became not simply a theatre for the development of the affections appropriate to friendship and the domestic relations, but a school of discipline in the general proprieties of life. In the household was displayed the deference due to age, to office, to social position, to personal merit of any kind, to the claims of the gentler sex. Here was cherished the courtesy which proceeds from the heart, and which by habit becomes natural. Thus it was that the manners of our people, though unpretending, became polished without fashion and acquired that openness and sincerity which savoured of military life, as well as the freedom and ease which flow from self-respect and love of order.

our errands. For a long season but few of those among us who were competent to the task engaged in the business of academic instruction. Not that this was undervalued, for those who could afford it engaged others to impart it to their children. For a time we had but few seats of the higher learning, and they were principally resorted to by those who aspired to professional or public life. We have not written many books ourselves. We paid others to write them for us, or read with due discrimination those which were already written. At this day, when the number of colleges at the South has been multiplied beyond all precedent, and the number of those who within their walls pursue a liberal course of study exceeds in their proportion those of the white population of the North, this whole region is one rather of literary consumption than of production. It is not that we have failed to appreciate these things. We have had other and more imperious duties to perform and there was not time for all.

We are not to suppose then that the *minds* of Virginians, whom we still offer as a type of the Southron, were idle during all this time; or that they were mere animated machines, ordering and directing brute force in the effort to win a home and subsistence for those around them and wealth for themselves and others far away. These were but means to a higher end. They were not permitted to attain even these without resistance ever menaced if not in constant action. To meet these, all the virtues implied in *conduct* as well as courage, must be perpetually nourished. They had not time for much reading indeed, but they read nature and character, and being thrown on their own energies and resources, they thought and acted for themselves. But what they did read or hear was fitted to nerve them for the lofty enterprise to which they were called, and from which they might not recede. The traveller of the olden time who should enter some cottage on our frontier of a winter's evening and look around on its scanty furniture, might discover but few books other than the Sacred Volume or a manual of devotion; but he would find the weary hours beguiled by some narrative of Indian wars or other tales of adventure in which themselves or their fathers had been engaged, or else enlivened by some spirit-stirring ballad which, received by tradition from former generations, was preserved by faithful memory to incite to fresh deeds not unworthy of those it celebrated. At a later day would be added to these some life of Washington, or Marion, or other hero of more local renown. Common sense alone, and not the refined philosophy of this day is required to estimate the influ-

ence of such habits and tastes in the formation of a people's character.

"But," it may be asked, "is this all? Are these the sole triumphs of Southern Intellect, and these its only tributes to this new and American type of civilization? If so, its ambition must have been pitched on a low key, its aspirations humble indeed." No, it is not all. The higher accomplishments, the refinements, the charities of life were not prescribed—only postponed. There never has been a time when they were wholly lost sight of. In the great houses of which we have spoken they were all exemplified. Here were they preserved throughout the age of struggle. Here were displayed the luxuries and elegances which ennobled and adorned without unnerving their possessors; for by them was the point of honour, the sense of personal dignity and self-respect cherished as the apple of their eye. Here also were the *normal schools* from whence issued the instructors of the people in all noble and generous sentiments, as well as their guides to that worldly wisdom which some may think more useful.

The convulsions of Europe which drove the English Puritan, the Scottish Covenanter and the trading Hollander to the Northern Provinces, sent to these Southern shores the plundered Cavalier, the younger son of 'the fine old English gentleman,' the Jacobite, honorable for his steadfast though misplaced loyalty, the Huguenot exiled from his beautiful France; and to Maryland the British or Irish Catholic, whom we must also honour for his sincere though misguided faith. It will hardly be pretended that the gentleness of manners which flows from culture was wholly wanting in these.

Thus were our ranks continually reinforced by individuals of high principle and refinement from abroad. But many sons of our wealthy planters were educated on American soil, and liberally according to the standard of that day. A select few enjoyed the benefit of foreign schools or universities and of European Travel. The more of either class received a culture—founded on classical study and general science—sufficiently catholic and comprehensive to enable them to extend it at will by their own subsequent efforts. Nor were these wanting. They had surveyed the whole field of learning with curious eye; were not insensible to the pleasures and honours of lettered ease; and knew the power of the pen as well as of the sword and ploughshare. Yet did they not turn aside to repose in Academic bowers when duty called them elsewhere. We had no separate order of *Savans*, although there was no dearth either of genius or of the industry to turn it to account. Our educated men—as then became them—possessed themselves of the

fruits of others' labour in this kind which had been already given to the world. From the ample stores of the past they chose such as were suited to their purposes and could be made most readily available. Well did they know that much of learning—so called—is produced for the entertainment or instruction of society in stages dissimilar to their own. Science itself is progressive—systems and theories less perfect being superseded by others more plausible or true. Nor were they ignorant that many books perfectly new are compounded from the old and that what was well said at first has been weakened in the repetition. If they withdrew their gaze from the arcana of science, or ignored questions merely curious as matters irrelevant to their purposes, or touched with a sparing hand the lighter effusions of the Belles-Lettres, it was that they might pay their homage at other shrines. The lessons of History and Biography, the strains of Parliamentary Eloquence, the oracles of polity and law, the dictates of practical philosophy and morals were learnt and deeply pondered. Nor, to recreate their wearied spirits, or to call forth and stimulate their enthusiasm did they think it unbecoming to drink at the fountains of Poetry and Old Romance, or to hold high converse with living and kindred minds on matters of public and present interest. We repeat then, that if they wrote but little for the public eye; they read and thought much and often addressed the public ear. No where indeed—from of old to this day—has the power of eloquence, whether popular or forensic and as a means of enlightening or influencing the popular mind, been more highly prized; more diligently cultivated, or more frequently and successfully called into requisition. The tongue has thus been more efficient than the pen of the readiest writer.

And here we are constrained to say that there is one institution of the South, some of whose tendencies are patent, but which has not received its due share of consideration among ourselves, although it has been in operation for more than two centuries. In 1622 *the first county court was held in Virginia*. Since then, twelve times in each succeeding year, have the body of our citizens been called together in their respective counties, to transact their business, private or legal or political. Fellow-citizens thus met have availed themselves of the occasion to compare their own opinions, as well as to hear and canvass the sentiments of such as professed to offer any thing new or otherwise worthy of their attention. Here have the isolating tendencies of agricultural life been incessantly counteracted. Here have republican citizens been formed and trained to the difficult art and duty of self-government. Here has each citizen an opportunity of shewing

himself for what he really is and of taking that position in society to which he is justly entitled. Here have the materials for public opinion on all questions of pressing moment been offered, and here has it most frequently been formed and declared and incipient steps taken for carrying it into effect. Here in truth has society insensibly organized itself, recognized its leaders, and assigned to each member his appropriate task in the general business of the community. This in fine has been the chosen theatre of that popular and forensic eloquence of which we have spoken, and in this region of America have its most signal triumphs been won.

We are not blind to the abuses incidental to this institution, nor to its power for evil as well as good. But if the demagogue has seized the opportunity it afforded to distil his leprous insinuations into the popular ear, or to rouse and confirm vulgar and party prejudice, here also could he be met by the intelligent patriot and foiled with his own weapons. And who can tell the countless lessons, not only of legal and political wisdom, but of that prudence which regulates the economy of families as well as of states and guides the individual in his social as well as domestic relations, which have here been impressed on the popular mind?

In repelling the charge of voluntary ignorance or of lowering the standard of intellectual attainment, we have then simply to say, that our people made a selection from those parts of knowledge required for present purposes and the main uses of life, and that their acquirements and energies were invested in action, rather than in intruding on public attention what had been better said or written by others before them. Their leaders received a higher education and more varied culture, reared on a broader basis and sustained by the study of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the human mind. Having been thus disciplined and formed on the best models, their acquisitions were orally and freely imparted to their fellow citizens as their occasions demanded. Elsewhere complaints have been heard of the abuses of the press and of the freedom of speech, of the waste of intellect in idle display or unprofitable discussion, of every thing being questioned and nothing settled; indeed of foundations unsettled which were already well laid, and of society being either perpetually agitated or repressed only with the strong hand. Here effort was generally directed from the first to objects useful and practicable—real or supposed. Nor does this imply a stagnant condition of mind. For while few or no idle questions were canvassed—whether in religion or politics, morals, literature or science, many *ascertained* truths were kept in circulation and impressed on the memory by constant use.

Each novelty was likewise brought to a high utilitarian standard and welcomed or dismissed according to its supposed tendencies. The naked question 'will it pay—in dollars and cents?' has here been asked perhaps less frequently than elsewhere. The veritable inquiry has rather been, 'will it add to our material wealth and thus afford us the means and leisure for forming a character and building up institutions which will promote our own happiness and that of posterity, and thereby command the respect of the world?' This is the spirit and these the habits which to the present hour have prevented the spread at the South of numerous popular delusions which in other regions are constantly arising and seem never to subside until they have stirred up society to its depths.

We are now also better prepared to judge of that other and sweeping charge, that the Americans of the Southern States, besides having made an unwise or unjust choice of the objects of life, have been *unpractical* in attaining them. The truth is, that as a people they have been eminently and intensely practical. The '*hoc age*,' which has so often been cited as characteristic of the ancient Roman and as contrasted with the more speculative turn of the Greek, may as well be predicated of the men of this region. Their plans once deliberately formed, nothing has diverted them from the progressive execution. Their objects were few and simple, but steadfastly pursued and with great success. Much has been done in the aggregate if with but little variety. The one grand purpose of entering in and possessing the land that here might be built up free States with popular institutions—and thus to prove the practicability of what from untoward circumstances had failed elsewhere, seemed ever before them. This is and has been from the first the serious business of life with the Southern man. It has been diversified with other and collateral pursuits; but to this has all else been made tributary, and for this his general acquirements, his daily routine of duty, whether at home or abroad, in the house or in the field, nay his very recreations and amusements were fitted to prepare and strengthen him.

In justification of this claim we point to the FIFTEEN STATES of this Union which lie South of Mason's and Dixon's Line; to the fair territory they have won from the wilderness, the savage, and the alien; to the commonwealths busy and thriving, presenting this anomalous state of society founded on this institution so much denounced, and yet whose products at this moment form an *indispensable* element in the commerce and industry of the civilized world. Surely this is *something*—to have been accomplished in so short a time, however much remains to be done.

*The past is safe.* Whether the future of these States shall be one of increasing freedom and light depends on the virtues of their sons and the justice of those who have been so long embarked in the same cause. Free Government has not yet been demonstrated for all peoples and all lands. The great and joint experiment is in course of trial, and we desire to work out our part of the problem in peace, unembarrassed by those who should be our brethren and defenders against the calumnies and intrigues of our common enemies.

The past, we say, is safe. And though our progress has been 'by antagonism,' we have reason to thank Him who presides over the destinies of nations and to take courage for the future. A rapid glance along the tract of our history would reveal abundant cause for gratitude in the numerous and critical junctures at which a Power higher than human seems to have interposed in our behalf. So numerous indeed and striking are the instances, that we hope to be excused for dwelling on a few of the more salient with a degree of emphasis.

During our earlier career as colonies, our interests received but little regard from the Government of the mother country. While digging our wealth from the soil, we were left to defend ourselves as we might, and at our own charges, against the savage foe. Dread of British resentment may have deterred the alien enemy, who watched our growth with a jealous eye, from hostile demonstrations against those who were nominally under British protection. But for this England was repaid a hundred fold. Her legislation was shaped so as to draw to herself the chief profit of our labours. Our products must be sent in her vessels, to her ports, and to no other; and exchanged for her manufactures or such only as her merchants could supply, with whatever charges burdened. Every effort to supply our wants in this kind either at home or directly from other countries, was prohibited or discouraged, and the people confined to the one occupation of tilling the earth or only such others as were its necessary adjuncts. We reclaimed though in vain against the tyrannical monopoly, but we had the discretion to bide our time. The effects of this injustice for good or ill are felt to this day. Without doubt it has prevented or checked our growth in many directions, but it has promoted it in others. The superstructure was postponed, but the foundations were laid with greater breadth and depth. It gave us a people hardy and active, with homogeneous tastes and habits, and the toils of the open field pursued through all seasons left them neither time nor the temptation to be enervated with luxury. And such were the men of whom we had need.

Pestilence had swept away whole tribes of Indians and left their lands to be peacefully occupied by the white man. Other tribes, inoculated alas! with his vices when they would not imitate his virtues, had also dwindled before his approach; and the remaining power of those who were less corrupted was broken in many battles, all along our borders, in the warfare which was so frequently renewed.

We have already spoken of the strong fortress of Louisburg on the Isle of Cape Breton which commanded the mouth of the St. Lawrence—the line of forts along its valley—the lakes, and adown the Mississippi, which threatened our Northern and Western frontiers. The ultimate object of this cordon could not be mistaken. Yet had France a perfect right to construct these works on her own territory. And this was but the first parallel. Had similar works been erected on the Ohio, (and this part of the plan was commenced,) and at the head of navigation on the other Eastern affluents of the Mississippi, with military communications between them inviting agricultural settlements, she would also have been justified by the ordinary laws of nations. She could then have negotiated the transfer of so much of the Spanish possessions on the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico as would have left the Alleghany as her undisputed boundary on the East. This would have given her the entire valley of the Mississippi.

*And all this might have been done at one tithe of the expense actually incurred in other enterprises of less moment which wholly failed.* The plan was well and deeply laid, but its execution was deferred, and by delay the counsel of *Achitophel* was brought to naught. France was populous and wealthy, with a powerful marine, flourishing commerce and diversified manufactures for which this region would have afforded an ever-increasing vent. Hither might her sons have repaired when straitened for room at home and built up our empire of greater permanent value to the Gallic race than would all Western Continental Europe had she been enabled to annex its territories to her own. We say that all this might have been done *had her counsels been guided by the spirit of Justice and Peace.* But no! Louis XIV. was the idol of his subjects, who wished to make him the centre and representative of all modern magnificence. No wonder that he should presume to say "I am the State; and the treasures of my people are mine to be disposed of as to me seemeth good." The Rhine was the natural boundary of France on the North, and the Rhine he must have. But this involved the absorption of territory from his neighbours whose supposed weakness invited aggression. He must persecute his best and richest subjects out of his realm because

ever irrevocably England was set against the return of Despotism and Popery. His own domain was one of the finest in Europe, and the magnificent Valley of the Mississippi called him lord; but the Pyrenees intercepted his view and therefore must he take the freak of placing his grandson on the Spanish throne. These various and insane projects *drew off his attention from his important interests in this quarter, divided the Catholic counsels*, and successively raised up a host of enemies on every side whose united strength put him to an ignominious defeat. The lustre of his arms was tarnished, the resources of his kingdom wasted, his ambition moderated, and his pride at length effectually humbled.

Such however was the irrepressible buoyancy and energy of the French character that a few short years sufficed to recruit the national strength for the renewal of the combat. And it was renewed more than once before the great contest was decided. France seemed now determined to redeem the time she had lost, and to carry on her well-devised plans for securing her American possessions. Much was done, but as the event proved, *it was too late*. The war of "the Austrian Succession," in which both herself and England were involved as parties, produced important events on this side of the water. Louisburg was captured by the unassisted arms of New England, though it was subsequently restored by treaty. But the opinion which had been slowly and silently growing was now strengthened into settled conviction that *Canada must be conquered* at the next outbreak, if British America would be kept free from European broils. And the opportunity soon offered. The veteran gladiators had become parties to 'the Seven Years War,' and had crossed their swords on the battle-fields of Germany; but remembering that the boundary between their respective possessions in America was unsettled, the fight was transferred hither. The old policy of the Grand Monarque—that of spurring up the Indians to harass our Northern frontiers, was renewed by his successor with tenfold malignity and effect until the same weapon was vigorously retorted on himself. The struggle was desperate and doubtful for years. Many battles were fought with alternate success, in all of which the Colonists participated. Strong places were taken and retaken. At length on the Plains of Abraham and the heights of Quebec the great question was settled, and Canada lost to France forever.

Had England been wise now, gratitude for this timely aid might have bound these colonies to her for generations to come. But it was otherwise ordered. In two short years an effort was made to tax us without our consent, and in con-

But England persisted, in spite of remonstrance, in a measure which, as is now known, was part of a system for repressing our growth and keeping us in subjection. When argument was exhausted, a war for *Independence* followed of course. The capture of Louisburg in 1745 had revealed to New England the secret of her strength. The defeat of Braddock and the incompetency of other leaders in the succeeding war had done much to dispel the illusive *prestige* of superiority of the British arms over those of the Colonies. But here was the occasion in which was to be fully tested the temper of those virtues which had been so long growing and strengthening in our school of stern and novel experience. Our cause was manfully defended against fearful odds; but our hearts, if not our hearts, were becoming weary in the unequal strife, when France, *not for love of us*, as is now also well known, but in return for the many favours she had received from England—came to the assistance of her rebellious colonies, and turned the scale in their favour. England submitted to the inevitable with what grace she might. Our claims were acknowledged and the tie which had so long bound us to her was sundered forever. We had made good our position; *henceforth a distinct career of our own lay before us*. Whether it should prove one of honour or disgrace; whether we should thereafter sustain our proper part in the great contest of principle which still divided the nations, or ignominiously fail, would depend on ourselves and the blessing of Heaven.

The coöperation produced by the *old Articles of Confederation* had carried us triumphantly through the Revolutionary struggle; but Independence once achieved and the pressure from without removed, they proved insufficient to preserve and consolidate our Union. During this season of collapse both our foreign and international interests suffered much. The future was dark and patriots desponded. The sufferings of the people in this awkward interval rendered them the more willing to try any expedient that promised relief. The remedy proposed and adopted after the most anxious deliberation was *THE PRESENT CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES* which has made us the nation we are. Our old enemies had predicted a dissolution into our elements, and separate weakness and mutuality as the consequence. Our *Federal tem*, which provided a General Government to foreign affairs and the mutual of the States, leaving the States to their domestic interests, at once gave strength to the thirteen original parties so lately been engaged in a com-

Had a titled *Aristocracy* temporal and spiritual been entrenched in our midst, we may divine from the experience of other States the obstacles they would have raised to the establishment of any government founded on equal rights. But our antecedents prevented this. There was neither noble nor bishop in the land; and our novel experiment could at once be initiated with the assurance of a fair trial. The result we know. There was at first enough of this spirit to awaken and preserve a corresponding degree of interest and vigilance in the thorough Republicans, who at length obtained undisputed ascendancy. More than one form of Religion had been established by law, but their connexion with the State was easily severed when there was a regular organ for expressing and giving effect to the public will. The ball of Revolution had indeed received its first impulse from the upper orders of society—the heads of the great houses—but *these men as such had now accomplished their mission*, and in their turn must come under the new system. Entails, which had accumulated property in a few hands were abolished. Their estates in the regular course of descent became subject to partition; and their sons must enter the arena with their fellow-citizens, and in the struggle for precedence stand or fall by their own merits. This, however, has not been done so abruptly as to destroy at once the type of character and caste of manners which had so long won both influence and respect, but enough of both was preserved to secure their continuance so far as they were in accordance with the new institutions. In the enjoyment of equal advantages and the more general diffusion of knowledge, increasing numbers have been raised to this level; and many of either class have joined the ‘moving army,’ and by a brilliant and useful career in the Great West have won new honours to their names.

From the Origin of our Government there have been two modes of interpreting the written constitution which defines its powers. The disciples of either school declared that this government should exercise no other powers than such as had been granted; but they differed, honestly we doubt not, as to what those were. One class of Statesmen, dreading the centrifugal force of our peculiar system—its apparent tendency to dissolution and the consequent evils of separation, if not of anarchy, from which we had so recently escaped—could see no other means of securing our Union than to strengthen the hands of the General Government. Such government alone, they thought, could guard our interests against the machinations and encroachments of foreign States, protect the industry of our people, who, under its shield, could go on more speedily and fully to develop our resources, and so give us respectability

in the eyes of foreign nations. Another Party would construe our Great Charter more strictly and guard with special vigilance the rights of the States. They believed that were the compromises of the Constitution adhered to, the General Government to refrain from exercising doubtful powers, and use those clearly granted, *only for the general good*, it would prove an unmixed blessing; that the benefits of the Union would then be too manifest for it to be wantonly sacrificed; that our people have been so trained in habits of respect and obedience to the laws that they would not likely depart from it on light or frivolous pretences, nor unless they are felt to be unjust; that yet it is easy to frame those laws so as to be generally oppressive, or to build up the town at the expense of the country, or to favour one class or section of country to the detriment of another. These things they allege have been done. They are moreover jealous of the progressive tendency of power assumed, and dread, lest in the effort to build up a splendid Central Government, those of the States should be overshadowed and their powers ultimately absorbed. It may be that some of these are extreme opinions, and the supposed injustice of certain laws may be but the effect of different circumstances, habits and pursuits, or of declining to participate in the advantages of a true policy as declared by a majority. Yet has the South by a sort of happy instinct generally sided with that Party which was opposed to an *exaggerated Centralism* in all its forms. Whether this was the true policy or not, it was certainly a *safe* one in the beginning. So far as it has obtained, it has generated a happy emulation among the States which has promoted their internal improvement generally, and by the increase and dispersion of landed proprietors has fostered the *Agricultural*, the great interest of the country, in especial.

At length our example began to react on Europe and the old French Revolution broke out. Artful and incessant appeals were made to our sense of gratitude and impulsive spirits would have embroiled us in that quarrel. How fortunate at such a juncture that we had a Pilot at the helm who could steer our vessel safely through the storm; who could dare to oppose the madness of the people in his *Proclamation of Neutrality*, and by the precedent establish as a maxim of our policy—‘Peace, Commerce and Friendship with all nations,—entangling alliances with none.’

Our system while embracing in its operation only the Atlantic States, had disappointed the fears of its friends and the hopes of its enemies. But the tide of emigration now set steadily towards the Western Territories, which soon began to claim as of right a proportional share in the Government. The mountains however, were a



great barrier to intercourse, commercial and political. The current of the King of Rivers and its affluents was strong and rapid, its upward navigation difficult and dangerous, and its mouth in the possession of a power which, at any moment, might close it against us in a freak of hostility. Again the prophets of evil were at work. "Your interests," said they, "are not and cannot be made homogeneous. These difficulties must breed discontent and occasion your division into two if not three or four separate and possibly hostile confederacies, which cannot but end in the failure of your experiment and a return to monarchy as the only safe and legitimate government." It must be owned that the experience of all antiquity as well as of modern Europe seemed to favour the opinion that a Republic could only succeed over a territory of moderate extent. But *Science* at this crisis has come to our aid and falsified their vaticinations. Internal improvement with its roads, canals, and at length railroads, has penetrated the passes of our mountains and the multiplication of these facilities of intercourse together with the crowning invention of the electric telegraph, has united the great West to the East as it were with bands of iron. Then the application of steam-power to navigation has, by overcoming the current of the Western rivers, hastened the settlement of the great Valley, afforded an outlet for its products, an inlet for its commerce, and thereby indefinitely enhanced its agricultural and political value. By these various means each grand division of our territory is made accessible to the others and the Republican principle has been shewn by experience to be susceptible of indefinite expansion.

Diplomacy also, by promptly availing herself of what politicians call 'the chapter of accidents,' has secured for us yet other and important advantages. Thus Bonaparte on the renewal of hostilities with England in 1803 found himself weaker than the enemy at sea, and that *Louisiana* would probably fall into her hands if immediate measures were not taken to prevent it. To deprive her of this prospective conquest he was constrained, though most reluctantly, to sell this vast region to the United States, for what to him in his then emergency was a fair equivalent, though not a tithe of its intrinsic value. Thus was alienated from the crown of France that noble possession which had been the theatre of so many efforts and expectations, and thus did it pass into the hands of that very people to whose onward march, it was once hoped, it should have offered an impassable barrier. Nay, in the act of ceding it, Napoleon consoled himself with the reflection that he was thereby adding to the naval strength of a power which would ultimately divide with England, if not entirely deprive her of her ascendancy at sea.

Again: Spain was poor own rebellious colonies to she consented to sell *Florida* which at length gave us th St. Croix to the Sabine.

But Mexico, which had dependence, had much v most Northern and largest settlers from the United St land with other liberal u the adventurers. The p adopted citizens were forfections being disregarded, which proved successful. Texas was acknowledged i her own voluntary applica to our confederacy. Bu dary was left undetermin fused to treat with her rev the latter became an in Union, this boundary, bei came the occasion of a sec ico herself was overrun preserved her separate yielding the boundary we ing the provinces of New ifornia to the United State

Before this our Norther defin'd at either extremity of much irritation, which an appeal to arms. But a averted by friendly negoti justed these perplexed que to compose any minor diff after arise. We have no tween the St. Lawrence ar extending from the Atlant a fair and ample field on v ergies and work out our d on all our borders to make

And now we ask—Are victories won, advantages human valour and prude exclaim in the presumptu dean Monarch—"Is not th we have built up, by the r for the glory of our race a not rather ascribe it to t who inspired their couns covered their heads in tl them strength for their pe their resolution throughou ous task? And may we r He who has so long watch of darkness has appeared other and perhaps greater lished by our means?

In this connexion we m

other incidents which have contributed in the highest degree to the material wealth of the nation, and which are particularly remarkable when we consider the *time* of their occurrence. Although the *Cotton plant* was raised in Virginia so early as 1628,\* owing to the difficulty of separating the fibre from its seed, but little was grown for more than a century, and that only for domestic consumption. In 1748 seven bags, valued at little more than £20, were exported from Charleston, S. C. In 1770 the quantity shipped from all our ports had increased to ten bags. In 1793 Whitney invented the *Cotton Gin*. The impulse given to the culture of this staple by this invention and its many subsequent improvements is beyond all precedent. From \$42,000, the value of that sent to foreign countries in 1790, it rapidly rose to \$112,000,000 in 1851, and this was exclusive of the large amount annually consumed in our own country. The various manufactures of which this constitutes the material either entire or in part, at this day give employment and subsistence to many hundred thousands of people in our own country and Europe—but especially in New England, Old England, Germany and France. This is so notorious that it has grown into a maxim, that “Cotton is the king of the [commercial] world.” Now, when it is equally notorious that Cotton cannot under present circumstances be raised in quantities sufficient for the demands of civilization, in any other than a Southern Latitude or by any other than slave labour, we might be tempted to inquire, whether any thing can exceed the perversity or blindness of those who are seeking to disturb this great and established department of Industry, and thereby sporting with the interests of millions—*themselves included*? We will, however, suggest, that on any other supposition than the order or permission of a higher Power, it is a little singular that such an invention as that of Whitney’s should have been delayed until our independence as a nation was established, and our jurisdiction extended over the region which yields the chief supplies of this product.

And why, we ask again, did a *steamboat* never breast the current of the Mississippi until its mouth and all the broad lands which stretch westward from its right bank had been added to our domain? Without doubt *Gold* also has been mingled with the sands or stored in the hills of California since creation. Yet was it hidden from the eyes of its former owners, whose fathers, as we have seen, had so much abused a similar boon of yore. *Not until this new Ophir had passed into the hands of a Free and Protestant nation was this treasure laid bare.* Thousands have hastened to draw it forth, and now it not only helps to

sustain the Commerce, the Marine and the Industry of America and of Protestant Europe, but it has *forced* a transit across the narrow isthmus which separates the two great Oceans, and in so doing has accomplished the desideratum of three centuries, and thereby it must in time secure to us the Trade of that Old Orient which has successively been the prize of so many nations.

Thus have we seen that while our people were as yet but few, neglect and oppression made them strong and wise to defend and govern themselves. When called to grapple with more formidable foes, the Briton was used to chastise and expel the Gaul, and the Gaul in turn has aided to repel the Briton. When a nation was to be born, those who assisted at the birth were endowed with the needed wisdom. At each doubtful crisis a light has been thrown on our path; in every serious emergency some happy expedient has been suggested for our relief, or some material agent which none could anticipate has been sent to the rescue. And, as if this were not enough for gratitude, the lands of the Gaul and the Spaniard being added, peacefully for the most part, to our former acquisitions, the fruits of their previous labours have enured to our benefit. These are precious memorials, and the common property of the whole country. North and South. And shall they be forgotten amid the unhallowed party strifes of the day? Should we not rather blush to be reminded of events which to all should be as familiar as household words, and engraved on the very tablets of our hearts?

We doubt not it will be said, however, that the whole of this novel argument is a fallacy, as being founded on a gratuitous hypothesis. The grandeur and importance of the results none will dispute; but might they not have been attained without this blot on our escutcheon, and this formidable burden on our inheritance? In a word, could not the white man have accomplished the task without the aid of the slave? Most certainly he could, *if allowed to proceed through an indefinite future, without let or hindrance from Gaul or Spaniard.* But does not the supposition refute itself? The work, we repeat, must be done and done quickly. It must be done by a particular time or all will be lost. It could not be timely done without help, and from no other quarter could help be obtained.

“But look,” it will be rejoined, “to New England, to New York and Pennsylvania. Here also was rough work to be done, and surely the woodman and the husbandman have laboured here to some purpose.” We deny it not. And here too, as we have heard, the labour of the SLAVE was employed without scruple, until it ceased to be profitable. But New England and

\* Smith’s Hist. of Va. II, 60.

the others, we must say, bear but a modest proportion to our present area and much in either remained to be improved at the era of Independence. Bear witness ye forests of Maine, of Western New York and Pennsylvania; and of what was done in this kind in each of the latter provinces, how much is due to the sturdy German or to other than the native Americans.

But how long would our Northern brethren—if we may still call them so—have enjoyed the boasted privilege of working as freemen, if *they* had not received assistance of another kind and from that very quarter which is now so much denounced for its supposed offences? In battling for Independence can we suppose that they could have stood alone when our *united* strength barely sufficed to keep us erect in the protracted struggle? Were the French such very Quixotes, or so much in love with them alone, as to fly to their rescue on the first intimation of distress? Their respective antecedents, we take it, had not been such as to ensure this superlative degree of mutual affection. It may seem invidious to cite local examples when all so manfully did their duty. But taunted as we have been, we may claim a small part of that which is justly our own.

We say then, that Southern eloquence, no less than Northern, roused the people to a sense of their danger and prepared them in advance to meet the coming storm. A Southern Statesman was the first to move the Resolution for Independence and to advocate it in strains of oratory which confirmed the faithful and fixed the wavering. A Southern pen drew the manifesto which embodied the reasons of our resistance, a proclamation which has gone forth to all lands and a wilful perversion of some of whose principles is like to be the occasion of future trouble to ourselves. When all was at peril, a Southern General was selected—as emphatically *the man* who alone could unite all hearts and hands in its defence. In each *decisive* battle of the Revolution Southern valour or conduct contributed materially, if not entirely, to the favourable issue. Would we look to that which was really the opening scene of the drama? A Southern General—Andrew Lewis—in command of Virginians, at Point Pleasant so effectually broke the strength of the Indians in our rear, that they dared not annoy us throughout the pending strife, but left us free to meet the enemy in front. Not a few Southrons were with our glorious chief when at Trenton he wrested a victory from fortune. A Southern General—Daniel Morgan—with his Virginia Riflemen, did no little towards deciding the fortune of the day at Saratoga. The same rough but efficient commander with the same followers, at the field of the Cowpens first turned back the enemy from his foray through the

South. A Northern General—Nathaniel Greene—fought the battle of Guilford, but it was with Southern heads and hands to assist him. For his signal services on this and other occasions he was immediately adopted by the South as among her most honoured sons, and, far from indulging a jealousy against him on account of the land of his birth, she gave every evidence—material and other—of her lasting gratitude. The well-contested field of Guilford proved to be ‘the beginning of the end’—a fitting prelude to the closing scene at Yorktown, and we all know under whose conduct that crowning victory was gained.

And the same efficient system of coöperation has never been intermitted either in cabinet or field. A Southern Statesman—Charles Pinkney—presented the first draught of that constitution which, with some modifications, was adopted as the bond of our Union. Our great military chief was unanimously called to inaugurate the New Experiment and to set the machine in motion, and he has had successors not a few from the same quarter and not wholly unworthy to occupy his seat. Our highest tribunal of justice was long and early filled by one whose exalted qualifications were an honour to that responsible post and whose grave decisions are worthy to be precedents for all time. The sons of the South have not yet lost their reputation for forensic ability, for organizing and administrative talent; and in the spheres of General Legislation and diplomacy Southern patriots have laboured with equal diligence and success.

But faithfully and honorably as the men of this quarter have discharged the duties of peace, our later history has shewn that their hands have not forgotten to war. A Southern General, with an army from the South Western States, repelled the enemy from New Orleans and thereby a second time secured the outlet to the channel of Western Trade. To men of like type with a commander from the same locality was given the victory of San Jacinto, which gave freedom to Texas and ultimately gave Texas to us. And finally, in each of our brilliant Mexican Campaigns a Southern was still found at the head of our armies. Whenever also our borders have been enlarged, it has been done under the auspices and most generally by the direct efforts of men from the same latitude. These things were done moreover by the white man in Council or the tented field, while the slave was peacefully tilling the soil.

Nothing of all this will probably be denied. But it may be said that later experience is against our hypothesis; and we shall be pointed to *the States of the North-West*, which were settled and cleared and are now teeming with population and wealth, by dint of white labour alone. Our reply

is ready and manifold. Had the "free States"—as they call themselves—been left to accomplish the feat alone, it is not altogether certain that they would have even fallen heirs to this fine region. A Southern General—George Rogers Clarke—with an army of Virginians, conquered it in a single campaign and annexed it to Virginia's Western Territory. The seal has moreover been removed from the records of our secret diplomacy, and from them we learn that France revived her claim to it at the peace of '83, partly on the ground of original title, partly as indemnity for her services during the war; nor did she recede from her pretensions except on the vigorous remonstrance of the Southern interest. As she still possessed Louisiana, this together with that province would have served as a *point d'appui* for the reconquest of Canada, and proves the reluctance with which she surrendered her ancient schemes of empire on this continent.

Virginia, after the Revolutionary War magnanimously ceded it to the General Government. A Southern Statesman—Mr. Jefferson—who drew the ordinance for its government, also inserted the provision which excluded the institution of slavery from its bounds; and in the war of 1812 a Southern General—Harrison—with an army composed in great part of men from the South-Western States, by a succession of victories secured it from re-conquest. It has been settled, not alone by emigrants from the North Eastern States, but these also have received 'help from abroad' and it has been given with no niggard hand. Throughout its wide borders may be found emigrants from Virginia and other Southern or Western States. But this in particular has been the chosen region to which the European Immigrant has directed his steps, and the power which at first was but as a rolling snow-ball has become a thundering avalanche to bear down all before it. The Briton, the Cambrian, the Scot, the Hibernian, the Gaul, the German in all his varieties, the Scandinavian, the Pole, the Hungarian, hither have they fled from the despotic or over-peopled States of Europe; and they are the people who, bringing with them their capital, their skill and their labour, have contributed most essentially to change the scene. But how came they there? Had it continued the sole possession of the Gaul, is it probable that the others would have been permitted to make it their place of refuge? Fortunately it became a part of *this Great Republic* and was offered freely as an asylum to the oppressed of all nations, who would conform to and sustain our institutions, and therefore were their eyes turned thither. But this Republic could not have been established without the assistance of the South, nor would that assistance have been available

without the coöperation of the slave in his department.

We come at length to meet the *stereotyped* and supposed irrefutable charge of our assailants. "That something has been effected"—say they—"and of the kind pretended, we may not deny; but at what a fearful cost has it been attained! Present plenty and gratification have been purchased by future poverty and suffering,—a poverty that must be well nigh hopeless, seeing the very fountains of wealth are dried up." In lamenting the evils which they ascribe to this as the sole or principal source, the strain of the Prophet of old has been borrowed—"Before them the land is as the Garden of Eden,—behind a fearful wilderness." The track of the slave in his Westward march is likened to the path of the Simoom which leaves but a blasted heath or a sandy desert, and "the ground on which he stamps his foot is cursed with barrenness." All this is violent hyperbole, gross exaggeration, wilful caricature. That much of the soil of the South has been deteriorated, we grant; and some among ourselves who lament the fact, have united with the censors in their harsh reproach of the proximate agents. But the reproach, we venture to say, is in great part unmerited and the regret wholly misplaced. No part of our past history, we feel assured, has been so strangely misinterpreted as this—no incident in our progressive states and general movement whose causes and consequences have been so entirely overlooked or ignored.

Without doubt there are certain districts along our whole South Atlantic border less populous now than they have once been. But this has been occasioned by neither war nor famine, nor pestilence, nor indolence, nor wilful waste. The coast which first received the settlers was low, flat, often unhealthy, *never was endowed with durable fertility except on the margin of streams or morasses*, and exhibited this character still farther in the interior as the coast trends Southward. The next breadth of country, known in several of the States as the Piedmont district, was more salubrious in its atmosphere, undulating in its profile, its soil comparatively fertile and more happily constituted. When the first district, or its better portions, had been sufficiently occupied for security against enemies, the new comers and many of the old or their children would betake themselves to the second as offering superior advantages,—especially if within convenient reach of navigation. That much of the staple in both these districts has been reduced in value is owing to other causes than an improvident or reckless spirit.

And first, the country as a whole could then bear these repeated and heavy draughts on its powers. The fertility which had been storing up through untold centuries, was the Treasury on

which we drew in our early hour of need—the fund which was expended in training us for our after career of acquisition. When that was reduced we applied to similar sources in reserve which paid the tribute with a still more liberal hand. At length the wearied, *not* worn out field, which would no longer respond to our calls, was left in charge of the broom and the fern, and the sheltering pine would soon spread his protecting arms over the whole. A residuum was thus retained, locked up as it were, for the use of a posterity which should learn to coöperate with Nature in restoring that which she originally gave to their sires.

We have seen that during the Colonial Era, England claimed to herself the Lion's share in the fruits of our labour. To eke out the Planter's scanty income, the *quantity* of his marketable products must be increased. His labour being limited while land was abundant, the truest policy would dictate that that labour should be bestowed on fresher soils, which had been lying useless and would now best repay the expenditure. And this again would lead to the apparent neglect and abandonment of localities that in a change of circumstances would again smile under the hand of the husbandman.

Motives of benevolence likewise have often contributed to the same result. A landed proprietor in a desirable neighborhood, we will suppose, controls an amount of labour more than adequate to the culture of his narrow demesne in the only mode compatible both with profit and improvement. He may be burdened with debt and not always through his own fault. Seasons have been unpropitious and markets fluctuating. He might obtain relief by disposing of a part of his slaves; but to this he is averse, for they were born in his household and master and slave are endeared to each other by a long course of mutual benefits. He struggles on year after year, overtaxing the powers of his fields—to which he is also bound by all the associations of home—in the hope that some favorable turn of fortune may restore the equilibrium. When he can no longer deceive himself, he perhaps summons courage to turn his face to the Great West in search of new and cheap, or richer lands for himself and his children. Or if his heart should fail him, death comes to his relief and the relentless arm of the law severs the tie which he had not the resolution to break for himself. But ere this the mischief has been done.

Again: The peculiar staples of the South are such as require a frequent stirring of the soil. As this until a somewhat recent period was performed with imperfect implements in an unscientific manner and to an insufficient depth, the soil on the waving slopes of the Piedmont District was liable to be washed down by showers into the

contiguous vales. The injury arising from this cause has perhaps exceeded in extent that from all others.

It is the system of husbandry then which our products was thought to require, *and not the kind of labour employed*, that has occasioned the evil in question. Nor should this be a matter of peculiar reproach to the South. The era of an improved agriculture had not yet dawned on our country. Good Husbandry according to European standards was unknown in any part of the United States until after they had taken their place among the nations. And as their methods for the most part were unsuited to our circumstances, it had to be invented by and for ourselves. Such improvements are rarely made except under the strong stimulus of necessity or the most inviting prospect of gain; and where individuals have deviated from the established routine into a new and more successful course, the masses are proverbially slow in following their example. The ancient, rude and wasteful system was therefore persisted in by many, long after they would have willingly exchanged it for a better, which as yet was hid from their eyes.

This apparent decline of our greatest national interest, this tendency to a gradual exhaustion of the sources of our material prosperity must have been a frequent theme of despondent reflection with the intelligent patriot of that day. But we may now cease to repine at what was really a blessing in disguise. This seeming retrogradation, like the ebb of the advancing wave, was but a necessary step in our progress. And that which is emphatically true of the South, may be predicated in its measure of the North. For we utter no paradox when we assert, that *the imperfect, nay the positively bad husbandry of the Atlantic States, has been the chief proximate cause of the early and rapid settlement of the great Trans-Alleghany Valley.*

While the Territory of the North West has been given over for settlement to the Northern States in general, the task of Colonizing the much wider region lying South of the Ohio River, has been left to those in the South Atlantic border; and to each State was tacitly assigned that portion which lay between her own parallels of latitude. Thus while Virginia with the assistance of Maryland has occupied Kentucky and Missouri, Tennessee has fallen to the lot of North Carolina, and Alabama and Mississippi were left to the care of South Carolina and Georgia. And how has the requisite labour been obtained? *Chiefly from the increase of our people.* For the Immigrant's chosen path, as we have seen, has most generally led him to a Northern home as being more analogous in climate to that he left behind, while the sons of the South, with but little assistance, have over-

spread all the fair land lying below the parallel of which we have spoken. And how came they there? for certain it is that they were not driven thither by any other than moral compulsion. Yet none but a strong and almost imperative motive could have exiled them from their original seats. We speak not of the exceptional and enterprising few who in all ages have been lured abroad by the prospect of wealth or spirit of adventure. Ordinarily it has been found that nothing less than intolerable oppression, or the pressure of a crowd, could induce great numbers of all classes to abandon their natal soil for another, although that other should in some respects be far more desirable. But neither of these motives was urgently operative here.

No, we repeat it, it was the bad husbandry of the South which has caused so many of her citizens to take up the line of march. Had an improved agriculture been adopted and pursued from the beginning, their ancient homes would have been rendered too attractive to be deserted at the mere call of duty however plainly pointed out, or even though it should have been demonstrated that this was the only method of ensuring their ultimate safety. More probable it is that they would have clung to them until it was too late to have effectually coöperated in the great plan. Not that our fathers deliberately did evil that good might come. They then knew no better way: but were permitted for a wise purpose to go on consuming their capital, while its productive powers were annually waning, until the prospect of leaving their posterity to take a social position lower than their own, or the hope of maintaining the standard of comfort to which they had been accustomed, if not of bettering their condition, made the emigrant's path too inviting to be resisted. Is it not as if the Great Master of us all had said to them in audible tones,—"Up and away. This is not your abiding place. Your work here is done and I have need of you elsewhere. The *West* is all before you where to choose and Providence your guide. A heavier task awaits you there, but your strength and means shall keep ratio with your burdens. An ample reward shall you find for all your toils and at length a permanent home for yourselves and your children." And the command has been obeyed; at first by the discerning few, afterwards by the many when the dictates of interest and duty were found to coincide.

The inventive genius of Americans since their separate national existence, has shone forth with distinguished lustre. But however their ingenuity may have multiplied the means of abridging labour and increasing comfort, or however prompt we may have been to avail ourselves of the suggestions of others to the same end, there never

yet has been a patent for raising our Southern staples without the work of human hands, and much of it. That much has been applied in this way, and to a broad surface we know, and so numerous were the mouths so be filled and the backs to be clothed, both at home and abroad, that there has been a steady demand for all its products. And this again has caused the separate rills of emigration to swell into streams whose united waters have at length overspread the entire valley of the West.

Another auxiliary was the restless and roving spirit of Americans that has been growing more intense from an early period; which has first weakened and finally attenuated to a thread the cord that usually attaches men to the spot of their nativity. Of them, as of the Arabs, it has come at length to be said, that not any one locality, but their whole country was their home, or wherever Providence and the current of the day may waft them. And then the unpausing energy with which they pursue any enterprise in which they may embark ensures its speedy completion, if within the compass of their strength. It was not ever thus. It took Virginians something more than a century to reach the foot of the nearest range of mountains. When Gov. Spottswood and his companions\* in 1716, from the top of the Blue Ridge looked down on the fair Valley of Virginia as yet untrodden by the white man, he surveyed a goodly land, one that would well repay the labours of the husbandman; and he probably thought that that other range of mountains which bounded his vision on the West would long serve as a barrier to the advance of our pioneers. *And yet from that hour the spell was broken.* The men were not wanting to go and occupy the inviting scene, and although their forward movement was often disputed by the savages, they steadily maintained their ground. The land soon flowed with milk and honey, and has since been farther enriched and adorned by art. It also embraced within its scope, though unknown to the early visitors, those healing waters, the later resort of pilgrims whom we have seen in annually increasing throngs wending their way thither in search of pleasure and of health.

It was not long, however, ere tidings reached them of a still broader and fairer valley lying behind those Western hills, a land so lovely even in savage eyes that contending tribes who fought for its possession had deluged it with their blood. The sons of those sires yielded to the attraction and were quickly followed by others from all quarters of Virginia and Maryland, who, within the memory of the living, have planted themselves throughout its wide borders. Surely, it might be thought, the fortunate adventurers, who have

\* The Knights of the Horse Shoe.



alighted on the Vale of Kentucky will be content here to take up their final rest, for perhaps the sun in his course shines on none so fair. But no: blest as it was with a richness well nigh fabulous, a fertility which no abuse has been able to exhaust, many of *their* sons have proved birds of passage in their turn. Falling in with the tide which continued to flow from the farther East, they have passed over into Missouri, adown the Mississippi, and at length have overflowed into Texas, or planted their foot steps on the farthest shores of the Pacific.

Here then is our answer to the lamentable outcry which has been repeated until some of the timid or short-sighted among ourselves have been stunned into acquiescence, if not into belief. Has the labour of the slave, directed as it was by our fathers, converted our country into a wilderness? But for that labour it would have remained the wilderness they found it. Have the men of the South wasted the heritage of Posterity? It was for Posterity that they laboured and with such signal success in rescuing from the grasp of Despotism, a land which is destined to be the fitting home of Liberty.

But of all the States, Virginia it is that has longest borne, and in largest measure, the brunt of this opprobrious charge. Often has she been compared to the thriftless prodigal, who having spent his store is compelled to abandon his paternal home and seek subsistence in a foreign clime. A juster type of her early conduct would be the Roman Daughter who fed her aged sire from her own bosom. In later days she has been the Pelican who has opened her breast and warmed her suffering offspring with her heart's best blood; the affectionate Parent who has kept herself poor that her children might present a respectable appearance in the world. She has lost and suffered much; for her course has ever been one of self-sacrifice when it might have been that of self-aggrandizement. She gave up an Empire to the Confederacy which she might have justly retained. She cut off the fairest part of her remaining territory at the instance of her daughter who wished "to set up for herself." When hailed as "the Mother of States," it was by no unmeaning title, for where in all the West can we go without finding her children. Year after year have her sons gone out from her, each one carrying with him his labour, his skill and his capital, to secure and enrich other lands; but she gave them up cheerfully at the call of a Higher Power. While yet a Colony, her Eastern Domain, the Valley included, was already ensured to Posterity. She then seemed willing to *postpone* the settlement of her Trans-Alleghany possessions, that she might send her army of occupation to Kentucky, while other detachments have hastened to the assistance

of South Carolina and Georgia in colonizing their own vacant territory or in completing their portion of the great general task imposed on the South Atlantic States.

There was a time when her state if truly given would have presented some of the darker shades of the picture; the fringes of her garment torn, the gloss worn from many a fold, but never disrobed to nakedness; her aspect still hopeful and determined, toiling on, suffering much, but able and ready to endure yet more for those she loved. There was a time when, had the sons of those Western Pioneers returned to our Eastern Border and traversed the scenes hallowed by the footsteps of their sires and made classical by their deeds, they would have been saddened by the change. Some natural tears they might have dropt when they looked around and learned that the very traditions of a heroic race were fading there where they had arisen and flourished, or better preserved in the land of their adoption to which they have been transferred. But had the latent though true cause of the altered landscape been duly considered, they might have been reassured. The past was inevitable, but the future had a better day in store. The general good was more than that of the Mother of States. It had cost her much, but it was worth all and more than she had paid. In her worst estate, enough was left for Republican plainness and simplicity. Sufficient of her sons adhered to her to secure the conquests previously made, and retrieve her sinking fortunes.

And we rejoice to add that the wounds received by her in this prolonged warfare were superficial and not immedicable. The exhaustion was but partial, and having proceeded to a certain point was arrested. Whatever the former despondency, we may now declare with confidence that very—very little of her soil has been injured past recovery. To restore the waste lands of any country has generally been a work of time—with all the assistance to be obtained from skill and capital. Of the second there was but little among us; and so much of the third as we possessed was reserved for objects whose claims were then thought to be more urgent. But this at length was recognised as our great material interest and in the same proportion did it receive the attention of our wisest and best patriots. Remedies for our most aggravated symptoms were earnestly sought and have been discovered and applied with the most encouraging success. The process of regeneration having long since commenced has continued steadily to advance, and as we hope, *never more to recede*. Agriculture is now an honorable and honoured, a profitable, nay, a scientific pursuit. In a few short years the traces of old wounds will have

been removed and the general face of the country made to smile as it never did before. And it is but justice to add that if slavery has verily been the cause of the former mischief, it has laboured with equal fidelity and diligence in its repair.

With the revival in this department new life has been infused into every other interest. The tide of emigration from her borders has been measurably stayed and the sons of Virginia have learned that their first duty is owing to their mother. Our ancient cities and towns have been enlarged and embellished and new ones have arisen, the facilities of communication between those and the country have been liberally encouraged, and the architecture of both town and country has improved in a corresponding degree. The cause of education has not lagged behind. While Virginia is second to but one other State in the number of her colleges, the standard of instruction in those of the highest grade and the number of pupils to whom it is imparted both indicate the public appreciation of its importance. Our most distinguished jurists and statesmen had ever received their training at home; but to these may now be added our soldiers, physicians, clergy, professors and preceptors generally. And indications are not wanting that they have begun to recognise their obligation to add their quota to the rising literature and science of our country. In fine, as all the great plans and arrangements embraced in this general movement of society in Virginia and the South seem to contemplate permanence as well as progression, we may hope that the ERA OF PEACE has commenced throughout this grand division of the Union.

If we have drawn out our particular line of argument at greater length and endeavoured to fortify it by a variety of illustrations, it was rather because of its novelty and that it seemed to require a fuller developement. It is not that we are unaware of the many considerations which have been so forcibly urged by others\* in vindication of the South for her maintenance of this

institution; for in most of them we fully concur. Thus it had so often said that slavery was a sin in the eye of God, and those who should have known better and taught the people accordingly had so long assumed an apologetic or deprecatory tone, that many over-sensitive persons were frightened from their propriety and either renounced their right to such property or fled from its neighborhood. More recently the sacred oracles have been carefully examined with reference to this very question and it has been demonstrated that a just interpretation of their contents warrants no such inference.\* Certain political enthusiasts, hurried away with the Gallic cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and taking these words in their extremest literal sense, have carried out their principles in a similar manner. If such cases are less frequent now, it is because a stern experience has shewn both the folly and cruelty of their course.

Indeed ethnology and the unerring instincts of the white man had settled this question by anticipation. Two races so essentially different in character, intellect, habits, tastes, cannot occupy the same territory as equals. The inferior caste must be in subjection to the higher. And it is better for the former that it should be so. While in slavery his condition will compare favorably with that of the least oppressed peasantry of Europe, nay, with that of the operatives and other labourers of the Northern States. As a slave he is exempted from the peculiar burdens incident to a season of public war; and in time of peace he is for the most part well-fed, comfortably housed and clothed, employed in a regular though moderate work when in health and strength, and properly cared for in infancy, sickness and age. Public opinion, the law of the land, and the interest of the owner alike require this. Where it is otherwise the cases are exceptional and so prove the rule. Are the children of slaves separated from their parents? So are those of the whites, and not more frequently in the one case

\* The elaborate essays of President Dew and Chancellor Harper, the letters of Governor Hammond, and various papers by different writers in the Southern Review and other periodicals in this quarter, have done much to enlighten the public mind and to re-assure the men of the South. Of the 'Sociology' of Mr. Fitzhugh the present writer cannot as yet speak from personal knowledge. Several gentlemen of the North also, individuals of enlarged and liberal views—have come forward at the calls of Patriotism and justice and have dared to stem the tide of obloquy which fanatical prejudice has long directed against their Southern brethren. We instance Mr. Paulding, of New York, and Mr. Campbell of Philadelphia who in his volume entitled 'Negromania' has strongly presented the ethnological argument and fortified it with a host of the highest scientific authorities. To these we may add the name of Dr. Adams of Boston, who has very recently had the magnanimity to renounce his cherished prejudice and recant

his errors when convinced of them by actual observation and calm inquiry.

\* Dr. Fuller has done well, and Dr. Fletcher's [of Louisiana] thorough examination of the Ethical and Scriptural questions was specially needed for the learned. But the Rev. Thornton Stringfellow of Virginia has also surveyed the subject from the same stand-point. With in the brief compass of a tract and in a style adapted to all readers, he has presented an argument which we believe to be irrefutable by the most ingenious. His work was necessarily critical in some degree. But well and nobly has it been done, and for it he merits the thanks of the entire South. Why has it not been stereotyped and a copy placed in the hands of every man in the country who is willing to abide by the decisions of Holy Writ?

than the other. We have heard much of the horrors of the 'middle passage' since the attempts forcibly to suppress the African trade, and of the waste of human life by the oppressive exactions of English, French, Spanish and Portuguese masters of generations past; supposing there were no exaggeration in these statements, we are unscathed by them. During the time in which Africans were brought directly to these colonies and up to its close, the physical wants of the negroes were attended to in their transit, and as between their former and latter condition the exchange in almost every instance was for them a happy one. Throughout the entire white population of the South there is probably neither a kidnapper nor the descendant of a kidnapper. Can the men of the North say as much? The black population of the same region, all numerous as they are, are the descendants of perhaps not more than 2 or 300,000 native Africans.\* Now although the forest fell before them and they raised new subjects of profitable commerce, their rapid and steady increase evinces the general humanity of their treatment. As compared with the Africans they have been both civilized and christianized, and have progressed, as fast perhaps, if not as far, as the black race is capable of advancing. When the condition of the slave is compared with that of the free-black in his vicinity, no eye-witness can fail to perceive the superiority of the former. Yet such is the *vis inertia*—the incorrigible sloth of the man of either class, such his propensity to sensual gratification and to pilfering or illicit trade as the means of its indulgence, that their mutual contact is found to be injurious to both. In cities, where a more efficient police can be maintained and where until lately there was a constant demand for their services, the exceptions were numerous; but in the country the result has been wholly different.

This is no conjectural statement nor is our conclusion drawn from small number of instances. Very many slaves have been manumitted by many masters at different times, singly and in large numbers.† The best slaves have been gen-

erally selected as the subjects of experiment. While circumstances have been otherwise favourable, neighbouring proprietors have been disposed to promote a happy issue. But one event—*failure*, comparative or entire—has attended them all. Degeneracy appeared either immediately or in the next succeeding progeny. Idleness and vice, disease and want have sooner or later dogged the heels of the free-black throughout the Southern States. However benevolent the intentions then of their former owners, experience has shown that what was designed as a boon has proved a curse to them and their posterity. So clearly is this so, that Legislatures have been compelled in self-defence to restrain the privilege of emancipation except on condition of transporting the subjects beyond the borders of their respective States.

It thus appears that those who advocate the expediency of liberating these people with the privilege of remaining in the same community, can take no encouragement from the past. To send them to the Free States or to Canada, is little or no better. They are there in a climate less adapted to their constitution and mode of life; are still in a state of hopeless social and political inferiority; are subjected in the battle of life to fierce competition with the whites, which becoming more intense with the increase of the latter, must end in the black man's going to the wall;—and when it shall have become necessary to transport them to another region—for to this complexion it must come at last—they will be at a greater distance from their ultimate place of destination. Indeed, if the view which we have here laboured to establish be correct, masters who are considerate in their humanity should not desire this privilege. The isolated efforts of single individuals can do but little at best towards the removal of evil—if such it be. Their only effect may be to render those who remain more valuable. But he who liberates a slave—which in general is but another name for releasing him from all useful work,—*retards the completion of the task assigned to his race*, and thereby postpones any great national or state effort for their removal from our soil. Such movement only can be efficient. It must moreover be voluntary and cannot be hastened by ignoring the settled principles of Political Economy and the laws of supply and demand. Better—far better it is for the black man and his posterity that he should continue in his present relation and bide his and their time. The incessant and partially successful efforts of their pseudo-friends to seduce them from their allegiance and promote their escape must exasperate

\* The writer has no exact statistics at hand, and writes from memory, but he supposes the larger number to be a liberal estimate.

† That this kind of philanthropy and generosity had not been confined to the Northern States we knew; that much had been done in this way at the South, though quietly and without ostentation, we have ever believed; but the following statement which lately appeared in one of the religious papers of this city, will probably take some of our readers as much by surprise as it did ourselves. The Rev. Dr. Stiles, of the Southern Aid Society, states that the people of the South have expended more to emancipate slaves than the religious community in the whole country has for all the benevolent objects besides. The South has emancipated slaves at a cost

and sacrifice to themselves of \$125,000,000; while the contribution to all benevolent objects have not been more than one-fifth part of this amount.

their owners, increase their vigilance for the future and may occasion the withdrawal of many little privileges which the master would otherwise cheerfully accord to them. We know that there are a few political and religious enthusiasts in the extreme party at the North, who have sometimes talked of terminating it by violence. Any such attempt, whether by emissaries commissioned to incite them to rebellion, or by incendiary publications, could only end in injury, if not in disaster to the slave. The South has heretofore found it easy to protect herself against all such futile efforts. But should they chance to be more successful in future, the first serious outbreak would lead—to a speedy settlement of the slave question; and thereafter, perchance, to the raising of others which it might not be so easy to solve.

From the view which has now been taken of our condition and prospects, it appears that we have abundant reason to be thankful for the past, and a future full of hope, unless we wantonly sacrifice our advantages and inflict a wound on our own prosperity. If we look *abroad*, what is the present state of that Great Cause which—as we verily believe—has remotely led to the occupation and improvement of these wilds? We find that the commercial sceptre, which Portugal and Spain won from Italy, has long since passed, first to Holland and then to England,—both Protestant nations and measurably free. We see the connexion between Portugal and her great colonies in India and America, wholly severed and that once gallant people sunk in paralysis and well-nigh “perishing in their own corruption.” “A day of fearful retribution has also come over the once proud monarchy of Spain.” She has been successively stripped of her conquests in the Netherlands, France, Italy, Northern Africa, of her colonies in the West Indies, (Cuba only excepted,) and on this Continent, and the whole Peninsula reduced to a state of weakness and insignificance which has rendered her contemptible in the eyes of those who once trembled at her frown. The Papal Church, in France and several States of Germany, has been made to disgorge much of her iniquitous gains and it now holds the rest at the good pleasure of the State of which she is an humble dependent. While we write the world has been astonished at learning that the same process is going on even in Spain and Italy! Nay the very Pope himself has within these few years been compelled to fly from the seat of his power, and his throne, at the present hour and for years past, has only been sustained by foreign bayonets. We see the Governments of Europe generally staggering under a load of debt,—debt contracted in the vain endeavor to stifle the rising spirit of freedom among the people. We say, in vain, for the people are still sullen and discontented with

their condition, and ever and anon we have seen upheavings of the masses in efforts to throw off their intolerable burdens;—efforts, we believe, to be again and again renewed, until they have succeeded in recovering the most essential part of that which they have lost,—the rest to follow in due order as they shew themselves worthy of its enjoyment.

For, the Phenomenon of a nation in this Western world, great, peaceful, prosperous and free, must be viewed with an ever-increasing interest. Such a people is like a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. The spectacle must beget a feeling of emulation, a desire to follow so successful an example as far as the circumstances of older communities will permit. The least result for which we venture to hope is, that a new spirit may animate their governments until the most glaring abuses and heaviest burdens shall have been removed and only such retained as are incident to human nature in its present fallen state.

But in contrasting our happier lot with that of nations that are still rode by kings and nobles and priests with their standing armies of soldiery or police—all of whom have forgotten *their* mission or have failed to fulfil it—let us not forget those by whose agency our blessings were procured. Neither should we omit to repel the malicious assaults of those who would depreciate their character and labours, but rather let us continue to falsify their predictions as heretofore. Well do we remember the taunts of the foreign journals which so long traded in defamation of us and our institutions, taunts in which the spleen was even more visible than the wit. Who reads an American book? once asked the Edinburgh Review. “What have we to learn about Government,” said Blackwood, “from a people who have done nothing but *chop down forests* for centuries?” “A nation of bores,” says Transcendental Carlyle. The first question has been long since answered. For the second—the down-trodden *people* of Europe are like in time to learn from our example a lesson which may be less palatable to their rulers and blind guides than profitable to themselves. And not improbable it is that these bores may continue to torture them in future rather worse than in the past. The task in which our fathers engaged was to outward appearances humble, but necessary; attended with no eclat, but encountered with a dutiful and persistent spirit. And well for us that it was so; that they were willing to make haste slowly and not to anticipate the duties of an after age. Well for us, that they “put their pedigree—such as it was—in their pockets and were content to be plain folk;” that their talk was of bullocks and swine; that they plied the axe, the hoe and the harrow; that they planted tobacco, sowed rice, and more recently grew cotton and

the rest. These were the deep and strong foundations which they laid and we have entered into their labours. Nor, as the sequel has proved, was this all that they did or learnt. *They stooped but to conquer.* All honour then to the original "log-rollers," whatever we may think of their political successors in our day. In one sense we have all been pioneers. But we, the heirs and successors of those who tamed the wilderness, have reached a position from which we can look back on the whole course of our history, to mark the tendency of their useful and meritorious labours, and forward to the duties which lie before us, for the consummation of which the toil of other generations will be required.

In approaching the conclusion of our present inquiry, we come finally to consider what some will regard as its most interesting phase, the future of slavery and probable destiny of this race. In our anxiety to justify the past we find that we have already been betrayed into a length of dissertation which must have taxed the patience of our readers: We must therefore content ourselves with a sketch of our views on this head and of the reasons which have led to our conclusion; reserving a more detailed exposition for a future occasion and perhaps for other hands. Our outline however, shall be sufficiently distinct to enable the reader to supply the missing traits of the picture when he shall have once apprehended our purpose.

It was intimated in the beginning, that while contemplating the future of slavery, we do not now indulge in the fearful forebodings by which others are oppressed, but that we felt at liberty to cherish more hopeful views as being both possible and legitimate. Its unfavorable effects on the soil and physical aspect of our country, we have seen, are neither necessary nor permanent, only incidental to the earlier stages of its employment; and that slavery can be used to heal the wounds itself has inflicted. What then? and is it therefore to be perpetuated, or continued for an indefinite future? If this were desirable it is not possible.

One of the effects of American slavery has been, to place its subjects generally in circumstances of so much comfort and so to narrow for them the path of duty, that the providing for the maintenance of their offspring occasions them no uneasiness of mind, this being the care of the master alone. The moral and prudential considerations which so frequently prevent the white man from incurring the responsibilities of a family do not operate with them. Yielding then to their natural instincts their increase has been greater than that of the whites; and of this augmentation of number there is no preventive which can be conscientiously employed by a christian

people. As yet and for a long time to come our own country may furnish sufficient useful and profitable employment for this increase. But to this of course there must be a limit, and if no vent for this surplus be found, the relation which has heretofore been fruitful in benefits to both parties will become an unmitigated curse. The alternatives then to be presented must be obvious to the slightest reflection. This vent must be perpetual, so as to keep pace with the increase, or the entire race must be extirpated, or the field must be surrendered to them by the whites; or the slaves must be peaceably removed when their work is done.

But one of these courses can be conceived of as at all admissible. Who would embark his all and for life in a vessel so unseaworthy as to require a perpetual plying of pumps to prevent submersion? Who would take up his residence on the sides of a pregnant volcano whose explosion at an hour unforeseen must desolate the whole surrounding region, covering it with ashes and lava? But can the time ever arrive when all the white families of the South shall be prepared to abandon without a struggle the homes endeared to them by so many considerations? In our hearts we cannot believe it. We are not willing that a problem which has engaged the anxious deliberations of so many patriot statesmen, the hopes of the philanthropist, and the prayers of a christian nation, shall be abandoned as insoluble. Providence, we are persuaded, intends better things for us and will yet open the way and provide the means. Sooner or later however, the difficulty must be met and grappled with. And better for us it is, and for them that our plans should be early formed and determined on and timely provision made for all its probable exigencies.

And can so large a number of persons as the blacks who will then cover this region be removed from our midst without convulsion and disaster? Will not the mass be too unwieldy for our strength? The removal of it entire—as we shall presently see—will not be necessary. But if it were, we are not prepared to say what would be impossible to the abilities of the future. Many an enterprise once thought visionary has proved to be entirely feasible with the improved appliances of the present day, and may be still more facilitated by those to be added in coming generations.

History records for our encouragement many migrations of entire races and displacements of nations. We cannot now pause to describe at length the successive inundations which, on the old continent, have flowed from the far East to the West; or from the 'populous North' to the fertile and attractive plains of the South: To one who is versed in the annals of the Old World the bare suggestion will call up a long line of

moving panoramas. The very names of Tartars and Mongols, of Huns and Avars, of Turks, Saracens and Moors, of Gauls, Cimbri and Teutons, Goths, Vandals and Franks, of Saxons, Danes and North-men, may shew us something of what is possible when whole nations are animated by the same spirit, possessed with a fixed idea, and moved as it were by a single impulse. These grand processions which have shaken the solid earth, presenting an aspect almost wholly military, are however, less germane to our purpose than certain less noisy though not less significant events of our own times, albeit these latter were more voluntary and less organised in appearance. Look to the clearing of the Scottish Highlands, to the recent Irish Exodus, to the multitudes of immigrants to this country from the British Isles, from Germany and France. Look to Australia, to Texas, California, Wisconsin, Iowa, nations as it were born in a day; and surely all doubt of the possibility of our task must vanish, especially when we consider that *the millions who have so lately changed their places of abode have done so without cost to their respective governments.*

But our aspirations are not to be limited by these as precedents. There are favorable circumstances in our own case which make it one *sui generis*.

And first, it is an encouraging fact that slavery has ceased in several of the Northern States where it formerly existed, and has also been excluded by law from those of the North West and the Territories on our Pacific shore. *That it has been steadily drifting from North to South* we likewise know, and that this has been occasioned by Laws of Trade as inevitable in their operation as those of Nature herself. Tobacco was more profitable than the products of the North as raised by this kind of labour, and Virginia in consequence has received a large accession of slaves from that quarter. Cotton in this respect has at length taken precedence of Tobacco, and accordingly multitudes of slaves—with or without their masters—have been transferred from Virginia and North Carolina to the South West. The fresh and richer lands of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana would better repay their labour and have therefore attracted many from South Carolina and Georgia. Sugar as well as Cotton, it was discovered, could be grown in parts of Louisiana and Texas, and they in their turn have made heavy drafts on the Slavery of States farther North and East. The agriculture of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee is annually assuming a character which will render the amount of *slave labour* required for its purposes less and less. Indeed we have heard it surmised, that but for the impolitic interference of others in our municipal concerns, each of those States

would ere this have taken incipient steps towards a prospective emancipation; so that another generation might have seen the Roanoke and the Cumberland Mountains as the Northern boundary of this Institution instead of the Potomac and the Ohio as now. However, that may be, the general tendency of things cannot be mistaken and the steady operation of causes now in action must result in their gathering in still greater numbers on the Northern and Western shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

But if in this we should be mistaken, *when the proper time arrives*, they will still be within convenient reach of the coast. Such of our rivers emptying into the Atlantic and the Gulf, including the Mississippi and its branches, as are navigable by steam, already afford to large districts the facilities required. And these together with the Rail-Roads in operation or projected will, within a few years, place every colored man in the land within three days journey of some port of embarkation, and at a moderate cost. When we reflect that the transfer of slaves to our South West was for many years conducted by caravan and encampment, on foot and often athwart the course of the larger streams—a method tardy, laborious, fatiguing and expensive, which yet did not arrest the movement—it will at once appear that a great obstruction has been removed from our future path.

And whither shall they go when they are once at sea? Shall they turn their prow towards their Father-Land? In Africa we doubt not there is ample space for them all without crowding those who are already there, if all would do their duty and cultivate Peace; a climate which limits their natural wants, and a soil that under proper culture would leave nothing to be desired. But who will ensure their continuance in the habits of order, industry and loyalty acquired under the dominion and guidance of the white man? The experiments in Hayti, Jamaica, Guiana, do not warrant the belief that the black man is yet prepared for self-government; and the climate of Africa so well adapted to his constitution is fatal to that of the white man. So far as now appears indeed, the entire region is spell-bound as against the latter. If Africa then is ever to be civilized it must be by her own sons, and these must first have been trained in other lands, with which they shall continue to maintain relations of intercourse, or under other auspices than are now apparent to a stranger who visits her shores.

Long then may LIBERIA flourish as the home and refuge of the *best of the free-blacks* of America, and the asylum of others to be hereafter liberated as the reward of faithful service or on any other just consideration. Long may she serve as the model and exemplar to surrounding tribes,



exciting them to emulation by the contrast of their own wretched condition with that of men of their own colour who were trained for Freedom by having learned obedience to law and order under American masters. Ardently do we desire that she may assist in arresting the manifold evils by which those shores have been so long desolated, and become a fountain of light and civilization and Christianity to all that darkened coast. More than this we do not now expect. There was a time when we anticipated more; but a sober sense of things has taught us to limit our hopes. Long have we watched this experiment, which seemed to promise all the more fairly that we wished it entire success. But more than once has it been nearly overwhelmed by the too rapid influx of subjects but ill-fitted to meet the duties of their new position. It is with reluctance that we have come to the conclusion, that were a tithe of the increase of the slaves of the United States, in their present average mental and moral condition, discharged on Liberia, a speedy return to barbarism would be the inevitable result. Such a consummation might be stayed by the substitution of a despotism for their present form of government. But unless the colony were adopted by our Confederacy and subjected to a regimen with almost discretionary powers, they might refuse all farther accession to their numbers from this quarter. While therefore we shall be duly thankful for any assistance which may be afforded by this or any other locality on that Continent, we must look for permanent relief in another direction.

It is a law of Ethnology, and as such a law of Nature which is but another name for an ordinance of God, that to THE DARK RACES OF MEN BELONG THE TROPICAL REGIONS OF THE EARTH. The Caucasian may over-run them with his arms, may subject their inhabitants for a time to his sway, may use them for his purposes, but for carrying out those purposes they are indispensable. There will they ever be found. *Sedent, sedebuntque in æternum.* The invader may make a solitude and call it peace. Effete races may be extinguished or fade away before the advance of more vigorous tribes; but the stamp of colour in deeper or lessening shades is on those who return to occupy the vacant scene, and remains indelible. We have heard it said that no European, whatever his previous opinions or however energetic his temperament, could reside five years in British India without yielding his assent to two positions. First, that a tropic sun will enervate the stoutest white man and indispose him for the labours of the field; and secondly, that Democratic equality for all men without distinction is simply impossible. If our general proposition be well founded, it is true now, whatever it may become five hundred or a thousand years hence in the general

progress of human nature. It is true not only of Africa and Asia, but also of America.—What then?

In the course of our present essay we have often had occasion to refer to our Great Western Valley, traversed from North to South by a single river, whose waters in their course visit shores ever of marvellous fertility, but whose products vary in appearance or are distinguished in kind with their nearness to the sun. That this region was essential to our strength and respectability as a nation—how it has been acquired and settled, and the consequences of its possession—these things have been the burden of our discourse. But there is in another part of this Continent another Valley, more uniform in climate—of equal, perhaps wider extent—of stupendous fertility, its system of navigable streams without a parallel on earth. THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON is capable of maintaining its hundreds of millions! But are they there? a few scattered and dwindling tribes of natives, a few roaming bands of *gauchos*, a few groups of planters, shepherds, herdsmen and miners here and there dot its broad surface, and the wilderness darkened with forests or covered with the rank grass of the Pampas. The shores of the great river become more elevated as we ascend from its mouth to its sources, and along its banks and those of many of its affluents salubrious sites are not unfrequent. Thrice in the year will the land yield its increase. Here may the tobacco, the rice, the cotton and sugar of a more temperate clime be raised in all perfection and in abundance sufficient for the supply of the world. To these the fruits and spices of Arabia, Persia, India, China and the Isles of the Pacific may all be added at pleasure. Nought is wanting but labour directed by science and skill and pursued with energy and perseverance.\* But are these like to be furnished by its present owners?

This vast expanse, we had almost said, this void immense, was for three centuries a nominal dependency of Portugal, one of the smallest and now among the feeblest of European Powers, which could not settle it herself, and jealously closed the door of entrance against all other nations. It is now a part of an Empire which has dropt from the parent stem, whose seat is on the coast far to the South, and whose population is gathered for the most part around her metropolis or on her Southern border. Yet still is the same exclusive policy observed. Unless the Spanish and Portuguese stocks on that part of the Conti-

\* The invaluable generalizations of Lieut. Maury, and the still more recent explorations of Messrs. Herndon & Gibbon under the auspices of the Federal Government have but confirmed the impressions derived from our previous researches; and we had endeavoured to avail ourselves of all accessible sources of information.

nent can be rejuvenated, and in a shorter time than was ever before known under the like circumstances, the probability is that this field will lie barren for generations to come. *Is it not as if both the field and the task had been reserved for our Anglo-American race with their auxiliaries, who alone in unison can supply the qualities required?*

Were it undertaken in earnest, we cannot doubt that it would be possible to a people that has accomplished yet greater things. Hitherto when the will has been determined, they have shown a fertility of resource which has ever supplied the requisite means, a strength which rose with the occasion, a persistent energy which no obstacle could thwart, and their whole previous labours have been an unconscious preparation for this enterprise yet to come. Give us but a few thousand square miles of this territory which now lies useless for our experiment, and its feasibility we doubt not would soon be placed beyond a peradventure. Be it covered with a forest ever so dense and heavy, a score or two of steam saw-mills would quickly prepare it for cultivation, the growth once severed would in its new form more than repay the charge of its removal, and the more frequent tributes of the soil would so enhance the profits of the planter that others of those he had left behind would hasten to the scene and share in his advantages.

We are not so sanguine, however, as to suppose that it could be achieved by the black man alone, or by either without the assistance of the other. Yet a little longer must the former remain under the pupillage and guidance of his ancient leaders, and the future is plain before them both. A few days journey will have brought these from the farthest interior to our coast; a few days sail would take them to the mouth of the Amazon, from whence they might quickly ascend to the scene of their labours. Let the young, the vigorous and healthy of both sexes, *the source of future increase*, be the sole adventurers selected for this expedition, and *the others left to finish their days in the land of their birth and sojourn*. The effect of such abstraction on the relative numbers of the two races would be quickly perceived, and the timid and the desponding encouraged in a proportionate degree.

We pretend not to say when this process will be commenced; but it may be much earlier than any now suppose. Should some one—any one of the greater slave States provide by law for the manumission at maturity of all born after a certain period and remaining in her limits, that State would within twenty years thereafter be in effect clear of slavery, its example to be successively and voluntarily followed by others under the stim-

ulus of interest alone. Let it be once begun and its completion will only be a question of time.

But that land is the property of Brazil; and shall we attempt to seize it by the law of the strongest? or shall we go about to pick a quarrel with her that we may try conclusions for its possession? This would be in full conformity to European custom; but we prefer another method of proceeding,—one which better accords with our national habits and sense of propriety. The larger portion of our present area, as we have seen, was added *by purchase* or peaceable annexation; and so scrupulous have we been in adhering to the mode, that on a memorable occasion, when conquest had given us a rich territory, we returned the greater and better part and paid a liberal price for what was retained.

But in all seriousness, this is a cause in which the happiness of future and unnumbered millions is involved, and as such it is too important, too sacred, too dependent for its success on the favour of Him who is the Great Patron of all Right, for its friends to permit it to be stained with the least appearance of injustice. And here we may add, that should Cuba ever pass from the possession of Spain, however desirable it may be for us to own it on other grounds, we want it not *for this purpose*—no, not even as a stepping-stone.\* Better is it to proceed directly and at once to the place of our destination, seeing that our purposes are honourable and just, and we want no plausible pretext to cover an aggressive spirit.

Here then is an object worthy the ambition of the proudest statesman, or the efforts of the most self-denying patriot. He who shall, by friendly negotiation, and *for a fair equivalent*, secure the transfer of the territory desired, will place his name beside that of the Father of his country, for he will have been *its second Saviour*. Here is a scheme of benevolence sufficiently comprehensive to absorb all the philanthropic feeling of the North, in comparison with which the settlement of Kansas, or Nebraska, or any other question which now divides us, sinks to utter nothingness. A truce then with our bickerings, and let us once more approach each other in a fraternal spirit. If our brethren of the North are sincere in the belief that this is the great national blight and evil, and in their professions of anxiety as to its future, they will cease useless reproaches and consent to unite their councils and efforts with ours in maturing and initiating the only plan which now promises relief. Nay, it would be but

\* That would be an odd 'back-door to slavery,' which led to an enclosure already filled with it! The assistance of the black man may yet be required somewhere in Central America, in opening a navigable highway between the two oceans, or for other purposes; but for these a detachment would be sufficient, and their way but temporary.

the discharge of an ancient debt. New England did much to bring slavery here; she may do more to carry it away.

This is, moreover, the common cause and interest of the Christian world, the cause of progress, the cause and the guarantee of peace—for peace is essential to its execution. And what conceivable apology could any European power have for interference to its prejudice? It would ensure a supply and in greater abundance of the same products they now draw from thence and which are essential to the maintainance of their comfort and industry. England and France have, moreover, declared their hostility to the African Slave Trade, and have been at great expense in fruitless efforts to arrest it. Here—we speak as to wise men—*here is the only effectual method of suppressing it finally and forever*; and shall they not rather countenance than oppose so humane and just a movement. And then surely those states have enough to do at home, even if the present war should be brought to an early and favourable conclusion. The Eastern question is now opened in earnest, and Europe must now begin to react on Asia. Mahometanism and Paganism are dying apace. To infuse new moral, intellectual and social life into the torpid and semi-barbarous populations of Northern Africa, and the farther East, to re-occupy the realms which in those ancient seats of Christianity, have dried up to deserts, will furnish occupation for centuries to come.

But let the black tide once take a southern direction from these shores, and we doubt not it will find a reservoir sufficient to hold all its waters until the fountain is exhausted. This, then, so far as America is concerned, will have been the *Euthanasia* of Slavery. Here will the pilgrimage of the black man be ended, and here, at length, will he find his home and a reward for the toils of his race, for he is destined to be the true heir of El Dorado at last. His apprenticeship under the Caucasian may be continued for a few decades longer; but the latter, who can only be a sojourner in such a clime, must finally retire to the surrounding more temperate regions, or return to his ancient home in these United States. And if perchance the probation of the negro must be farther lengthened out, before he can be raised to a level with the duties of the parent, the man, the citizen, he may then be left in charge of a dynasty more nearly approaching his own in colour and temperament, but of an order of ability superior to his own; and to them can the wisdom required for their functions be imparted according to their needs.

There remain then to our apprehension, but one serious doubt for solution, and one principal question in connexion with this momentous subject. Can the lands of the South be cultivated

without the labour of the slave? and should that which we now have be withdrawn, from whence shall we obtain a new supply? And these also have been duly considered, nor has the inquiry resulted in discouragement.

It may not be improper to state for the benefit of distant readers what is well known here, that although agriculture has from the first been the chief and almost sole rural occupation, the white population of the South as elsewhere, was divisible into two classes; an order of proprietors who owned the larger and more valuable estates, which were cultivated by slaves, and a much more numerous class who owned few or none and derived their support in part or wholly from the labour of their own hands in the field or the workshop. Some of these were engaged in the direction of slave-labour as overseers, others again as mechanics, or in various modes contributed indirectly to the same interest. Scarcely a man of either caste but would have smiled had a stranger inquired whether he was afraid or unable to endure the toils of the field when necessity required. Experience then has already decided the question.

But if it had not, there is nothing in the character of the climate or physical conformation of the country which would have rendered it improbable in the abstract. The temperature of our lowest and most Southern district is not more unfavorable to activity than that of Spain, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor—and the Isles of the Mediterranean, all of which are cultivated by men of the Caucasian race. Much of the Territory lying within the boundary of the more Northern slave States is raised far above the level of the sea and has even been thought too cold for the most profitable employment of slave labour. This is true of all Western Maryland and of Virginia as far east as the head of the tide—of the corresponding parts of North Carolina and Tennessee, and of all Kentucky and Missouri. And the same Almighty hand that drew out the lofty range of the Alleghanies with its parallel ridges still farther to the South, also elevated the plateau at their feet so as to attemper the rays of the sun and attenuate the air. The more Northern parts of South Carolina and Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi fall within this law, and the otherwise oppressive atmosphere of our coast throughout its entire circuit is qualified by the sea-breeze.

The negro at first was called in as an auxiliary, not as an entire and perpetual substitute. His more appropriate task, the preliminary work of clearing, in the older States is well-nigh done and will shortly have been sufficiently advanced in all the others. Should his assistance be withdrawn, the products peculiar to the South would be reared in lessening quantities; but in proportion

to their diminution here would be their increase elsewhere. And then our systems of husbandry would be modified to suit the habits of the white man and perhaps not the less profitably on that account. That he is competent to the duties of the herdman and the shepherd will hardly be denied. But in other departments the axe and the hoe are giving place to the plough and the harrow, and improved implements in all their kinds have rendered the work of the husbandman less onerous and more efficient. The preparation for growing our Indian corn and the various cereals is effected in Autumn, Winter, or Spring, when the air is mild or bracing—and *almost wholly by the labour of animals*. The harvest of the latter may be secured by machinery, and by machinery are they all prepared for the use of man and beast. The tax on the strength of man and his powers of endurance has thus been constantly lessening. But if along the Southern coast and during the sultry season, the air should prove too oppressive for continuous effort, there are other expedients in reserve. The hours of labour may be altered or abridged; the noon-tide heat, as in Spain, may be avoided by the interposition of the *siesta*; our present products may be changed for others or both receive a share of our toil. Why may we not hope to see vineyards and oliveyards multiplied in our borders, or the silk of Italy and France and the various fruits of the East enhancing our comfort or adding to our stores of wealth.

An impression has prevailed throughout the North that the tendency of slavery is to make labour disreputable with the white man of the South. But it is a vulgar error to suppose that this is one of its necessary incidents. He is averse to labour *with* the slave, because he would not descend to his level even in appearance. But where duty requires or profit invites he is not unwilling to engage in labours the same in kind and with his fellows. That those should refrain whose previous habits have unfitted them for manual toil or whose circumstances render it unnecessary, is not unnatural. But the nature of our institutions render any man's prosperity liable to this contingency, whatever may be his own better fortune. If the fathers have been subjected to the necessity the sons can and will yield to the same when required. And the abstraction of slave labour need not be so sudden as to produce an immediate and violent change in all our habits and plans, but time will be allowed to fit ourselves for the duties of our new position. They would probably be retained for the services of the household long after they had been withdrawn from the field, but here also in lesser numbers; as the occupation of some of them would be gone with the departure of their brethren, and the presence of others would be substituted by

the thousand conveniences which modern ingenuity has offered as a tribute to domestic economy. As the black wave receded to the South, the chasm would probably be filled by a wave of another colour from the North or from other lands. Our milder climate and other advantages might promise us so much. Or if in this we should be disappointed we have yet another resource. The *best* lands in the South, as already observed, have heretofore been cultivated by the labour of slaves. These might be subdivided and brought under a system of tenantry—the new holders to come from that more numerous class of citizens to which we adverted above. When invited to leave the scenes of their former labours, the superior attractions of their new homes would be a compensating advantage. And according to our American rate of increase we are warranted in the belief that the spring of population would soon fill its channels, and that in the second generation it would flow back and re-occupy the seats it had temporarily abandoned.

And such are a few of the many reasons that might be adduced to show that when the people of the South shall have been convinced that it is proper or expedient to substitute the labour they have so long employed for that which obtains in other parts of our common country, there is nothing in the character of our climate, or soil, or habits, or state of society, or political institutions, to forbid their entering on the task in earnest, and in the hope of prosecuting it to a successful issue.

The germ of this exotic was planted by the side of our own more stately stock at a time when we could not prevent it if we would, and has grown to a formidable height—but not as we hope—beyond our power of control. Though not ornamental we have contrived to make it useful; and it now rests with us to say whether this 'parasite', as it has been aptly termed, shall strangle the trunk about which it has twined itself, or be rooted up and transplanted in a more congenial soil.

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## THE OAK.

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,  
The fury of the wind defies,  
From age to age, in virtue strong,  
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,  
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;  
The self-same foe undaunted braves,  
And fights the wind upon the waves.

MORSEBURY.

## TO MEETA.

I see the tears that slowly steal  
 Beneath the hand that shades thy face,  
 I see thee struggle to conceal  
 All token of the keen disgrace  
 That others, not thyself, impose,  
 Making thee in lone sadness trace  
 A weary way, when every place  
 Should yield thee gladness and repose.

On thee, life's morning dawned in gloom,  
 And lowering cloudlets then foretold  
 What now but seems thy fatal doom,  
 Sorrow, and pain, and love grown cold,  
 While in thy heart still firmly dwell  
 Gentle affections, Honor, Truth,  
 And all the charms that graced thy youth  
 Still in thy bosom proudly swell.

But ah! thy features still reveal  
 The placid strength of self control,  
 Nor pain, nor grief, nor stern appeal  
 Can shake the firmness of thy soul,  
 Nor blanch thy cheek, nor cloud thy brow,  
 Nor press from out thy lips one sigh  
 To tell thy foes what agony  
 Is wrestling with thy spirit now.

Be ever thus howe'er forlorn!  
 Still fix on High thy steadfast gaze,  
 Trample in calm but noble scorn  
 On Human blame or Human praise.  
 Then, be thy path with lightning riven  
 Or hateful pitfalls crowd thy way,  
 Still meekly trust and silent pray  
 Thy Father God, who art in Heaven.

A. J. C.

*Richmond, October, 1855.*

## ACROSS THE DESERT.

Long ago we started,  
 Pilgrims o'er the sand,  
 Dauntless, Titan-hearted,  
 To seek the Aidenn land.

Many days the marches  
 Sped like dreams away,  
 'Neath the mirage arches,  
 The desert blooming lay.

Ever when the sunbeams  
 Shot the fiercest down,  
 O'er the fiery sandbeams,  
 The mirage brightest shone.

Countless were the treasures  
 Stor'd with tireless hand,  
 Stor'd for glories, pleasures,  
 To grace the Aidenn land.

Many days the marches  
 Sped like dreams away,  
 'Neath the mirage arches,  
 The desert blooming lay.

Song—but still no Aidenn,  
 O'er the plain arose,  
 Pilgrims sorrow-laden  
 Lay down in death's repose.

Marches stay'd—the vision  
 Like the day star fell—  
 Naught, that land Elysian,  
 But Hope's illuding spell.

And we stood, all laden  
 With life's noble spoil,  
 Cheer in that high Aidenn,  
 But not in desert toil.

Mute and sternly beating,  
 Stray'd our hearts beside  
 Rivers deep and fleeting,  
 That sought the ocean tide;

Gentle blossoms pressing  
 Summer's fiery path,  
 Onward to the blessing,  
 That waiting Autumn bath;

Winds with rapid pinions,  
 Ever sweeping on  
 Toward the bright dominions,  
 Where reigns the golden sun.

Till this larger heaven  
 Bends above us here,  
 From whose light are driven  
 The mists of Faith and Fear.

Seeing all things clearly,  
 Hoping, fearing none,  
 Living, acting cheerly,  
 As lives the mighty sun.

Here is Youth Eternal!  
 Time and Self are naught,  
 Life forever vernal,  
 In the great World-Plan wrought!

Night and twilight hoary,  
 Faith and Hope may cheer,  
 Till they die, the glory  
 Of noon shall not appear.

G. P.

## Wordsworth's Portraiture of Woman.

It has been said that "flattery is the key to all hearts." If this is true, poets should have ready access to the heart of woman. She has been the theme of song in all countries possessing a written language and a literature. In the days of Grecian and Roman prosperity she had little social influence, and in the poetry of those times she is never the subject of adulation. She must however bear some part in the action of life, and Helen of Troy, the wise Penelope, and the passionate Dido become conspicuous as affecting the aims and interests of men. The Muses then expressed themselves in Epic strains. The adventures of heroes, their wars, and the intercourse of the Gods with men, were the chief subjects of the poets.

In the age of chivalry, woman was worshipped with extravagant devotion, and knights and troubadours sounded her name throughout Christendom. When the light of a purer Christianity dawned upon the world, one of its first effects was more perfectly to adjust all human relations. Woman then began to advance—toward the high place she now occupies in the social scale, and we find in poetry a juster appreciation of her virtues and her claims. No woman of true sensibility can read the delineations and the praises of her sex by modern poets without the wish to be worthy of the consecration she has received from them.

Wordsworth has perhaps said more beautiful things of her than any one among these gifted sons of genius. The feminine influences that surrounded him must have been peculiarly happy, and we find in De Quincey's *Miscellanies* interesting pictures of his wife and sister. Wordsworth's reference to the latter in his poems is frequent and affectionate. (She shared in his pleasures, and sympathized with his labors, and she seems in some measure to have been the inspirer of his genius. He more than once acknowledges the influence she exerted over his intellect and his heart, and in the "lines composed above Tintern Abbey," he pays her an admiring tribute which will forever associate her image with one of the noblest effusions of his muse. His wife, although less

gifted, possessed in a high degree that kind of imagination which enjoys and appreciates poetic creations. She could not write poetry, but she could admire and feel it. Wordsworth speaks of her with great tenderness and delicacy, and in the prelude to "the White Doe of Rylstone," we have a glimpse of the gentleness and beauty of her character. Living daily in such companionship it is not strange that the poet has given us in his writings women of exquisite loveliness endowed with all gracious and graceful impulses, moving in harmony with their appropriate spheres, and charming us by native simplicity and dignity.

In his lines, "She was a phantom of delight," we see his ideal woman. First he paints her ethereal beauty—she is a lovely apparition, a dancing shape, an image gay—

"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair  
Like Twilight's too her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

On nearer view she is

"A Creature, not to bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

\* \* \* \* \*

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still and bright  
With something of an angel light."

We should think from the character of Wordsworth's poetry that his life had been a happy one, undisturbed by the sorrows and passions which have agitated many in whose souls burned the fire of poesy. He seems to dwell apart, not in proud isolation, but with the meekness of true greatness to sympathize with his fellow men, his ear ever open to

"The still sad music of humanity,"

while his pen draws from the natural world and from the lowly walks of life lessons of the deepest beauty and wisdom. How truly his eye reads the varying face of nature, and how responsive is his heart to all her influences. She seems like a friend with whom he has deep and genuine sympathy. There is no sickly sentimentality in this feeling, for Wordsworth is never false to nature



or to the impression she makes upon a reflective and finely organized soul. Not only does the sounding cataract, and the gloomy wood, "haunt him like a passion," but a chance sight of golden daffodils fluttering in the breeze returns to give happiness long afterward.

"For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."

He sees three persons upon the bridge leading to a mill, dancing to the stray notes of music, which float to them from the shore, and how beautiful the teaching he draws from it.

"They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!  
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find;  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth."

But it was not our intention to write a criticism upon Wordsworth's poetry, we only wished to call attention to what he has said of woman. The poet refers to an early love, we know not whether of his imagination or his heart, in the lines written of Lucy,

"A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown."

"Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."

She died, and we are inclined to think her a real being from the natural feelings he expresses. He travelled among unknown men, in lands beyond the sea, yet England became more and more dear because by its firesides she had dwelt, and its green fields were the last her eyes looked upon. He writes of her, two simple lines, but to one from whom death has taken the precious treasure of the heart, they are full of meaning,

"But she is in her grave; and, oh!  
The difference to me!"

In "Ruth," we have an unpretending female creation that fills our hearts with tenderness and our eyes with tears. From this ballad, in which pathos and beauty are most affectingly mingled, we turn to "Laodamia," and here, again, is the suffering woman. In

this fine poem we are carried back to the heroic age of Grecian adventure, there to acknowledge the power of woman's deep and fervent love, and to feel the tie that binds us to the past in the fellowship of similar sorrows and passions. What joy when Laodamia's sacrifices and vows are recompensed, and her husband re-appears to her, and how calm from suppressed agony seem her words as she pleads with him to stay with her. He replies with the serenity of one divested of mortal passions, and his soothing counsels are full of a noble and pure philosophy. All that is elevating and grand in the Pagan idea of a future state, the poet has here brought before us, in lines, the melancholy music of which dwells long and sadly in the heart. But what arguments can console a frail child of earth who only fears that the unrelenting fates will, a second time, bear her husband to the shades below? When the dread summons comes, she shrieks aloud.

"He, through the portal, takes his silent way,  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corpse she lay."

How different was the gloomy faith of the ancients from the bright anticipations Christianity permits. Death does not re-unite Laodamia to her consort, but for having loved unreasonably, she is doomed, until the sin is purged, to dwell apart from happy ghosts and from the pensive pleasures of Elysium. The saintly Emily, in the "White Doe of Rylstone," is a striking contrast to Laodamia. She is a pure and tender flower broken by the sudden, driving tempest. Time passes, and she meekly rears her head again amidst the desolations of her home and her heart.

"A soul by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity."

One reads in her face the stern effects of grief, yet it cannot

"Lose utterly the tender gleams  
Of gentleness and meek delight,  
And loving-kindness ever bright."

Her thoughts dwell with God, and she remains on earth only as a blessed pilgrim, whose presence reminds all of the sacred uses of sorrow in leading in the way of holiness. The painfulness of this affecting tale,

is relieved by the introduction of the tradition of the White Doe, and we do not recollect in English poetry, another as beautiful exaltation of animal nature. The Doe divides our affections with the Robin Redbreast of nursery memory, that bird

"—— to man so good,  
That after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children  
So painfully in the wood."

In the picture of Margaret, in the first book of "The Excursion," we see another phase of human sorrow. How beautifully it is said of her

"She was a woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
Not speaking much, pleaded rather with the joy  
Of her own thoughts."

Wordsworth has so often given us the female character as shown in suffering, that one might think he had especial pleasure in the pathetic side of life. This is not true, for where shall we find poetic creations of such brightness and gaiety as in his lines "To a Highland Girl," "Louisa" and "The Solitary Reaper." The true poet sees the alternate light and shade in human events; he knows that night, as well as day, makes up the fulness of earthly years, and that while he shows us the glad things of the sunlight, he must not neglect the solemn teachings of darkness and the stars. Every where in Wordsworth's poetry, we see his reverence for woman. He delights to depict her virtues, especially when found in lowly stations, and in throwing around them the soft beauty of his contemplative imagination. A wandering Jewish mother with her children can give to the spot where he meets them a gleam

"Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem."

To him, a female beggar is

"—— a creature  
Beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature."

There is nothing conventional about his women. They breathe the free air of heaven, and both body and soul are moulded by the influences of the outer world. They do not need the excitement of fashionable life or

the stimulus of fashionable fictions to give happiness. Their pleasures are "in the wild woods gathered," or in the quiet discharge of daily duty.

Wordsworth's pen, skilful in delineating female character under the guidance of true and natural impulses, or as developed by suffering, is equally happy in portraying the living presence of beauty in form and face. In the "Triad," he paints three lovely women. We know not which is the most attractive. If such beings were actual denizens of earth, and embraced in the circle of the poet's companionship, we are not surprised that he exclaims,

"Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
A likening to frail flowers;  
Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
For seasons and for hours."

We have, perhaps, written enough to show that no other modern poet has more justly appreciated the character, or more beautifully drawn the graces and perfections of woman. Byron was a worshipper of female beauty, but the moral loveliness of truth and goodness is not made to shine forth in his feminine creations. They possess all earthly charms, but no light falls on them from the sky, they have no impress of heavenly grace. His genius could mould the beautiful clay so as to please the eye and imagination, but in contemplating the exquisite workmanship, our idea of womanly nature is not raised, nor our feelings, by sympathy with its heroism and purity, chastened and elevated.

In Tennyson's delineations of woman, we have an almost ethereal delicacy united with the deepest human tenderness. While we acknowledge the surpassing loveliness of his pictures, we feel that Wordsworth, more than any other poet of our day, merits the high praise of having shown

"—— how divine a thing  
A woman may be made."

CECILIA.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalva. By A. Roane.]

### BOOK EIGHTH.

Oh Death! Terror of all men, yet our only repose! not be regarded as a misfortune, if at the same moment faithful friends and tender lovers were struck down by your remorseless scythe. To cease to exist is nothing; to separate is the greatest of ills. He is not to be pitied, who late or early in life after a glorious career, descends with renown to the repose of an eternal sleep. But the lover, the friend who survives him, retaining nothing of life but the faculty of suffering, these are truly unhappy and merit our tears. Useless, a stranger in the world, like the traveller bewildered in foreign climes, is he who outlives a beloved object; he believes himself among a savage people. He speaks and is not understood; he is spoken to and cannot reply. His heart knows not the language of indifference. The men he sees are not his brothers, since they weep not with him. Inaccessible even to the sweet emotions of virtue, he regards it only as an obligation, without feeling that it is also a pleasure. Alone, forsaken in the world, he wanders through a desert, where nothing interests his sight, and where his fatigued eyes only seek a grave. This is the object to which his steps are directed; this is the sad termination of his desires, from which before he always fled. Oh Zora! oh tender Ishmael! You, at least, perished together. Your souls united here, will remain united still in the lofty Heavens. Ah! the solitary heart which still survives with its bitter memories will envy your lot though so sad and mournful.

The unhappy couple had terminated their lives; the Spanish guard gathered around them, with heads inclined and hands crossed in the silence which pity inspired, when Lara left the Council after having obtained the liberty of his captive and came to claim the combat which Ishmael had usurped from him. What a spectacle was presented to his sight! The two lovers extended on the

grass bathed in their own blood—their cold hands joined—their pale faces turned to each other, and their lips half opened as if each sought the other's lost breath. Lara uttered a deep groan and the Castilians related to him the fatal error of the unhappy couple. The hero shuddered, shed copious tears, and with bitter grief regarding himself as the cause of their death, desired at least to honor their remains, and bestow the last offering of friendship. The same grave enclosed their bodies; two intertwining myrtles were placed there by the hand of Lara.

"Grow, trees of love," said he, "grow in that soil where repose an unfortunate pair whose death was caused by love. The traveller, the tender-hearted warrior who may recline beneath your shade will feel saddened and will shed tears in spite of himself. The lovers from the surrounding country will pronounce under your branches their tender oaths; the perjured will turn away with shame and will not care to press with their steps, the grass which covers this holy grave."

After he had performed these sad obsequies, Lara returned to the new city. The deep ditches had already been fortified with strong walls; ramparts frowned over the plain; the gates turned on their hinges—the advanced works were already in a state of defence—barracks of wood, built in haste, only designated the place where edifices were to be erected. They served as an asylum for the soldiers, for the captains, for the sovereigns themselves, who desired no palace but the Alhambra, and were content to live for the present in the unsubstantial habitations occupied by their warriors.

The Moors surprised at seeing a city in place of a destroyed camp, lost the hope and boldness with which victory had inspired them. Boabdil deprived of Almanzor whose wounds would not permit his fighting, dared not attempt to oppose the enterprise of Isabel, nor trust to the hazard of arms, the destiny of his empire. The Moorish hero was constantly surrounded by the Alabaces and Almorades, who were eager to learn if he were yet in a condition to lead them to new victories. The soldiers penetrated with respect and tenderness, approached his tent on their knees—besought the Eternal Being to

restore to them their support, their father, the object of their gratitude and veneration.

Alamar, alone, envious of the glory of Almanzor, to whom he considered himself fully equal, felt indignant that the army should believe itself without a leader while Almanzor was too unwell to fight. He retired to his quarters and meditated new crimes. Consumed with an ardent love for the daughter of Muley-Hassan, he learned that the princess had returned to Granada, and that Almanzor and Muley had promised to protect and defend her from his violence. Relying but little upon the word of the inconstant Boabdil, the African inwardly resolved to enter Granada at night, carry off Zulema from her palace and conceal his prize in some of the countries subject to his power.

The sun had completed half his course, when suddenly a great tumult was heard in the Spanish camp; cries and joyful acclamations announced some happy event. The sentinels on the ramparts seemed ready to leave their posts; the advanced guards participated in the general joy; the chiefs were seen upon the walls—the soldiers embraced, congratulated each other, gave thanks to Heaven, and threatened with gestures and words the proud towers of Granada. Gonsalvo braving a thousand dangers, had traversed the Alpuxarras, and saw at last the new city. From the moment he appeared and was recognized, thousands of voices resounded in the air, repeating his glorious name. Our hero! the great Captain! Heaven has restored to us our Preserver! Spaniards! run all! Come! See the invincible Gonsalvo! The soldiers hastened to the place, gathered around the hero, approached, pressed on him. One wished to touch and kiss his armor—another to relieve him from its weight—all besought, compelled him to dismount, raised him in triumph to the generals, to the captains who were on their way to meet him. Happy Lara! you precede them all. You Gonsalvo seeks. Scarcely had they seen each other, when both sprung forward, embraced, pressed each other to their hearts and wept, but they could not speak. They gazed long, but their eyes became not weary. Their stammering tongues articulated words rendered indistinct by sobs. They again embraced and it seemed as if

they feared they would again be separated. Valiant Gonsalvo! Spirited Lara! What laurels, what victories can equal the happiness of this moment? After they had satisfied the first emotions of their souls, Gonsalvo still holding the hand of his friend, responded to the affectionate expressions which other warriors bestowed on him. Aguilar, Cortez, Medina, Guyman felicitated and surrounded him. The hero accompanied by these illustrious captains, proceeded towards the quarters of the queen; the whole army followed him and filled the air with joyful acclamations. Isabel and Ferdinand advanced to receive him; Gonsalvo bent his knee, but the queen immediately raised him up and ordered him to seat himself at her side, received from his hands the treaty which the perfidious King of Fez had nearly sealed with a crime. She trembled when she thought of the dangers which threatened her ambassador. The king of Arragon spoke of vengeance; Isabel spoke only of the hero.

"Let us think," said she, "of what we owe to Gonsalvo; our power is not great enough to reward him, but the esteem of his country, the veneration of the army, their transports of joy and love must have touched his heart. This is a worthy recompense. Great Captain! You were absent and the Moor has conquered us. Make your appearance and Granada will fall. Your sovereigns, your soldiers, your equals, all confess with pride that your arm commands victory."

Thus she spoke and left Gonsalvo with the faithful Lara. The two heroes stealing away from the multitude around them, retired to the same retreat and freely gave themselves up to the feelings which had possession of their hearts—multiplied their questions, attempted to answer them at the same moment, and when either spoke of himself, he instantly ceased to speak of his friend. They began a hundred times the recital of what they had suffered apart, wept for joy on recalling their own perils, and with tenderness when they learned the dangers through which the friend had passed. Lara desired to see and embrace the faithful Pedro who had liberated Gonsalvo in Fez, went in search of him, called him his bene-

factor, pressed him in his arms, asked him to relate the exploits of Gonsalvo in the ship, heaped kindness upon the old man and disputed with his generous friend the right to recompense him. He listened in silence to the recital concerning Zulema. He had known sometime before the passion of Gonsalvo; he now learned without surprise that he was beloved. The kindness of the beautiful Moorish girl, her tender gratitude to her liberator, rendered her dear to Lara; but less blind than a lover, he dared not entertain the hope that marriage would be the reward of a treaty of peace, which he regarded as impossible. Lara knew the designs of Isabel, the vows she had made to perish or conquer Granada. He did not mention this vow to his friend, feigned, in order not to afflict him, that he took part in his false hopes; and his refined friendship respecting an illusion which could endure but a short period, already prepared consolation for the disappointment which he foresaw.

In the meantime, rumor quickly bore to the camp of the Moors the dreaded news of the arrival of Gonsalvo. A sudden terror seized upon the Granadians. Some grew pale in recalling the victory he had gained over Abenhamet; others his entrance into Granada. All trembling, seized with fright ran to the quarters of the King, surrounded Boabdil, loudly demanded of him to return within their walls and threatened to abandon the camp if the monarch would not consent. Boabdil, Muley-Hassan, the Chiefs of the tribes, Alamar himself could not allay their fear. None listened to their words—none recognized their authority. Fear fomented mutiny among the soldiers, made them brave their king and they returned in confusion to their tents, loaded themselves with their most valuable effects, and fancying they were already pursued by Gonsalvo, fled towards the city. The camp would have been deserted if the great Almanzor had not made his appearance.

Almanzor when informed of the state of things by his father, arose half-naked from the bed to which the pain of his wound had kept him, siezed a lance to support his tottering steps, without turban or scimeter, his brow pale but radiant with the glory of heroism, presented himself before the fugitives.

"Where flee you, sons of Ishmael?" said he with a terrible voice. "What mournful delirium possesses you, and what do you think to avoid? Is it death? You are seeking it—you are bringing it upon yourselves! The Spaniard from the heights of these walls will descend upon you in a moment and destroy you like a vile rabble. I speak not to you of honor, which can have no influence on your base minds; I speak not to you of your country, of the God whom you desert, of your wives, of your children whom you have doubtless sold; I only implore you for yourselves, for that life which is so dear to you, and which you are giving up to the enemy. Wait at least until night, which cannot hide your ignominy, but may secure your flight; wait that darkness may retard for some instants that death you so much dread, and which will overtake a warrior the moment he begins to fear it. You hesitate. Do you fear that Gonsalvo will attack you before the close of the day? Quiet yourselves—I alone will fight him—I alone will descend to the grave or liberate the army from the enemy which frights it. The king of Granada has sent a herald to defy Gonsalvo in my name, announcing to him that to-morrow morning at break of day, in presence of the two armies, I call him to the combat of death. And you coward Granadians, who in former times would not have abandoned me, deign to defer your flight and see me triumph or die."

At these words the Moors stopped, the soldiers blushed with shame and consented to remain in the camp. Boabdil sent the herald; Muley-Hassan bathed in tears preserved a profound silence, and pressed his son in his trembling arms. Alamar concealed his rage beneath idle flatteries and the chiefs with heads inclined dared not manifest their joy. The herald set out preceded by two trumpeters. He arrived at the gates of Santa Fe, the drawbridge was lowered—his eyes were bound and he was conducted into the presence of the sovereigns. Gonsalvo was at that time surrounded by the generals of the army, attempting to persuade Isabel of the advantages of a happy peace. The Moorish herald was announced. He entered and bending his knee—

"Sovereigns of Castile and Arragon,"

said he, "I come in the name of Almanzor to defy to the combat of death Gonsalvo of Cordova. To-morrow morning at daylight, in presence of our army, the prince of Granada will await him in the plain."

Gonsalvo uttered a cry which the queen supposed proceeded from joy, and without giving him time to reply—

"Herald," said she, "Gonsalvo accepts the challenge. Ferdinand will conduct the combat in person. We pledge our royal word. Go bear my response."

She then turned to Gonsalvo, who endeavored to conceal from her eyes the confusion which agitated him—

"Column of my throne," said she, "my prayers have been heard at last. When this barbarian killed my son-in-law, I besought the All-Powerful to deliver him into your hands. He has heard the prayer. Rejoice my daughter! the death of Alfonso will be revenged."

Ferdinand approved her sentiments and shared her feelings. He unbelted his terrible sword, the same which in the hands of the Cid, had avenged his country and his father, conquered Ximena and Valencia, and which the sovereigns of Arragon had preserved as a precious treasure.

"Oh thou," said he to Gonsalvo, "so much like to Rodrigo, receive this his sword. To me it descended with my crown, to thee, it belongs for thy valor. Let this steel punish the murderer of Alfonso, cause the triumph of Spain and remain forever afterwards in your hands, the most worthy to bear it."

All the chiefs applauded—all surrounded the hero, predicted his victory, announced the fall of Granada, when it lost its defender, and giving themselves up in advance to the joy of seeing him triumph over a rival in glory, they showed that their generous hearts could admire without being jealous. Gonsalvo confused and dejected could scarcely respond to the queen, to Ferdinand, and to his companions—was about to declare that Zulema had saved his life—that he was bound to this princess by the strongest ties—that her brother was to him a sacred object. But honor, severe honor, that idol of great souls, the honor which counts for nothing, the afflictions of tender hearts imposed silence on the hero. How could he re-

fuse a challenge? How could he deceive the wishes of his sovereigns—the hope of the army, and sacrifice his duty, his country and his glory to love? Oppressed with these opposing feelings, he withdrew from the crowd around him and retired in company with Lara. Then throwing himself into the arms of his faithful friend, he bathed his face with tears and repeated a thousand times the oath he had made his beloved to avoid a combat with Almanzor. He mentioned the insuperable obstacle which victory would oppose to his marriage with the princess—the grief, the rage of Muley-Hassan, the threat of Zulema to smother her love forever if he should shed the blood of her brother.

"She will cease to love me," said he in despair; "my friend you cannot comprehend, you cannot conceive the misfortune—the horrible misfortune of being no longer beloved by Zulema. I could endure her absence, I could endure tortures, all the torments of jealousy—I could drag along my unhappy life, waiting an entire century for the happiness of seeing her but a moment, but to fail in my plighted faith, to cause her tears to flow, to bring upon myself her hatred. Great God! the hatred of Zulema. No, my friend, I will die first—I prefer to give up my barren glory. Kill me with your own hand that I may not commit so horrible a crime."

Lara heard him in silence; he had no need to remind Gonsalvo of what was due to his country; his tears manifested that he had not forgotten it. Lara embraced him, pressed him to his heart, and fearing a refusal, proposed with timid voice to fight for him. The hero rejected the offer, which humiliated his valor and alarmed his friendship. The danger of a combat with Almanzor is great. Gonsalvo cannot yield it. Gonsalvo expose the life of the friend most loved by him. He shuddered at the idea. He enjoined Lara not again to mention it—repented of having explained himself too freely, and resolved to perform his duty. He meditated how he might employ all his strength, all his skill to preserve his own life without taking that of his enemy.

When he had conceived this chimerical hope the night was far advanced—the two



friends had retired to sleep, when suddenly they were awakened by one of the soldiers who was on guard at the gates—

"Great Captain," said he, "a wandering minstrel of Spain, singing the exploits of heroes and the afflictions of faithful lovers, wishes to speak to you. He is alone and beyond the entrenchments."

The enamored Gonsalvo who thought that all the world must speak of Zulema, arose hurriedly, besought his friend not to accompany him, and proceeded to the gates with the soldier. Scarcely had he reached the wall when he discovered at a distance a minstrel enveloped in an ample coat near to the ditch, singing a sweet melody to the attentive sentinels. The sound of the voice which Gonsalvo seemed to recognise, and the mystery which surrounded the stranger excited the curiosity of the hero. He ordered the gates to be opened and advanced to address him. By the light of the moon, he recognized Amina, the faithful slave of Zulema. He uttered a cry of joy and hastened to inquire for the object of his love.

"She is in that grove," responded the slave, pointing to a wood which could be seen from the foot of the wall. "To see and speak to you she has left Granada; by her order I have come thus disguised to seek and conduct you to her presence. The hero went on, left far behind the slave who was to guide him, ran, arrived at the grove, saw the princess and threw himself at her feet. He wished to speak, but tears interrupted his words, he pressed her beloved hand to his lips, but Zulema gently withdrew it, and strengthening her voice, said to him :

"What have I heard? What horrible rumor is it which has obliged me to leave Granada to seek you alone by night, in this deserted grove, to neglect for you my duty to my father, to my country and myself? Is it true that the sword presented by me must pierce the breast of Almanzor?"

"Zulema," answered Gonsalvo, "afflict not an unhappy man. Almanzor invited me to the contest. My sovereigns accepted his challenge. My sovereigns and all the army have placed their cause in my hands. Can I refuse? Ought I to make known our secrets or give them cause to suspect my courage? No, you would not have permitted it?

You would not have permitted me to lower myself in the eyes of my country and merit its contempt. But calm your heart. My lance and my sword shall only serve to-morrow for my defence. I will die rather than take the life of Almanzor. I will die happy for honor and for Zulema."

"Listen," said the princess, "I am but a weak woman, little instructed in the barbarous laws which guide heroes in their combats. Perhaps I might recall to mind your oaths and ask if honor, the sacred honor of pure souls, which is not always the honor of warriors, does not prohibit the directing of your sword against the brother of your lover—from failing in your most sacred promises, from causing the death of my virtuous father in sorrow and despair. But I adore you Gonsalvo, and everything that contributes to your glory is honorable in my eyes. Fear not that I come here to give counsels unworthy of your valor—to abuse the power I may possess over you to request a disgraceful act. No! Gonsalvo, fear it not. I have come to swear to you again that you are the only object I have ever loved, that until my last moments of life I will love but you. I come certain of my death to say to you for the last time . . . ."

"Good Heavens!" interrupted the hero, "do you wish . . . ."

"I wish you to hear me, to understand my unhappy position, and yourself judge, if I can support life. It is due to you to give an account of the motives which influence me to put an end to that life which belongs to you alone. Learn what has passed. Learn that from the summit of happiness I have been suddenly thrown into the abyss of misery. I have spoken to my father—I have told him all—I have moved his tender heart. Secretly advised that the impious Alamar had dared again to threaten me, we were about to leave Granada and to fly forever from Boabdil. A ship loaded with our riches was to have borne us to Sicily. There you could have come as soon as peace or a truce would have permitted you to leave your sovereigns. There contented among Christians professing your own holy religion which has so long been mine, I would have plighted my faith before your altars. My beloved father had given his consent. There, tran-

quail, unknown, forgotten by the world, occupied only in our pleasures, in making that worthy old man happy, in enjoying those sweet pleasures which pure souls can only enjoy together, we would have seen our rapid days flow by, the few days which heaven grants to mortals in tenderness and happiness. At the moment when I was intoxicated with the charm of this hope, it was told me that to-morrow you were either to kill my brother or receive death at his hands. Do not deceive yourself Gonsalvo! Do not believe that you can with Almanzor, shun death without giving it. My brother as valiant as yourself, as well skilled in your terrible art, has promised to die or kill you. My brother complies with his words; his cause is better than yours; he wishes to liberate his country—you wish to enslave it; he fights to save his wife—you fight to lose your beloved, to render impossible forever that marriage now so difficult, the hope of which consoled me and supported my existence. If fortune is equal, if heaven is just, you will be conquered, And do you think I could survive it? If you triumph, I ought to abhor you, but death is more easy. Adieu, then, unhappy friend, adieu since I can yet give you the sweet name of friend, speak to you, look at you, press without crime that beloved hand which I hoped to unite with mine, that hand which within a short hour may . . . . Adieu Gonsalvo, adieu forever."

In pronouncing these words a trembling seized upon her; she loosed with an effort, the hand of Gonsalvo, and sobbing ed adieu, attempted to leave but fell down senseless. The hero raised her, the slave hastened to assist her—but nothing could restore her to herself, and already the first light of morn began to brighten on the horizon. Gonsalvo beside himself, intoxicated with love—perceived the dawning of the day but could not leave the princess. He saw her pallid, lifeless, her head fallen, her hair dishevelled. He sustained her in his arms—he felt on his tremulous hands the tears which yet flowed from the eyes of Zulema. His reason abandoned him, and he thought no longer of the appointed combat—he thought only of his beloved—he saw but Zulema in the universe.

Time passed, the hour approached, he forgot . . . . when suddenly his eyes fell upon his sword, the sword of the Cid presented by his sovereign. He remained motionless; the name, the great name which came to his memory, the purpose for which it was given—the blood of the father of Ximena, which Rodrigo had shed notwithstanding his love, all in a moment recalled to Gonsalvo the duties in which he was about to fail. Shame colored his face and a cold sweat ran through his limbs. The image of Lara offered itself to his vision, Lara who waited for him, who answered to the army for the glory of his friend—the morning was already advanced \* \* \* Gonsalvo uttered a piercing cry, placed in the arms of Amina the beloved body which he sustained, took the hand of Zulema, pressed it to his lips, left her hastily, returned, recommended her to the care of her slave, again took the beloved hand which he bathed with his tears, summoned all his strength, tore himself at last from her side and afraid to turn his face, hastened towards Santa Fe.

He had scarcely left the grove when he heard voices and groans, and saw a troop of horsemen, wandering through the wood and filling the air with mournful cries. The unhappy Bereberes whom Zora had left in Costama, uneasy about the fate of the young bride, had been seeking her since the previous day, and had just learned that she had been killed near the walls of the Christian City. Penetrated with grief, burning with the desire of vengeance, they had scarcely seen Gonsalvo, when thirsting for Spanish blood, they united to attack him. The hero drew his sword and placing himself under the shelter of a tree to defend himself against so many, maintained on foot, without helmet the dangerous combat. Numbers fell beneath his blows, but he was compelled to fly from tree to tree, and in despair saw that a new enemy succeeded each one he conquered. Time advanced, the sun was now brilliant in the Heavens. Gonsalvo redoubled his efforts—attempted to possess himself of a horse, but the Numidian coursers fled and recognized no voice but their masters! He attempted to open a passage through their lances, but the Bereberes, light as air, approached and pressed him in on every side.

In the meantime the valiant Almanzor, at break of day had sought his armor. Weak from his wounds, but sustained by his virtues, and by his love of country, he fancied he had regained all his strength, and he had never felt more ardor. He clothed himself in a brilliant breast-plate, covering it with a coat-of-mail impenetrable to the sharpest sword. His head was girded with a turban lined with a triple plate of steel, and secured with a chain of the same metal; a purple garment descended to his middle, from whence hung by broad rings of gold, a scimitar tempered in Damascus. He took his lance and shield and before leaving his tent, bent his knee before the Eternal Being—

“Oh God of victory and justice,” said he in a loud voice, “who lookest into the depths of the hearts of men, thou knowest the intention which animates me; thou knowest that it is for thy Holy Law, for thy worship, which our enemies wish to destroy, for my country which they wish to enslave, that to-day I go forth to contend with their most formidable warrior. Grant that my strength may equal my courage. Make thy soldier worthy of thy cause and sustain him with thy powerful arm. If my hour has come, if my work is finished, God of mercy preserve my dear wife, guard her from the heights of thy throne and sustain her. Oh Allah! I will not complain of death if Moraima is permitted to survive.”

When he had pronounced these words the hero arose with a tranquil air, walked off with a firm step, mounted his restive horse, held by four slaves, and calmly directed his course to the place of combat. The Moorish army, commanded by Boabdil, Muley-Hassan and Alamar, followed him and formed their squadrons on the plain. The old Muley mounted upon a fiery horse, embraced his generous son, and though unable to speak was understood. The venerable old man retired to conceal his tears, and the great Almanzor, in the middle of the enclosure, with a haughty air awaited his enemy.

The Spaniards also left their city. Ferdinand commanded the army in person. He formed a front of the same extent as that of the Moors—divided his cavalry into two squadrons forming wings under the command of Aguilar and Medina, and entrusted the

centre to Nunez. He stationed himself with the Knights of Calatrava in front of king Boabdil.

Isabel from the heights of the wall animated the soldiers with her presence, and waited only for Gonsalvo to give the last signal. Lara uneasy, looked around without daring to ask for him, ran over the ramparts, observed Almanzor alone, waiting and seeking for his enemy. Gonsalvo's name was called and no one responded. The Moors burst forth into abusive exclamations—the Spaniards were surprised; the sovereigns, the chiefs, the soldiers complained loudly, and both sides in concert accused Gonsalvo. Lara became disconsolate, he burned with wrath—they had dared to outrage his friend. He would listen no longer; he hastened to the tent where the hero had left his armor, put it on hurriedly, took his famous shield with the device of the Phoenix—mounted the horse of Gonsalvo and closing his visor, rode into the enclosure and placed himself before Almanzor.

The Castilians uttered cries of joy—the Moors preserved silence. Almanzor prepared himself—the trumpets sounded.

As two fierce eagles from the North and from the South, striking the air with rapid wing, rush against each other when they meet, so met the heroes in the middle of the enclosure; their horses fell at the shock. They immediately arose and approached each other sword-in-hand. Steel was cut by steel; fire sparkled from their armor. The Moor, larger and more adroit, repeated his terrible blows more frequently. The Spaniard stronger and better armed defended himself more skilfully. Neither lost ground—each sought weak places in the armor of his antagonist. They menaced the breast—advanced, retired, all in the same moment. Always opposing their shields, always penetrating each other's intentions, they eluded and prevented their execution, and neither could improve himself of the movement he had foreseen. The eye could scarcely follow the swords, which now raised, now lowered, often crossed, but did not strike. As yet no blood flowed, victory was uncertain, and fatigue alone could declare it. The impatient Almanzor who was willing to die, provided he could triumph threw away his shield, re-

treated a few paces, drew with both hands his formidable scimeter, and turning, struck his enemy as if with a thunderbolt, divided the shield of Lara, cut through his breast-plate, and opened in his breast a deep wound from which the blood flowed copiously. Lara fell on his knee to the ground. The Moor elated by hope attempted to follow it up, but the Spaniard seized the instant when the movement of his arms raised his coat-of-mail from his breast, directed a sure blow to the spot and left his sword buried in the entrails of the hero. Almanzor again wounded him and Lara fell palpitating on the sand. The prince of Granada, conqueror in the contest, remained standing for some moments, trembled, yielded, and fell to the ground by the side of Lara, bathed in his own blood.

Both attempted to rise, both with weak hands sought in vain upon the sand for the swords they had lost, when a Christian warrior appeared in the camp, uttering cries of grief. He advanced rapidly—tore with his spurs the flanks of his dusty horse, and invoked honor, justice and friendship. The Castilians thought they recognized by the shield, with field of gold, the spirited Lara. The Moors believed they beheld a traitor coming up to immolate Almanzor. They immediately advanced towards him, the Spaniards followed, the two armies approached, attacked each other furiously; blood flowed in rivulets, warriors fell, the plain was covered with the dead.

It was Gonsalvo, who freed at last from the Bereberes, could find no armor but that of his friend. He saw Lara, raised him from the ground, felt his heart yet palpitate, confided him to the Castilians to bear to Santa Fe. Gonsalvo approached Almanzor—he found him surrounded by the Alabaces. He uttered a cry of grief when he found that he was dead. He kept back a troop of Aragonese who were about to attack the Moors, defended against them the body of the hero, protected it, secured the retreat of the Alabaces, who carried it off on their shields. When they had retired some distance, he seized a horse, drew the sword of the Cid, threw himself among the troop, led on by despair, by love and by anger. He eagerly exposed himself to perils, attacked, scattered and routed thick battalions, return-

ed through the midst of the lances, inundated the ground with blood, sought death, provoked it, implored it, and despised it at the same time. Ferdinand, Cortez and Aguilar exceeded themselves on that memorable day, but their exploits were nothing compared with Gonsalvo's. More dreadful than the thunderbolt, he ran through the hostile army, scattering death and dismay. He dispersed, destroyed, immolated whatever opposed him—opened a wide path in which his victims fell one upon another—spurred on his wearied horse impeded by piles of armor and dead bodies.

In the midst of the horrid butchery—of the tumult—of the cries of fugitives—the hero discovered Muley-Hassan attacked by four Spaniards, defending his worn out life and pronouncing with sobs the name of his son, the name of the son he had lost. This sad sight augmented the troubles of Gonsalvo, and flying to his assistance, dispersed his enemies—gave his horse to the old man, placed himself by his side—shielded him with his body, guided him from among the troop, pointed to Granada in the distance and opened for him the road.

In the meantime, Alamar, the terrible Alamar who had just killed Velasco, Zuniga, Manreza, Giron, Alamar covered with blood presented himself before Gonsalvo. Both stopped, both gazed at each other. Neither had seen the other before, but they were mutually recognized by their hatred. Gonsalvo was afoot, and the ferocious African urged his horse upon him. The Spaniard stepped aside, and by a side blow cut the ham-strings of the impetuous animal. Alamar fell, Gonsalvo struck him, but the serpent skin coat-of-mail resisted the blows. The hero seized Alamar, pressed him with all his strength, struggled with and threw him on the sand, oppressed him with all the weight of his body, was about to suffocate him, when the Zegrís and Africans came up from every side and united against Gonsalvo. Gonsalvo loosed his victim and alone opposed the multitude. Supported against a mountain of dead bodies, covered with his shield, pierced like a sieve, his foot placed upon four Africans, who died biting the earth, he erected his head, raised his arms, and brandishing his brilliant sword, insulted and

menaced them, gave time for the arrival of Ferdinand with his cavalry. The Moors immediately took to flight, carrying off Alamar between their squadrons. Trampling upon each other, they passed beyond their encampment which they no longer hoped to defend, and leaving to their enemies their tents, their riches and their provisions, took refuge within the walls.

*End of Book Eighth.*

## A GOTHIC LEGEND.

All iron-like and stern,  
No feeling you might trace,  
In the eyes which darkly burn,  
And the pallid, steadfast face.  
But the athletic wrist  
Could the leech's touch but win  
By its pulse's rise and fall, at hurried interval,  
He might read the strife within.

"Take back thy child, Sir Knight,  
While I may with her part,  
A woman's hand should never be  
An alien from her heart.  
And hers is far away,  
It rests not here with me,  
But seeks her brothers at their play  
Beside thy fair Dame's knee.

"Mine is the eagle's flight,  
And this poor nestling dove,  
Too timid and too frail to bide,  
Far from her home of love.  
Thy promise I restore,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thy knightly faith thou well has kept  
In all sincerity."

He turned with quiet mien,  
And his unmailed hand he laid  
Upon the wealth of golden curls,  
That shadowed Hilda's head.  
Some blessings he might mean to speak,  
Or else to name her name,  
But a shivering spasm crossed his cheek,  
And his breath all wordless came.

With motion swift as light  
The soft white arms were thrown  
Around that form of warrior might,  
Girt with its martial zone:  
Of had he borne the shock  
Of men, on fields of blood,  
Firmly as adamantine rock,  
Repels the ocean flood,  
But now her gentle weight,  
Weight which a child might bear,  
He reels beneath, for Love and Hope,  
Are weaker than despair.

M. LI. W. H.

## THE ALCHEMIST'S RECIPE.

*From "Au Coin au Feu."*

BY EMILE SOUVÉSTRE.

A traveller, in speaking of the Spanish *posadas*, said, "they were a species of shelter where certain men, ridiculously styled innkeepers, would furnish you for one night, smoke and vermin!" Another adds, "that in the inns of the country of the Cid, it was not the host who nourished his guests, but the guests who nourished the host!" And lastly, a contemporaneous writer has just told us, that "strangers who are going through the Eastern provinces of the Iberian Peninsula, should carry their beds, under pain of sleeping on sack-sheets which have remained on the greasy woolen mattresses a year, without being changed! They are washed but once every spring!"

However these observations may demand verification, still the *posadas* of our day are much superior to those of two centuries ago. At that time indeed, they were only caravanseries frequented by muleteers, who found straw for themselves and horses. The most comfortable had, besides a stable and common hall, a garret divided into separate compartments, decorated with the name of chambers, and to which you arrived by means of a ladder.

Now, it was in one of these chambers that Don José de Fuez d'Alcantra, a recognized doctor of Salamanca, hidalgo in his quality of Asturian, but possessing nothing in the round world excepting the coat he wore, twenty reals in his purse, and a passable opinion of himself—had just entered.

Although he was but little beyond thirty, he had already essayed several different professions, without finding that opulence, which according to his opinion, he deserved as much as any other; and he had returned to Leon with the hope of getting employment from Count Don Alonzo Mendos, who possessed between Soro and Lamora a magnificent estate, already known to our doctor. Unfortunately, the first question he addressed to the innkeeper was answered by information which blasted all hopes in that quarter. Don Alonzo was dead, and our doctor was still laboring under the weight of disappointment and sorrow, which this news had caused him, when we introduced him to our reader. "Don Alonzo dead!" repeated he in astonishment—"and buried," added the innkeeper, "magnificently buried! as became a man of his rank." "But the castle must still be inhabited by his heirs?" "The only heir was the count's nephew, and he has given orders to Perez Cavallos, the notary at Argelles, to sell the do-

main, which, if I am not mistaken will pass to a new owner to-morrow." José thought the new proprietor would need some one to manage his estates, and perhaps would accept his services. After a moment's reflection, he determined to wait at the *posada*, until after the sale.

The innkeeper approved his determination, assuring him that no where could he find better lodging, or a better *cuisine*; and supported his assertions by calling our friend's attention to the *conveniences* of the room he now occupied.

It was indeed so much the better aired, as three panes of glass were wanting in the sash, which originally possessed but four, and being placed upon the roof, afforded him a view of the illimitable heavens. As to the furniture, it consisted of a wooden bedstead, garnished with one mattress, a rickety stool and a trembling table; but the empty spaces, the host remarked to him, could be easily filled up by his wardrobe, which hanging from the joists could well supply the place of drawers or other furniture.

It is true, most of these corners were already filled with dirty rags, earthen vessels, glass vials and what surprised Don José more, books and papers. The hotel keeper told him they had been left there by an old doctor, who had passed many months in this chamber, occupied in studying, distilling plants and writing. But some indications having made him suspected of being originally a Moor, and the last decrees of the king ordering expressly the expulsion of all the descendants of that race, he had been forced to leave suddenly and to abandon all his baggage—that is to say, his papers, vials and books.

Left alone, José Fuez d'Alcantra thought long and gloomily upon the untoward events of his past life—"I have in vain tried all," said he to himself, "chance is continually overthrowing my hopes, and makes me the slave of circumstances. Oh! how supremely happy must he be, who can follow all his fancies, control circumstances and be king of his life, instead of being subjected to all persons and all occasions." As these reflections passed through his mind, filling it with gloom and despondency, he sought some distraction by opening one of the Moorish doctor's books; it was an exposition of the natural system, written in Latin. José ran over a few pages, then chose another, treating of the occult sciences, and at length a third, relative to the great work.

These books clearly indicated their owner was an alchemist, perhaps a necromancer! For at that epoch, especially in Spain, it was not rare to find men who had studied the art of *conquering the invisible powers*.

Rendered curious by these first researches, Don José passed from the books to the manuscripts. His eye ran over several which appeared to con-

tain general instructions on transmuting metals; but at last he found in a small leaden box a roll of parchment, the first words of which riveted his eye—they were receipts for accomplishing certain wonders, such as to render one's self invisible, to be transformed at will, and to travel immense distances in a moment, and at last his eye fell on this paragraph—"Means of making your desires become a sovereign law and accomplishing it instantly!" The young doctor leaped for joy. "By the true cross!" cried he, "if these means succeed I ask no more!" For our desire to become sovereign law! Is not this the highest of earthly felicity? "But stop, let me see if these ends can be attained without compromising one's soul." He read the recipe and found nothing contrary to faith. To acquire the promised gift, it was sufficient to repeat before going to sleep a certain prayer, and drink the contents of a small flagon concealed in the bottom of the box.

José looked for the flagon, took it out and saw that it contained a few drops of black and odorous liquor. He hesitated a moment—not that he doubted for an instant the power of the formula and philter, for his opinions as regards this, were those of his epoch—but he wished to be certain he was not deceived. He read again the lines upon the roll, and more, a postscript, which had not been remarked before. "*Our impotence is a providential barrier which God has opposed to our folly.*" "Bah!" murmured he—"The old doctor, like most of his race, liked to pin on a moral at the end of every thing—but for the moment I have no time to admire his sentences, and prefer trying his recipe." He put the phial to his lips and repeated the formula. Scarcely had he finished, when his eyes closed and he slept.

Don José knew not what length of time had passed, when it seemed to him that daylight was peeping in at the dormer window. He raised himself with difficulty, and remained some time in this half-conscious state. At length his ideas became enlightened, the sight of the parchment and phial recalled what had passed the previous night; but as he saw nothing changed either in himself or about him, he thought the philter had not acted. "Well," said he sighing, "it was but one illusion more; I awake in my garret, with my only coat and empty purse, and God knows how I desired to have it filled." He had not finished when his eyes fell upon the joist on which his clothes were hanging, and the leather purse which hung from his breeches' pocket; it was stuffed out with golden crowns! He stood up trembling with excitement, rubbed his eyes, hastily seized the purse and emptied it on the bed. It was indeed gold! more golden crowns than he had ever possessed cents in all his life. The philter had pro-



duced its effects. He could henceforth realize all his desires!

Wishing to make a second experiment, he desired that his garret should be transformed into a sumptuous chamber, his *seedy* clothes be exchanged for a new suit of black velvet, lined with white silk! His wish was immediately accomplished. He next demanded a breakfast worthy of an archbishop, and served by negro pages dressed in scarlet. The breakfast immediately covered a table, and the little negroes entered with wines and chocolate. In this manner he continued for some time, trying his newly acquired power in every form. At length when he was satisfied that his desire had really become a *sovereign law*, he rushed from the inn in an excitement of joy impossible to describe.

It was true indeed that this parchment had in a few hours made him richer than the richest, more powerful than the mightiest. He *could do what he would*! What innumerable things were comprised in these words, and how did he feel his self-esteem increase, as he repeated them! What, compared to him, were kings, emperors—even the pope himself! All were restrained by established rules and possible laws; whilst he, his domain had no limit but his will! How fortunate that this wonderful discovery had not fallen into the hands of an ignorant, avaricious, evil-disposed man, but in the hands of a *hidalgo*, reasonable in his wishes, master of his passions, and a recognized doctor of the University of Salamanca. Thus humanity might be reassured! Don José Fuen d'Alcantra, had too much self respect to abuse his unbounded power. In according it to him, providence had deemed him worthy of it, and he was determined to justify the wisdom of the proceeding, by his future conduct.

He resolved to give the first proof by moderating his ambition. Any other person in his place would have desired crowns, palaces, courtiers and armies. But Don José was an enemy to grandeur. He decided that he would content himself with purchasing the estate of Don Alonzo Mendos, and live there with a few millions, the title of count and the privileges of a Spanish grandee, as became a sincere and modest philosopher.

In consequence of this determination, he took his way, without delay, to Argelles, where the sale of the domain was to take place.

The road which he took led also to Soro, and was thronged with peasants, merchants and muleteers going thither. Whilst going along Don José looked to the right and left and made some small experiments of his power. To the young girl who tipped smilingly before him, he wished a pleasant rencontre with her lover; to a disabled old man, who hobbled painfully along, a comfortable seat in the coach just passing; to a poor

beggar, a piece of gold to drop at his feet, and every thing was instantly done! Encouraged by his success, Don José passed from the rôle of a guardian angel to that of an archangel. After assisting others, he wished to have justice done. Thus he punished a foppish soldier, by a wind which blew his feathers into the river—the trader who beat his team unmercifully, by making them run away and scatter his goods over the road—the *titulado*, who seemed to look from the top of his coach disdainfully upon those who were walking, by suddenly breaking his proud wheel. In all this Don José obeyed his first impressions, distributing rewards and punishments as they appeared to please or displease him, and rendered justice by inspiration.

He thus arrived in sight of the Chateau de Mendos, whose magnificent woods bordered the road. Wishing to avoid the sun, which began to be uncomfortably warm, he took an avenue which he knew would conduct him to the village.

It was one of the loveliest days of summer; the hedges were covered with flowers, and the forest resounded with the melody of a thousand birds. Some wood-cutters encamped in their leafy huts, were plying their tools in making household utensils. Don José determined that when the estate was his, he would regulate this business according to certain ideas which were particular to him. He even traced with a pencil on a corner of his parchment the plan of a forest hamlet which would combine the picturesque with the comfortable.

When he came to the meadows, he also found that the irrigation could be extended, and calculated the increase of revenue which would result from it. He was more satisfied with the vineyards, and pleased his poetic taste in recalling a number of lines from Horace and passages from the Holy Scriptures, which naturally led to that much contested problem—namely, whether the wine which Noah made, was white or red. As to the fields of grain, he determined to turn them into pasturage for cattle, and take the fallow-ground again for grain. He was in the midst of his projects of a new possessor, when a manly but imperious voice demanded, who permitted him to cross the domain of Mendos.

He turned and saw a young man whose dress denoted an elevated rank. He was mounted upon an Andalusian of wonderful beauty and sumptuous housings. Don José having employed the time he ought to have answered in examining the young nobleman, he repeated his question in a tone of impatience. The doctor of Salamanca smiled with that calm and confident manner which power ever bestows.

"Is there any need for a permission to visit a masterless domain?" demanded he.

"Who told you it had no master?" replied the cavalier.

"Those who apprised me that Perez the notary of Argelles, would sell it to-day."

"So you visit it as a purchaser?"

"As a purchaser."

"Do you know what is asked for it?"

"I count upon being informed presently."

"The estimation has been at one hundred thousand crowns of gold."

"The estate is worth more."

The nobleman laughed aloud.

"Upon my soul, here is an opulent purchaser!" cried he in a mocking tone, "one who travels very modestly for his fortune."

"I am accustomed to go on foot," replied José with princely urbanity.

"You are entirely too humble," said the young man, "and your lordship would be more comfortable upon my sorrel."

"You think so?" demanded José, taking a sudden fancy.

"So truly do I think it, that I am tempted to get down and offer my horse to you," said the cavalier jeeringly.

"It is very easy to satisfy you," answered the doctor, "and since it is so, I *desire* you will get on the ground."

Instantly the sorrel capered and suddenly threw the young man upon the grass.

"You have frightened my horse," cried he, rising pale with anger.

"I only assisted you in fulfilling your intentions," replied Don José, taking the bridle and preparing to mount.

The young man rushed towards him with his whip raised.

"Back fool! or I will strike you in the face!" he yelled out beside himself with rage.

The blood mounted to the forehead of Don José.

"The nobleman forgets that he is speaking to a hidalgo," said he haughtily, "and that I wear a sword as well as he."

"Then see if you know how to use it," replied the cavalier, who disengaging his own advanced upon the doctor. On any other occasion, our friend would have tried some means of reconciliation. But the young man's threat had moved his bile, and the certainty of having nothing to fear—gave him unaccustomed courage. Besides, he thought his adversary had need of a lesson, and he *desired* a wound, just sufficient to make him reflect upon the inconveniences of his rashness. This desire was immediately followed by its effect. The young nobleman dropped his sword, uttering an exclamation of pain and anger. Don José, who was sure that he desired the wound to be slight, gave himself no uneasiness,

and wishing to complete the lesson by playing his part out, gravely excused himself to the young cavalier for what had happened, adding that he bore no ill will, and to prove it, would avail himself of his kind offer. Whilst speaking he had thrown the reins over the horse, saluted the nobleman with dignity, and took his way to the village. What had just passed added in a small degree to the good opinion our worthy hidalgo had ever entertained of himself. He had mystified and wounded a man, and he was equally satisfied with his courage and wisdom. He was now convinced that nothing could be opposed to his will; that he was permitted to break down all opposition, to humble all pride, and he was already so accustomed to this, that he was no longer astonished. The only thing which astonished him, was the idea of resistance from others. He could not brook it; he looked upon it as rebellion to his legitimate rights! So on going into the village, he knocked down a muleteer, who did not get out of his way quick enough. The instinct of tyranny swelled in his soul like the rising waters of the spring tide ocean.

He presented himself to the notary, less as a purchaser who wishes to enquire the conditions, than a master who came to take possession of that which belonged to him. Unfortunately, Perez told him at the first word, that the estate was not for sale.

We can imagine our doctor's disappointment. That domain for which he had in advance meditated so many ameliorations, combined so many changes, had suddenly escaped him! and he would enjoy nothing of it but what his imagination furnished him and his reminiscences of Horace, he, the man, *whose will had become sovereign law!* It was impossible. Even the idea of such an opposition to his wishes made him indignant, and it was, almost, with angry hauteur, that he demanded of the notary, why the place was not for sale.

"Because, Don Henriquez, the count's nephew, has just fallen heir to two estates and this increase of his fortune has decided him to retain the Mendos estate."

"What," replied Don José, "no matter what price is offered for it?"

"He will refuse."

"Are you sure of it?"

"As sure of it, as he told me this morning."

"He is here then?"

"He has just left on his horse for the château."

Don José instantly knew that he was his unknown antagonist and could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise. The notary added a few compliments of condolence, saying, that Don Henriquez' greatest desire was to enjoy the au-

tumn hunts at his castle, and this was his strongest reason to keep it."

"Parbleu!" thought Don José, with humor.

"I ought to have wounded him so badly that he could not enjoy them."

Then added aloud, that such a motive could not prevent Don Henriquez from accepting certain propositions.

"The estate pleases him, and I must say that it possesses every advantage. First it is admirably situated."

"I know that," replied Don José abruptly.

"Parks, fields, and gardens."

"I have seen them," interrupted the doctor, whose covetousness was increased by this description.

"Very well," replied Perez, but your lordship has not seen the interior, the embellishments effected by the late count. First there is a gallery of paintings by the best masters."

"Paintings! I adore paintings," replied Don José. "However, I prefer statuary."

"The chateau is peopled with them."

"Is it possible?"

"Without speaking of the library."

"There is a library!" interrupted the doctor.

"Of thirty thousand volumes."

Don José made a gesture of despair, "and such a treasure to be lost!" replied he. "That arsenal of science to remain in the hands of an ignominious! For this Don Henriquez I know is one."

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well," said he, lowering his voice, "your lordship knows that he is a young man of noble family, rich and fond of pleasure."

"I was sure of it," interrupted Don José, "He is a trifling fellow."

"There is good, much good in him. He is only a little quick, which has caused him to have several duels already."

"Enough, a quarreller, a duellist. I should have known it," continued the doctor.

Then adding to himself, "and how just was I in taking from him the means of doing more mischief by disabling his sword arm."

"Age will correct this hot headedness," said Perez.

"I hope that his lordship will soon sow all his wild oats. Notwithstanding his riches, he is in debt, and has already required his uncle's tenants to pay up all arrears."

"Have they paid?"

"Scarcely, for the last crops were very poor."

"This is cruelty!" cried Don José, sincerely indignant. "What! to distress those poor people, who are in want of every thing, when one has the fortune of a prince, a chateau with paintings, statues, and a library of twenty thousand volumes! Such a man is nothing but a scourge, and it should

be desired, for the good of all, that Spain were delivered from him!"

He was interrupted by the noise of steps and voices resounding on the stair-case, and a servant who rushed in the chamber pale with fear.

"What is the matter?" said the notary.

"A misfortune, a terrible misfortune, Don Henriquez has just fought."

"Again?"

"And he was wounded."

"Dangerously?"

"No, but as he was pursuing his adversary, who escaped upon his horse, he fell in such a way as to aggravate the wound, and fainted in the road."

"And they found him there?"

"Yes, a coachman who passed without seeing him, restored him from his fainting in crushing his right arm."

"Heavens!"

"They raised him to bring him here."

"Then he is saved."

"Alas, this very moment in passing through the yard, under a scaffolding of the Masons, a stone fell upon his head and killed him."

Don José started back as if an electric shock had pierced him. All that had happened was his work. He had first wished to Don Henriquez a graver wound, which would prevent his enjoying the chase, then the loss of his right hand which held his sword, and for the good of all his death; and all three accidents had immediately responded to his wishes! So after having tortured and maimed a man, he had murdered him! This thought went to his heart like a dagger. He tried to repulse it, by crying it was impossible; but at the same moment the door opened, and four servants entered bearing the lifeless and bleeding body of their lord. Don José could not support this sight; a violent revolution was worked in him; all which surrounded him disappeared \* \* \* \* \* and he found himself upon his mattress in the garret, in front of the window, upon which the first rays of the morning sun had just fallen. The first sensation of the doctor of Salamanca, was joy for having escaped his horrible vision, and as the recollection of the past night returned to him, he understood all.

The potion taken on the faith of the Moorish doctor was one of those powerful narcotics, which by exalting our faculties during sleep, transformed into dreams the habitual preoccupations of our minds, and all that he had taken for a reality, had been only a dream.

Don José reflected a long time in silence, then taking the roll of parchment which lay on his pillow, he read it anew, stopped at the sentence he had disdained the evening before, read it sev-

eral times attentively, and shaking his head with a convinced air, he said,

"This is a salutary lesson, which, notwithstanding my wisdom I should profit by. I thought the only necessary thing for happiness was the power of doing what we would, without reflecting that the will of man when it has no check, goes from pride to extravagance, from extravagance to tyranny, from tyranny to cruelty, and well has this Moorish doctor said, *Our impotence is a barrier, which God has providentially opposed to our folly.*"

This dream was so profited to Don José, (now become José for brevity,) as to cause him to accept more patiently his humble state, and he died long afterwards second Major Domo at the castle of which he had for one short moment fondly dreamed he would be lord.

S. S. C.

Columbus, Ga.

## THE IRREVOCABLE PAST.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF THE LATE  
HENRY ELLEN.

In the past there are mournful shadows  
With garlands about their brows—  
They are pale—they are mournful spectres—  
Their garlands are cypress boughs.  
Of these shadows I see, ah! many:  
Let us count: there are twenty, and five,  
Which pallid, and spectre-like wander  
Where billows eternally drive—  
By a strand where the wreck laden billows  
Rush up, on the desolate shore,  
Where the billows in tumult, for ever  
Send upward a dissonant roar.

There shadows wear each one a garland—  
(Such are sad unto me, and to you!)  
Wear chaplets, which chaplets are heavy  
With cypress and sad coloured yew.  
These chaplets were woven, my Brother,  
Of blooms which I fancied I knew—  
I dreamt not in twining these garlands  
Of cypress, or sad coloured yew.  
Ah! the blossoms look'd purple and golden,  
Each one, what a sumptuous thing!  
Great its splendor, alas! but that splendor  
The splendor of Autumn in Spring,  
All the rich tints have vanished, or faded,  
Gone tintings of purple and blue—  
All the blossoms have faded and fallen—  
They've left me but cypress and yew.  
And these shadows that wear these dead garlands,  
I see them but dimly thro' tears,  
Yet I know that these shadows are spectres  
Of twenty—and more—twenty years!

There are some whose pale faces are smiling:  
I turn from their smiles feeling faint:  
For I see on their lips but the crimson—  
The cheating red left by the paint.  
'Mid their garlands are grape leaves and ivy  
These the years which wild pleasures embraced;  
Yet they've marks on their garland-bound fore-  
heads—  
They have marks which cannot be effaced.  
'Mid these shadows are two, which together  
Are wandering there by the shore,  
Which are fairer in features than any  
That list while the dark billows roar;  
Yet, their foreheads are graver and sadder—  
Their eyes ever look on the ground,  
What they've lost, they have lost, ah! forever,  
It can never, ah! never be found;  
Tho' they sought it for ages eternal,  
With purpose, my Brother, sublime;  
What they've lost cannot now be recovered—  
'Twas precious indeed—it was TIME!  
So, they wander amid a stern Carthage  
With sadness on forehead and lips,  
For of Hope all the trimmes are stranded—  
'Tis Carthage no longer "of ships."  
This the reason my soul looketh tearful—  
Aye! tearful, and sad, and aghast,  
O'er these billows which ever are freighted  
With terrible wrecks of the Past.  
Yet arise oh! sad soul, and remember,  
This story instructive and old:  
That new worlds unto Colon, despairing,  
A wreck on the billows foretold,\*  
Let us shake off this sadness and sorrow—  
'This sadness, and sorrow, and pain;  
Let us turn from these wrecks to discover  
New fields beyond life's solemn main;  
By this shore where these sad shadows hover  
Oh! let us no longer remain!

## The Brass Guns in the Armory at Richmond.

Some years ago public attention was attracted towards these beautiful pieces of ordnance, by a call made, through the columns of the Messenger, for any information which would satisfy the numerous inquiries as to how they were brought to Virginia, and under what circumstances they became the property of the State. Accordingly, in the April number of that work for the year 1847, will be found a most interesting description of them, from the pen of Mr. Minor the editor, to which is appended the letter of a correspondent producing evidence, sufficient to prove that they were brought directly from France, and were not, as many

\* If I remember correctly, a drifting canoe, together with other indications of land, inspired Columbus with new hope when almost despairing of success.

suppose, taken from the English at the siege of Yorktown. To those who feel any interest in such matters we would recommend the attentive perusal of the above mentioned narrative, that they may better understand the bearing of a few more facts upon this point, which through the kindness of the gentlemen in the Capitol, we think we have been enabled to establish. But before proceeding to the consideration of these, we may be pardoned, if in following the example of the accomplished editor, we are tempted to dwell a little upon some of their merits and beauties as works of art, associated as they are, with perhaps the most brilliant epoch in French History. And in approaching them our admiration is heightened by a sense of respect, as if confronted by the forms of slumbering lions, the impersonations of fierceness and power: we feel as if we rather presumed upon their harmless repose, when with an undue familiarity we venture to touch and handle them. Indeed one recoils, by virtue of a most natural and universal instinct, when he dares look into their dark and dismal throats, and when he goes so far as to place his ear to their mouths, he may well shudder when he imagines he hears the whispering echoes of thunders long since spent.

In the elaborate display of skill in their manufacture, we recognize the most graceful combinations of taste and fancy: whilst their exquisite finish, the richness of the metal and the classical groupings of the devices upon them, are but types of the age in which they were cast. To the eye of the military critic they do not perhaps appear as fair specimens of the useful, in the art of cannon-casting at the present time, so numerous are the modern improvements in the science of gunnery, and so many the modifications in the construction of ordnance; but in his day we may suppose that the illustrious Vauban himself passed upon their merits, and dedicated them with a most gracious loyalty to the service of his great master. We may imagine too, with what a lofty proprietorship their august owner regarded them, when fresh from the hand of the artist, he saw them gracing the battlements of one of his numerous fortifications.

As we look upon them, there comes up

before the mind's eye, a host of associations, in the panorama of events, and changing scenes, which illustrate the various fortunes of Louis XIV.; and could these princely pets but speak to us in tones pacific, perhaps we should hear how proudly they had seen his power culminate to its zenith, and how sadly too they had witnessed the declining glories and accumulating griefs of his long and eventful reign.

They might tell us, in the same sad tones, how they came to bear those numberless evidences of war's rough pastime, with which we see them honored, and when and where; it was that their brazen throats had belched forth so terribly the decrees of death; and then reminding us of the bloody days of Stolhoffen and Ramillies, of Denain and Malplaquet, or of Mons and Turin they could not forget the deeds of the brilliant Villars, and the heroic Marsin, (who was killed at the latter place) of Prince Eugene, and even of great Marlborough himself. And then, what would be of far more importance just now, they might inform us more definitely, as to how they were borne across the broad Atlantic, and whether they actually saw the British cruisers, mentioned by Mr. Minor's correspondent, off the Virginia capes, and why they were so unceremoniously hurried up the mud-running Pamunky, and how they bore the sad change in their fortunes, from having been once the pets of a monarch, to becoming the playthings of an uncertain destiny. True it is, they might well rebuke our impertinent inquiry, and bidding us remember they were embarked in the cause of human liberty, and landed upon a foreign shore, no matter how or where, to aid in staying the march of tyranny, they might claim our indulgence and choose rather to be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of their silent and grim repose. Regarding them with a less speculative eye, we shall find, in addition to those which Mr. Minor has given in his most accurate description, a few more items of interest which it will not be amiss to mention here; for each piece is itself a volume, rich in devices; and in the insignia and armorial bearings peculiar to that brilliant but most corrupt age. Upon the field of the escutcheon, in the arms of the Duc du Maine, will be found a distinct ele-

vation in the metal, so significant, that upon inquiry, we find it was not left there by the careless chisel of the artist; it means something. The Duc, as is well known, was an illegitimate son of Louis by Madame de Montespan, and this *blot*, so prominently located indicates his bastardy; though his children were afterwards legitimized by a decree of the crown.

He seems to have been an exception to the almost universally observed fact, that the fruit of illicit love is often stamped with a force of character, and energy of purpose, which seem to single him out as one born for a more than common destiny; a fate-divined, especial hero.

He was lame from childhood, and more deformed in heart than in body; having treated his unfortunate mother with cruel neglect, in forsaking her to become the pet of Madame de Maintenon, when the latter had won the affections of his guilty father.

Having been entrusted with the command of a wing of the king's forces in Flanders, with the chivalry of the court and camp of Louis as his bright exemplars, his opportunities for acquiring military glory in so warlike an age, were not to be undervalued; but so entire was his want of courage and so pusillanimous his conduct, that his name became a by-word and a disgrace to his profession.

The Mareschal D'Humiers, whose arms are found on two of these cannon, was not as fortunate as he was gallant, having been defeated in Flanders by Prince Waldeck; and of the Duc de Lude whose name graces the remaining two, we know nothing of interest, except that he was one of Louis' numerous generals.

The Latin motto "*Nec pluribus impar*," and the "face" encircled by diverging rays of light forming a "glory," have no reference to the quality or merits of these guns, but constituted the impression upon a medal, which had been presented to the "*Grand Monarque*," and was doubtless intended to indicate the then full-orbed splendor of his reign.

The artist profiting by this incident, has gracefully perpetuated the compliment by transferring the impression to the shaft of these pieces.

Berenger, who cast them, was one of twin

brothers: the most celebrated founders of ordnance in Europe at that time; and as is evinced by their external decorations, spared no pains in adding to a reputation already so well established. Some idea may be formed of the amount of labour bestowed upon this branch of their manufacture, when we find that the whole of it was done with the hand and chisel.

After the gun was cast, it was submitted in the rough state to the action of a lathe, protuberances of the metal being left in the process of turning, out of which were to be afterwards developed, according to the suggestions of the artist, appropriate mottoes and devices. Accordingly upon a close inspection we here detect the carvings and finishing touches of a most accomplished workman: and are duly impressed with the folly of expending so much time and expense upon what could add nothing to their efficiency as implements of war.

In the Navy-Yard at Gosport, Virginia, are to be seen a number of French cannon, corresponding in every particular with these in our Armory: they were sent home from Mexico by General Scott, as military trophies, having been taken from the Castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, after the capture of Vera Cruz by the American army. No doubt they had been placed there by the Spaniards when Mexico was a colony of Spain, and were probably purchased from the French, or perhaps taken in the Wars of the Succession.

Be this as it may, it is a matter of surprise that the Prince de Joinville, that Nelson of the French navy, after his successful attack upon this same fortress in 1838, did not dismantle it of these veteran wanderers, and bear them back to their long lost home. One would suppose that the pride of a Bourbon, if not the national instinct of a French Admiral, would have prompted him to such a step. It could not be that they were regarded with indifference even at that time, for another distinguished Frenchman, General Bertrand, during a short stay at Richmond some years ago, expressed an unusual degree of pleasure upon being introduced to them; and remarked that he looked upon them with more interest than any thing he had seen in America.

But let us revert to the question so often



asked, "how came they to Virginia, and how to Richmond?" It is our purpose to identify these with the pieces proved, by Mr. Minor's correspondent, to have been landed at Cumberland; and in doing this, it must necessarily follow that they must also have been in the Corvette, whose adventure with the English cruisers has been so graphically described by him. A doubt upon this point has been raised in the minds of some, from the fact that in Beaumarchais' account against the State of Virginia, there may be seen an item for the sale of fourteen 18 pounders, weighing an aggregate of 62,890 pounds at 20d. per pound: and 62,890 divided by 14, gives 4,492 and a fraction, a near approach to the individual weights of these brass pieces. But this is too low a price for such metal, and it is rather to be inferred that those mentioned in Beaumarchais' bill were iron, which on account of the state of the times was unusually dear, four and a half cents being the present price for guns cast in this metal. Moreover these are long 24\* pounders, an important difference in the estimate of the calibre of guns, sold in time of war.

By reference to the narrative in the number of the Messenger for April 1847, the reader cannot resist the conclusion, that the gun raised from the bottom of the river, and afterwards carried off by the Northern adventurer, had been on board the French vessel of war; and the evidence given in the suit against the State, identifies it most accurately with our slumbering veterans at the Armory. If this be true, it follows of course that these are some of the other guns successfully landed from the same vessel: and we think we have the proof that they were afterwards removed further up the river, as hinted at in the above mentioned narrative, as also the reason why this was done.

It may be well to notice here, in passing, the significant fact, that in the suit brought against the State, she could not establish her ownership: thereby admitting that no contract for their purchase had ever been consummated, and consequently that she was without any good ground upon which to rest a defence. This probably arose out of the

hurried manner in which the guns had been precipitated upon our shores.

In a letter to Gov. Jefferson, dated Petersburg, January 10th, 1781, Baron Steuben thus refers, no doubt to them, "I am informed that many valuable pieces of Artillery are at Cumberland. I hope measures are taken to secure them, as I am apprehensive for their safety, &c." The Baron is giving, in this letter, borne by Gen. Smallwood, an account of his movements and situation: and taking an extended view of the state of things at that particular time, we doubt not had reference to Tarleton's movements. Acting upon a suggestion from so high a quarter, we may readily infer that the Governor caused them to be carried higher up, to "near Hanover Court House," where we shall soon find them exposed to the very danger it was hoped they might escape. In "Tarleton's Campaigns in Virginia," is also a letter from Lord Cornwallis to Lord Howe, dated June 30th, 1781, giving a report of the military operations of that Claverhouse of the Revolution, in which is this language, "We found near Hanover Court House, ten *French brass twenty-four pounders*, which we could not carry and had not time or means to destroy, further than spiking and throwing five or six of them into the Pamunky." The date of this extract is some six months after that of the letter of Baron Steuben, just long enough to give Tarleton time to go upon his expedition through the State, get back to Williamsburg and make out his report to Cornwallis, who as his superior officer, of course had to forward it as his own to Lord Howe at New York. Now one of the six guns at the Armory is *certainly spiked*; a most important fact in this connection, and we doubt not the other four, probably spiked also, are unconsciously reposing in their muddy beds, at the bottom of the Pamunky, for in the hurry and bustle of the mauraunders' march, his men may have neglected to roll as many of them as he had supposed, into the river. The remaining six were then left at Taylor's Ferry, or "near Hanover Court House," no longer exposed to the hostile designs of their ruthless enemies, for immediately after this date events pointed too strongly towards Yorktown to allow of further interruption by the English.

\* Mr. Minor's correspondent is in error here in rating these at 32s. By actual measurement they are 24s., thus confirming Tarleton's account.

But we not only have further evidence confirming the opinion of the correspondent, so frequently referred to, that they were landed at Cumberland in New Kent, but also the name of the officer given, who probably had charge of these guns on their passage from France to Virginia. The Baron Steuben in another letter to Gov. Jefferson, dated "Petersburg, January 11th, 1781," (the day following that on which he advised their removal up the country for safety,) after recommending certain precautionary measures in relation to the security of 'Hunter's Works,' at Fredericksburg, uses the following language: "There are several pieces of *brass ordnance* at Cumberland or New Castle—these pieces might be employed with a prospect of success at this place or elsewhere. Col. Loyute, who will have the honor of handing your Excellency this, is perfectly acquainted with the country round Fredericksburg, and being an artillery officer in the French service, and *having brought these pieces over*, is entirely acquainted with the necessary requisites to render them serviceable," &c., &c.

We have searched in vain for reliable information as to who this Col. Loyute was, how and when he came to Virginia, so as to identify more closely, if possible, his connection with the history of his illustrious protégés; but that he was near the person of Baron Steuben, and enjoyed the entire confidence of that officer, is abundantly evident. Indeed, if these be the guns landed from the French Corvette, it is not going too far to presume that he came over from France, after Lafayette's return to that country in search of aid for the Colonies; and was perhaps deputed to escort these very pieces, with all their appurtenances, in that vessel, to their new home in the west. It may be objected that such pieces were too large to be used in the defence of so insignificant a point as Hunter's Works in Fredericksburg, and that the inconvenience of transportation would contra indicate the feasibility of such a step; but in suggesting this measure, the Baron had drawn attention to the fact that the British preparations in the Potomac looked to some enterprise demanding an unusually large force on their part, hence he deemed these guns peculiarly adapted to prevent-

ing the successful debarkation of the enemy from their ships, by covering the defensive operations of those opposed to them. Moreover, the distance from the Pamunky to the Rappahannock is not so great, that they could not have been hauled to a convenient point on that river, and floated on rafts up to the town. We find, however, that not only Tarleton's irruption probably prevented the accomplishing this expedition, but that the necessity for it ceased, as the English soon began to concentrate their forces at Yorktown.

Instead then of having been carried to Fredericksburg, the subjects of our narrative rested on the solitary banks of the Pamunky until 1801 or 02, when they were removed to Richmond, and lay under a group of trees near the corner of 9th and Broad streets, until the completion of the Armory; to which place they were finally transferred. And here we present a copy of the order on the contingent fund given by Mr. Monroe, the Governor, for defraying the expenses incident to their removal.

"Council Chamber, Jan. 7th. 1802.

"The Auditor will issue a warrant to John Newell, on the contingent fund, for fifty-seven pounds, twelve shillings, for removing eight pieces of cannon from Taylor's Ferry to Richmond, weighing 41,216 pounds."

(Signed)

JAS. MONROE.

Also a bill presented by one Josiah Bingham for his services on the occasion, but which does not tally with a receipt found amongst the papers in the auditor's office having reference to the same subject.

RICHMOND, Dec. 23rd 1801.

"The Commonwealth of Virginia to Josiah Bingham Dr. for expenses for Huling on greate gun from taylor's feary to Richmond, twenty-four miles—to three days for horse an self

£ 0. 15. 0.

To hier for Putting in the gun }

to wagon and to my services } 0. 7. 0.

IN COUNCIL, Dec. 1801.

The Auditor will issue a warrant on the contingent fund for twenty dollars, to Josiah Bingham upon account to defray the expenses of removing cannon from Taylor's Ferry to Richmond.

(Signed)

JAMES MONROE.

Received warrant, JOSIAH BINGHAM.

This receipt being given "on account" no doubt covers the whole claim of Josiah Bingham, of which the foregoing bill was but a part. It will be observed by the reader, that in their letters neither Baron Steuben nor Cornwallis make mention of any mortars, answering the description given by Mr. Minor, of those at our Armory, and which are so worthy of the illustrious companionship in which they are found. Nor does the narrative of his correspondent, in the records of the Auditor's office, enlighten us upon this point. This apparent omission can only be accounted for, by supposing, what in all probability is true, that they were included in the language of the general order, "for removing eight pieces of cannon;" they ranking as such, and it not having been thought necessary to designate them technically in the mere settling of a bill. In addition to this, when we compare the aggregate weight of the six guns and two mortars with the weight given in Newell's account, they approximate sufficiently to identify these, with the guns hauled by him from Taylor's Ferry; moreover, as we have been informed by an experienced officer,\* such large pieces of ordnance are generally accompanied by certain appendages and fixtures necessary for their use, which, though not now to be seen, were then with them and probably counted in the weight, thus accounting for a slight difference in the two estimates.

The two nine pounders, mentioned as "sixes" in a note to Mr. Minor's article, are also to be seen at the Armory, and are the very counterparts of their larger companions, in dates, devices and beauty of finish: but seem as venomous in their infantile proportions as the former are terrible in size. Their history is perhaps as much if not more involved in obscurity than that of the larger pieces. Lieut. Col. Simcoe in his journal, speaks of having captured some nine-pound brass cannon at Point of Fork, during one of his partizan forays into upper Virginia, which he says were afterwards mounted and used by the English at Yorktown. Whether these are the same guns, and were brought up from that place after the surrender is left to conjecture.

\* Capt. Dimmock.

It is clear then, that a retrospect of the extracts from Baron Steubens' letters, and Tarleton's Campaigns, as also of those from the Auditor's books, enables us to resume the thread of the narrative, lost at the landing at Cumberland, and trace it directly to Richmond. And in doing this we not only confirm the opinion expressed by Mr. Minor's correspondent, that these guns were brought directly to Virginia, as a donation from the Crown of France, through the influence of Lafayette, and were landed at Cumberland in 1780; but that they were afterwards removed to "near Hanover Court House" for safety against the English, remained there till 1801, when by order of the Executive they were brought to Richmond; thus establishing their history on this side the Atlantic, and we hope entirely satisfying the inquiries of the curious.

If these things be not so, where are the "ten French brass 24 pounders" found by Tarleton, and so roughly handled by his Dragoons, at Taylor's Ferry, a mile and a half from Hanover Court House?

The British troops never again, after the date of his foray, appeared in that neighborhood to carry off spoils, or disturb the quiet of the country, for they were too active in hastening unconsciously into the snare set for them at the mouth of York; they therefore did not bear them away. And if our allies permitted these in our Armory to be brought up from Yorktown, as some contend, they certainly would never have gone back far up the country for the purpose of bearing away guns of such weight, and which it would have cost so much labor and delay to reembark to their ships, particularly when we remember that in the joy and excitement consequent upon so glorious a termination of hostilities, they were more than anxious to seek the blessings of peace in their far distant homes.

Again, it may be asked, where the "eight pieces of cannon" are, proved to have been hauled from Taylor's Ferry to Richmond; and how came such guns, weighing 41.216 pounds at the former place, unless these be the identical pieces? There are none such at the Armory now, excepting a few large iron ones, which will not weigh half so much, and all the other ordnance there is of small

calibre, and is known to have been cast on the spot.

There is however one link, which, could it be supplied, would make the chain of evidence in this narrative complete; and it is to be hoped, that either through the instrumentality of State authority, or by private enterprise, it may yet be furnished. A search for the lost and dishonored ones, so unceremoniously consigned to the mud of the Pamunky, can alone accomplish this end; and should it be successful, and could our slumbering old heroes be awakened to sense, we may imagine the joy with which such a reunion would stir their stern and stolid gravity, after so long and so sad a separation. It is important, too, that this history be made, if possible, still more authentic, for the day may come, when these pieces and those brought from Mexico will be associated, by reason of their similarity in dates and devices, in the same category. This we should lament, for whilst these are now the property of Virginia, and were our allies in the hour of adversity, the others are but captured enemies and the prisoners of war.

In conclusion, we can have no sympathy with those, who suggest that these guns should be once more melted down, and recast into the statue of some modern American notable; we would preserve them as they are, not only because of their singular beauty, and the Revolutionary associations they suggest, but as honored relics of the Patrician age, in which they were cast, as

"Models of art, to deathless fame consigned,  
Stamped with the high-born majesty of mind."



### *Dreams by Day and Night.*

Night is the time for dreams;

The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Blend in fantastic strife;

Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

*Montgomery.*

## SOME FARTHER REMINISCENCES OF CUBA.

BY TENELLA.

At five o'clock one cool, bright morning, my husband and I left Havana for Matanzas; it was the first time I had been more than three miles from the city, and I can never forget the many beauties that greeted my eye on either side, as we ran at the slow rate of ten miles an hour, through a country teeming with tropical plants that I had never before seen, except some few stunted specimens in hot houses. The rail-road from Havana to Matanzas is excellent, and the engines of the finest, and beautifully kept, but as the engineer is liable for all damages, unless he can prove that any accident which occurs was owing to no fault of his, they are extremely careful, and never exceed fifteen miles an hour. If any life is lost, the engineer is tried, and if found guilty of carelessness, forfeits his own.

We had not been ten minutes in the cars before we found an acquaintance in a French gentleman, who was spending the winter in Matanzas, and who being very familiar with the country, pointed out all things worthy of note. Near the city the estates are generally small, many of them seeming mere market farms. We passed through fields of pine-apples, surrounded by hedges of limes or brilliant flowering cacti; groves of orange and lemon trees laden with their golden fruit, clusters of cocoa-nut trees, and long avenues of Mangos and Zapoté, which showed by their careful culture that the owners hoped to reap literally a golden harvest from the market of Havana. The Mango and Zapoté are both beautiful shade trees, the fruit of the former is not unlike a peach in flavour, spoiled however by a strong taste of turpentine which pervades it. The Zapotés resemble Irish potatoes in appearance, the skin being the same colour, but much rougher; it is divided inside like the orange, with seed like the persimon, which it resembles in taste. The Mammee is also a fine shade tree, its fruit is nearly the same colour as the Zapoté and about the size of a small cantelope; when ripe the pulp is a rich vermilion, it

has but one large seed, which lies in the centre and fills a cavity about as large as that in which the seed of the cantelope lie; judging by the taste and smell, I should say it contained a quantity of prussic acid; the fragrance is like that of the Oleander and Heliotrope. All of these fruits and many others, are cultivated on the coffee estates which are perfect gardens of Paradise. When young the coffee plant, which is in itself beautiful, requires to be shaded from the sun, and between every row is generally planted some larger shrub, which while it protects the young coffee, adds greatly to the beauty of the fields. The banana and plantain are principally used for this purpose, as their broad leaves form an effectual shelter, while the fruit is the chief food of the negroes. The banana is but a more delicate species of plantain, and is the only West India fruit I have ever tasted in perfection in the United States; it is always cut green and allowed to ripen afterwards, and as the voyage does not impair its flavor, we can get it here as good as in the Havana market. But the orange and pine-apple to be known in their glory, must be eaten on their native shores. No idea of the high flavoured sweetness of the pine can be formed from the tough, sour specimens that reach us here. When fully ripe a knife is never used to them except in peeling; holding them by the tuft at the top, a silver fork is stuck into them, and large lumps broken off which melt away in the mouth, the taste being fully equal to the perfume. The orange, besides being generally sweeter, is also more highly flavoured in Cuba than elsewhere. I have eaten them in Louisiana fully as sweet, but they are wanting in that high flavor so peculiar to the Cuban fruit, the yellow rind is so full of essential oil, that if allowed to come in contact with the skin it irritates it highly, I was once obliged to keep my room for the evening from the redness produced by sucking one without taking the precaution to peel it.

I can imagine nothing more beautiful than some of the Cafetáls, which being generally small are kept in perfect order and highly prized by their owners. The flower of the plant is very fragrant, resembling the white Jessamine in appearance, and as it requires little care after it is once planted, when the

berries are not falling, the negroes have but little to do, and are employed in keeping the estate in good order. It is very different on the sugar estates which though far more valuable, are infinitely less beautiful. There every one is so busy in the grand object of making sugar, that every thing else sinks into insignificance. I had lived long enough on one in Louisiana, to be familiar with the mode of management, so felt no curiosity respecting it, and there was nothing to tempt me to sojourn for any length of time on one, although it was highly recommended by my physician, and several kind friends pressed me to do so; placing their houses not figuratively, but literally "at my disposition." After a short time there is something excessively tiresome to me in the monotony of the immense cane fields unbroken by any object but a few scattered palms; they extend for miles over the country, the yellow green cane seeming scorched by fire even in its prime. The more saccharine matter the cane contains, the nearer is its approach to this sickly yellow hue. In Louisiana, where it does not yield half the quantity of sugar it does in Cuba, it presents a far more beautiful appearance, being nearly the same green as our Indian corn in the first year it is planted, growing more yellow the second and third years. There it has to be replanted every three years, but in the more genial soil and climate of Cuba it will last ten or twelve, new shoots springing twice a year from the same root. The dwelling of a sugar planter seems a mere cottage beside the immense sugar-house, with its tall chimneys from which pour unceasingly, through the grinding season, volumes of smoke, while the puff of the engine, and the rattle of the machinery are heard constantly day and night. The family of the engineer, as a general rule, resides in the sugar-house, and many of the planters spend the greater portion of their time there; the steam from the kettles is said to be highly beneficial to persons with diseased lungs. It may indeed, as I have heard, effect an entire cure in some instances, but I should think the discomforts attending a residence in a sugar-house would outweigh the benefit.

It was one o'clock before we reached Matanzas, which is between 60 and 70 miles

from Havana. Guided by our French friend, Mons. Edouard, we escaped that snare for travellers, the Commercial Hotel, and drew up at a quaint little wooden house kept by a French lady. Its exterior was very unpromising, and but for its scrupulous cleanliness, the interior would have been but little better. The lower story was occupied by warehouses, and the only staircase of the establishment was so narrow that two persons could not easily ascend it abreast. Introduced by our friend who was a favourite with madam, we were most graciously received, and the best room in the house put at our disposal; it was about twelve feet by nine, neither plastered nor ceiled, and with only one small window, and so low a ceiling that I ruefully pictured to myself the many melting hours I should spend there alone, while my husband was occupied with his business. But I soon found the fresh sea breeze swept in so strongly that I was often obliged to close the window from chilliness, while the excellent fare, and kind attentions of madam reconciled me to the minor discomforts of a tame pigeon which fluttered and hopped incessantly about the dining-room, three large cats, two canary birds, and a couple of poodles, who were fed from the table.

Leaving us to rest from the fatigues of our journey, Mons. Edouard after confiding me most particularly to madam's care, and receiving her promise that I should be treated "*comme un enfant gâté*," departed to his own house, where with a kindred spirit he kept bachelor's hall during the winter.

At dinner I found I was the only lady among the boarders, who were principally residents and seemed more like one family than strangers. England, Germany, France and the United States were equally represented at meal time; during the rest of the day madam and her pets were my only companions, varied by an occasional chat with Annot, the maid of all work, who established herself, every day after breakfast, at the head of the stairs with either her ironing or sewing, and would run now and then to see if the Nina (child) wanted anything. Neither mistress nor maid could understand a word of English, and during the absence of the gentlemen, it was not heard in the establishment. The change from the life I led in

Havana was very great, but not unpleasant. I was tired of the continued round of gaiety in which I had been living, and glad to be out of hearing of the ceaseless noise of drays and volantes, the cries of the market-men, and the ever recurring blast of trumpets, which accompanied every movement among the soldiers, and was heard a dozen times a day in Havana. I was therefore sorry when the Major informed me that owing to the declaration of martial law, the civil was suspended, and nothing could be done in court; as our stay in Matanzas was shortened considerably by this circumstance. We knew no one in the place except Mons. Edouard, but I was told by him that the society was very good, being much less fashionable, but equally refined with that of Havana. Those ladies whom I saw in my walks and drives were far more handsome than any others I had before met with, owing doubtless to the fact of their taking more exercise, as it was not uncommon to meet them walking, and I found I could pass along the streets without hearing continually "*Una Americana*," as in Havana. Shortly after my arrival in the island, I discarded my bonnet, and except in travelling did not wear one half a dozen times during my stay there.

A square of black lace about a yard and a half in width, supplied its place very well, this was thrown over the head with a point before and behind, while the other two corners were gathered over the arms; thus it answered the double purpose of bonnet and mantilla. Generally, however, the veils of the ladies are nothing but scarfs fastened on the back of the head with fancy pins, and falling over the arms; as they never walk and seldom drive when the sun is hot, they never draw them over their faces when of this style. In volantes they are rarely worn except when attending mass. It was in Matanzas that I first saw the volantes kept in the parlor. Walking one evening, I was attracted by the sight of an elegantly furnished parlor, hung with pictures and mirrors, and brilliantly lit up, as if for company, while at one end just opposite the door, stood two volantes, with the harness which was loaded with silver hanging on the walls. I saw the same thing afterwards in Havana, though generally the houses there are built with



wide passages, and the carriages stand in them instead of in the parlors.

The scenery around this place is very wild and picturesque, and the ride up the Cumbre and through the valley of the Yumuri is one of its lions. Hearing I should miss much of its beauty unless I went on horseback, I determined to do so, though I had left both hat and habit in Havana. This was a deficiency that both Madam and M. Edouard thought they could easily supply among their acquaintances; and the latter spent a morning visiting the ladies to procure me a horse, side-saddle and habit. Unfortunately all the ladies kept their riding gear at the sugar estates, and as I was to leave next morning, there was not time to send to one of them. Patience and perseverance can do a great deal however, and we at last succeeded in hiring a pony who was pronounced safe and fit for a lady who did not mind kicking. A few moments work converted my long blanket shawl into a skirt, while M. Edouard's wardrobe supplied me with a panama hat. As we had a ride of between three and four leagues before us, we set out immediately after dinner, accompanied by a guide, the road being so intricate that we required one. When mounted on my pony, I could not but recall the picture of Triptolemus Yellowby, and his sister Barbara, in Scott's *Pirate*, for my poor little steed was so completely lost in the ample folds of my Scotch plaid, that there was but little more of him visible than met the eye of Mordaunt when he encountered the worthy yeoman and his sister, on their way to the revel given by Magnus Troil. For obstinacy and determination to "gang his ain gait," the creole pony was not a whit behind the Shetland tackey, and I soon found my guide was right when he informed the Major he need not trouble himself to give me a riding whip, for the Senora's arm was not strong enough to hurt "el temoso bestia," (the obstinate beast.)

The Cumbre is a mountain ridge which encompasses the valley of the Yumuri like an amphitheatre; its outer sides slope gently down to the surrounding country, but the inner descend precipitously, and close in the lovely valley to which there are but two modes of access; one by a road running up the outer side of the mountain and for some

distance along its summit, and winding gradually down the inner; and another along the bank of the Yumuri, which seems to have torn a passage through the ridge, and made its escape from the band of mountains that surrounded it on every other side. Matanzas is situated on the plains between the Cumbre and the sea, and is gradually creeping up the sloping sides of the mountain, whose summit is crowned with lovely villas, the country seats of those gentlemen who own estates in the valley. It was in one of these that we were to have taken up our residence, had we not been deterred by the unsettled state of the island. I could not but regret, as we passed the luxuriant gardens, that it had been necessary for us to alter our plans. The ascent, though tedious, was by no means difficult, and after about an hour's riding, we found ourselves on the top, and halted to look around. Never can I forget the view that met my eyes as we turned to look first at the place we had left, and then at that to which we were going. Just at our feet lay Matanzas, the flat roofs of many of its houses crowned with miniature gardens, while its narrow streets, its paseo and plaza were distinctly visible, seeming but a moving panorama, instead of a reality. The whole of its broad bay, with hundreds of vessels lying at anchor, and nearly fifty miles of shore were included in one view; while the waves stirred by the evening breeze appeared to break noiselessly on the beach, and with their white crests, sparkling in the sun-shine, seemed indeed

"The glad waters of the dark blue sea."

On the other hand, looking down a precipice that was almost perpendicular, the eye fell on the pea-green verdure of immense cane-fields that in the distance resembled freshly sprung wheat, or other grain, more than canes of eight or nine feet high. Contrasting beautifully with this, was the dark green foliage of the lofty palms, scattered over a surface of ten or twelve miles, which was completely hemmed in with mountains, and seemed totally inaccessible without the wings of a bird or the feet of a goat; while the Yumuri, like a silver thread, wound in and out until it lost itself in numerous streams that enrich the valley and render its

estates the most valuable on the island. I could not but fancy, as I stood gazing on this lovely view, that Dr. Johnson must have had it in his mind when he described the happy valley where dwelt Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia. By the aid of a little imagination the large white sugar-houses dotted over its surface, might easily, at that distance, have been converted into palaces, while the broad waving leaves of the banana, the dark green orange groves, laden with fruit, the cocoas, the palms and the rest of the luxuriant tropical verdure, presented as beautiful a picture as that which daily met the eyes of Rasselas. Owing to the great heat of the valley which is entirely surrounded by mountains that keep off the sea breeze and radiate back the heat they receive, the houses of the planters are built on the ridge, and as we rode along we passed continually by villas, some of them kept in the nicest order, and others falling into ruins. These latter, in most instances, belong to absentees who are either proscribed or dare not venture within the clutches of Spanish justice. Here I would gladly have lingered some time, but the guide hurried us on, telling us we would scarce have time to get through the gap in the mountains before sun-down. After riding for some distance, we began to descend the inner side of the ridge, and soon reached the cane-fields below. These are among the most productive of the island, and the superstition among the Guajeros or peasantry is, that the land is enriched by the blood of the Indians, who were massacred here by the Spaniards in 1511. Collecting them all here under false pretences, they basely murdered them, while any who might escape to the heights were driven back by soldiers stationed above, and throwing themselves in despair into the river, perished by hundreds, exclaiming as they fell, "Io mori"—I die—which is said to have been the origin of the name of the river and valley.

When we had descended the mountain, the pleasures of imagination vanished before those of reality. The sun had sunk behind the ridge, but his rays still fell on the tall tops of the plume-like palms scattered in profusion through the fields of waving cane. Speaking of "the shade of the palm tree," is decidedly a poetical license, when applied to

Cuba. Doubtless where the original forest is untouched, they do cast a shade; but standing alone or in clusters of four or five, their shadow is scarcely more than imaginary. It is the most valuable tree of the island, as well as one of the most beautiful, as its trunk and leaves supply all the materials for building the cottages of the Guajeros, and the huts of the negroes. There are several species, but the most common is the *Palma-real*, or *oreodoxia regia*. Truly the queen of the forest, it grows in all soils, attaining a height of from fifty to seventy feet, its slender trunk being generally covered with a minute white lichen, which gives it the appearance of having been whitewashed the previous year. About six feet from where the leaves spring out, the foot-stalks commence, which being always of a bright green and closely folded round the young foliage, seem the real plant springing from a tall vase of unpolished marble. The shape of the white trunks renders the illusion more perfect, as many of these are larger in the middle, tapering off gradually both upward and downward. Each tree has about twenty leaves, one of which is shed every three weeks; the young foliage when boiled is as delicate as the garden cabbage, while the seed or nuts, takes the place of mast for hogs. From the extremity of the foot stalk, or green portion of the trunk, all the leaves spring out in a single cluster; they are from fifteen to twenty feet long; the lower, or older ones falling over in graceful curves, while the younger are more or less erect, with their extremities only bent over. They are much used to border avenues, and in driving under them I have often thought they resembled marble columns supporting arches of artificial verdure, more than trees.

Our guide hurried us over this part of the rode that we might reach the gorge before dark, yet I could not but pause before a little hut which doubtless belonged to some Guajero, and gaze on what seemed the realization of one of the most brilliant and cherished dreams of my childhood. How often have I poured for hours over De Foe's fascinating descriptions of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday; and after picturing to myself the hut, with its stake fence in front, and the steep hill and cave behind, longed

for a glimpse of the hero and his castle; for my belief in his story was as firm as my faith in that of Joseph and his brethren. And now, by the aid of a little imagination, not only castle and hill, but master and man seemed before me, and I felt almost tempted to dismount and see whether I could not find the entrance to the cave, and the rude earthen jars, and goat skin cap, and umbrella of the owner.

Just under the cliff, almost touching its side, stood a rude cottage, its high pointed roof, thatched with palm leaves, while its walls were formed by driving stakes into the earth and weaving branches between. Seated at the door, smoking a cigarette, was a Guajéro, whose beard and hair seemed not to have been acquainted with either scissors or razor for many months, while his swarthy complexion, and costume of shirt and pantaloons only, rendered him a fit representative of Robinson Crusoe, before it became necessary for him to have recourse to his goat skin habiliments. Hanging lazily over the gate of the garden, which was surrounded with a stake fence, was a Chinaman, his straight black hair and yellow skin answering very well for Friday, while beneath the branches of a cocoanut tree lay the identical goat, who figures so largely in De Foe's narrative.

It was after dark before we entered the pass, but the moon was so bright that I did not regret the absence of other light. The road for a mile ran along the bank of the river, the pass being barely wide enough to admit of the two. It seemed to have been cut out by the force of the waters, so perpendicular were the sides. At times this passage to the valley is impassable, as the waves of the bay are often in a storm driven high up into it. On either side were hollows and small caves, some half way up the hill, others on a level with the road, and the guide told us that on the opposite side of the river was a large cave which had never been entirely explored, though parties had been in for more than two miles. I was very anxious to take a peep into it, but gave up the idea on hearing it was apt to fall in, as I had no ambition to be smothered by a mountain.

It was eight o'clock before we reached

the hotel, and after a ride of five hours I was too tired to accept an invitation to spend the evening with some pretty creole ladies, who having caught sight of me the evening before, were very anxious to know me for the purpose of more closely inspecting a rigolet which I wore to protect me from the dew. I was very sorry I did not hear of their desire at the time, as, though too tired to be either entertained or entertaining, I should have liked to gratify them with a sight of the article; but I did not know of it until after my return to Havana, towards which we turned our faces with many regrets the day after our ascent of the Cum-bre.

When we were once more comfortably installed in our old quarters at the Hotel Cubano, I was most peremptorily ordered by Miss Sue to go to bed, and recruit for a picnic to be given next day at the Quinta del Obispo—Bishop's garden—by the British Consul. I was very glad to do so, and awoke next morning feeling no bad effects from either my ride up the mountain or my journey. It was a lovely day just suited to out door amusements, and though the sun was intensely hot, the fresh sea-breeze cooled the air so that sheltered from its rays there was no danger of being too hot or too cool. We set out about twelve o'clock accompanied by a young creole lady, and after half an hour's drive reached our destination, where we found a gay party awaiting us under the shade of the tall bamboos. All had been requested to provide themselves with a spoon and knife and fork, while the Consul's lady and her sisters supplied the eatables. I had driven out to this beautiful place several times, but had never walked through it, and I gladly accepted the arm of my old acquaintance, Doctor T— of the Royal Navy, and leaving the young ladies to amuse themselves by dancing and flirting in the billiard room, and the more sober to arrange the dinner, I set off for a regular scramble through the tangled masses of tropical vegetation, to the great horror of Sue, who protested I would ruin not only "dainty slippers" and dress, but my complexion also. Trusting however to my usual good luck, and a large leghorn flat to protect me, I set out, and had no reason to re-

gret my attempt. To be sure I once or twice stepped on treacherous places, and the slippers suffered a little, but I was amply repaid not only by all I saw, but by the conversation of my companion. I found him a real treasure, as there was scarcely a tree or plant which we met with that he could not tell me something about, and I learned more from him during the day respecting the vegetation of Cuba, than I had heard from any dozen persons to whom I had heretofore addressed my inquiries; often had I stopped in admiration before some beautiful tree, shrub or plant, and on asking the name been told by persons who had lived for years on the island, "I really don't know," or "I have heard but forgotten." No such answers repelled my curiosity now, the Doctor knew every thing, and forgot nothing. Whether my questions related to the animal or vegetable world they were readily replied to, and in such a way that without tiring me with scientific terms, familiar only to the learned, convinced me that his information was derived not only from books but his own observations.

This Quinta has been the favourite country-seat of a Lord Bishop, hence its name, but it belongs now to a young man residing in Paris, who takes no pains to keep it up, and in a few years not a trace of its former cultivated beauty will remain. The house which was only a common one, was unroofed by a tornado and is now nothing but an overgrown ruin; two or three old negroes make a pretence of keeping the garden in order and feeding the animals, but it is a mere pretence. Its beautiful avenues of Mangoes, Zapotes and Palms are choked up and overgrown, the ponds or fountains dry or stagnant, the artificial streams which were formerly led about the grounds at great expense are dry in some places, and have overflowed their banks in others. The bridges are decayed, the terraces broken. The marble statues which border the avenues or stand singly, are thrown down and broken or covered with green mould. Most of the cages where the birds and wild animals were confined are empty, or have a few half starved inmates; while a perfect wilderness of flowers gives some idea of what the garden must have been in its glory.

We wandered for more than an hour up and down, visited the wild animals, peeped at the alligator through whose cage flowed an artificial stream, and at last turned into an avenue of Mangoes bordered with statues. There was Silence with her finger on her lips, Apollo minus a hand, and Cupid with a broken arrow. At the end was a stream which divided the quinta from a neighboring domain, and looking down a long avenue of bamboo-reeds whose slender tops met in an arch over head, I spied a little cottage literally embowered in roses, while the air was heavy with the perfume of Oleanders, Heliotrope tube roses, and many other flowers that grew in wild profusion about the grounds. I could not restrain my exclamations of delight at the picture, and hearing from one of the negroes that the house was unoccupied, I determined to take a closer look at it. But the Doctor objected on account of the sun, and I was bribed off by the promise of a bouquet, if I would defer my explorations until after dinner.

When we reached the terrace where the dinner was to be laid we found the rest of the party wondering at our long absence, but not unhappy about it. The notes of a hand-organ still issued from the billiard-room, a low building standing in the garden which had escaped the tornado that unroofed the dwelling house. Here many of the gentlemen were footing it with the young ladies, while others were scattered over the grounds collecting botanical specimens for the herbarium of the Hon. Miss Murray, who seated at the foot of a tree was showing her sketch book to another group.

The Doctor and I joined the party who were preparing dinner, and for an hour gave our undivided attention to dressing salad, carving turkeys, cutting bread, &c., &c., &c. "Many hands make light work," but unless they are skilful, they are apt also to make mistakes, and the merriest part of the day was laying out the dinner, which was done by the gentlemen under the direction of the ladies. One tall middy was voted head nurse, and ordered to take care of the children while the servants assisted. This duty he performed very well for a time, till getting rather tired, he quietly coaxed them off, and under pretence of amusing them

put them up into the lower branches of the trees where they could not get down without assistance, and joined a party who were engaged in taking the champagne out of a pond, where it had been set to cool. Loud was the ululatus set up by the deserted children, when they discovered the trick, and every mother was seen rushing towards them to discover if her darling was safe. As soon as peace was restored we were summoned to dinner by Mrs. S——, the merriest lady of the party, who, being a sister of the Consul's lady was one of the presiding spirits of the day. I can never forget the comic gravity with which she requested a stately officer, who offered his assistance, and assured her he was ready to do *any thing* for her—"Just to wash up those plates." Most daintily did he turn up the cuffs of his uniform and commence operations to the amusement of the whole party, who saw the spirit of mischief lurking in the dark eyes of the lady when she made the request. As it was nearly four o'clock before our arrangements were completed we were pretty hungry and the good things disappeared rapidly before us. Freely flowed the wine, and brightly flashed the wit, and if the ghost of the old bishop was lingering near his favourite residence while in the flesh, he must have been edified or perhaps *horrified* at the bursts of laughter that rose from our party. Merriest of the merry was the Hon. Miss Murray, lady of the bed chamber to her Majesty Queen Victoria; a young lady of sixty, whose beautiful neck and arms would have graced a belle of sixteen. I afterwards saw a good deal of her, and was charmed with her unaffected manners, and sound, common sense.

She told me much about her life at court, and her private history. She is the daughter of the Bishop of St. David's and aunt of the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, so well known as the author of the *Prairie Bird*. At the age of forty she was chosen Maid of Honor to the Queen, and served in that capacity until a few years ago; when according to her own account, she told her Majesty it was too ridiculous for so old a woman to hold such an office, for, said she, "when your majesty tells a page to request the young ladies to come down how absurd it is

for *me* to walk first into the drawing room." The queen not wishing to part with her made her lady of the bed chamber, and she is the first unmarried lady who has been raised to that dignity. Byron has celebrated her in one of his poems, and from the position she holds she may be considered as among the first ladies of England.

I have often heard and read of the beauty of the high-born English women, but either I have been most unfortunate in the specimens I have seen, or tastes differ widely. There is a want of high-toned refinement, not only in appearance, but in manner and conversation which forcibly strikes me in all whom I have ever met with. Nor do I wonder that the French deem it "*une chose impossible*" for an English woman to be well dressed.

I was also much struck with the difference between the manner of our naval officers and the British. I saw them constantly together during the past winter, and associated intimately with both. Though I met with great kindness from the latter, and as a general rule found them well-educated, gentlemanly men who could never have been guilty of rudeness, they were wanting in that high polish, and graceful ease of manner which characterizes the well-bred officer of our navy. There was a stiffness about them on first acquaintance, which alternated strangely with a careless roughness and freedom. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and I speak of both as a class, not individually. The English officer on duty is a machine wound up to go so long—he has his orders and obeys them without the slightest deviation; he has no idea that circumstances can alter cases where orders are concerned. An occurrence presents itself to my mind that will illustrate my meaning. It is against the orders of both services for the officer of the deck to speak, except on business, while on duty. Not knowing this, cousin Sue one day when on board an English man-of-war, asked one of the officers why he had not been up to the hotel to see us according to a promise made some days before. After a few moments hesitation he stammered out "because it is too far," and turning short from her, walked to the other end of the deck, and though we

remained more than an hour on board, did not again address her. Surprised at such rudeness in a gentleman who had always been most polite, she mentioned the circumstance to me, and asked if anything had been said or done to offend him. We could in no way account for his conduct until next day, when he informed her he was on duty at the time, and was not at liberty to speak to her; he wished to tell her he had been unwell and not able to take so long a walk, but the Captain was in hearing and he dared not; though as far as we could learn the commander was anything but a martinet, and much liked by his officers. A similar circumstance once occurred to me on board the U. S. steamship *Pennsylvania*. Not knowing that an officer of my acquaintance was on duty, I asked him some question about the ship, to which he replied most politely, but begged me to excuse him as he could not converse while on duty, and touching his hat walked away.

But I have wandered far from the pic-nic. I claimed the fulfilment of the Doctor's promise, respecting the bouquet, and we set out after dinner to the pretty cottage where he amply redeemed his word, loading me with floral treasures. Turning into a narrow walk barely wide enough for two, and bordered by high hedges of *Oleander* in full bloom, we started on our return to the party, but when we reached the stream we found the bridge at that place broken down, and while we were debating whether we should retrace our steps or try and jump over, a most furious barking of dogs in our rear roused my fears respecting blood-hounds, which I knew were kept at most of the country places; and I boldly ventured on, resolved to have all the ills of wet feet rather than face the ferocious animal. Laughing at my fright, the Doctor urged me to go around, as the banks of the streams were swampy, but finding me resolute to "go ahead," he took his stand in the middle of the stream on a remnant of the bridge, and offering me both hands, he jumped me lightly to a stone from which I reached the dry land by another spring. He attempted to do the same, but in his anxiety to take care of my flowers, fell just short of the mark, and came down up to his knees in the mud. Loud were the shouts of laughter

that greeted us on joining the rest of the party, for he was the third gentleman who had returned in the same plight, and the champagne was voted decidedly "heady."

The servants, during our absence, had drunk up the remnant, and were many of them "glorious." The Spaniards are noted for their weak heads, and a few glasses of wine render them very belligerent. One of them thinking his dignity insulted, resented it with a blow, when a general "set to" ensued, and before the gentlemen could separate them, the hand organ which had done duty for the dancers, was smashed, and half the crockery broken. The remnant being packed into the volantes, we turned our faces homeward, all agreeing we had passed a charming day.

[To be continued.]

## RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

In the May number of the *Messenger*, in an article on "*the testimony of Geology and Astronomy to the truth of the Hebrew Records*" these occurs the following extract—

"It will be perceived that hitherto we have been controverting negative objections to the truth of the Mosaic Chronology. The result, founded on indisputable facts and incontrovertible principles of science, leaves the Mosaic chronology on unshaken foundations. But with this result, we do not rest. We have now positive testimony borne by those

"Planets, stars, and adamant spheres,  
That wheel unshaken through the void immense,"

to the Mosaic account of their creation. Who has not listened in imagination to the voice of their choral hymns of praise, when

"Nightly to the listening earth,  
They tell the story of their birth;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us in Divine."

They now declare to man the language of attestation to the truth of the inspired historian of their creation. Let us listen to this language which comes to us from regions of immutable truth and from spheres of imperishable glory.

"Having shown the fallacies of all those who have misunderstood their language, or obscured its meaning, we will state its testimony to the truth of the inspired record.

"Astronomers had always known that a certain remarkable epoch must, from the essential principles of the solar system, have happened. When that epoch actu-



ally happened, they had never been able to determine. At length the great La Place, after the most profound and accurate investigation, ascertained its date. This remarkable astronomical epoch is the coincidence of the greater axis of the earth's orbit with the line of equinoxes, when the true and mean equinox was the same. Now this state of the heavens could have existed only at the first moment of the creation of our solar system; for the moment the earth and the other planets began to move, the causes which altered this position of the earth, began to exert their irresistible power and produce the *precession of the equinoxes*. This great epoch in astronomy, or in other words in the history of the heavens, must have been the period of the creation of our solar system. La Place has demonstrated that this epoch happened 4000 years before the Christian era, the very year in which Archbishop Usher and other eminent chronologists have deduced it from the chronology of the Hebrew Scriptures! This agreement between this astronomical demonstration produced by the unerring and irresistible processes of mathematics, and the chronology of Moses, could not be a coincidence of chance; for upon the known rules for the calculation of chances, the probability that it is accidental, is as one to millions almost inexpressible by figures.

There is here distinctly stated that a most curious and beautiful mathematical problem is not only capable of solution with given data, but actually has been solved. This problem is no less than the *time of the creation of the world!* According to the author of the above extract, there is no longer any necessity for the divines who love the old "Mosaic Chronology" to attempt to disprove the conclusions of the Geologists; but the argument for the antiquity of our globe is removed from the domain of Geology and has become one of Astronomy and consequently of Mathematics. This is most assuredly a discovery, and one to which the author should lay claim, and not give the credit of it to La Place, who, we are confident, would repudiate it, and in his absence his friends will do it for him.

If it were possible to settle this vexed question in regard to the antiquity of the earth by the certain processes of Mathematics, why that long battle between Geologists and divines on Geological grounds, and why the author's own lengthy defence in this field?

But the question proposed being one in physico-mathematics admits of a positive answer. The distinct proposition is this. "Now this state of the heavens could have existed only at the first moment of the creation of our solar system; for the moment the earth and the other planets began to

move, the causes which altered this position of the earth, began to exert their irresistible power and produce the *precession of the equinoxes*."

This proposition we pronounce incorrect, and will prove it, remarking in the beginning, should this paper fall under the observation of any one who has made astronomy his study, he must excuse us for attempting to disprove a proposition so obviously absurd, and likewise for the use of non-technical terms, as we will endeavor to make the reasoning popular.

The earth revolves in its orbit around the sun in a curve called the Ellipsis—the greater axis of the Ellipsis is called the line of *Apsides*, the part nearest the sun (one point of this line) is called the *perihelion*. It also revolves upon its axis which is not perpendicular of the plane to revolution around the sun, but inclined to it, making the Equator incline about  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Now the intersection of this plane of the Equator with the plane of revolution around the sun is called the *line of equinoxes*. While the inclination of the Equator to the Ecliptic is nearly constant, this line of intersection or *line of equinoxes* does not always point to the same stars in space.

But owing to the spheroidal form of the earth, the line is caused, by the disturbing bodies, to shift its position gradually. It retrogrades on the plane of the ecliptic  $50.23''$  annually. This gradual movement of the line of equinoxes backward along the plane of the ecliptic would cause the pole of the equator to revolve around the pole of the ecliptic in about twenty-six thousand years. It is obvious that this movement would make necessary certain corrections in astronomical observations. Dr. Bradley discovered that there was also another more refined correction necessary, that the pole of the equator revolved in a small ellipse around an imaginary central point that moved around the pole of the ecliptic. That position of the equinox which corresponds to this imaginary central point (or mean pole) of the ellipse, is called the *mean equinox*. Any other position of it is called the *true equinox*. The coincidence of the *true* and *mean* equinox that is alluded to in the extract takes place *twice* every nineteen years. Now in addition to these

motions, there is another movement produced by known causes—the longer axis of the earth's orbit, or line of apsides is itself subject to a progressive motion of about  $11''$  a year. This causes a change in longitude of the perihelion of the earth's orbit a little more than  $61''$  annually. Now suppose it were possible to determine the present longitude of the perihelion, knowing how much the longitude increased annually, it would not be difficult to tell when the longitude was zero. And that is the mighty problem which the author says was solved by La Place to determine the time of the creation of the world! There are different methods of determining with accuracy the longitude of the *perihelion*. According to the observations of Lacaille,\* the longitude of the perihelion in 1750 was  $309^{\circ} 58' 27''$  ( $400^{\circ}$  in the circle) when the greater axis was perpendicular to the line of equinoxes, this longitude was  $300^{\circ}$ . This phenomenon then happened about the year 1250. Then the perihelion coincided with the winter solstice. Now it is no difficult matter to tell when the longitude of the perihelion was zero, that is, when the two lines coincided—if they were perpendicular in 1250, and moved apart  $61''$  a year. This happened about 5,735 years before 1750, or 3985 years before the Christian era. Not the exact date of the creation according to the chronologists. Hear what Biot wrote about this *singular coincidence* many years ago—"Par une rencontre assez singulière c'est à-peu-pres vers ce téms selon la plupart des chronologistes, que remontent les premières traces du séjour de l'homme sur la terre, quoiqu'il paraisse d'ailleurs par un grand nombre de preuves physiques, que la terre elle-même est beaucoup plus ancienne."

Thus far, to show that the problem to find the time of coincidence is not so difficult as to require the genius of La Place to solve it.

The author distinctly asserts that "this state of the heavens could have existed only at the first moment of the creation of our Solar System." And even an approximate solution shows that it did *not* happen at the time the Mosaic chronology fixes that date—What is to be inferred then if we show that this same state will happen again? Is a new

creation necessary? not at all. The causes now in operation, will cause this coincidence to take place again in about 6485, and again about 16955, and thus this coincidence will continue to occur every 10470 years. These numbers do not pretend to perfect accuracy, but only approximate.\* Do not these facts and conclusions show that this state of the heavens can exist at another time than the creation? Most certainly. But then where is the physical cause for putting the earth in *that* position when first created? Precession does not depend on the position of the earth in its orbit. It will take place, as it does, in every part of it. The redundant matter at the equator and revolution on its axis with a disturbing body produce precession independent of position. The earth might have been placed any where in its orbit with the other bodies existing in space, as they are and caused to revolve on its axis and precession would have ensued. Every physical consideration demonstrates this. To do it here would be to go into the domain of text books. But, we may ask, if this particular position was so necessary for the earth, was not a similar one equally necessary for the other planetary bodies? They have a precession of their equinoxes—should then this same coincidence take place for each planet? There is as much reason for the one as the other. But none for either.

We think we have shown clearly that the proposition as enunciated is not true, inasmuch as this condition of the heavens will happen again, and it did *not* happen at the moment the proposition asserts it must. And furthermore, there can be no physical consideration presented why the earth should have been created in that position. The same causes will produce precession any where else.

In regard to the coincidence of the *true* and *mean* equinox, it obviously must occur nearly within nine years of any period, occurring twice about every nineteen years; but whether a rigid calculation would give the same second for the coincidence of the true and mean equinox and the greater axis of the earth's orbit is another problem which can be solved, though even if the coinci-

\* Le Traite Elémentaire d'Astronomie Physique, par J. B. Biot. Livre Second.

\* They are deduced from data in Biot's Astronomie Physique.

dence would occur, which is doubtful, it would prove nothing.

We would not have attempted this discussion at all, had we not been induced to do it from a note in the last Messenger, addressed to the juvenile critics of the Georgia University Magazine. We have endeavored to treat the subject fairly, with more consideration than it deserves—for to every one at all familiar with astronomy, its absurdity is obvious—and we would remark, in conclusion, that if we are correct in inferring that the author of the extract before quoted is a theologian, we hope for the sake of Christianity, his theology is more correct than his physics.

University of Georgia, }  
Oct. 25th, 1855. }

## STARRY WAVES.

### BALLAD.

BY C. ERNST VON F.

#### I.

Starry waves, starry waves !  
Dancing on the sea ;  
Brightly come, darkly fade,  
Die in melody ;  
The moonbeams gently fall  
Upon the dreaming flowers  
Of fragrant forest trees,  
And blooming myrtle-bowers ;  
While from the lonely shore  
I gaze upon the sea,  
Whose silver-crested waves  
Are beautiful to me.

#### II.

Nightingale, Nightingale !  
Chanting in the grove ;  
Cease awhile, Bird of Song,  
Listen to my Love ;  
He strikes his joyous harp  
On yonder rosy isle,  
And at its thrilling tones  
The blossoms seem to smile ;  
My Heart with rapture wild  
Is throbbing by the Sea ;  
Ye dancing, starry waves,  
Oh bear my Love to me.

## Notices of New Works.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Sixteenth Edition. Philadelphia. Parry and McMillan, 1855. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

To embody in a collected form the best poetry of a nation's literature, and to decide critically upon the merits of the poets themselves, as well those who are yet living as those who have passed away, is a task of no little delicacy, and calls for the exercise of several qualities rarely found united in a single individual. Dr. Griswold seems to us to have performed this task with equal impartiality and judgment. Of course there will not be wanting dissatisfied readers, who will complain of the Doctor as an unfit doorkeeper to the temple of the Muses, alleging that he has kept out many who ought to have been admitted, while others have been allowed the freedom of the edifice without a spray upon their brows and not having such a thing as a singing robe among their wearing apparel. We think it quite possible that in the present edition there are names that do not belong to fame, for if there be a fault in the compiler, it is leniency towards the weaknesses of authors, but we are sure that nobody has been excluded through any other feeling than an honest conviction, however erroneous, of his want of poetic excellence. Among the additions to the list of American Poets in this edition, we notice Charles G. Leland, Richard Coe, John Esten Cooke, Henry W. Parker and William Croswell Doane. The book is embellished with several steel engravings of favorite authors, among which we are sorry to see one of our lamented friend, Philip Pendleton Cooke, in a style that is absolutely libellous. An expression almost of idiocy is given to the features of that child of genius, and it were far better to have permitted his image to remain in the memory of his companions than to have so distorted it to the observation of the world. The portraits of Longfellow and Bayard Taylor are very spirited likenesses. Poe's is less satisfactory and gives a sort of man-milliner look to his striking countenance. With so much of comment upon the illustrations, we accept the volume as a valuable compendium of American Poetry.

EPILOGUES. AMERICAN REJECTED ADDRESSES. Now first Published from the Original Manuscripts. New York : J. C. Derby, 119 Nassau Street. [From T. D. Clarke, 157 Main Street.

We should like this volume a great deal better without the affected Greek title of *Epiapoesis*, which means *all sorts of poetry*, as we are told in the appendix. It is another of the frequent attempts that have been made to imitate the *Theatrum Poetarum* of James and Horace Smith, and its success is hardly greater than that of former failures. We can not rate it as high as Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads, though some of the poets travestied have been happily caught in their more salient characteristics. In the selection of these the author has looked only to the Northern versifiers, not recognising in the South or West any poets of sufficient celebrity to be entitled to the honors of caricature. The great fault of the imitations is in their length—those of Saxe and Holmes are the best, but neither of these wits was ever so prolix in the kind of verse imitated as the gentleman who burlesques them. The hexameters after Evangeline

are droll in the final spondee, as *par exemple* in the allusion to the Indians,

Who chopped down trees and built log-houses and wigwams,  
And subsisted chiefly on fish, potatoes, &c.

But to write nonsensical hexameters is not by any means to imitate Longfellow, we mean, as the Smiths imitated Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, at once with a felicitous swing of their peculiar metre and an usurpation, for the nonce, of their modes of thought. The bards are not humiliated by their Cockney copyists—we could almost fancy in reading the Rejected Addresses that they really had written the pieces marked with their initials, but Mr. Longfellow in *Blouzelinda* in the present work, is made simply ridiculous—only that and nothing more. The writer never could place himself at the Longfellowian stand point in looking at an object, and therefore his travesty can be regarded only an absurd mimicry of an absurd form of verse. The same thing may be said with propriety, we think, of other pieces in *Eolopoeia*, and while we cannot deny that the volume may afford amusement by its intrinsic humour and pleasant versification, we can as little award it the praise of being a hit.

**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EASTERN KING.** *By a member of the Household of his late Majesty, NUSSIR-U-DEEN, King of Oude.* New York, Redfield, 1855. [From T. D. Clarke, 157, Main Street.

The incidents so pleasantly given in this little volume occurred more than twenty years ago, and we are at a loss to conjecture why the author has so long delayed its publication. If it referred to any other country than the unprogressive East, the interest of the narrative might have been greatly impaired by the postponement of its appearance, but in Oude and in the Orient generally, society is stationary, the same to day as when Warren Hastings plundered the Princesses of that regal House in the days of our grandfathers. So that the work before us may be accepted as a truthful portraiture of life within the stately halls of Eastern palaces. It is diverting to read of monarchs flinging about lakhs of rupees in our day with the profusion of the Califs in the Arabian Nights, and somewhat difficult of belief that they order gentlemen's heads to be taken off after breakfast just as they did when the East was first opened to the gaze of Europeans. Nussir-U-Deen, the kingly subject of this biography, was altogether as capricious, as brutal, as childish and as absurd a sovereign as ever looked on an Elephant fight or was removed blind drunk from the dinner table to the harem. He became the dupe of an English barber, who at once bent the royal will and curled the royal whiskers, as suited his purposes and his taste, and by constantly ministering to the bad passions and unlawful appetites of his majestic master, brought him at last to a degree of bestiality so disgusting that we are glad to hear of his being poisoned. We think the book establishes one thing beyond any sort of question, that the British East India Company regulates affairs very badly in Hindostan, when such whimsical and despotic cruelty is permitted to be practised within the limits of its jurisdiction. It is too ridiculous for the author, after giving us some of the fearfulest accounts of the barbarity towards Slaves in India, to say upon the authority of Mrs. Stowe, that the relation there is not so bad as in the Southern States of North America, though doubtless he was sincere in his opinion, and it only shows how deeply the slanders of our Yankee novelist have affected the minds of the English people.

**JAPAN AND AROUND THE WORLD.** *An Account of Three Visits to the Japanese Empire with Sketches of Madeira, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, &c., &c.* 1852 to 1855. By J. W. SPALDING, *Captain's Clerk of the Flagship "Mississippi."* New York: Redfield. 1855. [From T. D. Clarke, 157 Main Street.

A plain but animated narrative of the incidents attending the famous Japan Expedition, which imparts more real information concerning the "the under world" than all the other books that have appeared since public interest in the Japanese was stimulated by Commodore Perry's visit to their far away land of mystery and isolation. The author betrays on almost every page one of the best qualities of a traveller—that of acute observation—and he has recorded his experiences in a style that never wearies the reader, while it faithfully daguerrotypes the most minute as well as the most important features of the various scenes presented. His descriptions therefore of the voyage out are full of life, and the pictures he gives us of the strange *quasi*-civilization of Japan are strikingly *véraisemblant*. Certain crudities, indicating a want of familiarity with book-making, there are, but these detract nothing from the value of the work as an authentic account of a very remarkable Expedition.

**The Poetical Works of WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.** *With Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes.* By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Two Volumes. 8vo. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Bowles is better known to the world by reason of his famous controversy with Lord Byron on the writings of Pope, than for any high degree of poetic excellence in himself. Nevertheless he was the most graceful of Sonneteers, and his more extended poems possess sweetness and delicacy. The present edition of his works belongs to the beautiful series of the Messrs. Appleton, which has already extended to fourteen volumes, and is to be continued until it embraces the whole range of English poetry from Chaucer down to Tennyson. Mr. Gilfillan's sky-rocketting in the Critical Dissertation and Memoir prefixed to each volume lends additional attraction to the series which we commend to public favor.

**THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO, &c., &c., &c.** By Frank Soult, John H. Gihon, M. D., and James Nisbet. New York: D. Appleton & Company. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A work of great interest in which may be found a full and clear narrative of the rapid growth of the City of San Francisco, during seven years of extraordinary incident. The authors, who participated in all of the thrilling scenes described, have told their story with spirit and effect. The volume is beautifully printed and most richly illustrated with the finest wood and steel engravings mostly from photographs or daguerrotypes.

**THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS.** By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1856. [From T. D. Clarke, 157 Main Street.

So far as we know, this is the only work in the English language in which the author has attempted to present in a collected form, the emotional phases of the mind during sleep, as caught from the writings of the learned and gifted in various ages of the world. It is a charming compilation, showing a large erudition and a discriminating taste.

# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1855.

NO. 12.

## Good Eating Among the Greeks and Romans.\*

ΟΡΩ πάντα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἐκ τριττῆς χρείας καὶ ἐπιθυμίας  
ἡγορεῖται δι' ὧν ἀπερτὴ τε ἀδρῆς ἀγομένης ἐρῶς, καὶ τοῦναν-  
τίον ἀνίσταται κακὸς ἀχρείας. τὰδρα ἑστὶν ἰδωδὴ μὲν καὶ  
πῶς καὶ ἴπως—

Are the words in which Plato (*Leg. vi. p. 782*) contends that the *appetites* are the main-springs of human action, and that from them proceed human virtues and vices. That there is much philosophic truth in this cannot be doubted. The gratification of these appetites has ever been a main concern of life. The modes of living, and the customs of nations as well as the habits of individuals—particularly those distinguished for wisdom or elevation of character—furnish matter of private and national interest and instruction. Simple manners, frugal diet, and becoming attire, produce individual and national character far different from artificial manners, luxurious living, and fantastic and immodest apparel. Very different were the domestic habits and modes of living of the heroic Greeks who fought the battles of Marathon and Plataea, from those of their degenerate descendants who were overthrown by the hardy Macedonians at Chæronea! The same remark may be made of the Romans in the days of Cincinnatus and the elder Cato, and those who, under their despotic Emperors, could discourse only of their feats in catching turbot, and cooking and eating shell-fish and the tongues of singing birds.

\* "CHARICLES: ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, WITH NOTES AND EXCURSIONS." From the German of Prof. Becker. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1854.

APICII DE OPSONIIS ET CONDIMENTIS, SIVE ARTE COQUINARIA.—Müller.

GALLUS; OR ROMAN SCENES IN THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS. WITH NOTES AND EXCURSIONS. Prof. Becker. London. John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

OF THE FETTERLES IN USE AMONGST THE ROMANS. From the French of M. Peignot. London. Longman & Co.

Of the customs and habits of the two most interesting and enlightened people of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans; of the habits of the great philosophers, orators, poets, statesmen and warriors of these nations, their domestic and social life and manners, and particularly their table enjoyments, much that is useful as well as entertaining may be gathered. The very marked contrast which they present to the manners and customs of the present time is also extremely curious and not without instruction.

In the early and more patriotic times of the Greek and Roman Republics, the citizens paid but little attention to the enjoyments of eating. Spare and wholesome diet satisfied their wants and appetites. After the Persian invasion, when the Greeks carried the war into Persia and became acquainted particularly with the more polished, wealthy, and luxurious Greek States of Asia Minor, they began to imitate their manners and customs, and to introduce a taste for luxurious living, especially in their public festivals, whether of religion or the State. So it was with the Romans. After they had conquered Corinth and the other Greek States, they carried back to Rome a taste for Grecian and Asiatic luxury, and, as usual, there was a decline of ancient temperance and frugality, which rapidly led to a deterioration of the moral and physical powers of the individual, and to a deplorable decline in private and public virtues. Instead of admiring and endeavoring to imitate great statesmen, warriors and patriots, cooks and eating-house keepers became great men, and instances are not wanting in which public honors were paid to the inventor of some new and expensive dish.

In Athenæus we have numerous examples of the insolence and vanity of cooks. From these we learn that the cooks of the ancients were complete adepts in their science, and have not yet been equalled by the professors of the art in Paris. As a proof of their skill,

Macrobius mentions, that they could make artificial birds and fishes when the real ones could not be had. Trimachus had a cook, who could imitate all kinds of birds and fishes out of hog's flesh. The cook of Niro-medes, king of Bithynia, furnished him fresh herrings, for which he had a great longing, though far removed from the sea. A cook who was fortunate enough to invent some dish of particularly agreeable flavour, or, what was more esteemed, a dish compounded of the most *costly* materials, was the object of high honor, and enjoyed ample opportunities of turning his professional abilities to a good account. In the time of the first Roman Emperors, when the pleasures of the table were carried to the extreme of licentiousness, we find enormous salaries given to the cook—upwards of 6000 dollars was by no means uncommon. Mark Anthony once presented his cook with a whole corporate town, or *municipium*, solely because he succeeded in dressing a pudding to the satisfaction of Cleopatra. Plutarch relates an instance in which a cook was promoted to the governorship of a province, as a reward of extraordinary professional merit. Cleander, a wealthy Greek gentleman, kept forty cooks, at a salary of about 3000 dollars a piece. Athenion, in his Samothracians, introduces a cook, arguing philosophically on the nature of things and men, and seriously maintaining that to the culinary art is due the improvement of society in religion, civilization, arts and sciences.

*Cook.*—Do you not know that cookery has brought More aid to piety than aught beside?

*Slave.*—Say, by what means?

*Cook.*—Attend, and you shall hear.

The art of cookery drew us gently forth  
From that ferocious life when, void of faith,  
The Anthropophaginian ate his brother!  
To cookery we owe well ordered states,  
Assembling men in dear society.  
Wild was the earth, man feasting on man,  
When one of nobler sense and milder heart,  
First sacrificed an animal; the flesh  
Was sweet, and man then ceased to feed on man!  
And something of the rudeness of those times,  
The priest commemorates; for to this day  
He roasts the victims' entrails without salt.  
In those dark times beneath the earth lay hid  
The precious salt,—that gold of cookery!  
But when its particles the palate thrilled,  
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery, came.  
They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored;  
And tender kid beneath two covering plates,

Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved.  
At length a miracle not yet performed,  
They minced the meat, which, rolled in herbage soft,  
Nor meat nor herbage seemed, but to the eye,  
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish  
Mimicked some curious fish; invention rare!  
Thus every dish was seasoned more and more,  
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft  
Out-meal and honey. To enjoy the meal  
Men congregated in populous towns,  
And cities flourished, which we cooks adorned  
With all the pleasures of domestic life.

*Slave.*—Oh, rare! when will this end?

*Cook.*—To us you owe

The costly sacrifice. We slay the victim,  
We pour the free libations, and to us  
The gods themselves tender propitious ear,  
And for our special merits scatter blessings  
On all the human race; because from us  
And from our art mankind were first induced  
To live the life of reason, and the gods  
Received due honor.—*Athen.* XIV.—81.

By degrees, from a state of virtuous frugality and simplicity, the Greeks and Romans arrived at the most extravagant, and almost incredible prodigality. We can scarcely conceive, at this time, of the existence of such extravagance; yet the facts are too well substantiated to admit of any doubt. Athenæus mentions a supper given by Æsop, the fruit and wine of which cost upwards of \$200,000. Plato (*Sympos*) says the public dinners of one Clearchus cost \$225,000. Seneca, in his work "*De Consolatione*," states that Caligula expended on a supper, "*centies sertitii*," about \$358,137. Plutarch in his life of Lucullus, mentions that his establishment in the Apollo, for suppers, was \$7,868. According to Dion, Vitellius expended in eating and drinking, within the year, 22,500 myriads of drachms, about \$31,259,375!! Suetonius is more particular in his account of the living of this royal gastraphiler. He states that his imperial majesty generally had four meals in a day, each of which cost \$14,000, and, to enable himself to master so many dishes, he was accustomed to take emetics between meals—"facile omnibus sufficiens, vomitandi consuetudine." The limits of this article will not admit of our inquiring at length into the sumptuousness of Littiuss, Nero and Cladius, the inconceivable gluttony of Vitellius; the expensive caprice of Verus; the insane monstrosities of Heliogabalus, one of whose suppers cost upwards of \$107,600, or it might be easy to prove, as M. Feignot has remarked, "the gastronomical reputation of the



Greeks and Romans is not exceeded by their political and military renown."

Almost incredible stories of the gastrophilic exploits of particular individuals have been handed down to us. Dion mentions Romans who were addicted to such excessive eating as to be constrained to leave the table once or twice during a meal, and, after having unloaded the stomach to return again to the charge; and he says it was by no means an uncommon custom with these gourmands to take an emetic before meals to sharpen the appetite, for the same reason that the females, after bathing before supper, drank wine and threw it up again, and after meals, to obviate the effects of their gluttony, "*vomunt ut edant, edunt ut vomant.*" Firmius Salencius is said to have devoured a whole ostrich at a meal; and Clodius Albinus, commander of the Romans in Gaul, is reported to have eaten at one sitting, 500 figs, 200 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds of raisins, 100 snipes, 10 capons, and 150 large oysters, besides a quantity of wine.

Unfavorable as these examples are to the Romans whom they concern, they yet fall short of some which have been related in Athenæus of their Grecian archetypes;—setting aside the mythical accounts of the enormous eating and extraordinary appetite of Hercules, who, according to Ion, when excited by applause, would devour logs of wood and coals of fire. Theagenes the Thasian athlete is said to have eaten a whole ox at a sitting; Milo, the Crotoniate, according to Theodorus Hieropolitanas, devoured 20 lbs. of meat, 30 lbs. of bread, and drank three gallons of wine at a meal. A female named Aglais was accustomed to eat 15 lbs. of flesh, four semidii of bread, and one gallon of wine for her supper. Chrysippus tells a story of one Philoxenus, who, in order to be able to eat his food as hot as possible, kept his hands in hot water and gargled his mouth with the same; by bribing the cook, the dinner was introduced hot, and he was thus enabled completely to distance his competitors. This glutton was, however, outdone by one Pithyllus, who, according to Clearchus, guarded his hands against the extreme heat of his food with finger stalls, and encrusted his tongue with an envelope for the same purpose. For the benefit of our curious read-

ers who may wish to try its efficacy, we give the description as handed down by Clearchus: "Ο αὐτός (Κλεάρχος) φησί. Πιθύλλον, τὸν Τενθὴν καλουμένον, οὐ, περιγλωττίδα μόνον, ὕμενιν θάρειν, ἀλλὰ καὶ προδελντροβήτην γλάσσαν πρὸς τὰς ἀπολαύσεις καὶ τίλος ἰχθὺν τριβὼν ἀπικαθεῖρεν αὐτήν."—(*Athen. lib. 1—l. c. 5.*)

Before proceeding to describe the details of a Greek feast, it will be interesting to enumerate the various kinds of convivial meals, and the occasions which gave rise to them.

In ancient times public or domestic sacrifices afforded the most frequent opportunities for banquets, and in after times this continued to be the case. Birth-days also gave occasion for banquets, and not only birth-days of members of the family itself, but those also of esteemed persons, or of the renowned dead. The departure or arrival of a friend, the gaining of a victory, the anniversaries of battles, and days of national rejoicing were made the occasions of feasting and dancing. Besides public feasts, it was common for several persons to club together, and have a private carouse at their joint expense. These feasts generally came off at the house of an *hetæra*, or of one of the contributors. The young Greeks were passionately fond of picnics, generally held on the sea-shore. Great attention was paid to dress on these occasions, and Plutarch relates that the Sybarites invited ladies to pic-nics a year before hand, that they might have their toilets in perfect readiness. (Plutarch, *Sept. Sap. Conv.* 1.) It was not thought a breach of good manners to bring to these feasts an uninvited guest. Plutarch has devoted a whole chapter to the discussion of the propriety of a guest's bringing an uninvited person with him. On such occasions it was expected that the persons brought in should have paid some attention to their toilets, and should also have made previous use of the bath and of unguents. Socrates when he went (uninvited) to Agathon's, was *λελουμένος τε καὶ τὰς βλαῦτας ἐποδιδέμενος ἅ ἑκεῖνος ἐλιγάνεις ἐποίησε*.

All guests were required to come in good time, and it was not usual to wait for the defaulters, but the feast was commenced without them; and this we read was the case at Agathon's, who was the beau ideal of Grecian politeness. (Plato, *Symp.* p. 175.) The master of the house usually appointed the place of each guest; but sometimes absurd

contention occurred among the guests for those places which were esteemed the most honorable. Before reclining, the guests first sat down upon the couches, in order that the attendants might take off their sandals and wash their feet, which was done with wine and highly perfumed essences instead of water. Before the dishes were brought in, slaves handed round perfumed water in golden vessels, for washing the hands. Nothing in the shape of knives and forks being in use it was of course indispensable for the hands to be washed at the conclusion of the meal. In eating solid food the fingers only were used. Mention is made of persons whose hands were so callous as to be able to handle the hottest food, and of others who wore gloves to enable them to take their food quite hot. Thus Chrysippus relates that the notorious gourmand Philoxenus was accustomed, when at the baths, to dip his fingers in hot water, and to gargle his mouth with it, as a preparation for the perils of the banquet. (*Athen.* 1. p. 5.) Spoons, often made of gold, were frequently used; but oftener a hollow piece of bread served as a substitute. Neither tablecloths nor napkins were used. To cleanse the hands during the meal, the crumb of bread was used, which was kneaded into a kind of dough. Pausanias says, however, that a kind of dough was specially prepared for this purpose—Παυσανίας δὲ φησιν, οὐτὶ ἀπὸ μίτης δαλιδῶν οἷον οὐ σφαιρὶν ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον, εἰς οὗ τὰς χεῖρας ἀπομαρτῶμενοι, εἴτα καὶ ἐμβαλλοι.

We have not space to enumerate all the dishes that generally appeared at a Greek banquet, and will specify only the most popular.

It was customary to begin a feast with a *προα*, which consisted of certain wines and edibles to provoke appetite: ἀλλ' ἡ πρό δειπνοῦ τὴν μίμηκρον πατέδ' ἔδει. At a later period the *ψυχρὰ τριπτεῖα* as Plutarch calls them, served this purpose; they consisted of oysters and other shell fish, and raw vegetables, as cress, salad, &c., &c. Large joints of meat, poultry and fish, among which the Copaic Eels are particularly celebrated, formed the staple dishes; but hares, partridges, field-fares, pigeons, and many other things, were favorite delicacies. The following lines of Anaxandrides, throw much light upon the edibles of a Greek banquet.

"There is a scent of Syrian myrrh,  
There is incense, there is spice;  
There are delicate cakes and loaves,  
Cakes of meal and *polypti*,  
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,  
Soup, and beef, and figs, and pears,  
Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,  
Pitman, pulse, and toast, and muffins,  
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,  
Honey, cheese, and cheese-cakes too,  
Wheat, and nuts, and barley groats,  
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,  
Roasted cuttle fish, boiled turbot,  
Frogs, and perch, and mussels too,  
Storks, and rouch, and gudgeons too,  
Fish from Sloe, and chuckos round,  
Plaice, and flounders, shrimps, and rays.  
Then, besides these dainty fish,  
There is many another dish;  
Honey-combs, and juicy grapes,  
Figs, and cheese cakes, apples, pears,  
—— and the red pomegranite,  
Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsley,  
Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,  
Leeks, and onions, cabbage, and  
*Strong smelling asanfetida*,  
Fennels, eggs, and lentils cool,  
And well roasted grasshoppers,  
Cardamus, and vesame,  
Ceryeas, salt, and limpets firm,  
The pinna, and the oyster bright,  
The periwinkle and the whelk;  
And besides this, a crowd of birds,  
Doves, and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,  
Thrushes, larks, and jays, and swans.  
The pelican, the crane, and stork,  
Wag-tails, and ousels, tits and finches."

*Athen.* IV—9.

The meal was concluded by the *σπονδαί*, or libation to the "good genius." This ceremony took place to the sound of the flute.

The libation being concluded, the Symposium (*συμπόσιον*) commenced, when the dessert was served up. In earlier times this consisted merely of olives, figs, nuts, &c., which were invariably accompanied by salt, either pure or mixed with spice, to bring out the flavour of the wine, as well as to induce thirst. A kind of cake strewed with salt was eaten with the wine. The chief object of the dessert, beside the pleasure to the palate which its dainties afforded, was to keep up the desire of drinking. Cheese was usually introduced, with dried figs; and although the figs of Attica were very fine flavoured, gourmands preferred those from Rhodes. Olives were also much eaten, especially those that had ripened on the tree and become quite shrivelled. Dates, chesnuts, almonds, and fresh fruit were much used. Cakes, for which Athens was celebrated, were a principal feature of the dessert.

These Symposia were enlivened by varied conversation, music, dancing, with games and diversions of all sorts. The Symposium was considered by the Athenians as the main thing, and as affording opportunity for a higher species of enjoyment. In the Symposia of Xenophon and Plato the pleasure is wholly intellectual, not sensual; Plato's entertainments were noted for their frugality, his chief dish consisting of figs, from which circumstance he derived the nick-name φιλόδενος—a lover of figs. However, the *dramatis personæ* in Xenophon and Plato are of so highly an intellectual cast, that we cannot take their conversation to represent the average tone of an ordinary convivial meeting. They were doubtless often the scenes of riot, debauchery and hard topering.

Before entering upon a "regular built bender," a παιδαγωγὸν συμπόσιον, a ruler of the feast was selected, and to his commands the guests were obliged to render implicit obedience. As the manner in which the Symposium went off depended mainly on the Symposiarch, Plato requires that he should be a wise and sober person. His duties were to preserve order, to mix the wine, and to determine the quantity to be consumed. To him also were referred the settlement of any disputes that might arise during the frolic. Enormous quantities of wine were often drunk at these Symposia, and as every one was subject to the Symposiarch, he was obliged to drink the prescribed quantity, under a penalty. It was customary to begin with small goblets, afterwards resorting to larger. Some of these were of large size, holding often half a gallon, and an instance is recorded in which Alexander drained off a goblet holding two gallons. Such vessels might well be termed λαγυρὰ or φρίατα; not to mention that they had to be emptied without taking breath, ἀνευστοι or ἀμυστοι πίνειν. It is not to be wondered at that the revellers sometimes became pretty well "soaked;" and accordingly we find them resorting to various devices to prevent or allay drunkenness. For the benefit of that distinguished and much maligned class of youngsters, denominated "Young America," we give some of these receipts, which they will do well to remember, as accidents will happen even to the most cautious. Aristotle recommends *sweet wine, cabbages and*

*olives*. This property of cabbage was noticed by Cato and Pliny, and Athenæus endeavors to prove it by sundry quotations from the poets. *Bitter almonds* are also mentioned as a specific by Plutarch. (*Symp.* 1. 6, 4.) Julius Africanus gives a curious receipt, in which this property of cabbage is referred to. "That a person drinking much wine may not be inebriated." "Having roasted the lights of a goat, eat them; or, when fasting eat five or seven bitter almonds; or first, eat raw cabbages, or *chew the odorous assafetida*, and you will not be inebriated. A person that drinks wine will likewise not be inebriated, if he be crowned with twigs of the chamæpitys; or if on drinking the first cup, he repeats this line of Homer,

"Ἰπὸς δ' ἀπ' Ἰδῆς ἰδαιῶν ὀρεῶν κτυπε μῆτις τε Ζεὺς."

"Thrice thundered Jupiter from Ida's heights."

At a feast given by one Glaucion, we find a young gentleman arguing, "What's the harm if we *do* get a little wetted? The earth drinks; the plants drink; and as they are refreshed by the water of heaven, so is the spirit of man cheered by wine. It lulls our cares to sleep, as poppy-juice and mandrake do the senses, and wakes us up to merriment, as oil nourishes the flame;" he then, continues Xenophon, "emptied the measure without drawing breath."—(*Xen. Symp.* 2, 24.)

Guessing riddles was a favorite amusement at Greek convivial meetings. The reward for solving the riddle usually consisted of chaplets, cakes, and sweetmeats, and sometimes, when *ladies* were present, a kiss; while a failure was expiated by a glass of salt and water. Many of these riddles are still extant. We give a few of the best.

"We're sisters twain, one dying bears the other;  
She too expires, and so brings forth her mother."

Answer NIGHT and DAY.

"Nor mortal fate, nor yet immortal time,  
Amalgam rare of human and divine;  
Still ever new thou comest, soon again  
To vanish fleeting as the phantom train;  
Ever invisible to earthly eye,  
Yet known to each one most familiarly."—*Theodectes*.

Answer, SLEEP.

"A thing, whose match or in the depths profound  
Of ocean, or on earth can ne'er be found;

Cast in no mortal mould, its growth of limb  
 Dame Nature orders by the strangest whim;  
 'Tis born, and lo! a giant form appears;  
 Towards middle age a smaller size it wears;  
 And now again, its day of life nigh o'er,  
 How wondrous! 'tis gigantic as before!"

From *Alexia, ap. Athen. X—449.*

Answer, the gnomon, or sun-dial.

The following riddle, one of the best extant, is proposed in the *Sappho* of Antiphanes:

"Εἶδ' ἑρπύλην θάλασσαν ῥέουσαν ὕδατος ἐπὶ κοίταις ἀνθρώπων  
 ὅντα ἵκεν αὖτις ἰσχυρὰ γέγονός, καὶ διὰ πάντων οἶμα καὶ  
 ἠπειρὺν διαπάτην, οἷς ἰὸ λαὶ θνητῶν τοῖς δ' οὐ παροῦσιν  
 ἀκούειν ἐξέστιν· κωφὴν δ' ἀκοῆς αἰσθάνειν ἔχουσιν."

Know'st thou the creature, that a tiny brood  
 Within her bosom keeps securely mewed?  
 Though voiceless all, beyond the ocean wide,  
 To distant realms their still small voices glide.  
 Far, far away, whome'er t' address they seek  
 Will understand; yet no one hears them speak.

Answer, "it is a letter, and its children that it conceals within it are the characters, which, mute and voiceless, speak only to him to whom the letter is addressed." (*Xen. Symp. x—34.*)

A few words as to the games in vogue among the Greeks, at their Symposia, and we pass to the gastronomy of their imitators—the Romans.

(One of the most favorite of these games was the Cottabos, in which success was mainly dependent upon manual dexterity. From the Scoliaſt upon Lucian, *Lexiph. 3.*, we learn something of this game. A shaft or staff was erected, and to the extremity of this was attached the beam of a pair of scales, while from either end of this depended the scale-plates, (πλάστιγγες) and beneath these scale-plates little figures were placed. One of the players now took a mouthful of wine or water, and spirted it in a continuous stream upon one of the plates. If he succeeded in hitting this so as to fill it, it descended and struck the head of the little brass figure beneath; but rose again from the weight of the opposite scale, which, descending in its turn, hit the second figure, so that they both sounded in succession. Other writers give a different account of the manner of playing this game. It is said, that the wine was not taken into the mouth, but jerked out of a cup, the hand being bent and the arm a little curved. Some authorities

state that there was only one scale, and one figure, called Manes. Athenæus says this was not all, for beneath this Manes stood a basin into which the liquid must fall. The Manes stood under water in this basin, and the scale-plate had to sink so as to hit his head below water. Another species of this game, was played thus: On the surface of a vessel containing water, a number of small empty bowls were set floating, and into these the wine was spirted in order to sink them. This game served often as a love oracle. The χαλκισμος was also a very popular game, requiring manual skill. Eustathius, in his commentary, *Ad. Il. XIV. 291*, describes this game clearly: he says—

"ἀλλ' ἦν ὁ χαλκισμος ὁρθὸν νομισματος θετέον χαλκὸν  
 στρόφη καὶ συντονὺς περιησις. μεθ' ὃν εἶλε τον καίζοντα ἐπιχειρῶν  
 ὁρθὸν τοιοῦτον δακτυλίῳ το νομισμα εἰς ὅσον ταχὺς πρὶν καταστῆναι."

In bringing these remarks to a close it is but just to say, that it was the *highly intellectual* and varied conversation, and the inborn vivacity and ready wit of the Athenian that lent these Symposia their principal charm. It is this mirthful and joyous tone that gives the chief zest to the graceful narrative of Xenophon, the vivid freshness and truthfulness of which at once convince us that it is taken from the life.\*

In the commencement of the Commonwealth, the Romans were very frugal. They were allowed by the Licinian Law to expend only about 43 cents for eating on festival days. By the Faunian Law not more than \$1.42 was allowed to be laid out on a supper. Lucilius, the Satirist, from his adherence to this law, was called "*Centussis*," which was a rate of money worth 100 asses.

Plutarch, in the life of Cato, says he never exceeded the allowance of 30 asses on a meal. However, notwithstanding the philosophic disdain with which the Romans were wont to regard every thing which savoured of over-refined delicacy, in these early times, their descendants in course of time became exceedingly addicted to what in our day is called good living; and to procure this desirable accompaniment of good

\* We have not been able to collect materials sufficient to give as detailed an account of the eatables of the Greeks as we could have desired.

house-keeping they expended such enormous sums as would startle the most inveterate gourmand of these days of pecuniary scarcity.

Suetonius relates that Vitellius' brother gave him a supper, famous over all others, (*famosissima super cæteras*) in which there were 3000 of the choicest fishes, 7000 of the rarest and most expensive birds, and 200 gallons of choice wine. But what exceeded all was a dish, which, for its immense magnitude, was called Minerva's shield. It was composed of the livers of scari, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of phenicopters and the roe of lampreys, which had been brought to Rome from the Carpathian sea in ships of war. To form some idea of the cost of this dish we must recollect that the scarus was a fish in the highest repute, and often cost a principality. Instances are recorded of these fish costing \$800. Heliogabalus' suppers cost \$107,000. Macrobius has preserved a bill of fare for a Roman supper, and a list of the company present. It was given on the inauguration of Lentulus as Flamen Martialis, or Priest of Mars. The guests were all sacred persons, being priests and vestals. There were three triclinia or tables. The men occupied two tables and the women (ladies) one; from which we infer that the sexes ate separately. Or it may have been dictated by delicacy, considering the recumbent, or accumbent posture to which the Romans were accustomed. At the two triclinia were Lentulus; Q. Catullus; M. Æmelius Lepidus; D. Silanus; C. Cæsar, Rex Sacrorum; P. Scævola Sextus; Q. Cornelius; P. Volumnus; P. Albinovanus; and S. Julius Cæsar, the Augur. At the third table were Popilia, R. Perpenia, Licinria, Accentia, Vestals, and Publicia Flanimica, and Sempronius the mother-in-law of Lentulus. The following is the "bill of fare," ample it must be confessed for seventeen persons.

#### FIRST COURSE.

*Echini*—Shell-fish. prickly, as the hedge-hog.

*Ostræ cruda, quantum valent*—Raw Oysters, as many as they please.

*Pelorida*—Cockles, so called from Pelorus in Sicily.

*Spondyli*—Mussels.

*Turdi*—Thrushes.

*Asparagi sub cullinam altitem*—Asparagus under a stuffed fowl.

*Patina ostrearum*—a plate of Oysters.

*Bulani* } —Black Shell-fish.

*Bulani albi* } —White do do.

*Iterum Spondyli*—The gristle of oysters again.

*Glycomaridæ*—The largest kind of cockles.

*Utrica trir...* —Beccaficos.

*Lumbi Capragines et aprugni*—Chines of a goat and a boue.

*Altilla ex farina involucri*—Fat birds in paste.

*iceduca*—Beraficos.

*Murices et Purpura*—Two sorts of shell-fish of which purple was made.

#### SECOND COURSE.

*Sumina*—The paps of a Sow.

*Siaciput Caprum*—Boar's cheek.

*Patina piscium*—A dish of Fish.

*Patina Suminis*—A dish of Sow's teats.

*Anares*—Ducks.

*Querquedula eliza*—Boiled teat.

*Lepores*—Hares.

Stuffed birds roasted.

*Amylum*—Pudding.

*Panes Picentes*—A sort of cakes.\*

In comparison with the instances of prodigality above cited, this was quite a moderate entertainment.

The accumbent posture of the Romans at table, was a fashion introduced after the first Punic war, and was imitated from the Greeks. The tables were low, and amongst the wealthy were objects of great extravagance. They were made of citron or other precious wood, supported by three feet of ivory, carved to resemble lions' or leopards' paws. There were generally three beds about the table, whence they were called triclinia. When there were only two they were called Biclinia. The couches were adorned in an elegant manner among the rich, with ivory, tortoise-shell, pearls and precious stones. The pillows were of purple cloth interwoven with gold, and worked with leaves and flowers. There were generally three persons on each couch, in which case, the middle was the place of honour; but if only two, the head was the most honorable situation. They had also numerous sideboards of rich plate—some of the dishes cost upwards of \$344. The murrhina or drinking cups were very costly. Pliny mentions one that cost 1,863 dollars. He also speaks of a lady, not accounted very rich (*mater familias non dives*), who gave 3,376 dollars for a cup. They used a splen-

\* For many curious details, we refer the reader to the American Quarterly Review: vol. 2. 1827, to which we are largely indebted.

did article in the napkin line, made of the finest wool or linen, but frequently of cloth of gold curiously and elaborately embroidered. The slaves who attended at banquets were generally young boys selected for their beauty, elegantly dressed, with their hair curled in the neatest manner. Great attention was paid to carving, and Juvenal speaks of persons who taught the art of carving on wooden models.

Although many treatises upon the culinary art were composed by the Roman Knights of the kitchen, we are acquainted with but one—that of Apicius. There has been much controversy as to the precise period in which this Apicius flourished; there having been three of that name, and all of *gourmet* celebrity. Some think he lived about the time of Tiberias; some assign a much later period while others deny that Apicius was the name of an individual and maintain that the word was used to signify, as it has since done, any one expensive in eating. This idea receives strength from the following lines of Juvenal:

—quid enim majore cachinno,  
Excipitur vulgi quam pauper Apicius?

"And what diverts the sneering rabble more  
Than an Apicius miserably poor?"

Albanus Torinus, who found the treatise bearing the name of Apicius, asserted that he immediately "smelt" the true air of antiquity about the author: "*olfaciebam statim autorem esse vetustissimum.*" Latinus Latinius, however, who examined the work critically, has satisfactorily (to some at least) proved that it must have been a comparatively neoteric production. The Apicius to whom has been attributed the treatise "*De Opsoniis et Condimentis*," is said by Seneca, to have spent 2,000,000 of dollars on his table, and to have destroyed himself from a fear that he would die of hunger, having but 500,000 dollars left.

Before we describe the separate edibles of the Romans, we propose to say a few words on their mode of fattening meats, and on their manner of killing for the table.

As meat constituted the staple of a Roman feast, great regard was had to its quality, and the most absurd and cruel methods were practised to bring the animal into pro-

per condition. Lean meat, was, in ancient times, not only considered unwholesome, but also unsavoury, and an instance is recorded in which one Quintus Curtius, being waiter at the table of Cæsar, and seeing a dish of *lean birds*, did not hesitate to throw them out of the window. One way of fattening fowls, was to *sew up their eyes*, and cram them with a paste made of barley meal and milk. In this condition they were kept about two weeks; for if kept longer fevers induced by the continual state of repletion rendered them red and frequently killed them. Bull beef was esteemed especially difficult of digestion and unwholesome, requiring the most vigorous powers to overcome it; and hence the mythical legend of Hercules feasting chiefly on bull's flesh and green figs:—

"Ἦναι γὰρ τὰς ἐκείναις ἀρκούντι τροφῇσιν οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλο."

To remove these qualities of the flesh, bulls have been, from the earliest times, either baited by dogs, hunted by men, or torn by lions, which was supposed to render the meat white and tender. Patroclus asserts that if a lion be merely shown to a bull, three or four hours before he is killed, the flesh of the latter will be made perfectly tender, "fear dissolving his hardest parts, and making his very heart to become pulpy." Even in England, in ancient times, butchers were forbidden to sell any meat unless it had been previously baited. When animals have undergone great fatigue immediately before death, or have suffered from a lingering death, although their flesh may sooner become rigid, it also becomes sooner tender, than when they have been suddenly deprived of life when in a state of health. It has long been a custom to cause old cocks to fight before they are killed. The Moors, of Barbary, before they kill a hedgehog, which is esteemed a princely dish with them, "rub his back against the ground, by holding his feet betwixt two, as men do a saw that saws stones, till it has done squeaking, and then they cut its throat." The following curious receipts are from an ancient book on cookery. "*To make a pig taste like a wild boar.*" "Take a living pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz. boil together, in vinegar and water, some rosemary, thyme, sweet basil, bay leaves and sage; when you have made him swallow this, im-



mediately whip him to death, and roast him forthwith!"

Again,—“*How to still a cock for a weak body that is consumed.*” “Take a red cocke that is not too olde, and beat him to death.” *Booke of Cookrye*. A. D. 1591. Different modes of slaughtering obtained among different nations, as at this day. The Greeks strangled their swine, and ate them with their blood. The Romans, true to their cruel instincts, thrust a spit red hot through the body, and suffered them to die without bleeding. This mode of slaughter was replete with objections, if we regard it in a gastronomic point of view solely; for the flesh of animals thus killed, is dark coloured, from the retention of the blood in the vessels, and hence speedily becomes putrid.

In noticing the different esculent substances made use of by the Romans, we shall adopt the following arrangement: *First*, of Quadrupeds. *Second*, Birds. *Third*, Reptiles. *Fourth*, Fish. *Fifth*, Molluscous animals. *Sixth*, Insects; and lastly, Vegetables.

The meat most highly esteemed among the Romans (as it has ever been by the Germans) was that of the Wild Boar (*Sus Scrofa*. L.) “*animal propter convivium natura*,” and the *Sus Porcus*, or common Hog. The first dish was garnished with pyramids of apples, and other garnitures:

“In primis Lucanus aper, leni fuit Austro  
Captus, ut siebat cœne pater; acria circum,  
*Rapula, lactuca, radices*, qualia lasum,  
Pervellunt stomachum, *siser, alec, fœcula Coa*.”  
*Horat. Sat.*

First a Lucanian Boar, of tender kind,  
Caught, says our host, in a soft, southern wind,  
Around him lay whatever could excite,  
With pungent force, the jaded appetite—  
*Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy brine,*  
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine.

*Francis.*

The common Hog, in the hands of an accomplished cook, could be served up in no less than fifty ways, each of a different flavour, “*quingaginta saporibus*.” Still the Romans do not seem to have attained the art of making good bacon or sausages, but imported them, according to Varro, in large quantities from Gaul, where they were prepared in great perfection. Instead of permitting their hogs to roam abroad and obtain their food from the acorns, chesnuts, &c., in the woods, they were kept penned, and fed

with milk, figs and mulse. Roasted pork was generally stuffed with venison or fowl; Petronius mentions that at a supper given by Trimalchio, a roasted pig was served, which was filled with thrushes. In this form it was designated *Porchus Trajanus*, “*quasi aliis inclusis animalibus gravidus, ut ille Trojanus equus gravidus armatis fuit.*” *Macrob. Saturn.* lib. 2. cap. 9. A great variety of sauces and condiments were eaten with pork, it having always been considered a meat of great indigestibility. The old maxim of the school of Salernum, whose *dicta* were written in the 12th century, in Leonine verses, recounts this ancient prejudice:

“Est caro porcina sine vino pejor orina  
Si tribuis vina tunc est cibus et medicina.”

This idea seems to have given occasion to the copious admixture of condiments with the sausage. Of this sausage—*Tornaculum—Tornacina*, &c.,—the “*candiduli divina tornacula porci*,” as Juvenal, by hyperbole, has designated it, Apicius has given the following definition: “*intestinum fartum ex pulpâ porcina bene tunsa, admixtis pipere trito, cumino, satureia, rata, petroselino, baccis lauri, liquamine, &c., ipsum intestinum tenuiter producitur et ad fumum suspenditur.*” The Romans were excelled by the Greeks in the preparation of this article also. The sausages of Athens, whether formed from the flesh of the hog, or from that of the peacock, pheasant, or rabbit, were in the highest repute. These sausages have been eulogised even in modern times; Agnolo Firenzuola owes most of his reputation with gourmands, to a song in honor of the sausage. Leo the Tenth, was so fond of them, as to expend upwards of 5000 dollars in one year upon sausages alone, causing them to be formed, according to his taste, of the flesh of the peacock and hog, with pepper and other spices, and hence they subsequently were named “*Leonis Incisia*,” or, Leo’s sausage.

The most famous sauce in vogue among the Romans, was the *Garum*, which was so scarce and in such demand, that it sold for 35 dollars a gallon. It was prepared from the *Scomber* or macarel; but the poor made it from the *Thynnus* or Tunng. We have too much respect for the stomachs of our readers, to give the mode of preparation of this sauce in plain English; we therefore put

it in the original, as found in the *Geoponics*, XX—46. "τα εγκατα των ιχθυων βαλλεται εις σκευος, και αλιζε ται και λεπτα σφαριδια ομοιως αλιζεται, και εν ηλιω ταριχευεται πυκνως δονουμενα οταν δε ταριχευθωσι τη θερα, εξ αυτων γαρν ουτως αιρεται." Humelbery, in his notes on Apicius gives another receipt:—"Sume pisces minores salsos, aut si salsi non fuerint, saliantur pauco sale, et mitte ex illis sextarium unum et de bono sextarios tres et coque in æreo vase usque dum duæ partes consumantur, et tertia remaneat, tum cola per succum usque ad claritatem et refrigeratum mitte in vitream ampullam et utere."

The Hare (*Lepidus Timidus* L.) was also a standing dish, perhaps on the account of the sweetness and delicacy of its meat; or more probably it owed its popularity to the belief that by feeding upon Hare's flesh, a person would thereby be rendered *beautiful*.

We read of several ladies, who, either doubtful of their personal attractions, or desirous of increasing them, were wont to regard this dish with great partiality. Martial is facetious upon a homely Roman lady, who, on the strength of this belief, had fed on Hare's flesh for some time, but still without losing her objectionable features. From two lines of Martial we infer that the shoulders of this animal were esteemed the best parts:

Et Leporum avulsos ut multo suavius armos  
Quam si cum lumbis quis edat."

The favorite way of serving up this animal was in a state which would not be generally agreeable to our degenerate tastes—"ventre exacti vel uberibus ablati, non repurgatis interraneis!!" A sauce always accompanied this dish, the principal ingredient of which was *assyfætida*!! In such repute was this nauseous and detestable drug held, that it was imported from Persia by the government, stored in the public treasury, and sold to the highest nobility at enormous rates, only upon particular occasions, and then in small quantities. It was a matter of public complaint against Julius Cæsar that he plundered the treasury, on one occasion, of 100 pounds of this precious commodity. This article became at length so scarce that it had to be imported from Armenia and Media, and was never used except in ragoûts at the most sumptuous tables.

The quadrupeds of which we have spoken, might all be to the goût of the moderns; but there remain some, to which we should experience difficulty in accomodating ourselves; and which, nevertheless, amongst the Romans, passed for "*morceaux tres friands*." The young of the ass (*equus asinus*, L.) was often eaten, even at the tables of the wealthy. Roman gourmands were also very fond of the flavor of young and well-fattened puppies—*catuli lactantes*; this last dish, however, went out of use because "they made the people like to dogs; that is to say, cruel, stout, bold, and nimble, and addicted to lying." The Hedge-hog (*Eriaceus Europæus*, L.) was highly *recherché*. They were fattened in the dark, upon acorns, walnuts and chesnuts, in cages called "*gliræria*."

Among birds, the Peacock (*Pavo*, L.) held the first place, at all fashionable entertainments. Quintus Hortensius is said to have first introduced the Peacock to the Roman table; which novelty, says Varro, "*potius tum luxuriosi quam severi boni viri laudabant*." The experiment however "took," and such was the demand for them that they frequently sold for \$150 and \$160. Their eggs brought seven dollars a piece. So lucrative did the raising of these birds become, that several wealthy Romans went largely into the business, clearing princely fortunes in a short time. Our English ancestors were very fond of "roaste peacocks;" even a royal banquet was deemed incomplete without "well stuffed peacocks," which were stuffed with spices, and sweet herbs, roasted and sewed up whole, and covered, after dressing, with the skin and feathers—the beak and comb gilt, and the tail spread. Sometimes, instead of feathers it was entirely covered with gold leaf.

The following "bill of fare," at the "intronization" of George Nevêlle, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward the IV. may not prove uninteresting, as exhibiting the species of animals which formed the good cheer at an old English feast.

In wheat, 300 quarters,  
In ale, 300 tunne,  
Wyne, 100 tunne,  
Ypocrasse, 1 pype,  
In oxen, 104,  
Wyldie bulles, 6.

Muttons, 1,000.  
 Veales, 304.  
 Porks, 304.  
 Swannes, 400.  
 Geese, 2,000.  
 Capons, 1,000.  
 Pyges, 2,000.  
 Plovers, 400.  
 Quails, 100 dozen.  
 In Peacocks, 104.  
 Mallards and Teals, 4,000.  
 Red Shanks, 400.  
 Slyntes, 300.  
 Larks, 400.  
 Martynettes, 300.  
 In Cranes, 204.  
 In Kyddes, 204.  
 In Chyckens, 2,000.  
 Pigeons, 4,000.  
 Conyes, 4,000.  
 In Bittons, 204.  
 Heronsbawes, 400.  
 Fessauntes, 300.  
 Partridges, 500.  
 Woodcockes, 400.  
 Crerlemes, 100.  
 Stagges, Bucks and Roes, 500.  
 Pasties of Venison, colde, 4,000.  
 Pasted dishes of Jellies, 1,000.  
 Plyne dishes of Jellies, 3,000.  
 Colde tartes baked, 4,000.  
 Colde custards, baked, 3,000.  
 Hot pasties of Venison, 1,500.  
 Hot Custardes, 2,000.  
 Pykes and Breames, 608.  
 Porporses and Seals, 12.  
 Spices, sugared delicates, and wafers plentie.

*Leland's Collectanea. VI. 2.*

The Quail (*Tetras Corturnix, L.*) was much eaten. They appear to have abounded, at the time we are speaking of, throughout Italy. Varro asserts that they return from their migrations into Italy in immense numbers. Pliny says that their approach endangered small vessels. An old writer refers to quails as an article of diet in the following scientific manner: "Quails have gotten an ill name ever since Pliny accused them of eating hemlock and bearfoot, by reason whereof they breed *cramps, trembling of the heart and sinews*; yea, though Hercules loved them above all other meats, insomuch that Iolaus fetcht him out a swoond, when he was cruelly wounded by Typhon, with the *smell of a quail*; yet, with much eating of them, he fell into the falling evil, which, ever since, hath been termed Hercules' sickness."

The Goose (*Anas Anser, L.*) was deservedly a favorite with the Romans, and as usual, was brought to the table in a great variety of forms. Some of the "profession" early found out a method of enlarging the

livers of these animals, which were deemed great luxuries. The cruelty, however, of nailing their feet to a board was reserved for modern times. For the credit of modern humanity it were to be wished that the practice detailed in the following extract from the *Almanach des Gourmands*, rested on doubtful authority: "*ce qui mérite à l'oe toute la reconnaissance des véritables gourmands, ce qui lui assigne un rang très distingué parmi les volatiles, ce sont des foies, dont on fabrique à Strasburg ces pâtés admirables, le plus grand luxe d'un entremets. Pour obtenir ces foies d'une grosseur convenable, il faut sacrifier la personne de la bête. Bondée de nourriture, privé de boisson et fixée près d'un grand feu, au-devant duquel elle est clouée par les pattes sur une planche, cette oie passe, il faut en convenir, une vie assez malheureuse. Ce seroit même un supplice tout-à-fait intolérable pour elle, si l'idée du sort qui l'attend ne lui servoit de consolation. Mais cette perspective lui fait supporter ses maux avec courage: et lorsqu'elle pense que son foie plus gras qu'elle même et lardé de truffes, revêtu d'une pâte savante ira porter dans toute l'Europe la gloire de son nom, elle se résigne à la destinée et ne laisse pas même couler une larme!*"

A writer, according to Aldrovanus, has refined upon the above cruelty, by giving a horrible receipt for "*roasting a goose alive, and eating it, limb from limb, whilst the heart still palpitates!*" The following from Wesker's "*Secrets of Nature*," in point of refined cruelty, is fairly entitled to "take the hat."

"HOW TO ROAST AND EAT A GOOSE ALIVE."

"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared; then make a fire round about her, *not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that that the fire may not burn her too soon: nor too far off, that she may escape free.* Within the circle of the fire, let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the

better; put, then, fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when, as you see her begin to roast; for, by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the wearied goose is kept in: she will fall to drinking the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart and all her body. And when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge, and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up and set her before the guests, AND SHE WILL CRY OUT AS YOU CUT OFF ANY PART OF HER, AND WILL BE ALMOST EATEN UP BEFORE SHE BE DEAD. IT IS MIGHTY PLEASANT TO BE-HOLD!!!" Jason Pentensis (no great anthropologist it will be seen) asserts, "that the Jews have so hard a flesh, so foul a skin, so loathsome a savor, and so crooked conditions, because they eat so many geese?"

Our limits permit us to mention but two more fowls held in repute amongst the Romans—the Nightingale (*Mortacilla Suscinia*), and the Flamingo, (*Phenicopterus*.) The brains and tongues of the Nightingale were thought to possess "an unrivalled delicacy of flavour." Accordingly, the wealthy citizens of Rome spared neither expense or trouble to procure this "gratissimus in cibatu." Any one acquainted with the Nightingale, can judge what an immense amount of trouble would be necessary to procure enough tongues to fill even an ordinary sized dish; imagine then a dish containing ten gallons! The sensual and ostentatious Heliogabalus had pies made of their tongues, and of those of the peacock, and on one occasion, at a supper given in honor of Lucilla, a pie was served up containing 1000 tongues, costing almost as many dollars. The tongue of the Flamingo, was also, esteemed a great luxury. When the tyrant Caligula caused sacrifices to be offered to him as a god, this bird was upon the list of victims, and just before its death he was sprinkled with its blood. It was Apicius who is said to have discovered in the tongue of the Flamingo that exquisite flavour, which caused it to be so much sought after:—*phenicopteri linguam precipui esse saporis Apicius docuit, nepotum omnium*

*altissimus gurgis.*" Some modern gourmands have affected a relish for Flamingo tongues. Dampier describes it as "*un mets digne de la table des Rois.*"

Among the fish most esteemed for table use, we may mention the Mullet (*Mullus ruber*, L.) Owing to the great scarcity of this highly prized fish, they brought high prices, and only found their way to the tables of the wealthiest nobility. The head and liver were the most esteemed parts. According to Pliny, the Roman epicures had become so fastidious, as not to taste them unless they died whilst on the table! This spectacle, during which they change their colours in a singular manner until they are entirely lifeless, was so gratifying, that they exhibited the dish dying, in a glass vessel, to their guests, before dinner—"oculos antequam galem pavit." We have said this fish was extremely rare and costly. Octavius purchased one for \$180. Seneca, Juvenal, and Tertullian mention others sold at \$215. Asinus Celer, according to Macrobius, bought one for \$250; others were sold for \$280; and Suetonius remarks, that the Emperor Tiberius complained bitterly, that three Mulletts had been sold for \$1070.

So highly was the Sturgeon (*Acipenser*) esteemed, that whenever any great feast was held, the eldest gentleman of the company carried up the Acipenser, gill, and attended with minstrelsy and carolling. Many stories are related of the ludicrous fondness of the Romans for this fish. Hortensius, the orator, is said to have wept when one died; and Antonio Drusi to have adorned one with earrings. The Scarus, *Sabrus Scarus*, L.) was regarded more as a curiosity than a delicacy, it being (as they believed) "the only fish which fed on herbs, and not on other fish, and which ruminated and chewed the cud!"

"Ut Scarus epastas solus qui ruminat herbas."

Many Molluscous animals were eaten. Of these the *Loligo*, Ink Fish, (*Sepia Loligo*), and *Sepia*, Cuttlefish, (*Sepia officinalis*) were eaten as sausages, made up with lard and spices. The *Cochlea*, or Snail, (*Helix*, L.) of which Fulvius Herpinus is said to have kept a great variety in a vivaria, feeding them upon a pap made of sweet wine, honey and flour. These snails, we are told by Varro, when well fed, grew so large that the

shells of some would hold *ten quarts*! After this we need not laud the moderation of the younger Pliny, whose supper consisted of only a lettuce a-piece, three snails, two eggs, a barley cake, sweet wine, &c., provided his snails bore any proportion to those of Varro. Oysters were in considerable demand, being imported from the shores of Great Britain. Oyster preserves were established in the year 660 at Rome, according to Pliny, "*non gulæ causa sed avaritiæ, ruagna vectigalia tali ex ingenio suo percipiens.*"

We shall mention but two individuals of the Insect tribe. The *Locusta Marina*, (*Cancer Astacus*, L.) or Lobster. This is the animal of which Olaus Magnus has given us such wonderful accounts. "The Lobsters found on the coast of Norway and in the Indian Sea," says this reliable naturalist, "are *twelve feet long, and six feet broad*, seizing mariners with their huge claws, and dragging them into the deep to devour them!" The *Squilla* (*Cancer Squilla*, L.) or Prawn formed a famous sauce. The *Cossus*, a sort of white, short, thick worm, found in trees, logs of wood, &c., was a great article of luxury and *gourmandise*. According to Pliny, they were fattened with meal, served up at feasts as a delicious article of diet, and also used as a cure for ulcers: "*Cosses qui in ligno nascuntur sanant ulcera omnia.*"

Of vegetables, we must not omit the Cabbage (*Brassica oleracca*, L.) because it was a favorite dish with the elder Cato, who ascribed to it the virtues of a universal catholicon. He considered it as a vegetable "*quæ omnibus oleribus antistat.*" Columella thought it food for kings and plebeans:

———"Toto quæ plurima terræ  
Orbe virens pariter plebi, regniq; superbo."

The Porrum or Leek (*Allium Porrum*, L.) formed a principal ingredient in all kinds of soups. Nero the tyrant, was very fond of this vegetable, from which circumstance he was nicknamed "*Porrophagus*," or Leek-eater.

With the Romans, dishes in *travesty* seem to have been by no means uncommon. Petronius alludes to them, as regards the *miliaria* and *ficedula*. "Having opened," says he, "a pretended pea-hen's egg, I was tempted to throw it away, thinking that I saw in it a little peacock quite formed; but on ex-

amining it more narrowly, I found it to be a *pinguissimam ficedulam, piperato vitello circumdatam.*" "At the feast of Jupiter Olympus," says Leo Africanus, "there was displayed upon the table a smart sized plane-tree, upon the branches of which were sitting, as if at roost, a number of peacocks, having the appearance of live birds; but when the time came, we were surprised to find them well stuffed and roasted. The trick was this:—The birds were strangled by drawing a cord around their necks, so as not to injure the feathers, after which the skin was taken off entire, and when the bird was roasted was drawn on again; and so neatly was this effected, that we were all deceived." We will conclude our gastronomical remarks, by giving the following whimsical receipt, taken from "May's Accomplished book," published in 1665. After having given directions for a preparation in paste of an artificial ship, and a castle with battlements; portcullises, and drawbridges, &c., with guns and a train of gunpowder to communicate with them, "a paste Stag is to be made, and placed on the table between them all; to be gilt, and ornamented with flags, &c.; his body is to be filled with claret wine, and a broad arrow stuck into it, and on each side of the Stag two pies are to be served, the one filled carefully with *live frogs*, and the other with *live birds*; the whole to be garnished round with egg-shells, deprived of their meat, and filled with rose-water. The trains are to be led off, and the ship and castle are to daintily fire at each other in mimic battle; but before this, it is to be so ordered, that some of the ladies may pluck the arrow out of the Stag, and then will the claret wine follow, as blood running out of a wound. This done, to sweeten the stench of the powder, let the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters, and throw them at each other. All danger being seemingly over by this time, you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies; when, lifting first the lid off one pie, out slip some frogs! which cause the ladies to skip and shriek. Next after, the other pie, whence come out the birds, who, by a natural instinct, flying at the light, will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other

beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company. At length the candles are lighted, and a banquet brought in; the music sounds; and every one, with much delight and content, rehearses his actions in the former passages."

Permit us to draw a short moral from our subject. As it is undoubtedly an historical and physiological fact, that nations have degenerated pretty much in proportion as the individuals of those nations depart from simplicity of manners and (particularly, as we have observed before) from simple fare, it becomes a duty in every way we can to make this known. We may hope that this fact when more generally accept, may impress a useful lesson on all, who from their position in society, make or control the habits and customs of the age they live in. We hope that all who have the interest of their country at heart, will resist and discountenance all those luxurious and contemptible fashions of diet and dress as are sure to lead to dissipation; which substitute low and fleshly appetites for manly indifference to mere corporal gratifications; which occupy the mind with the pleasures of the body, and degrade the tastes, the time, and aims of a rational being. How effeminate and despicable had the young men of Rome become, that Cæsar directed his hardy veterans of Gaul, at the Battle of Philippi, to strike in the face the soldiers of Pompey, who had been enlisted in Italy. It implied a bitter sarcasm, that these dandies who had been living on Turbots and Nightingale's tongues, were more afraid of the loss of their good looks, than of the loss of their liberties and the freedom of their country. It is much to be feared that in our day, luxurious diet and modes of living are beginning to obtain to an extent dangerous to the manly virtues and patriotic devotion to our country, when it may be required of us to sacrifice our comfort and enjoyments, and endure privation, suffering, and even death itself, in its defence and glory.

"Dulce et decorum est  
Pro patria mori."

S. A. L.

NOTE.—We beg to express our sincere gratitude to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, for the kind and complimentary terms in which he has seen proper to speak of our review of the "Vestiges of Creation." It will give us pleasure to attempt a notice of the work entitled "A PLURALITY OF WORLDS, THE CRY OF THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN," at an early day.

S. A. L.

## VIRGINIA WOODS.

### I.

#### IN THE FOREST.

Did I dream that my Autumn forest could be never again what it was to me in the past? Did I think that the noble pines and oaks had lost their charm—that the breeze could never wake for me again the happy and most musical spirit of the woods? If I said so, pardon me, O haunts of my young days—pardon me, O noble and serenely waving pines, and never again will I do violence to your meek and tender charm!

Yes, I am here once more—with a spirit yet undimmed by the hardening world—with the old fond illusions, rosy hopes and dreams. Yes, I am again where of right I belong—away from the cold material struggle of a pitiless and scoffing world treading upon, and deriding harshly all that does not humbly submit itself to its great King Mammon, and the high priest of his Temple—worldliness.

Do you say that it is not courageous to avoid the struggle—that the Olympic dust is a necessity which those must endure who would fitly perform their duties on the arena of our human life? I say it, soil is more than the laurel crown is worth; I say that the breast crushed underneath the chariot wheels, beats never more as of old—those cruel brazen wheels which flash alone for the victor, and pitiless bruise the downfallen.

There is one thing harder than to bear aloft a world—to poise it on the palm and hurl it in the course you would have it take. There is a task still more difficult—more trying to the sinews of the mind. It is to remain pure and faithful in the midst of a scoffing and world-worshipping generation: to retain the spirit of the innocent child, in the rush and whirl of material ideas; to cherish the tender grace of the golden age of youth, in the selfish combats of philosophy which boasts the power of levelling every bloom and flower of imagination with the dust.

Is the age yet alive to the splendor and majesty of faith and love; or long since dead to all such things? Is our literature even of to-day, directed by the heart, warm, sympathizing and confiding; or by the intellect, cold, sceptical and prolonging its analysis—that dreadful analysis of the scalpel—into all things human and divine? Take the thought in all its poverty and weakness, and say if it be not the expression of a direful truth—the central blunder and mistake of this our generation.

In this world then of such hardness and unsympathizing criticism, there is little ground of faith and hope to stand on. I leave



it till my duty calls me into its whirl again. I come to you, my forests, asking of you consolation and strength—strength which shall enable me to reject the Present; to seek in the rosy Past, or hopeful Future something better than a soul-annihilating scepticism, a life-philosophy more true than sneering laughter, and miserable hopeless egotism writing on its crest “Life is a poor, sad, farce—men are degraded worms—cheat or be cheated, and so end.” Beneath your fresh and beautiful foliage, O Autumn pines, I stretch myself at length; and as the fresh breeze rustles all the waning glories of the noble forest, life again is pure to me; childhood and innocence again of more importance to my heart than worldliness and hard stern manhood;—again I breathe the airs of my happy youth, and feel within my heart a strength which shall enable me to seize and strangle what the terrible philosophy of our mocking age thrusts on me.

If it is good to act, it is also well to smile and dream!

## II.

### IN THE FIELDS.

All beautiful and consoling thoughts come to the heart now, when the last leaves of Autumn tremble on the boughs, and the merry winds whirl the glories of the forest into nothingness. We may go into the pathless woods and pass away from the world with all its sorrows and perplexities—we may live there a life which is more philosophical, and in whose hourly lapse there is nothing of carking care, anxiety or grief. None—none at all! For the pensive reverie inspired by Autumn fields and forests is not sorrowful as many think—rather is it happy and partaking of the diviner essence, filling earth and air—which our dull eyes, woe is me! cannot perceive.

Come away from the city then, O friend, much studious of him who drew the immortal gentleman! come here to the fields of the Fall.

Come!

Think not that the great fields of broom straw utter only a sigh or a sob, as the evening breezes pass above them, waking their subtle and peculiar melody. There is more than a sigh in the low murmur—there is joyous music; even though it may be true, that there is pensive sadness in the joy. Is not every pure and delicate joy something akin to sadness—as the noblest and most beautiful genius is said to dim the eyes of the poet? Who was it sang:

O, me! they were so sad,  
Under the yellow moon,  
The songs of the merry harvesters  
Across the fields of June?  
Across the fields of June  
And across the weary years,  
And listening to the measured chaunt  
My eyes were wet with tears!

O, me! I said, for the day  
When I left my mountain home,  
How could I ever leave it,  
Why did I ever roam?  
Why did I ever roam,  
From my own Blue Ridge away  
To suffer so in the lowlands,  
As I think of the olden day.

But my sweet and happy childhood  
Came back as I heard the song  
Ringing across the meadows,  
And across the years so long;  
Across the years so long,  
And across the ill of life—  
Across the tears and the sorrow,  
And the heart consuming strife.

And I murmured; songs of childhood  
That whisper of other days,  
From the fields of long gone summers  
Sound again through the twilight haze,  
Sound again through the twilight haze  
On the starlit shores of the night  
And darkness will fly like a shadow  
And faint in the heart's warm light!

And if the fields of June and the songs of the merry harvesters bring back, in glitter and carol the happy days of youth—why should not Autumn fields laughing in the swift wind, though broom straw grow therein instead of golden grain, be equally suggestive of old days, and stored with consolation.

I thought to indite an idyl; my wayward pen has almost turned you out a pure and unalloyed “discourse.” Let me add but a few words then, as to the influence of the Autumn upon the appreciation of poesy. If you would read Tennyson or Thackeray, or Dickens by a nobler light than that which filtrates from gas-burners through the atmosphere of cities; if you would know what these great lights of art, in reality are aiming at—go into the Autumn fields and forests. The noble ideality of their poems—whether in prose or verse—shines clearly there; and Little Nell and Paul, and Colonel Newcome, and the lover of Maud become personages of whose beauty and excellence you never dreamed!

As the leaf falls yonder slowly, many thoughts come to me, which I could tell you were it necessary or profitable. If you would feel the full flush of memory and imagination—come!

## III.

### HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Pass away every glory of the ancient world!—pass Athens, Rome, Palmyra and Damascus!—fade like a dream, O silver

gleams of the wide glittering desert, and serenely whispering palm trees of the East!—go into history or the land of fancy if it please you; but Virginia will remain. Virginia!—poor Virginia!—many say—an aged trunk around which the glories of the elder day may cluster for the eyes of the mind, but sapless, unsteady, and nodding to her fall!

Heaven be thanked, it is not thus—this is not the truth. She has been beaten by the storms of centuries, has borne the brunt of the tempest, and has stood still as she always stood in the noble Revolutionary days, queen of the forest and empress of the land.

So let the rank and immense wealth of of the gorgeous tropics, flush the slow airs, heavy laden with perfume—let the vast wilds of many colored shrubs, glitter and bloom, and cram the air with fragrance, from such flowers as the wild northern belts cannot sustain—let the Equator and the Orient, the wild forest and the desert—the unexplored and the effete—spread all their wealth before us—there is something nobler still, our own mild South, our ever beloved old Virginia;

You say I rhapsodize; it may be so: but there is method in my madness. If you do not believe it surrounded by the irritating noises of the city, come to the dim forests and your criticism will be different. Memories and charms, forever tender and enduring, fill the eye and the heart, here in the Autumn forest, and as you gaze upon the perishing glories of the golden year, the voice of youth speaks to you once again, and you pass from the present to the past, living again in that brilliant land of childhood.

Memory is a princely treasure: and unhappy is the man who cannot retire thus into the past, and live again through the days which dowered him with the splendors of a fairer sky and a serener heaven, with the purity too of childhood, reflecting the azure of those skies, and the delicate influence of those far depths, into which the young eye penetrated, curious and dreamy, and pondering the glories of a nobler and more beautiful existence.

Among the beautiful and noble pictures hanging, for me, high up in the gallery of memory, and flooding all my life with purest and most delicate delight; the foremost, the most brilliant, and the one to which the eyes of my heart turn with the fondest tenderness is that which represents the domain of my youth; the spot wherein my childhood danced by, sparkling and full of laughter. It rises before me now, when sunset

floods the world with glory—dying yonder in imperial splendor over the wide forest—it rises to my sight and brings again to me the imperishable glories of my youth, and the soft beauty of a day that was serener and more pure than any that now dawns upon the world.

Art thou indeed a thing of the real world, O beautiful valley—with the mountains over which the clouds of noble Junes drooped in the deep blue morning? Art thou indeed real, on only a phantom of the imagination, soon to fade, leaving me with open arms, and like Narcissus trying to embrace the shadow of my own conception? They tell me thou art yonder in the West, where a wild glory seems to brood, as the great sun drags the August evening to his golden sea, drowning him in the misty surges. They tell me thou art there yet, not the same as before when youth put a spirit of joy and unearthly loveliness in everything; but real as of old.

Shall I go thither and recall more clearly the old happy days; and brood upon them underneath the very pines and locusts; and so stretched on the grass which pillowed my cheek, almost in babyhood, dream of that former glory, which lives but on the fair tablets of my memory? No: at least not now. Rather let me recall other scenes which also were very joyous ones—which with their songs and laughter, their merry voices and most brilliant faces, live again for me, to-day, and make me happy. Their songs? Ah! "their songs," said I? Above all, their songs!—songs full of a melody which the merriest winds cannot attain to—full of a joy which shines and glitters—as delicate as the white foam on the cap of the wave, rolling upon the long low beach of the Eastern shore. Truly does the music of many an old song throb in my memory still, and I know what the poet tells me is good truth—"that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

So, recall to me O pines! "the tender grace of a day that is dead"—which I do not however moan over, and weep for, because I have the sweet and consoling memory to make me happy. The years may come and go forever, and their changes change us all:—but while memory lives we need not despair!

Beautiful pines of beautiful, musical forests! Happy faces glimmering in the shadow of long drooping foliage! With a glad heart I greet you both, and saluting you, so take my leave of you, tranquil and smiling and purer for having once again looked on, and listened to you!

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA; OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

CONCLUDED.

[Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lopez de Penalva. By A. Roane.]

BOOK NINTH.

The virtuous man outraged, the innocent man oppressed, finds comfort in the trials of adversity. Conscience, that supreme and infallible judge, whose severity pardons nothing, whose lightest murmur is a chastisement, shelters him from remorse. But the true lover in the bosom of victory, in the midst of triumph and success, is more worthy still of compassion if he fear reproach from his beloved. Flattery, homage, marks of respect from the world are of little importance to him; the fidelity of her he loves, her approbation alone he requires. If she withhold her esteem, he is not sure that he merits his own. His soul is wholly in the adored idol and he sees and judges by eyes not his own; and his virtue fiery and independent in presence of all the universe, trembles and dares not believe itself innocent if his beloved suspect it.

Gonsalvo covered with glory suffered this unhappy torment. The sister of Almanzor believed Gonsalvo to be the murderer of her brother. Lara perhaps would die and Gonsalvo would be the cause of his death. These sad thoughts occupied him in battle and made him seek with so much ardor danger and death. Indignant against himself, enraged against fortune, when he found no more enemies, he left his companions and without speaking to Ferdinand—without showing himself to the army, went in search of Lara. Isabel was with him—his wounds were not mortal—Gonsalvo uttered a cry of joy. He pressed his friend in his arms, deluged him with tears and mingled gentle censure with his tender caresses. He kneeled by his bed side, called him his defender, related and published in a loud voice what his friendship had undertaken, and declared the honor which was due him. The hero soon retired with Isabel to communicate to her his passion and his promises. He related to the august queen

that gratitude for benefits received had united him forever to the daughter of Muley-Hassan—that he had been sent for by her the previous night, that he was assaulted by the Bereberes and his return was delayed. He spoke not of his deeds against his numerous enemies—exaggerated his own faults in order to augment the glory of his friend. Isabel heard him with surprise and kindness, comforted him and promised to use efforts to justify him to his beloved, to extinguish the unjust hatred which animated the old Muley. From this moment Zulema became dear to the tender-hearted queen. She had saved the life of Gonsalvo—she adored the God of the Christians; Isabel called her her daughter, and became anxious to unite her to the hero.

In the meantime Ferdinand, after having delivered the Moorish camp to pillage, led back his troops to Santa Fe. Boabdil sent ambassadors to sue for peace and agreed to pay tribute. The sovereigns denied it. Gonsalvo implored Isabel; the queen granted to his prayers a truce of ten days. Alas! the loss of Almanzor assured the ruin of the Moors; this misfortune alone made them insensible to all others. Men and women, the old and the young, covered their faces with ashes, tore their garments, filled the public plazas, groaned, uttered cries of grief and mingled their tears. The soldiers pallid and trembling, fled from the presence of the citizens who charged them with having deserted their general. Some wished to abandon Granada now deprived of its strongest support; others insulted heaven, accused their false prophet and added blasphemies to murmurs; all announced to Boabdil the end of his wicked reign, looking upon the death of Almanzor as a punishment for his iniquities.

Zulema still more worthy of compassion; Zulema who doubted not that her brother had died by the hand of her lover, almost expired with grief. The thought of Muley alone bound her to life; she could not abandon without crime an old man of whom she was the only support. Confined with him to the Albayzin, sharing his tears, she heard the unhappy father call a thousand times to heaven for his son who was his only comfort in all the ills he had suffered. His honor was lost, his throne usurped, his friends had perished, but Almanzor remained to him.

He called him and could not believe that he no longer existed. In his delirium, he fancied he saw him, heard him, embraced him, throwing his arms around his disconsolate daughter, but when he perceived his error, he left her, tore his hoary hair, uttered a thousand imprecations, demanded his armor, wished to tear out the heart of the barbarous Gonsalvo, whose hands had murdered his beloved son. The name of Gonsalvo horrified him and his weak senses could not support it; he fell breathless into the arms of his daughter without strength to resist such grief.

But who can describe the fatal blow which fell upon the devoted Moraima? Who can explain what she felt when her own eyes informed her of her frightful misfortune? During the night which preceded the mournful combat, prostrate at the foot of the altar, Moraima invoked the prophet, besought him to protect the hero, the defender of his law, who with such exalted virtues did honor to his holy religion; she conjured the All-Powerful to preserve his most noble work and leave for yet a long time upon the earth such a model of justice and honor. Useless prayers! Moraima left the Mosque and walked slowly, when she saw . . . Eternal God! Is it thus you reward virtue? She saw her bloody husband borne by the Alabaces. A thunderbolt could not have done its work sooner than the sight of that horrid spectacle. Unable to utter a single cry or to make a single step, she fell on the marble, her head thrice struck the steps, thrice the blood flowed from as many wounds, and the inanimate body rolled to the feet of the Alabaces. They raised her and administered useless assistance. They bore her with Almanzor, like him pale, bloody and disfigured. Their livid lips touched, their hair dragged in the sand, their mingled blood stained the garments they wore and it seemed as if the same blow had put an end to both. At last after some hours, Moraima opened her eyes but not to shed tears. Surrounded by slaves, by women, by friends who dressed her wounds, she bore their attentions in silence, coldly permitted them to embrace her, responded by signs to the tender words which they addressed her, appeared to collect, to resign herself to her lot, and requested with a calm voice permission to see her husband.

In vain they besought her to renounce this sad desire and not to augment the ills which afflicted her. She tenderly resisted, commanded them, with supplications and walked with a firm step towards the room where lay the dead body of her husband, upon a bed of purple. Moraima stopped before it, gazed long with fixed eye, without pronouncing one word, without uttering a single sigh. Her slaves were frightened by this silence, and removed from the room the weapons which they thought she might attempt to possess herself of. Moraima observed it and smiled in mockery. She approached her husband, took his hand, kissed it and took from it a sapphire ring which Almanzor always wore, and then appeared more calm. She knelt by his side, twice pressed his lips. She soon slowly retired, turned her face to catch one more look, inclined her head and seemed to say that this separation would be short. She returned to her apartment and remained there for several hours. Her slaves though uneasy, dared not enter. At length they forced the door and found Moraima cold and senseless. All assistance was useless—her soul had fled from its tenement. The ring of Almanzor had supplied her with the poison which that hero always concealed to free himself if necessary from the power of Boabdil. This new misfortune could not augment the desolation of Granada. The king and the people were in consternation and improved the truce for the funeral obsequies of the unhappy pair. The same sepulchre awaited them, in a grove remote from the city, where reposed the ashes of warriors and of citizens. The infantry led the procession. The soldiers silently, with heads inclined upon their shields, their faces bathed in tears, with arms reversed, marched with slow and equal step to the mournful sound of the muffled drum. The cavalry followed with standards trailing in the dust. The horses of Almanzor enveloped in an ample black covering were led by slaves carrying the turban, the lance and the scimeter of the hero. These coursers formerly so fiery when they bore their masters to the combat, lowered their heads towards the ground, as if they felt their misfortune and mournfully raised their tardy hoofs. A hundred youths crowned with cypress and white roses car-

ried vases filled with perfumes; a hundred maidens followed them, throwing flowers over the bodies of Almanzor and Moraima, which were borne on the same bier by the chiefs of the tribe of the Alabaces. After them marched the imans beseeching with a loud voice the Angel of Death to guide those pure souls to the blessed mansions of the martyrs. King Boabdil, surrounded by his court, by Alamar and the Zegrís next followed and feigned at least to shed tears. The venerable Muley who was unable to accompany the procession, remained alone in the city. The people clothed in mourning, sadly and silently followed, with slow step, the miserable remains of the only support which was left to them. Arrived at a solitary wood, called the Grove of Tears, they deposited the bodies in the sepulchre. The imans invoked the prophet; the virgins with plaintive voice sang the hymn of death. All with eyes fixed upon the ground, hands crossed upon their breasts, listened to the mournful chant. After the hymn, the imans finished the ceremony. The earth closed over the bodies of Almanzor and Moraima. Their names engraved upon a simple stone marked the spot of a sepulchre more sacred to the Moors than sumptuous mausoleums.

Alas! the bitter grief, the regret, the laments made by the Moorish people, cast down the soul of Gonsalvo, who would willingly have sacrificed his own life for that of the hero who had fallen.

The thought that Zulema would believe him guilty, the fear that her anguish would overcome her, that she would abhor him who breathed for her alone, all the torments of desperation rendered more unendurable by uncertainty, assailed him at once. He accused every thing and resolved in his mind a thousand foolish projects; now he desired to go to Granada to offer his head to his enemies; now he thought of leaving the siege and exiling himself in a desert. A prey to a thousand torments, in the delirium of an ardent imagination which inflamed his passion yet more, he was agitated, he was uneasy, he sighed, he changed his plan every moment, took up the one he had abandoned, rejected the one he was about to embrace and for the climax of his unhappiness dared not confide his thoughts to his friend, whose

valor was the innocent agent of his affliction. Unable to conceal the violent grief which oppressed him, he gave it another cause, deceived his friend through motives of delicacy and dissimulated his misfortunes for fear of giving him pain. These contending feelings overcame his strength at last and the hero could no longer resist. Death, torments, ignominy were less terrible than the hatred of Zulema. He would brave every thing to avert it. The sworn truce gave him hope of being able to enter Granada, and even without it, his love would have induced him to make the attempt. He assumed the dress, and the white rod, distinctive of heralds, sought neither helmet nor sword. What mattered life to him, if he could not justify himself. Without informing any one of his design, he concealed it even from the faithful Pedro and alone, before daylight, he set out towards the gates of Granada. The guards deceived by his appearance, made no obstacle to his passing. Gonsalvo directed his steps to the Albayzín, asked for Zulema and called himself the Ambassador of Isabel and requested to speak to the daughter of Muley. They observed him closely, asked him repeated questions and he suffered considerable delay. His constancy, his affability, his frank and loyal aspect overcame at last their excuses. Two slaves conducted him to an ancient gallery, where the princess thought it her duty to respond to the messenger of Isabel. Covered with a long mourning veil, she was sustained by the young Amina and came forward with trembling step. Scarcely had the hero seen her when he threw himself at her feet.

"Zulema," said he in tears, "whom I dare not look upon . . ." at this voice, at his appearance, she trembled, turned away her face and was about to flee. "Listen," said Gonsalvo, "or give orders to put me to death. I have come to seek it, I desire it and I ask it at your feet. Death can more easily be borne than your hatred or contempt. These hands are pure Zulema, deign to look upon an unhappy man who has not failed in his promise. Know that . . ." A tumult prevented the hero from continuing. Boabdil came in, accompanied by the Zegrís. The soldiers attacked Gonsalvo,

seized and loaded him with chains. Gonsalvo astonished and confused, thought not of defending himself; his strength failed him in presence of Zulema. The princess uttered piercing cries; Muley-Hassan arrived, saw his daughter in the midst of armed soldiers, recognized Gonsalvo and remained motionless. "The terrible enemy," said Boabdil, "who pierced the breast of Almanzor has fallen at last into my hands. Muley, you see him before you, you see that proud Gonsalvo, that haughty Castilian, who regards us all with disdain. Without doubt criminal purposes have brought him here; the traitor thought to deceive us, but two faithful Zegris formerly his prisoners recognized him. Muley! behold in chains the conqueror of the Abencerrages, the murderer of your son. Think of vengeance. To-morrow morning, this scourge of the Moslem shall die; to-morrow the blood of this barbarian shall flow at the sepulchre of the great Almanzor, but before he dies, I desire that this vile Christian shall be delivered to the insults of the people and experience the gibes and the mockery of the meanest of my vassals." He spoke. Zulema trembled, Gonsalvo was silent and looked at the tyrant with serene countenance; Muley calmly answered, "Boabdil, neither of us ought to pardon the cruel Gonsalvo, who knew not how to pardon my son. He used the right of war, you ought now to do the same. My grief will perhaps be alleviated on seeing the murderer of Almanzor expire on his sepulchre. I will assist at this spectacle, but let his death suffice without outraging our enemy. Let us merit the favor heaven has granted us, without irritating its justice, which, appears to be disarmed at last, and while detesting him, let us respect the conqueror of the greatest of men." The sanguinary Boabdil would scarcely listen to these words. The Zegris excited his ferocity and he departed with his prisoner. He ordered his chains to be doubled, placed him under triple guard, commanded the gates of the city to be closed and accompanied by Muley proceeded to the Alhambra. The rumor of this good fortune, so unlooked for, soon spread through Granada. The soldiers and citizens uttered joyful cries, all hastened to see the famous hero, the formida-

ble warrior, at whose name they trembled and were filled with terror. The crowd increased to see him pass, eagerly gaze upon a captive they no longer feared, but trembled at the slightest rattling of his chains. They were like timid hunters, who having captured in their snares the fierce lion who has often desolated the surrounding country, all assemble around the object of their former dread, give themselves up to the transports of joy and the hope of vengeance, but cannot look upon him without a secret horror.

There was a narrow dungeon in the palace impenetrable to the light of day, defended by iron doors. The rock out of which it was cut left access to the air, only through a long and tortuous air-hole, closed with bars of iron. There Gonsalvo was confined until they had made the preparations for his punishment. There, loaded with heavy chains, bound to the rock, he heard the closing of the fatal doors and he remained alone with his misery, his uncertainty and his despair. His great soul was not cast down—he resisted destiny. He saw before him disgraceful death—he did not doubt that he would be subjected to torture, but his courage would sustain him in all. Certain that he would die like a hero, secure that his glory would not be tarnished, he looked upon death and pain with a serene mind. But to die without seeing Zulema, without proving his innocence . . . , this idea was terrible, it could not be endured.

The unhappy princess alone in the Alhambra, at length recovered her senses. Motionless, with terror and surprise, she recalled to memory what she had seen, recollected his last words, the tender oath of Gonsalvo, the justification he had begun, the dangers to which he had exposed himself to speak to her—all that he had said, persuaded her that he was innocent. But still he was doomed to death and no human efforts could save him. It was not sufficient to the unhappy Zulema, to have lost her support, her only defender; to see herself condemned to the torment of continually struggling against a love, which would ever occupy her soul and to tear gradually from her heart the adored image which filled it; it was not enough for her, to be compelled to endure



the odious advances of Alamar and to fear each moment to find herself delivered to that barbarian; she must also see her liberator, the greatest, the most valiant of men, terminate his glorious life in pain and ignominy. "Oh my brother," exclaimed she, "if thou wert now alive, thou wouldst oppose the commission of the crimes with which they are about to disgrace thy country; thou wouldst save a hero so like thyself. His death and mine are inevitable, and if my love could forget what I owe to thy manes and thy blood, the vigilance of my tyrants, their barbarous precautions, would make my criminal efforts useless. But no! I will not offend thy dear shade, I will not fail in my duty, nor be unworthy of the sacred ties which unite us. I will at least free from ignominy the enemy whom thy heart esteemed. O, brother, I implore thee, aid me to venture all to spare thy country a crime, to save thy glory from a vengeance which thy pure and tender soul would reject with horror." From this moment, listening no longer to the counsels of despair, she requested the Alabaces to open the door of Gonsalvo's prison. Her efforts were useless; the entire day passed and the tender Zulema gave up all hope of being able to fulfil her generous intention.

Night came on and the princess encouraged by the darkness went to the dungeon. She there implored, entreated the soldiers to permit her to enter for a moment that horrible abode. At last she made the request in the name of Almanzor; this glorious name, her prayers, her tears, the love and respect which the virtuous Zulema had always inspired, moved the hard hearts of the satellites of Boabdil. The doors were opened and again closed behind the princess. She entered holding in one hand a cup which she concealed from the eyes of all and in the other a feeble light. She walked with tremulous steps and presented herself before the hero. "Gonsalvo," said she in a sweet voice, "you esteem me too much to have expected me in this place. If it had been only necessary to have saved your life, I would never have consented to it and sure of dying after you, I would have left him to perish who spared my brother, who feared not to sacrifice his beloved nor

his promises. But ignominy and infamy threatened you and I ought not to forget that Gonsalvo preserved me from both. You preserved my honor and I now come to pay the debt; you have proved to me sufficiently, cruel one, that this honor is more sacred to you than love. Less delinquent but more unhappy, I comply with my duty to myself, by bringing you this poison. Take this cup, Gonsalvo, when I shall have drunk of it, it is the only remedy I can offer against our tyrants. Your death is certain; outrage and torments await you; free yourself from the executioner by dying with me. Your life is perhaps due to the ashes of my brother, mine will expiate the crime of not being able to cease to love you." When she spoke these last words, she put the cup to her lips, but a cry from Gonsalvo detained her hand. Scarcely recovered from his surprise, from his joy, from his fright, the hero raised his chains—seized the cup and prostrated on his knees said to her:

"Happy am I, since I see you and can speak to you, since I can exculpate myself at your feet of the crime, which I have not committed. Ah! let fall upon me, Boabdil! your vengeance and barbarity; let the strength of the executioner exhaust upon me his greatest torments. You Zulema have come here! You have deigned to seek me, even in the mansion of crime! You who believed me the murderer of Almanzor and still do not abhor me. What avail now against me all the tyrants of the earth? You love me and I have seen you! What matters it now to die? But be not deceived, believe not that my hands have shed the blood of your brother. I was about to engage in combat with him, it is true, faithful to honor but more faithful to you, I would have died by the hand of Almanzor when I was attacked by the Numidians and I was detained from the field. A hero, a friend took care to save my honor, showed himself with my armor, fought for me and when about to perish his fatal sword . . . ."

"Great God!" exclaimed Zulema, "be praised eternal God! I render thee humble thanks. My heart had taught me. Oh brother, be not offended if I cease to mourn for one moment, when I recover the sweet right of continuing to love him I have so

long adored. Gonsalvo, I doubt not what your lips have told me, but explain to me this miracle. Ah! how can I entertain the hope that your fate will be changed? Boabdil has an interest in punishing your powers; but at least I will go and warn my father; I will go and awaken his clemency. I will employ with Boabdil, with the people, with Alamar himself, all my efforts, all the means which love can avail me; I will advise your sovereigns of the danger in which you are placed—I will try every thing to save your life, and if I do not succeed, proud of loving you, of being able to confess it, without crime, I will return and die with you—renew the promises I have never forgotten, give you the name of husband which if I judge by the pleasure I feel in pronouncing it, will make us both insensible to the most cruel death." As she spoke, she dashed down the cup. The hero penetrated with joy, with gratitude, with love, took the hand of the beautiful Moorish girl, began—interrupted the recital of his justification—sobbed stifled his voice, but recovering, he was about to finish the narrative when a sudden noise was heard, the doors were opened hurriedly, Alamar made his appearance, surrounded with torches, Zulema fell down dismayed, Gonsalvo sustained her in his arms, the African prince remained motionless. But fury soon took possession of the barbarian; his eyes appeared like globes of fire; a thick foam was seen on his lips and his stammering tongue pronounced to Gonsalvo these terrible words. "Traitor, how dare you outrage me thus! Vile christian let loose by hell to carry to the last excess my anger and your insolence! You shall expiate your crimes, expire slowly by the torments which I prepare for you and your blood shed drop by drop, shall satisfy but will not extinguish the hatred I bear you." The hero heeded not his words, but attended only to the princess. Alamar ordered his satellites to drag her from his arms. Gonsalvo attempted to defend her; he raised his hands loaded with chains, struck to the earth the two first who approached him, but overpowered by numbers, he was dragged from the prison. Zulema who had recovered her senses, wished to follow Gonsalvo. Alamar ordered her to be detained. Ala-

mar whom she implored on her knees, refused to listen to her prayers, repelled her, heaped reproaches upon her, commanded his soldiers to guard her, made them responsible for her detention until his return and blind with rage departed with the Castilian.

The light of day had not yet appeared, when a deserter gave information to Boabdil, that the Spaniards disquieted by the absence of their great captain, surprised to see the gates of Granada closed, feared treachery on the part of the Moors and were about to break the truce by an assault. Astonished by such news, yielding to the entreaties of Muley-Hassan, Boabdil had resolved to immolate Gonsalvo before daylight. Alamar who aspired to the horrible honor of thrusting a lance into his breast, had been entrusted with the charge of conducting him immediately to the sepulchre of Almanzor and the unhappy Muley followed by a squadron of Alabaces, awaited at the gates of the Alhambra for the African to bring the victim. When Gonsalvo appeared, Muley turned his face aside. The hero attempted to speak to him—the old man fled. He was surrounded by the Alabaces with lances, who pressed closely around him and the cruel Alamar at their head took the road to the sepulchre. He had scarcely left Granada by the eastern gate, the only one which was not exposed to be attacked by the Spaniards, when he heard the thunder of the arms of Ferdinand in the distance. The walls trembled—the cry "to arms" was heard on all sides—the sound of trumpets filled the air, the neighing of steeds and the cries of the besiegers announced the terrible attack. Alamar stopped in surprise. Boabdil sent to request him to return to the walls—he doubted and hesitated. Granada had need of his assistance—he thirsted for the blood of Gonsalvo. The African would have cut his throat at the moment, if Muley and the Alabaces had not opposed themselves to his violence. They desired and had resolved that the murderer of Almanzor should perish upon his tomb; they regarded this sacrifice as a debt due the hero. Alamar attempted to reach the heart of Gonsalvo with his sword, but he was protected by their shields, in order to preserve him for

their own vengeance ; and the noise of the assault increasing, the repeated orders of Boabdil, the promises of the old Muley who was interested in avenging his son, forced at last the ferocious African to confide to him his victim and fly to the combat.

His presence encouraged the Moors who already had begun to tremble. A breach was opened in the walls. Aguilar, Cortez and the Castilians advanced in order over their ruins. Guzman and the Arragonese scaled the walls. Boabdil was wounded by Cortez and immediately borne to the Alhambra. The Almorades and the Vanagas abandoned their posts in a body ; the Zegrís yielded to the brave Aguilar ; Guzman had reached the ramparts. Catalans were already upon the scaling ladders. Ferdinand from the summit of the glacis directed and animated his soldiers ; all fled at the sight of the Spaniards ; Granada was near its ruin. Granada was about to yield—Alamar appeared and Granada was saved. Alamar attacked Aguilar with fiery impetuosity. His steel cleaved the casque of the Spaniard, and divided the head of the hero. Trampling upon his yet palpitating body, followed by the Zegrís now encouraged, Alamar rushed upon the Castilians with shouts of defiance. They fell beneath his sabre as the blooming clover beneath the sickle of the mower. He attacked, scattered and vanquished their files ; he slew with his own hands Uceda, Salinas, Nuñez and the amiable Mendoza, Mendoza who yielded his rights, his privileges, his property to a younger brother that he might marry the idol of his heart. Not satisfied with blood, and butchery Alamar next rushed upon the breach attacked by the battalions of Castile and seeing the haughty Guzman upon the walls at the head of a troop of Arragonese he rushed to the spot, loosed a huge stone, which tumbled down and crushed all beneath. Alamar sprung to the battlements, and with his sword severed the ladder, groaning with the weight of the Catalans. The ditches were filled with dead bodies. Stained with blood he presented himself on the summit of a tower, bared his scimitar, defied the Christians and blasphemed the name of their God. Ferdinand, Cortez and Medina rallied their scattered men ! The king of Arragon led them on,

formed them in phalanx on the glacis, animated them and placed himself in front, in order to make a last effort ; but as he was about to give the signal, a confused shout was heard behind, he looked and saw the approach, under a cloud of dust, of a numerous squadron of Moors, who made an attack upon the flanks of his battalions. The Castilians singly at first resisted. The light and terrible squadron broke, deployed, divided, attacked the squadrons of Castile on every side at the same moment, put them to flight and more rapid than the lightning pursued the fugitives. The Spaniards filled with terror, hurriedly retreated towards their city. Isabel ordered the gates to be opened and received her soldiers. The ground was strewn with the dead, and the formidable squadron which had made such havoc, when it found itself master of the field formed in line in a moment and approached the walls of Granada, where the people had collected. The squadron halted near the bastion ; its chief advanced and addressed the Granadians :

" Mussulmans," said he, " formerly our brothers, whose injustice has severed the bonds which united us, we are the Abencerrages. Perhaps you will forgive our presence, notwithstanding your order. We have stained with our blood the walls from which we were expelled and will again return to defend, but never to enter them. Judge, judge, by this victory, what our tribe commanded by Abenhamet, might have done for you. You robbed that hero of his life—you wished to deliver to the flames the innocent Zoraida. These are crimes, we will never forget. As to our personal wrongs, you see, Granadians, how the Abencerrages avenge themselves." Thus spoke the valiant Zeir. His noble squadron formed and set out at full speed on the road to Castama.

The Spaniards returned to the city, could not prevent this brilliant retreat and dared not raise their humbled front. Aguilar and Guzman their principal leaders, had fallen on the field. The prowess, the triumphs of Alamar, the sudden arrival of the Abencerrages, who might thus, each day, return to attack the besiegers—the wounds of the valiant Lara, the absence of their great captain, all increased their consternation. They

already spoke of abandoning the siege, of accepting the honorable peace which Boabdil had offered. The sovereigns themselves troubled and depressed, determined to wait behind the walls, until Gonsalvo or Lara returned to the army. But the invincible Lara, whom Isabel believed was detained by his wounds, was not in Santa Fe.

*End of Book Ninth.*

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BOOK TENTH.

Daughter of Heaven! treasure of the soul! source of our greatest pleasures! sacred friendship! Come! beautify the close of my labors. Mingle those attractions which captivate but do not surprise, which oppress but do not rend the heart and make the tears to flow so like to those of love. Tender, passionate love, capable of every effort, ennobled by all the virtues, the idol of youth, requires the veil of mystery. Love, however pure, hides itself, flees from the sight and demands secrecy. Friendship, on the contrary, delights to show itself to the eyes of men; with no less delicacy but more courage, it fears not to reveal its pains and its pleasures, its inquietudes and its gratifications. It even finds a delight and a glory in making them known. Love blushes when discovered, friendship boasts when it serves as an example.

Lara, whose noble and tender heart existed only for friendship, Lara, wounded and almost at the door of death, thought only of Gonsalvo. He passed an entire day without seeing him; uneasiness for the danger in which he might be placed, tormented him more than his own ills. In the evening of the day in which the hero had disappeared, Lara ordered his horse to be brought, notwithstanding his weakness. He could scarcely bear his armor, and the weight of his lance was too great for his strength. Pallid, tottering, and almost breathless, he felt the want of his blood and his vigor, but he felt still more the want of his friend. Without arms, still swathed with the bandages which bound his wounds, Lara and the faithful Pedro who wept for the absence of his lord, set out without delay. They directed their steps to the dense grove, where a few days before

Gonsalvo had met the beautiful Zulema, and leaving to Heaven the care of their guidance they wandered through its spacious shades.

Darkness covered the earth—the night was half gone when the travellers reached the foot of a lofty mountain crowned with pines. The murmur of a rapid stream which fell in a cascade among the rocks was mingled with the plaintive moan of the wind through the streets and the mournful cries of the birds of the night perched upon the lofty crags. The hero halted near the stream to quench his thirst. The feeble rays of a light on the summit of the mountain which flickered over the sombre green gave indications that some hermit dwelled in that frightful desert. Pedro proposed to Lara to ascend to the hermitage and seek there a short repose. Lara assented—they sought and found a path, but the steepness of the ascent obliged them to leave their horses. Lara cut a strong branch which served as a support to his fatigued limbs and went in advance of the old Pedro. The hero soon discovered in the midst of the rocks an humble hut from which the light had shone. A murmuring rivulet flowed by the door and in front of it lay a stone covered with moss and marine rushes. They had scarcely arrived when Lara paused to listen to the accents of a melodious voice. At length it ceased—a different voice answered with sobs.

“Oh my friend, my only friend, cease your vain efforts to comfort, which pain without alleviating me. You know that my sorrow will never have an end. You know that I can never forget the misfortunes which I have suffered, and the unhappiness of which I am the cause. Leave me, leave me to my grief—content yourself with the certainty of possessing my entire affections. I have lived until now, can you believe, my only friend, that without you I could have availed myself of the sad benefit I have received from Lara?”

Lara surprised at hearing these words, advanced and asked hospitality. They were frightened and did not respond. The hero reassured them—they attempted to flee, but he followed them to the door of the hut—one of them returned in a few moments with a torch in her hand. She recognized Lara and uttered a cry of joy.

"Is it you, sir? You whom we never more expected to see. You who preserved the life of my mistress. Ah! Zoraida, come, embrace your liberator."

Lara then recognized the unhappy queen of Granada, and quickly prevented her from throwing herself at his feet—kissed her hand respectfully, and refused the homage which she wished to bestow. But he could not prevent the transports of the tender-hearted Inez who conducted him into the humble hut. The queen invited him to repose, offered him a rustic seat covered with moss. She afterwards brought him milk and the dry fruits of the mountains. They filled a vessel from the limpid stream and offered it to the hero, regretting for the first time that they had not the perfumed wines of the fruitful shores of Andalusia.

Lara in astonishment and commiseration looked at the queen attentively, and could scarcely recognize her features. Those brilliant eyes whose pleasant expression formerly tempered their splendor—the majestic brow on which reposed modesty and grace, all had disappeared. Her face was now of pallid hue; ceaseless tears had extinguished the fire of her eyes; Zoraida had preserved only her love and her virtues. Lara sighed to think of this rude habitation of the queen. The walls covered with moss, the couch of canes and branches, all surprised and confounded him. The queen noticed it and smiled.

"These are not the saloons of the Alhambra," said she with a sweet voice, "but would to Heaven! that Zoraida had never known any palace but this. After my life had been preserved by your valor, I believed that I would be able to live in Castama among the Abencerrages, my friends and allies; but I soon learned that we can best endure unhappiness when alone, and that a desert is the only asylum where grief can wait for death. Inez, whom I in vain besought to return to her country, accompanied me in my flight. We escaped to the mountains, directed our steps, spite of ourselves, towards Granada, and I arrived at the Grove of Tears, where I had heard that the brave Almanzor had given burial to the relics of Abenhamet. Thanks to my efforts and those of Inez, who knew neither cares nor fatigue, I discovered

at last the spot where reposed my unhappy lover. I felt at that time a more keen sensation of pleasure than when your arm liberated me from the flame. I resolved not to leave this place sacred to my affections, with the hope that Inez would soon unite my cold remains to those of Abenhamet, but the fear that I might be found in this wood so near the city—the horror of returning to the barbarous hands of Boabdil forced me to seek a more concealed retreat. I felt secure that I could again find the sepulchre as the bird in the woods finds the tree of its nest. Inez discovered these rocks and I fixed here my habitation; she formed this couch of canes, she arranged this poor retreat in which I receive you. The wild fruits which she gathers suffice for our nourishment; the waters of this rivulet quench our thirst; she sleeps upon the couch of moss, and I lie down to weep upon these dry leaves. Each night when darkness conceals my timid steps, I repair to the sepulchre of Abenhamet to shed new tears for his death, to repeat the former promises in which my heart has never failed and to beseech God, the All-Powerful, to abbreviate this long separation. Weep not, generous Lara; God will hear my prayers. I hope, I feel certain, that within a few days I will again be united to him whose death I caused. Pleasant it is to my afflicted heart to see you to-day, before the desired moment has arrived, to express to you my gratitude, and to inform myself, if your virtues have secured your happiness."

"Ah!" responded Lara, "happiness is not for feeling hearts. Love caused your misfortunes, friendship has caused mine. Separated long from Gonsalvo, from the illustrious hero, so respected by the world, so beloved of my heart, I again saw him and enjoyed his society. Gonsalvo has disappeared suddenly, his fate is unknown. A foolish rumor has spread that he has been taken prisoner by the Moors, but I do not credit it. Gonsalvo is not a warrior to be taken captive. I, wounded, in pain, scarcely able to sustain myself, am now in search of my friend. If it is necessary I will enter Granada where I fear his ill-starred love may have taken him. I will go, not to defend his life, since my debility deprives me of this hope, but to expose myself to the

same dangers, and to die with him at least."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Inez, "my heart trembles—this very night a shepherd in these mountains cautioned me not to go to the 'Grove of Tears'—that it was filled with soldiers who had repaired to the sepulchre of Almanzor, where to-morrow morning is to be immolated at his tomb the most cruel, the most terrible, the most formidable of the Christians. Zoraida has not dared to go out, and I fear that the great Gonsalvo is the hero who is about to perish."

Inez had not yet finished, when Lara trembling called Pedro, demanded his horses and unable to take leave of the unhappy queen, hurriedly mounted, and guided by the amiable Inez, who pointed out to the old man a plain path, they set out for the 'Grove of Tears.' The East had begun to be bathed in purple when Lara observed through the trees, lights, sabres and lances. He hastened his steps, arrived breathless, passed through the midst of the soldiers and saw, sacred Heavens! what a spectacle! He saw his friend loaded with chains, leaning against the sepulchre, his head bare and inclined, the sword raised over it, and Muley had just ordered the fatal blow to be given. Lara uttered a piercing cry, leaped to the ground, arrested the sword, and turning to Muley who gazed at him attentively,

"Unhappy father," said he, with the energetic accent of virtue and friendship, "you wish to avenge the death of your son, and I approve your desire, but shed the blood of the guilty and do not stain the glory of your long life by sacrificing an innocent man. Gonsalvo killed not the brave Almanzor. I swear it by the shade of the hero who hears me from the depths of this sepulchre. I swear it by the God of Heaven, by my sovereigns and the Christian chiefs. I am he who triumphed over the most valiant of the Moors, I am he, who having fallen by a blow from his arm, gave him his mortal wound. I clothed myself in the armor of Gonsalvo. I availed myself for a moment of his absence to abuse the eyes of your son, to deceive those of both armies, and to prove my strength with a warrior whose glory filled me with jealousy. King of Granada, you now know my crime, I have come to expiate it. Now learn what Gonsalvo has done and

give him the due reward. He it was who delivered the body of your son to those Alabaces who now hear me; he it was who found you alone, attacked by four Spaniards, who preserved you from their fury, who gave you his own horse, who conducted you on the road to Granada. Muley you know all, let your justice pronounce."

"It has already pronounced," replied Gonsalvo, "the decree is irrevocable. Moors, believe not this hero. He is my friend, my companion, and only accuses himself to save me. I am he whom Almanzor called to the strife. I it was who gave him his death wound. Avenge yourselves, accelerate my punishment, but spare the generous Lara. Recollect that his valor released Zoraida from the scaffold; recollect the unhappy Abencerrages. Lara conquered the Zegrís; give him the respect, the honor due to his virtues—admire, but believe not the sublime artifice of his friendship, and you Lara, pardon a friend who discloses your designs."

Muley and the Abencerrages ordered Lara to retire.

"No," answered he desperately, "do not consummate this crime. Be less barbarous than this ingrate. Do you not see that he only desires death in order to liberate his friend? Moors, I swear to you by the Eternal Being, I am he who killed Almanzor. I alone merit death, and if you yet doubt, and if hatred against Gonsalvo will prevail, spite of my oath, recollect the mournful contest of which you all were the witnesses—recollect that the conqueror lay extended on the ground bathed in his own blood, recognize in me that conqueror. Approach, observe my wounds, see this bloody breast. These are the wounds made by Almanzor. Thus I left his formidable hands. Look at these testimonials of my victory which Gonsalvo cannot show."

He spoke and bared his breast, tore off the bandages, showed his wounds, and on bended knees asked for death. Gonsalvo distracted, threw his arms around his friend and wept bitterly. He wished to speak, insisted on declaring himself guilty, but Lara interrupted him continually. Muley was virtuous; the Alabaces were not ferocious. All were affected; all wept to see the combat of friendship. The old man unable to



resist his feelings, read in the eyes of his companions the course which he ought to adopt. He ordered Gonsalvo's chains to be struck off—commanded Lara to arise and fixing on both his eyes filled with tears, said to them: "One of you killed my son, I wish to be ignorant who is the guilty party; one of you saved my life, I wish to owe it to both. I will repay the unavailing kindness by restoring you both to liberty; it will be disastrous to my country, but at this moment I hear the voice of Almanzor approving my purpose. Go! models of friendship, who excite my admiration and my abhorrence. Go! tell the Spaniards that to avenge my son, to honor most worthily his ashes, I have sacrificed my hatred, to the desire of imitating him. If this benefit bestowed by me awakens your gratitude, attack not the walls, for there I will perish. I promise you, here in the name of God, in the name of my son for whom I mourn, that you will find me in the breach, that to the point of your sword, I will oppose the breast of the old man who this day has rescued you both from death, and you cannot enter Granada without trampling under foot, you, Lara, the liberator of Gonsalvo, and you Gonsalvo, the unhappy father of the tender Zulema."

Saying these words and not willing to hear a reply from either, Muley left with the Alabaces; Gonsalvo and Lara embraced without yet believing that they were together. Pedro wept for joy, gave his horse to his lord and they all returned to Santa Fé. What transports their return excited in the army! The soldiers forgot their fatigue when they saw them. Both heroes were with them; in future they are invincible. Alamar or the Abencerrages no longer can cause them fear; from this moment Granada was subdued. Nothing could retard its fall and all demanded loudly to march to the walls at once. Gonsalvo rejoiced, approved and felt the same ardor. Thinking always of Zulema and the danger in which he had left her, he feared that the furious Alamar might commit some horrid crime. He burned to come hand to hand with his odious rival and free the earth from a monster whose name alone inspired horror, but the threat that Muley made, of pre-

senting himself every where to Gonsalvo, of covering with his body the breach he might attack, discouraged the hero and made him fear the assault. Meanwhile he proposed to his friend to challenge to the combat the African prince and draw him beyond the walls. Ferdinand interrupted them. "Heroic youth," said he, "honor of the Spaniards, I dare not complain of the fate which does not permit me to conquer without you, but it obliges me again to separate you. The Abencerrages, masters of Castama, have advanced even to our own walls. Perhaps they may again return and before we destroy these already tottering towers, it is necessary to take possession of Castama, to destroy or to take captive the enemies who have the power to injure us so seriously. Gonsalvo, I have selected you for this important conquest. The wounds of Lara will prevent him from accompanying you; select your warriors and march with them to Castama. I give you all the means necessary to subdue its walls. Bring me its keys within six days; this period is sufficient for Gonsalvo. I have fixed it not with reference to the fortifications of the place, but with reference to the prowess of my general."

Gonsalvo on hearing these words felt his ardent passion for glory revive and promised the king to obey and depart on the morrow. He secretly regretted being separated from Granada—but he hoped to be able to return before six days.

Precipitous rocks protected Castama on all sides; those high mountains could only be taken by surprise and after meditating the best mode to assure victory, he asked that the faithful Asturians might be permitted to accompany him. Six thousand infantry sufficed him, chosen by Gonsalvo himself. All had been reared in the Pyrenees—all had been shepherds or hunters among the torrents and precipices of the mountains of Lierana. There on rocks hidden in the clouds, upon the inaccessible summits, where the snow transformed into diamond resists the ardors of the sun, they had pursued from infancy the eagle and the mountain goat. Covered only with the skin of the wolf, girded with a broad cimeter from which hung hooks of steel; their

feet were shod with iron points and in the right hand they bore a double headed dart; each one wore at his side two sharp daggers, and around his head a broad sling. Bold, light, indefatigable, all of large stature, of unequalled strength, they might be taken for the giants who attempted to scale the Heavens. The valiant Peñalfior commanded them, Peñalfior whose ancestors had fought by the side of Pelago and who had not degenerated from their ancient valor. The formidable troop proud of having been chosen by Gonsalvo, formed under the ancient standard of the first kings of Spain. The general made his appearance accompanied by Lara, who was afflicted at being separated anew. Gonsalvo embraced him and gave the signal for the march. He arrived before night, a short distance from Castama—concealed his troop in a grove and ordered them to take repose. He went forth alone and from a hill examined the situation and discovered it on a rock which commanded the surrounding mountains. A narrow and dangerous path almost impassible to a horse lead to the gates of bronze; towers of hewn stone were built upon precipices, which the eye could scarcely measure; an impetuous torrent flowed noisily at the foot of a cliff which sustained Castama. The summit of this immense rock was lost among the clouds and was elevated above the city as if to defend it from the attacks of Heaven. Gonsalvo fixed his eye upon that frightful rock. He thought every thing possible to courage and he knew that of the Asturians. He observed the position of the mountains, followed the river in its windings and inferred that where its bed widened the passage would be easy and feeling assured that his opinion was correct, he returned to seek his soldiers. "Noble descendants," said he, "of those venerable christians, who concealed in caves, with no aid but God and their own hearts, saved our country from the yoke of the Moors, a just God has permitted these usurpers to be at last reduced to the asylum which you then held. I have selected you from the entire army to drive them from it, in order to secure the ruin of Granada and that the world may again say that Spain owes her rump to the invincible Asturians. See

that huge rock crowned by the clouds, to which even the eagle fears to direct his flight. There you must go, in order to conquer. Half of you will remain with me, and the other half under command of Peñalfior will take the circuit of the mountain by the path which I have pointed out to him. To that summit you must go and where cannot courage go? There you will kindle three flames to advise me of your arrival; there you will prepare stones for your slings and wait my signal." The Asturians full of ardor, promised to gain the summit of the rock. All desired to have part in this enterprise, but the hero assured other dangers to those who remained. He immediately took Peñalfior to the hill where the windings of the torrent could be seen and explained to him his daring designs. Peñalfior selected three thousand of the strongest and most active men and ordered them to take provisions for two days and at sunset departed with his soldiers. Gonsalvo devoted this night and the following day to repose, calculating the circuit Peñalfior would have to take, the obstacles he would encounter and the moment of his arrival. Uneasy and watchful, he passed the second night upon the hill, his eyes directed to the rock, but he saw nothing. All was quiet. The moon shone brightly in the Heavens and its light favored the work of the Asturians by accelerating its successful accomplishment.

The hero in the meantime felt uneasy and troubled. At last before daylight, he observed the three flames; he uttered a cry of joy, returned to his army, formed it in marching order and proceeded on the path. He passed the torrent and was followed by the Asturians. At the noise, the Abencerrages rushed to their towers. A cloud of arrows fell at the feet of the hero. Alone protected by his shield, he advanced, ascended the summit of the rock, cut an olive branch, placed it on his head and made a signal that he wished to speak. The brave Zeir immediately ordered his brothers to retain their arrows. The gates of the city were opened and Omar accompanied by other warriors went down the steep path, and advanced towards Gonsalvo; but when he recognized his face, he stopped, doubted, and hesitated.

"Approach," said Gonsalvo, "I have

once proved your valor, it ought to assure you of my esteem. I pretend not now to fight for my own interest, but I come in the name of Ferdinand to offer you a peace, worthy of the Abencerrages, the conditions of which this noble tribe shall dictate. I am the master of the treaty."

"You are not the master of Castama," interrupted Omar haughtily, "and though Granada should perish within our walls, we can brave your sovereigns, your army and yourself. See the foundations on which repose our liberties! See those terrible rocks, those impregnable walls which the eye-sight can scarcely reach; give wings to your soldiers before you speak of peace."

"My warriors need them not," answered Gonsalvo serenely. "Observe, yourself, that rock which commands the city. My warriors are there. Do you observe that troop ready to hurl down upon your heads the rocks which defend you, and only wait my signal to destroy the only asylum which remains to you? Choose, then, on the spot, and either all perish among your ruins, or sign a glorious peace, which I offer to you as to friends." Omar surprised, looked at this mountain and saw its summit occupied by the three thousand Asturians. He scarcely credited his eyes, became confused, remained motionless, and fancied he was dreaming. At last compelled to believe the prodigy which he could not have conceived, he answered the hero less proudly, and requested a few moments to consult his companions. Soon the ramparts were deserted, and a melancholy silence reigned in the city. The impatient Gonsalvo ordered the trumpets to be sounded and prepared to climb the mountain, when he saw Zeir, Osman, Omar and Velid leave the gates of Castama with the principal Abencerrages. They approached without arms and with a majestic stride and erect brow. Gonsalvo advanced to meet them, and Zeir addressed him these words:

"Gonsalvo, you have conquered, but believe us, we know how to die, if our wives and our children could avoid our fate. We yield to nature, to fortune, to your ascendancy. We have come to deliver up Castama. We only ask liberty that our families may freely profess their religion, and dwell

in peace wherever Ferdinand may assign us. At this price we are his faithful vassals. I deliver to you the keys of the city."

Gonsalvo gave him his hand, granted more than they asked, and treated with the Abencerrages on honorable terms. He went into Castama in their midst, entered the city as an ally, prescribed the severest discipline to the Spaniards, lavished favours upon the inhabitants with a liberal hand, that they might forget they had been conquered. Peñalfior, named Governor of the city, remained in it with the six thousand Asturians; and the hero, accompanied only by the Abencerrages, returned to Santa Fe. Lara had not yet dared to hope for him, yet each day had gone out to meet him; he saw Gonsalvo at a distance, ran towards him, threw his arms around him, and observed the noble retinue by which his friend was surrounded. He saluted the Abencerrages, concealed the joy which might offend, and delayed, through respect for them, to speak of the victory. He then hastened to announce it to the sovereigns.

The great Ferdinand, the august Isabel, could not conceal their surprise; they received the new captives as vassals whom they had long loved—confirmed the glorious treaty which their General had signed—left the illustrious tribe their religion, their property and their riches, adding to these favours a city of Andalusia, to be the patrimony of their posterity. While the royal couple thus enchained the hearts of those whom their arms had conquered, a soldier asked for Gonsalvo and wished to speak to him in secret, and to deliver to him an arrow shot from the walls of Granada, which had brought a sealed letter, on which was addressed the name of the hero. Gonsalvo in surprise took the letter, opened it with a tremulous hand and read with difficulty these words, almost effaced by tears:

"My last hour approaches, since Alamar has given me choice between marriage and death. If this sufficed the tyrant, I would not implore the enemy of my country, but would expire without complaining, giving to him my last sigh; but my father is loaded with chains. My father, for having saved your life, is put into the same dungeon with me, where I visited you. From this place

we go to the scaffold. Gonsalvo, come and free him; my heart cannot be your reward, since you have it already; my hand only can repay you."

Gonsalvo, pale, excited, read the paper twice, and then returned to seek Isabel. The Queen noted his confusion.

"Speak," said she, "Great Captain, what is the grief which obscures the brow encircled with laurels? What is it your heart desires? I promise you in advance, to comply; explain yourself without reserve? What reward do you ask for such deeds as you have done?"

"The assault," responded Gonsalvo, "the last, the terrible assault which must overthrow Granada, which must precipitate from the throne the infamous and cruel Boabdil, and avenge that Heaven which is wearied with the crimes of the barbarous Alamar. Order the assault by break of day; this will be the greatest reward, the only one which I desire for all that I have done in your service."

On hearing these words pronounced with the accent of fury, with the delirium of love, Ferdinand arose.

"You shall be gratified," said he, "to-morrow morning I deliver Granada to your hands; to-morrow you may punish at your will the vile enemies who have outraged you. Go, give the orders yourself. Go, inflame my brave soldiers with the fire which burns in your eyes—tell them that you will lead them and they will not doubt of victory."

He immediately summoned his generals and declared to them his grand enterprise. He submitted to Gonsalvo the plan of the attack, which was perfected by his suggestions. Two different mines which had long been prepared, were to be exploded at daylight, and throw down the two strongest towers and gates of the besieged city. The army was to march in separate columns at the same time. The king in person, the young Cortez and the generous Lara in command of the Arragonese, the Catalans and the Balearians were to make the attack on the right. The prudent Medina, and the invincible Gonsalvo, at the head of the Castilians, the Leonese, and the Andalusians were to make the assault on the left. The troops of the two crowns divided in this manner, rivals in

glory for so many ages were emulous to eclipse each other. Isabel visited and cheered them; Gonsalvo who accompanied the queen, bared the resplendent sword of the Cid. All was ready; all arranged, and the soldiers were anxious for the morning to arrive. It dawned at last; that great day arrived which was to adorn the most illustrious triumph, the most important conquest which the Christians had ever obtained over the Mussulmans; a day which was to avenge eight centuries of wrongs, to restore to Spain her liberty to the true God, his ancient worship, and to begin the long succession of victories which was to fill with the Spanish name the three parts of the known world and the new world which was yet to be discovered.

Gonsalvo was the first, who already armed, summoned and aroused his companions. On foot like the rest, he left the city and formed them in the plain. Impatient to hear the signal, he accused Ferdinand of delay, returned to the gates of Santa Fe, accelerated the march of his battalions, pointed to the sun, which had scarcely risen, believing that it was setting. Gonsalvo was going to free his beloved, was going to punish an odious rival, to conquer for his country. Love, vengeance, virtue, all elevated him above himself. His great soul could not endure the emotions which oppressed him. He ran, he flew through the files, he embraced every soldier, he raised in his hand the conquering sword, looked towards the walls of Granada as a traveller in a desert, tormented by burning thirst, looks upon a rivulet while yet unable to approach it. The prudent Medina moderated his ardor and pointed out to him in the distance Ferdinand forming his Arragonese; Isabel on the summit of a tower on her knees, her arms extended to Heaven, imploring the God of Armies. Lara, the young Cortez, at the head of their respective columns, the Moors upon the walls with bent bow impatiently awaiting the attack. Boabdil could not be seen among them. His wounds and his cowardice detained him in the Alhambra; but the ferocious Alamar instructed by the last assault, fearing a new attack, had introduced in the ditches the rapid waters of the Darro. He had provided vessels filled with bitumen, with saltpetre, with boiling oil, with burning darts and ar-

rows; he had collected piles of rocks, all the resources of desperation, of rage and of terror. Nothing had been neglected. The King of Arragon sent two trains loaded with fascines to form a blind at the ditch—the work was completed notwithstanding the arrows of the enemy. The army began to move forward with slow and quiet step. Alamar sent reinforcements to the towers which were threatened. The Moors darkened the air with arrows, and uttered frightful cries. The Spaniards marched in silence, protected by their shields. They halted when they reached the glacis, lowered their lances and waited for the last signal.

At this moment, on a sudden, a frightful noise as of thunder was heard. The earth trembled, the mountains were shaken, torrents of thick smoke concealed the walls of Granada, a whirlwind of dust arose to the Heavens, cries and groans were mingled with the tremendous report, and when the cloud of dust and smoke had cleared away, the two towers were seen levelled to their foundations, forming a mountain of ruins, the fascines were covered with their remains and with the scattered and bloody limbs of the unfortunate persons who had defended them.

The trumpets were sounded and Gonsalvo uttered his terrible battle-cry; he hurried, sword-in-hand, to the ruin, passed the ditch, climbed the breach, threw down, killed, repulsed the Mussulmans who defended it. He called upon the Castilians to follow him, he scaled the lofty walls over dead bodies. The Almorades, commanded by Abad, united against the hero; he attacked this battalion, broke it, scattered the victims, destroyed or put to flight all who opposed him, and at length rejoined his own men. He then took the standard of Castile, leaped over the dead bodies and the ruins, and hoisted it upon the ramparts. Alamar at the head of the Zegrís, defended the other breach. Alamar sustained himself against the brave Lara; his terrible mace had prostrated the rash Cortez and Ferdinand twice repelled, was unable to mount the ramparts. The fiery Alamar insulted the Christians, believing himself already conqueror, when he beheld from afar the standard planted by Gonsalvo, and heard his glorious name shout-

ed by the Spaniards. The African turned pale with rage, threw his mace upon the ground, lowered his head and hesitated a moment as to the course proper to pursue. He looked ferociously at the Zegrís, who surrounded him.

"Valiant Maaz," said he to their chief, "remain in this breach with your companions and perish to the last man rather than abandon it. I will go with the Alabaces to dislodge the enemy from the walls, to punish, to exterminate the detestable—"

He could not finish, anger would not permit him to pronounce the name he abhorred. He threw upon his shoulders the heavy mace and at the head of the Alabaces, over a hill which connected the destroyed towers, he marched with quick steps towards the Castilians. He was met by Gonsalvo. Gonsalvo was on his way to liberate Zulema, but learning that his friend was fighting in the other breach, he had changed his intention and was then hastening with the Leonese to support the valiant Lara. He called Alamar in a loud voice and challenged him. The African heard him and responded from afar. Each recognized the other's voice and rushed to the encounter—they met in the middle of the rampart. God of battles, who can paint the fury, the hatred, the rage of the implacable rivals? Who can depict the blind fury, the desire of vengeance, the ardent thirst of blood which devoured them? Regardless of their lives, not thinking of their shields, Alamar raised his mace and Gonsalvo his trenchant sword with both hands, and approaching, both struck with all their force. Their blows fell at the same moment. The casque of Gonsalvo was shattered; the serpent-skin armor of Alamar was cut. Both emitted blood from the mouth and nostrils. The Spaniard tottered, the African fell upon one knee, but arose immediately. Alamar then drew his scimeter, Gonsalvo attacked him more closely, and their armor flew into pieces. The metal and the scales were crushed by the blows. These blows followed each other so rapidly that one might have supposed from the noise that a hundred soldiers were engaged in the combat. The Leonese and the Alabaces looked on in terror; all other combats were suspended—all eyes were fixed upon the two warriors.

Despoiled almost entirely of their armor, they ceased to fight except with the sword; fatigued, but not less ardent they approached still nearer. The Spaniard hurried the African to the parapet of the rampart. Alamar who could retreat no further, precipitated himself upon his enemy body to body and strove to suffocate him in his arms. Gonsalvo received the assault, pressed him against his steeled breast, increased his efforts, raised him in his arms and threw him over the parapet, and to finish the victory, he thrust him from the summit of the wall, but Alamar who held him fast, dragged him in the terrible descent. Both fell into the moat; the waves leaped into the air; both sunk and again appeared above the surface, but separated. They swam with one hand and attacked each other with their swords held fast in the other; the water was tinged with their blood. That of Alamar flowed abundantly, but his strength was not equal to his rage; Gonsalvo observed it and felt his own increase. He leaped upon his enemy, seized him, wounded him in the throat, withdrew his sword from the wound again to strike him. Both again disappeared; the black blood arose on the waters; but in a few moments, Alamar was again seen with extended arms floating on the bloody current. The victorious hero swam to the shore, marched to the breach and without taking breath hastened to the dungeon. He arrived with torches, broke the iron gates, reached the cells where the princess was confined, who lying prostrate at the feet of Muley-Hassan was only awaiting death. "You are free," exclaimed Gonsalvo, falling on his knees, "Alamar has perished, you are avenged. And you, venerable old man, you to whom I owe my life, pardon my performing the acts which my duty has prescribed me. I have but served my sovereigns and my country; I have fulfilled my obligations to them, but not to you. Dispose now of my fate. Will you honor Ferdinand by receiving from him the respect merited by your virtues? Or will you leave Granada and exile yourself to other climes? All I can do, all I will do, to alleviate your misfortunes, to follow you as a slave, to obtain your friendship, more dear to my heart than my glory."

Muley listened to him and preserved a long silence; he raised his eyes to Heaven; he accused it in his heart of having permitted him to live too long. At last yielding to fate, he threw his arms around his daughter and shed on her bosom bitter tears, and pointing to Gonsalvo,

"Protect her," said he, "from our cruel enemies; allow her to live free, but think not of me." They immediately left the horrible dungeon, proceeded under the guidance of Gonsalvo towards the palace of the Alhambra. Ferdinand victorious as soon as Alamar left the breach, sent Lara to seize upon king Boabdil. The timid monarch surrounded by eunuchs, expected to be thrown into chains and shed useless tears. His mother Aixa, who was at his side, gazed upon her unworthy son with an angry eye. "Weep," said she, "he ought to weep like a woman, who knew not how to defend the throne of his ancestors like a man." Lara appeared at this moment, ordered Boabdil to follow him and conducted him to the feet of Ferdinand. The de-throned king bent his knee, Ferdinand concealed his contempt, under a feigned clemency, raised his weak enemy, whom he knew too well to fear, and gave him his liberty. Granada at last was conquered. The triumphant Spaniard erected every where the standard of Castile and crowned his illustrious deeds by humanity to the conquered. Lara, Medina, and all the generals gave orders that the people should be respected. The ramparts were covered with blood, but the city had remained tranquil. Ferdinand left to the Moors their religion, their liberty and their property. He received from the hands of Gonsalvo, the virtuous Muley and the tender Zulema, the latter as a beloved daughter and the former as a king he had long esteemed; he lavished on them the respect due to their misfortunes and the honors due to their rank and wishing to give to Gonsalvo the reward worthy of his deeds, he manifested his gratitude to the hero by bestowing favors upon Zulema.

On the following morning, the august Isabel surrounded by her court, mounted upon a white horse, richly caparisoned, repaired to the gates of the city, where Ferdinand presented to her its keys. She made a tri-



army, who blessed her glorious name, and among a people who were surprised to see the clemency of the conquerors. Tranquil and modest after the victory, she protected the Moors and honored the Spaniards. Gonsalvo and Lara who were stationed near her person conducted her to the mosque, now converted into a christian temple. The queen gave thanks to the God of armies—entreated him to watch over the empire confided to her care. She asked not the increase of this empire, but prayed that he would bestow upon her the virtues to render her subjects happy.

At the same altar, in the same temple, Gonsalvo, a few days afterwards, received the hand of Zulema—Muley had at last consented to receive him as a son-in-law and he loved his daughter none the less because she had become a christian. The queen herself and Ferdinand were witnesses of the marriage; Lara, whose happiness perhaps equalled that of Gonsalvo, pressed his friend to his bosom, and the greatest of heroes, the most faithful of friends, the most amiable of wives began a long succession of happy and glorious days.

### The Resignation of Hope.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF THE LATE  
HENRY ELLEN.

Ah! Lady, I have loved thee well,  
Have loved thee well for many years,  
And now that I must say "farewell,"  
My heart feels as 'twould burst in tears.

Yet, fare thee well, I know alas!  
That love of thine I'll ne'er possess—  
No more, hard fate! thy name may pass  
My lips, save Lady once—to bless.

Like snow flake in an oak's brown leaf,  
Thy little hand in mine would be—  
But now I know with bitter grief,  
'Twill never wear a ring for me.

That dream so full of life and joy  
Was but a cloud above life's main,  
Which watching like a dreaming boy,  
I saw at last dissolve in rain.

VOL. XXI—94

And I may never reach the shore,  
Since it has vanished—cheating light!

And so, in darkness on the sea,  
Leander-like I drift about,  
And his the fate that waits for me—  
The beacon of my life is out!

Here cease love's hopes and love's alarms—  
Here the last bitter struggle ends—  
Hope the spent swimmer folds his arms,  
And to the yawning deep descends.

### SOME FARTHER REMINISCENCES OF CUBA.

BY TENELLA.

Sunday in Cuba, as in all countries where the Roman church holds undisputed sway, is a holiday instead of a holy day. Military mass is celebrated in the church of Sante Clara at six in the morning, and one or two companies of soldiers, with their officers, are obliged to attend. They take it in turn and occupy the entire body of the church, while the ladies kneel around next to the walks. It is a grand and imposing sight to see them enter in all the "pomp of war," but there is nothing in it to awaken a devotional feeling, they "go through the motions" with the same indifference that they do those of a drill, and look on it as a military, rather than a religious duty. Gentlemen rarely attend the services of the church, except as spectators, and I was told that more than two-thirds of the young men of the island were open and avowed infidels. They hate both church and priests most cordially, for as one remarked to me "*they* keep us ground down to the earth." I have many times, in walking a few steps behind some of the priests, heard them cursed with vehement bitterness by the persons whom they passed. The religious processions are followed by crowds as any other spectacle would be, but they and the priests are treated with sovereign contempt by the educated men.

"You are very devout," said my cousin once to a gentleman. "I see you at the end of every procession and always at the cathedral door."

"Bah," was his answer, "I only go to

look at the women, and have not been inside of a church I don't know when."

No other than the services of the Roman church are allowed to be performed on the island. The British and United States Consuls have in vain applied for permission to have service in their houses; they can only do so for their families, and but for the occasional visits of men-of-war, whose chaplains have service regularly on board, the Protestant inhabitants would be utterly unable to attend public worship. During Lent there were many religious ceremonies and processions, but I never felt any curiosity to visit the churches except on one or two occasions. One of these was on Holy Thursday; the day before Good Friday. It was intensely hot and as no carriages or horses are allowed in the streets on these two days we deferred our visit to the Cathedral until after dark. The perfect quiet that reigned through the whole city from ten o'clock on Thursday, till the same hour on Saturday, was imposing as well as refreshing. The shops were closed, the standard of Spain was lowered from the Captain General's palace and Morro Castle; not a bell was rung, and not a sound made that could be avoided. Hotel keepers were forbidden even to sound the gong for meals, and the spirit of silence hung over the city as though it had been struck dumb with fright at some terrible calamity. Towards evening the streets began to fill with ladies hastening to the different churches, where service had been performed during the whole day at intervals. The Captain General, his staff and body-guard went on foot in full uniform from church to church, hearing portions of the service at each, as according to custom he must on that day visit all the principal churches.

We were just setting out to the cathedral which was but a few steps from our hotel, when we were joined by Lieutenant Col. Prejol just off duty, with the Captain General; he told us he had visited ten churches—but hearing we were going to the cathedral he joined our party. My companion was a diminutive Frenchman, the top of whose head came but little above my shoulder, and hearing how dense the crowd was at the church doors, I begged the Major to keep close to me, as I did not feel safe with only so-petit

a protector, though, in his own opinion, he was equal to Hercules in the service of the ladies. He promised to do so, but alas for promises, no sooner had we reached the portico than the outward rush and inward press separated me from all but Mons. Auguste, whom I feared would be suffocated in the crowd.

He could neither speak nor understand a word of English, and I in the Babel of sounds forgot every bit both of my French and Spanish. I saw he was very anxious to make me understand something, and doubtless had he been able to use his arms, I should have been treated to as many gesticulations as shrugs of the shoulders. At last, provoked by my stupidity, he seized my watch which was hanging at my belt, and pointing to my breast-pin, shouted with a desperate effort, "prenez garde—steal, steal." I then remembered that Madam Brewer had warned me to wear no valuable jewelry, as ladies on similar occasions had not only had watches stolen from them but rings taken off their fingers. Just as we reached the door a very cross looking priest attempted to shut it, we could neither advance nor retire for the crowd, and I was in danger of being seriously hurt by having the heavy door pressed against me, when I felt a strong arm around my waist and some one said in Spanish, "let me help you, lady." Looking up I found it was one of Gen. Concha's aids, who squeezing himself between me and the door, pushed it back until he reached the priest whom he most unceremoniously collared and forced him to desist from his efforts. I clung most desperately to the arm of my unknown friend until we reached the open space in front of the altar, when, before I could collect my wits sufficiently to thank him he bowed and retired with the usual salutation, "yo yo beso sus manos." When I recovered my breath, and looked around I could have imagined myself in a heathen temple sooner than in a Christian church. Every arch of the lofty ceiling was brilliantly illuminated by the light of hundreds of candles; and never did the beautiful proportions and lofty grandeur of the building strike me with such imposing effect. The choir was sta-

tioned around the grand altar, at one side of which is the tomb of Columbus.

A little to the left of this was a shrine or perhaps a smaller altar hung with silver tissue and lit by wax candles several feet high in immense silver candle-sticks. In front of this was a figure as large as life intended as a representation of the Saviour. It was dressed in purple velvet, and crowned, not with thorns, but a gaudy tinsel diadem; the hands, which were crossed in front, were covered with white kid gloves and the hair which hung to the waist was plaited in numerous small plaits to represent curls. One foot was protruded from the robe as though in the act of spurning the kneeling votaries, who came up by hundreds to kiss the toe, and after praying before it a few moments laid an offering on the altar and retired. The music might have been fine, but owing to the loud buzz of conversation it could not be distinctly heard, none seemed to feel themselves in the temple of the Most High, and as soon as they had kissed the image and deposited their offering, looked on as though the whole was a pageant gotten up to amuse. I was glad to get away and never afterwards entered a church during my stay.

The next day, Good Friday, a procession passed through the streets bearing the same figure, or a similar one, laid out under a canopy, and followed by the Virgin in widow's mourning, with large glass beads on her cheeks as tears. Then came the high dignitaries of the church each carrying some emblem of the passion of Christ, one had the crown of thorns, another the three nails, a third the bloody spear, a fourth the sponge dipped in vinegar, &c., &c. Proceeding through the principal streets followed by several companies of soldiers with their arms reversed, they entered the Cathedral and solemnly boxed up the image, and left it in the tomb as it was, until Sunday, at sunrise, then it was again paraded to the church of San Felipe. About half way between the two, Mary Magdalene in a sky blue satin dress, a profusion of curls and mock jewelry, met the procession, and perceiving what it was ran back to tell the Virgin Mary that the Saviour had risen. Loud was the burst of laughter that broke from

the crowd as the bearers of the image ran up the street, of course it was impossible for them to keep step and Mary Magdalene swaying from side to side, her long curls shaking with the uneven motion, presented a most ludicrous appearance. She returned pretty soon followed by the Virgin in yellow tinsel, and both having made their obeisance trotted back to the church of San Felipe whence they came.

When the clock struck ten on Saturday morning, if the wand of an enchanter had been waved over the city of the dead, it could not have caused a more sudden awakening to life and activity. Long lines of drays, volantes and other vehicles were waiting outside of the gates to enter as soon as the hour should strike, and the sound of their wheels struck on the ear simultaneously with the thunder of cannon from the Morro, Cabañas and Punta. Every bell in the city was rung violently, the inhabitants ascended to the roofs of their houses firing pistols and popping crackers. The ten thousand soldiers in and around Havana discharged their muskets in platoons, the flags were run up, and for half an hour every one seemed striving to make more noise than his neighbor. Some rattled bunches of keys against tin pans, others performed with the shovel and tongs while little boys ran up and down the streets shaking boards on which old stirrups had been loosely nailed by strips of leather, screaming and shouting at the top of their voices. Just as we thought the noise at its height one of the waiters seized the gong and by way of honouring la Nina Susanne—gave a blast at our door that would have gratified Juggernaut himself. He was a poor boy to whom Sue had been very kind a few weeks before when he fell from the second story veranda into the paved court below. He was picked up for dead and laid on a bench, Sue who was standing by ran for some restoratives, and calling Madam B. and myself to her assistance set to work to bring him to life. I ordered one of the servants to run for some mustard, but he shook his head saying, it was against the law for any one but a physician to touch a person who had been injured in any way. I thought I could not have correctly understood him but Madam B. told me he was

right, and I need not expect any assistance from any of them.

"Well then," said Sue, out of patience, "can you not go for the doctor?"

"Y porque Nina? And why child? he is never at home after nine o'clock."

The gentlemen were all out, and with the exception of Manuel, a Catalan, who neither feared God nor regarded man—we could not induce them to stir. Manuel, though a Spaniard, most cordially despised his countrymen, and held the authorities in sovereign contempt, while his admiration for Americans was unbounded. He was devoted to la niña Susanne, and if ordered by her, would I believe, have shot the Captain General with as little hesitation as he regularly broke the line of volantes on the Paseo in spite of the imprecations of the celador, or police officer, who was stationed there to keep order.

To prevent accidents, all carriages on Sunday evenings were obliged to keep in line, going up one side of the Paseo and down the other; no one but the Captain General is allowed to drive between the lines of carriages, but no order could restrain Manuel who invariably dashed after the Captain General's equipage amid the curses of the police officers and calesaros.

There are many beautiful drives about Havana, independent of the Paseos and Cerro. This latter is a long street some distance from the city walls, bordered on each side by beautiful country seats, where many of the wealthy families reside; it combines the advantages of city and country, as most of the villas have large yards and gardens beautifully laid out and teeming with gorgeous flowers. One of the most brilliant is the Mar-Pacifico or South Sea rose, it is a species of Hibiscus, I should suppose from its leaf, which resembles the Althea, the flowers are bright scarlet, single and lily-shaped. This abounds everywhere, presenting a very gay appearance.

One of my favorite drives was to the quinta of the Captain General, and many a bouquet have I received there from the Major-domo who was also head gardener; he used to complain that the Cubans did not care for flowers, though judging by the profusion in their gardens, I rather think he slandered them.

A soldier is always on guard at the gate, but unless the Captain General or his family were there, we were never prevented from entering and remaining as long as we liked; and if the gardener knew of our visit I was sure to have a bouquet. Every flower that I admired was added immediately to my collection, and the Latin name given to it. I remember one day stopping before a small tree, about the size of the plum tree, which was covered apparently with large white and yellow flowers, and so weighed down by vines that I could not tell which bore the flowers. Asking the name he ran to get me a specimen and returned with a cotton blossom and a pod half blown. I could not but laugh at my stupidity in not recognizing so familiar an acquaintance, but when I stood under the tree and found I could not reach the lowest branches I no longer wondered at it, particularly when I heard it was only planted once in ten years, and bore three crops a year during that period.

A short distance from the quinta stands fort Principe. I never had the courage to climb the high hill on which it stands but once on foot, though I often ascended it on horseback for the beauty of the view. Echiviera was confined in it, and we used often to see him seated on the ramparts; he did not seem to take his imprisonment much to heart, but smoked and played cards all day. Not so Ramon Pinta who was in the Punta, as were also Estrampes and Felix. Bitter were the denunciations uttered against the present administration, not only by its opposers but its friends for its want of energy and decision in the management of the affair in which these two latter were so deeply concerned. Whether blame rightly belongs to it or not, one thing is certain, had a man of clear intellect and iron will, like General Jackson, been at the head of our government, Estrampes would not have been executed or Felix sent a prisoner to Spain. Both proved themselves citizens of the United States; Estrampes was certainly guilty of smuggling gunpowder and arms into the Island, but as he committed the offence before the declaration of war he was entitled to a trial before a civil not a military tribunal. To save Felix he confessed his guilt as soon as taken, declaring Felix ignorant of

the whole transaction ; he being in delicate health had gone out in the vessel that transported the ammunition to act as super-cargo on her return, and was scarcely more than a passenger. Even the Captain was ignorant of the contents of the casks, as was clearly proved by the manner in which it was discovered. They were invoiced as beef, and the Spanish admiral hearing what the cargo was, sent to purchase a cask which was sold to him at once by the Captain. Five days before their trial took place, (for a separate trial was not granted to them,) this Captain was sent out of the Island, and at the time he was being tried for his life was at large in New York. The sentence pronounced against them was death to Estrampes, fourteen years imprisonment and hard labor for Felix, and transportation out of the Spanish dominions for the Captain. This proves their fates to have been decided on before the mockery of a trial was granted them. The death of Pinto was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, he was one of the leading men among them. Though some dozen or two of the volunteers did call out at a review by Gen. Concha—"Death to the traitor—death to Ramon Pinto," public sentiment was strongly in his favour. His betrayer, Rodriquez, dared not walk the streets. Appearing one evening on the Plaza de Armas, he was hissed and obliged to seek safety in flight. I saw Donna Isabella when she entered the palace of the Captain General, twelve hours before the execution of her husband, to implore his pardon. I was leaning on the arm of a Spanish officer, one who believed Pinto guilty of conspiring against the government but not against the life of the Captain General.

"Will she not succeed?" said I to him.

"No," replied he, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke, "Concha will not even see her, much less hear her prayer."

It was too true. He had already refused to receive a deputation from the old Spaniards, and the British and United States Consuls, who waited on him to petition at least a delay ; and the sorrowing wife and daughter were driven from the door.

The next morning at 7 o'clock, dressed in his shroud and attended by his confessor, he walked unflinching to the scaffold and died

a martyr in the cause of liberty. His last words were "I am a true Spaniard and die innocent." Old men bowed down their heads and wept, and strong men fainted when his spirit departed from earth.

His family petitioned as vainly for his body after death, as they did for his life ; it was condemned to be buried without religious service, and in unconsecrated ground ; his friends being scrupulously kept in ignorance of the spot where he was interred. He was universally esteemed and respected, a man not only of wealth and political influence, but of great learning ; he had when young been in the monastery of La Trappe, an order which is said to exclude with great care all but men of talent and learning from its numbers. He was always first in every plan for the advancement of Cuba, and solemnly protested he never intended to raise the standard of revolt against Spain while the Cuban subjects were governed according to the laws of the State ; but did not deny that he was the head of an association which had determined to resist the emancipation of the slaves in the Island of Cuba "even unto death." The only evidence against him which touched his life was that of Rodriquez, a miscreant who had been once in the galleys and twice in the chain gang.

The death of Estrampes cast as deep a gloom over the American residents as that of Pinto had over the Spaniards. He attempted three times to speak from the scaffold, but at a signal from the commanding officer the drums were rolled to prevent his being heard. Felix was still in prison when we left Cuba, where he was kept as most persons believed, waiting for the President to demand him, no such demand being made he was transported to Spain to work out his sentence, but in the feeble state in which he was, it is more than probable that death will release him long before his term expires. I never saw him, but S., at his own request, conveyed through the commandant of the Punta, visited him more than once.

Col. Robertson was also untiring in his kindness to him and the other prisoners, and the tears rolled down the good old man's face when he spoke of his unavailing efforts to induce the administration to move in their behalf.

As I stood on the deck of the Black Warrior and watched the receding shores of Cuba, I could not but mourn that so fair a spot had been the scene of so many dark and bloody actions. Afar in the distance loomed up Atares where fifty Americans had been shot in cold blood; on the left was the Cabañas with the monument commemorative of Crittenden's defeat rising above its walls, and on the right lay the Punta, with Felix still languishing in its cell, and the plain in front watered with the blood of Lopez, Pinto and Estrampes.

I breathed freer, and felt a weight loosening from my heart, at each bound of our noble ship, for it was bearing me from a land of despotism to 'Liberty's home,' from a land where Priestcraft and Tyranny, "like heralds of hell in a paradise of innocence and beauty," darken the glorious sunlight and blast the fairest prospects, to one of liberty and equal laws. I looked to our glorious flag, floating proudly in the Cuban breeze, like a beacon of hope on the coasts of despair, and my heart swelled with gratitude to Heaven that ours was a chainless land, and I mentally exclaimed—

"Beneath thy waving banner, Freedom, let me live!  
Before thy blazing altar let me die!"

## NIAGARA FALLS.

[Extract from an unpublished Poem.]

BY OLIVER I. TAYLOR.

Thou warrior of embattled waters!  
Terrific image of the mortal fate  
Of ever restless and contending man  
Who frets and dies on life's tumultuous tide!  
How madly foaming doth thy warring waves  
Sweep, wildly shouting, to the awful brink,  
Where, locked in one convulsive grasp, as foe  
With foe, they find one common grave; one shriek,  
One groan—one gurgling murmur as they fall,  
And they are lost forever in the tide—  
'The unreturning tide that rolls below!

Before thy mighty, overwhelming power,  
Majestic avalanche, ah, what is man,  
With all his boasted strength, his glittering pomp  
And pride? Less even than one little drop  
Of thy pale spray, for, falling, that doth rise  
Again, aspiring to the skies, and wears  
Its resurrection crown of Rainbow Glory!  
But man's prostrated form, when to thy dread

Abyss he sinks, is seen and heard no more  
Above the shadow of thy awful brow!

Eternal wail from Nature's storm-struck lyre!  
O, let me bring no vain repinings here:  
Why should I think of mortal sorrows here?  
Why ope the cells of my sepulchral heart,  
And let thy dread voice mingle with the gloom  
Of broken shrines and mouldering altars there,  
All through whose dim and solitary rents  
The memories of my dear and deathless loves  
Forever pour a melancholy wail!  
Where even the weeping flowers I once had twined  
Around the grave of young affections, now  
Are withered—all sere and cold and lifeless—  
Pale as the marble brow they once enwreathed!  
Why let thee see the spectral forms that walk  
The haunted chambers of my soul and bend  
On me the sweet approving, or the calm  
Rebuking glance of their unearthly eyes,  
And now stretch forth their white and bloodless arms  
To clasp me in their cold embrace!

Ah! never  
Dear Nature! hast thou me deserted yet!  
When vanished all the hopes to which I clung,  
When pleasures that did crowd a world of joy  
Within one moment's strong impassioned grasp,  
Have turned to dust and ashes on my lips;  
When friends to whom my inmost soul was wed  
While voiceful morning sang our bridal hymn—  
The beating of whose glowing hearts and mine  
Was but one blended tone of ecstasy—  
Ere yet the evening spread her purple couch  
And curtained it with blue and starry robes,  
Walked coldly, strangely from my side, and went  
To sleep alone and pulseless in the grave!  
When man's debasing toils, with all their woes  
And treachery, have made my heart grow sick  
And gall and bitterness of soul have ta'en  
The place of kind and lovely thoughts, which fled  
Like frightened angels from their dwelling place—  
Have I not turned, Dear Nature, unto thee,  
And found thee ever as a gentle mother  
Unto her erring child?

For deeper woes  
Than these hast thou not ministered to me?  
Have not thy solitary haunts—thy mute  
Attendants of my lone and starless nights—  
The voiceless minstrels of Autumnal woods  
That sang low dirges mid the dying leaves—  
The innumerable host of stars that swim  
The blue, unfathomed gulf of Heaven—and ghosts  
Of pallid forms that dwell in shrouds and charnels,  
Have not these things heard my passionate sighs  
And awful thoughts, incommunicable  
To mortal ears, when I dared to ask  
What are we?—what is't that we dread to be?—  
And talked familiarly with mysteries  
Of being and of destiny!

In all  
Thy varied moods—in tempest and in calm—  
In the free pulse of overgushing morn—  
The solemn glories of the dying day,  
And the deep throb of Midnight's muffled heart;  
In all the sights and music of the earth—  
In all the mystery and majesty  
Of Ocean—hast thou been a faithful, high  
And holy teacher, unto me: and now.



O, glorious Parent! Here where thou hast throned  
Thyself in clouds of Heaven's own hues, and speakest  
Unto the dumb and trembling earth in thunder—  
Here would I yield my homage unto thee,  
Not by thy awful tumult now appalled,  
But with thy face familiar, close to thee  
Would nestle, even as a little child  
Soothed by the beatings of a mother's breast!

And yet a little while, and this frail form  
With life and deep emotion now instinct,  
Shall be the senseless brother of the dust,  
A mortgaged debtor to exacting earth,  
No lingering menials of departed Mind  
May guard the shatter'd portals of my heart,  
And keep at bay the riotous worms that make  
Their banquet halls in my deserted frame.  
A drop lost in the multitudinous sea,  
No friend may deck with amaranthine wreath  
The lone bed of my last and dreamless sleep;  
And when no murmur of this humble lay—  
Where I to fix one echo of the high  
And glorious minstrelay around me here,  
Have, all in vain, essay'd—shall e'er be heard,  
Still, thou, O mighty Torrent! shalt lift up  
Thy solemn voice!

Yet, is there something now  
Deep seated in my heart of hearts, that claims  
Companionship with all that here exalts  
And triumphs in its majesty and might.  
Does not my free soul with the chainless torrent  
Rush on?—my spirit mingle with the music  
Of these great waters, forests, winds and clouds—  
Strive with the dreadful storm that howls below,  
Blend with the rainbow hues that smile above?

The deathless essence of the universe,  
Which beautifies and hallows whatsoever  
Is lovely in the things of earthly mould,  
Is of thy present form a part, but not  
With thy restricted life incorporate;  
I feel that *this is mine forever—thine*,  
Thou fleeting current, only for a while.  
Is not my ever yearning soul attuned  
To loftier harmony than ever rose  
In thy unpausing peals, or mortal touch  
Has ever flung from earth's decaying lyres?  
Then hear, thou babbling thing of earth! when all  
Thy gathered waves their last, long leap shall take,  
And to returnless chaos sink; when all  
These adamantine rocks shall melt beneath  
The burning glance of God—then shall this lone  
Aspiring spirit be more mighty far  
Than thou. Ascending still from star to star,  
Its bright unruffled plumage ever bathe  
In the white radiance of Eternity,  
And still, with eagle eye, soar on, above  
The storm, the night and darkness of the grave!  
*Niagara Falls, Aug. 17, 1855.*

## THE MARINER OF THE LOIRE.

From "*Sous Les Filets*,"

BY EMILE SOUVÉSTRÉ.

See you that image of a nymph leaning  
on a symbolic urn? Her blonde hair is  
crowned with a wreath of the silvery willow—her sweet blue eyes are raised to heaven—her hands laden with fruits are extended towards a group of children, and her beautiful form is softly reposing amongst the waving grass. It is the Loire, such as art has transcribed it in marble—such, after once seeing it, your own imagination would love to personify it. Elsewhere force, impetuosity, grandeur predominate; here grace and fertility. In its course of more than a hundred and eighty leagues, this river—the color of the pure green wheat—as an old chronicler expresses it, flows through smiling meadows, vineyards, parks and great cities without meeting for a single instant with solitude or sterility. From its source to the sea, on both sides, the eye rests only upon grazing herds, the smoke curling from the peaceful cottages, and laborers conducting their teams with cheerful songs. The waters flow noiselessly upon the bed of sand, and among the islets covered with alders, willows and waving poplars. Over the whole of the landscape there is spread a peaceful charm, a little monotonous indeed, but captivating, a "*dolce far niente*," which gives to all an indescribable attraction of opulent ease. It is almost a corner of Arcadia with more water and less sun.

On this river dwells a people which participates in its character. They have neither the boisterous good humor of the boatmen on the Seine, nor the violence and turbulence of those of the Rhine. The mariner of the Loire is of a peaceable disposition, strong without brutality, and gay without turbulence. His life rolls along with its realities like the waters which bear him between their fertile borders. He has but little of intense labor to endure, compared to the boatmen of other streams, as he ascends and descends the river under sail. Standing by the enormous helm, the old patron alone directs the barge, whilst the sailors assist in moving it

along with long poles pointed with iron which touch the bottom of the river. From time to time a few words are exchanged in the loud tones of those accustomed to speak in the open air; or a novice is heard quavering the famous song of the "Mariner of the Loire;" then a joyous salutation is sent to a passing barge, and thus they pass on, until with those boats, favored like themselves by the breeze and the current, they arrive at the close of the day, near the cabaret adopted by the *marine* of the river.

The chances of navigation have just brought together at the inn of the "Grand Turk" of Chalonnes, the men belonging to two boats newly constructed, the "Hope" and the "White Flag." It was the end of January, 1819, the snow had long covered the ground, and a large fire crackled and blazed in a lower room of the inn, which served at once as a kitchen and dining room. The *brethren of the water* awaited supper, whilst they sat around a large oaken table spotted with wine-drinking, engaged in social converse. The voices of the mariners were sounding loud and high, mingled with laughter and oaths, when the door, which against all the customs of the country, the rigor of the season compelled them to close, was abruptly opened. A gust of cold air which entered with the new-comer, caused them all to turn and they recognised "*Prohibited*" Anthony, this was a soubriquet given to master Lèzin, an old mariner, now a fisherman of the Loire, who had been condemned several times for using unlawful means to procure his livelihood. Lèzin was one of those cynics of the lower story who finding hypocrisy troublesome, speak of vice openly and shamelessly. To prevent all accusations, he became his own accuser, and standing upon his bad reputation, he complacently showed himself as upon a pedestal, and by his drollery he made his immorality pass. Many good, honest people laughed; the timid from false shame, and the bold because they did not like to appear too easily frightened, and thus Lèzin found himself fortified by this desire of being amused.

The mariners saluted his entrance by a rather equivocal welcome, but he seemed to take it in good part.

"Good day, children, good day and good

year!" said he with a sneer which had become habitual to him, and addressing a handsome young man of twenty-five, who notwithstanding the cold, wore the ordinary dress of mariners—a short vest, blue pantaloons fastened at the waist by a red belt, a cotton cravat neatly tied, a small tarpaulin and slippers, adorned with knots of ribbon—"What, you here? little Andrew," added he—"you are like a new year's gift, flaming new as one may say," and turning to the other side—"My respects to you, master Mem, as well as to your nephew Francis, and all others! Dieu me damne—there is not at this moment christians enough here to set an honest man at ease."

"You do not reckon yourself as one, Master 'Prohibited,'" observed Mem with a gaiety which imperfectly concealed his contempt.

"Wise people never count upon themselves, when they are in company with the innocents," replied Lèzin with easy effrontery, "but may the devil twist me if I did not think master Mem's bark had discharged and set off."

"You did not know then that I remained for freight?"

"Freight," repeated the fisherman; "has the lord of Chalonnes employed you to take his distaff?"\*

"No, not a distaff, but some one who knows how to make use of it."

Lèzin followed the look of the mariner, which was directed towards the fire-place, and saw a young girl there spinning by the fire. "By my baptism, it is the pretty Entine," cried he, "how does all go with you, Entine?"

"As fresh as the month of August, Mr. Lèzin," said the girl, whose character was betrayed in her turned up nose, smiling mouth and mischievous eyes.

"And why have you left your uncle at the hermitage?" said the fisherman, "did not the pretty Entine have a taste for farming?"

"No," replied the young girl, ironically. "I was annoyed because I could not conduct

\* The sire of Chalonnes, having neglected to send help to the lord of Chantois when besieged by the English, was condemned every year to take to the wife of the last named nobleman a distaff resting on a silken cushion, in a chariot drawn by four oxen.

you regretted the city," said he with effrontery, "the city is the true sphere for young girls and pick-pockets."

"Have you an idea of going there also, M. Lèzin?" demanded Etine, with an air of innocence, which however did not dupe the old sinner.

"Mischievous monkey," said he, "he must be a keen man, who will sell you."

"And very fortunate I hope, will be the one who buys me," added the young spinner, "but the mass and the blessed ring are necessary for that."

"Yes, yes," replied Lèzin laughing, "you will not be a marauder upon the *river of love* as the old song says! so you will have permission to fish."

"It will not be with *forbidden nets*," said the young girl gaily.

"Because the fish will come of themselves then," said the fisherman; "the honesty of girls is like that of the boys, my old fellow—it is a story of circumstance. If it was profitable for me to be a saint I should soon be canonized."

"But where will you stay, at Nantes?"

"In a handsome house built upon two wheels which turn without ever advancing," said Etine.

"Aunt Rinot's mill?"

"Hold, you are a sorcerer for knowledge."

"I am more of a sorcerer than you might suppose, my poor little minnow! and to prove it I will tell you what makes you so happy at the prospect of living at Madeleine's mill."

"Perhaps it is because flour does not darken the complexion."

"I think rather it is because the miller is a handsome boy."

"The miller?" repeated the young girl, "does not master Lèzin know that my aunt is a widow?"

"But widows have sons," replied the fisherman; "and I see one within two steps who looks as if he would like a sweetheart. Look at Francis—is it not true of him?"

The young man of whom he was speaking was what is called a well looking fellow,

"Come, Francis, answer!" again said Lèzin.

"Since it is my cousin to whom you are speaking, tell her to answer," replied he, with awkward abruptness.

"Francis could do it well enough," said Mem smiling, "but he has not the mischief for it. Look, 'Prohibit,' the meshes of your nets must be closer than the laws allow, if you wish to catch the secrets of the girls. Is it not true Etine?"

"Excuse me, uncle, I do not understand fishing terms," said the young girl, with an air of such mischievous ignorance that set every one to laughing.

"If Francis is not your gallant, where will you get another?" said Lèzin.

"Look, where could you find a more amorous sprig than your cousin?"

"Look for yourself, old man," replied the girl, with her eyes fixed on the distaff, but instinctively made a movement to the right, which the scrutinizing glance of the old fellow caught.

"So, so, will it be the new patroon of the Hope?" said he in a low voice.

The girl pretended not to hear and cast her eyes down.

"It is he!" continued Lèzin, bursting in a loud laugh, "I now understand very well why he has named his barque 'Hope.'"

"Come, come, stop all this," said the young mariner, blushing a little, but still retaining his good humor. "Decidedly, Anthony has become rector and wishes to confess all the youth of the country."

"Ah, you think you mock me," said Anthony, "but do you wish me to tell you the name of the flower which grows in the depths of your heart as well as in Etine's?"

"No body asks you for the name, old Francis," said Francis, in an abrupt tone.

"What, you come again my friend," said Francis, "ded the imperturbable sinner."

"I tell you what, you had better be silent. By being accustomed to the depths of the waters, one can clearly what passes in the

there the water is always troubled. So I can tell you, that both of you young men are throwing your lines in the same eddy, one bravely and openly, the other stealthily, and that other is not Andrew, as you know now who it is?"

"I know," cried Francis, throwing upon Lèzin a look of intense hatred. "I know that you are a mean spy, who some time or other must be forced to keep silence."

"Bah! bah! and how is it to be done my son?" demanded 'Prohibit,' looking the young man full in the face.

"By shutting your lips on a glass of wine," interrupted Andrew, in a jovial tone, holding to the fisherman a goblet filled to the brim. Lèzin looked around. "Very well indeed," said he, "you are a true mariner, gay as the sun, flowing as water. May I be fried like a fish if I do not give you my daughter in marriage when I have one."

"And when he proves himself a good commander," added Mem, who emptied his glass slowly.

"For in these days boys command before they have obeyed and novices are made captains by one step, but it is not all to have a boat under one's heels, you must know how to conduct one safely to the destined place."

"Let that alone, it is worth nothing," said Anthony with a shrug, "you speak only of the accessory."

"And whom, then, would you call the principal?" demanded Mem.

"The one who cooks the fish, father Mem! He who does that best, will always be the true friend of the river as also the most careful and the wisest."

Every one laughed.

"By my faith, master *Prohibit* is right," said the oldest in the company, "and I have always observed, that those who could dress fish the best were the best sailors."

"Then it is said," cried Lèzin, slipping from his shoulder a pocket of fish.

"It is necessary to know the merits of each one. Here you young boys try yourselves, here are the fish, good man Mem will pay for the sauce."

"It is done," said Mem.

"Quick Francis, Andrew, Simon," called

Anthony, "roll up your sleeves, my boys, death or victory. When each one has done his best, the elders will be the judges." He had emptied his pocket of fish in several dishes, and the young men came laughing to take them.

This was nothing new or strange to the men. Obligated often in their isolated life to be sufficient for themselves, and to profit by the most economical resources, they asked but little more than what the river supplied. So the art of preparing his fish had become to the boatman of the Loire, a serious occupation. He put in it at the same time his glory and his sensuality. Consequently this dish of the mariner had acquired and preserved a renown, which, like the trophies of Miltiades, again prevented more than one culinary Themistocles from sleeping. In the cities on the shores of the river, skilful disciples of Lent, had vainly applied their faculties to discover the secret of this celebrated dish, but whether they were incapable of imitating it, or from the prejudices of those who tasted, supremacy has still remained uncontested with the inventors.

Whilst Andrew and his rivals were preparing themselves for the contest proposed by Lèzin, he had resumed his place at the table of the convivia and continued to amuse them by his bold jests; but the wine of Anjou always led Mem back to the same recollections; then he began to speak of the war in La Vendée, of his encounters with the *Blues* and ended by proposing a health to the white standard.

"One health!" cried the fisherman, "never my old fellow, that is too unwholesome. Two will do very well, three much better. I am the friend of all standards which makes me drink the wine I do not pay for."

"You have no opinion of your own, bad christian that you are," said Mem in a tone of contempt.

"What would I do with it?" demanded Lèzin. "If I had one, no person would want to buy it of me, and to keep it might be troublesome in the end. Opinions, see you, are very good for citizens who like luxurious things."

"You are, however, about my age," ob-

"But I shaved it off every Sunday," pleasantly observed Lèzin.

"And you mean to say you had not courage enough to defend either your God nor your king?" replied the mariner with warmth.

"On the word of a man, courage enough, father Mem," said Anthony, "but it was the fault of our mothers who taught me and the boys of Behuard to reason."

"What do you mean?"

"Only this: there are perhaps some here who know that I was born in the isle of Behuard, above here. As the Loire is not very narrow at that place, and the water rather too deep for one to pull off his shoes and cross over, the trembling of death was on both sides of us, whilst the evil never reached us. Neither the Whites nor the Blues had boats to visit us, and we kept our own barges far from the banks. So all continued as ordinary, they went to mass, they ate when they were hungry, they reaped their harvest and made love: it was a true benediction! But one day, or rather one evening, there came a small canoe containing three Blues, seeking provisions: we told them that each had only enough for himself: they replied they would have them, and threatened to cure the hunger of the first one who refused! and they entered a neighbour's house and began to eat and drink and kiss the girls at discretion."

"And you suffered them to do this, you white livered coward!" interrupted Mem.

"Hear the end," continued Lèzin, "whilst they were thus enjoying themselves, the men assembled to consult, and the elders said, 'If we suffer these three greedy wretches to go away, they will know where the table is always spread—to-morrow thirty will come, and the day after three hundred; we must confine them in a place where they can never leave, and the strongest and safest prison is a hole in the grave-yard.' Every one was of the same opinion. That same evening the affair was finished, and the next day the rector was asked to say a mass for the repose of their souls."

"That was well done indeed!" said the old mariner who had become more and more heated by the wine—"I am glad, my dear

the fisherman, "it was a measure of general precaution, so that when eight days after, some *Whites* arrived who wished to sound the tocsin and carry away our hunting guns, we were obliged to come to the same conclusion, and again another mass was necessary."

"For the *Whites*," cried Mem, who like all party men had two sets of morals; "you wretch! you killed true christians, who went to ask help of you! and you dare to tell me of it! Fear you not that I will avenge their murder on you?"

The eyes of the old mariner flashed fire, his voice trembled with rage and he seized a bottle by the neck to hurl it at the offender.

Lèzin tranquilly held his glass. "Why will you avenge them on me, who was not then in the country," said he smiling; "I only heard it many years after when the Blues and Whites had both taken the flints from their guns. Come, comrade, pour out some wine! Talking so long strangles me."

Mem's fingers which were locked around the bottle, unclasped one by one and he mechanically filled the fisherman's glass. Etine frightened by her uncle's wrath, had approached the table, and prevented the conversation from turning back to the same topic, by putting covers and announcing the dishes. The young men appeared with their plate, they were laid on the table and the examination began. The young men stood behind waiting for the decision, whilst the young girl's looks went from one judge to the other with some anxiety.

Lèzin was the first to speak—"There is a dish," said he, pointing to the furthest off, "that I would neither serve to a dog nor a fish keeper. As to this one," pointing to the next, "I would eat it as I drink the water of the Loire, for want of better,—but for this," touching the last, "I would sell soul to Beelzebub, provided the scou still engaged in business was not funds."

"Well judged," cried every one

"That is Andrew's dish," blushing with pleasure.

"And the other, below the other's," added Lèzin wate

am no longer astonished that he put so much flour in it."

The young man did not reply, but his eyes looked more wicked and vindictive.

In the meanwhile the guests had raised their glasses—"A health to the king of the '*Mateloterus*,'" cried Lèzin.

"Here, my boy," added Mem, "here is your place;" making room for him by his side.

Andrew hastened to take it, pleasure sparkling in his eyes, and the gaiety became general. Mem had completely forgotten his anger and showed such kindness to the young boatman that he ended at last by laying his hand upon his shoulder in the most friendly manner. "Well," said he to him, "not one contradicts the assertion of Lèzin, that a good matelotte makes a good mariner, and yours is the best sample. It only remains to show if you are made of the wood of true patroons, and that will be known to-morrow, if your bark kisses the wharf at Nantes, the same moment with mine. I shall be empty and you laden; if you are not too far behind, I shall say that you have the right to wear ear rings with an anchor, and better still, to put the first hand in the dish, and say the *Benedicite*."\*

"Rest assured that I will do my best, father Mem," said Andrew, casting a look upon Etine; "as true as I am my mother's son, I wish nothing greater than to satisfy you."

The old mariner had followed his glance, and made a jovial grimace.

"Very well, my boy," replied he filling his glass, "uncles are very much like helms, they must be managed;" and seeing Andrew about to seize the allusion and come perhaps to an explanation, he hastily added, "I shall say nothing more, except that my good will is like the river, open to all. The best navigator will always succeed—the patroon of the White Flag is a friend of all brave boys."

"And we all love to look up to him as our leader," cried Andrew, touching Mem's glass with his own.

"May I be hung if this evening is not the happiest of my life. If the good God were

to send down all his thunders, he could not take away my content."

"Then the parishoner, whom I see coming, will not destroy it," said Lèzin, coming from the window.

"Whom do you see?" cried Andrew, unwilling to tear his delighted eyes from Etine.

"Look!" replied the fisherman.

A tall, thin and filthily dressed man had just opened the door. He remained reeling back and forth on the door sill, his eyes rendered beastly by habitual intoxication, seemed to be seeking some one in the room. On seeing him, the young patroon made a gesture of surprise.

"God forgive me, it is my father," he cried.

"Master Jacques!" replied several voices, "why does he not enter?"

"Don't you see that he is three sheets in the wind, as is his custom?" cried Francis with a malignant laugh.

"Come old Jacques, come in the room, the boy is here."

The drunkard made a trembling step towards Andrew, who arose blushing with shame and cast a look upon Mem.

"Excuse him, patroon," said he in a low voice, "the old man has met with misfortunes and unhappily brandy consoles him too well."

"I have heard of it," replied the mariner with something of compassion, "but this is the first time I ever saw him so. Poor old man! he is severely punished. His hands tremble like the leaves of an aspen. Look you, my young fellows, and learn to understand that wine is the true drink of man; at the farthest it puts him down but an hour, but Cognac exterminates without remission," and turning towards Andrew's father, he pointed to a stool near the wall, and added: "Come master Jacques, one more tug at the oar; and you boys, give way—respect grief!"

The old man succeeded in gaining the tabouret, and seating himself with the aid of Andrew, who then tried to find out what determined him to leave St. George where he dwelt—amid many digressions, he understood that his father had received a letter which called them both to Nantes on important business, and had come to rejoin him at Chalonnès, that they might both go down

\* The mariners on a boat all eat together, but the patroon alone, says the *Benedicite*, and puts the first hand in the dish.



plain. He had ever preserved, even in his drunkenness, an empire over himself peculiarly singular, and which had always struck his son. It might have been said that a fixed and sovereign will, as inseparable from his being as the instinct of self-preservation, ever guarded the portals of his soul. Often the words upon the point of being uttered, had been suddenly arrested and retained by a prudence which survived all, and he sought refuge in obstinate silence. The young mariner knew his habits too well to persist then in useless attempts. As soon as he saw him determined to keep silence, he ceased his questions and began his preparations to reach his boat. His two sailors sat off before him, leading master Jacques, whilst he tarried behind to take leave of Etine and her uncle.

"I must set off to-morrow before the dawn," said he; "the ice is now heaped up in the river, and at the first warm breath will break, then woe to the bark it meets. I haste to be at Nantes with my burden."

"So must I with boat and niece," said Mem gaily.

"It is well understood, my boy, that we travel together."

"I hope so, since it will be the means of gaining your good will; you recollect what you said?"

"And I never deny my word!"

"Yes, yes, and now you will be proved to the core. Watch your boat, Francis will conduct mine, and when we arrive at Nantes, the worth of both will be proved."

Andrew shook hands with the mariner, and according to custom, took leave of Etine by kissing her on both cheeks, and bidding her adieu with emotion. "If you were determined to go with us," said the young girl mischievously, you would only say "au revoir."

"Au revoir then, and may the virgin guard you."

He went to his boat, whilst Mem remained at the inn where he intended to pass the night, as well as his niece. Francis and his sailors returned to their boat. This last felt in his heart a jealous rage. The species of defeat he had just been subjected to, the rail- lery of Lézin, and above all, the too visible

he did not know which predominated, love for her or hatred of him. But hatred and love ended in the determination of getting rid of his rival by any means in his power. Too cautious for an open attack, he sought to compromise him without injuring himself. He was lying down near his companions in the cabin, but whilst they were snoring by his side, he tossed upon his mattress of moss. The combat which would take place the next day between Andrew and him, added to his irritated inquietude.

His first years had been past at Nantes in the half idle life of a miller, but a quarrel with his mother had forced him to join his uncle and he began a mariner's life, but never acquired in his new occupation either skill or experience, and he foresaw that the combat proposed by father Mem would end in his discomfiture, and according to all appearance, the marriage of Etine and the young patroon. Suddenly he arose as if struck by a new idea, reflected for an instant, then glided from the cabin, and gaining the stern of the boat, with precaution he looked keenly around him. Every thing was as still as death in the 'Hope,' which was anchored a little below him. The night was dark, and the Loire rolled its waters by with a deep murmuring sound. Sure of not being seen, Francis unfastened the canoe from the boat, crossed the current diagonally and gained the channel. He followed it for some time and the closest observer could not have suspected his intentions. It was only when the water carried him between the two large isles of Desert and Orfraie, that he relaxed his speed. The bed of the river, composed of the soil which is continually washed down by the rains from these being sinuous, and shifting continually quick sand, changing from place to the swiftness of the stream, makes the most difficult to navigate between Nantes, and to guard against the long branches of the willow down in the sand, and then by every change in the channel the mariners what places to station to follow. Francis the other, swiftly pursued

and placed them in a position which would inevitably mislead the helmsman who followed them. He had calculated that Andrew would set off the first in the morning, and by following these indications, his boat heavily laden would be sure to run aground in the sand. Besides assuring himself of an easy victory over his rival, he exposed him to the entire loss of his boat which the waters would demolish on the sand, and proving himself unfitted for his office, Mem would refuse him his niece's hand. Himself, whilst laying this infamous net, studied the pass carefully that he might cross without danger, and his work completed he regained his boat.

In attaining it he had to pass near Andrew's barge, and at the moment he was passing it a head rose up before him. Francis frightened stopped his canoe in the shadow of the boat. The head still remained bent over the water, with an intention he could not understand. At the first movement he thought it was the head of Andrew and prepared to push off in the stream, but the nocturnal watcher raised himself and in the height and form he recognized master Jacques. Notwithstanding the cold, he had laid aside his vest and held a boat hook in his hand. Francis saw him pass along the gunwale and silently enter the cabin. He then hastened to gain his uncle's boat, and found the sailors fast asleep. Certain then that his absence had not been remarked, he climbed to his berth and tranquilly awaited the morning. Scarcely had the first dawn whitened the horizon, when his companions awoke. All was already in motion in Andrew's boat, which, laden almost to the water's edge, began to move slowly and heavily along. The young patroon was giving his orders and lending a hand to all with that vigorous patience, which is considered the first qualification in a mariner of the Loire. The equipage gained the stream with a kind of careless security.

"Well manœuvred, my boy!" suddenly cried a voice from the banks. Andrew turned and saw, half hidden by the morning's fog, father Mem and his niece, who was wrapped in a maroon cloak bordered with black velvet. He saluted them respectfully.

"The 'Hope' begs you to excuse her for going in advance, but she has too many nails in her shoes to walk fast," said he gaily.

"Go on, my boy, the white flag will soon overtake you, and he went to the boat, urging the young girl to get on quickly, but she wished the young patroon to have some advantage, and just as she set her foot on the plank a thought struck her.

"Oh Holy Virgin!" cried she, "I'll bet uncle, that you have forgotten to speak to the curé about the picture you were to take to Nantes."

"I have the letter he wrote to the painter in my pocket," replied Mem.

"Come, Mem, get in quickly."

"And the order for those preserves for the mayor?" continued Etine, without budging.

"He has recalled it," replied the patroon, "go on, I tell you."

"You have not taken leave of your old companion, Bavot."

The patroon stamped his foot.

"To the devil with all the Bavots and all chatterboxes. Do you want to keep me here until the ice breaks up in the river? By Jupiter, get on the boat, or I'll raise the anchor and leave you."

"Oh I am going, I am going," said the young girl, in no degree intimidated by her uncle's threats. "You only have to speak uncle: I know all is at an end, as soon as you hold no longer to the Bavots and their small white wine." The mariner, in whom this last observation had awakened an involuntary regret, replied by the nautical malediction which would nuke all the saints in paradise tremble.

"Hold your wicked tongue!" cried he, "I tell you, if we are much longer delayed, we shall not get to Meillaire this evening. Look at yonder boat, gone off like a bird on the wing." The young girl turned her eyes to the point indicated and saw Andrew's boat just entering the pass between the isles. She thought she had delayed her uncle quite sufficiently, and after a few moments lost in finding her traveling basket, and taking leave of the hostess of the Grand Turk, who had come to the wharf, she crossed the plank which connected the boat to the landing.

The mariners unfastened the ropes and the

followed the current of the stream but upon very unequal conditions: one heavily laden, slowly and heavily wound along the tedious sinuosities of the channel; the other completely empty, skimmed the waters lightly and instantly obeyed every motion of the enormous oar, which served as a helm. Thus the distance was momentarily lessening between them, and Andrew could now distinctly see the sailors and patroon of the rival vessel. Mem was also looking upon him.

"Look," said he to his nephew, to whom he had resigned the conducting of the boat. "Look at that tall fellow at the helm, a fish is not more master of his tail, than he is of that oar."

"You have thrice the advantage of him, let him not be the victor."

The boatman replied only by a movement of his head. They had just entered the dangerous pass, and their fates would be decided. His eyes were fixed on the advancing boat which was now near enough for the men to exchange words and distinguish the expression of each countenance. Already they had attained the first point when master Jacques appeared at his son's side. He had lost some of that lividness which his drunkenness had caused the preceding evening, and his eyes glimmered with a vague reflection of intelligence.

For some minutes he looked steadfastly at the boat slowly descending the current, the waters bubbling up even to the gunwale, and the willows sparkling with the frost. A slight redness flushed his cheeks, his nostrils dilated as if he wished to inhale the air of the Loire.

"I know this place," murmured he. "I was here thirty years ago. I conducted a large boat. I was only twenty-five, but then the waters were clearer and the birds sung sweetly in the trees."

"So master Jacques you were once a patroon on the Loire?" asked one of the sailors.

"Yes," replied the old man, with something of sadness in his voice, "but it was many, many, years ago. Neither ice nor

dulity.

"Well! see the change time makes," said he, "for now, I believe, master Jacques, that you would be less embarrassed in guiding an ass than a barque."

Jacques raised his head, his eyes flashed.

"Who says so?" cried he. "You think I have forgotten my calling? By my soul! you shall see boaster, and you Andrew go down, I will govern the boat."

He took off his vest and laid his hand upon the helm; but his son did not feel disposed to yield.

"Leave it to me, father," said he, steadily regarding the channel, "the pass is difficult and I must see clearly."

"Well can I not open my eyes?" replied Jacques, impatiently.

"Wait a little while, and you may take the helm when we have passed the isles."

"Then the boat will govern itself," ironically said the sailor, who had doubted the old man's skill.

He straightened himself; the blood rushed to his forehead.

"Hear you that," said he to Andrew.

"One moment," said the young patroon.

"Not an instant, give place for your father!" cried master Jacques, who thrust him aside with a violent gesture, and taking possession of the helm abruptly turned the boat in another direction. Andrew endeavored to arrest him, but the old man would not listen. His whole being had undergone a kind of transfiguration. His tall form raised to its utmost height, his head thrown back, one foot firmly planted on the gunwale, and both hands steadily and firmly holding the helm, he assumed such an expression of assurance and command, that completely amazed Andrew. His weak, watery eyes, commonly lost in the vapors of intoxication, now possessed a concentrated acuteness. Fast upon the river, they seemed to pierce the veil of waters and read its inmost After studying attentively the bend of the stream, he put the boat in a different direction. The boat

"We are leaving the channel; the boat is going from the buo-

"Lower the helm, father, or we will be on the sand-beds. To the right! To the right!"

"Shun the right!" said Jacques, paying no heed to the warnings of his son. The barque glided along, indeed, safely, in a direction opposite to that indicated by the willow branches, and the sailors gazed in astonishment.

"God help us! Can it be that the buoys have lied?" cried the young patroon bending forward and looking earnestly into the water.

"The buoys remain, but the sand moves," observed Jacques.

"In my day, the mariner's route was not written with the branches of the willow, but we were taught to read the waters. That branch tells us to go to the left! To the right I say, don't you see the foam and eddies which indicate a sand bar? These signs are not laid here by the hand of man, and they never deceive!"

The boatmen obeyed this time and their oars carried them safely through: the old man continued to govern and made them cross the prohibited places a score of times, with no other guide than the aspect of the waters. His companions, struck with surprise, silently gazed, and instantly executed his slightest commands. They at last safely crossed the passage between the isles, and were entering proudly the great bed of the Loire, when cries for help reached them from Mem's boat.

When Mem saw the strange manœuvre of master Jacques who left the way traced for the boats, and threw himself in the open waters, he mounted a bench and followed him for sometime, utterly unable to comprehend him. The mariners, leaning upon their pointed oars, asked each other, in amazement, what was the man's intention by thus running into the heart of danger; but the most astonished, the most amazed of all was Francis, who believed that his infamous trick had been discovered. Apart from the severe penalties he would have to suffer by the laws of navigation, he knew with what ignominy and contempt he would be looked upon by every boatman and patroon of the Loire, and particularly the overwhelming indignation of his uncle.

These considerations, to which he had paid but little attention, while his secret remained undetected, now rushed upon him with the force of a torrent, when he thought it was discovered. Pale and trembling, he gave the helm to one of the sailors and went to the prow of the boat to watch the bold navigation of the 'Hope,' not knowing whether he wished it to succeed or be lost. During this time, the mariner who had the helm directed the boat in the channel designated by the willows. Suddenly a shock was felt, the hull of the boat was heard to grate on the stones, and the water burst in through the holes thus made: the boat had grounded. Without presenting any serious evils to the light barge, the situation was embarrassing. The river confined to a narrower bed in this place, rushed along with rapidity and carried the boat still farther on the sand, and the force of the waters would soon wash it to pieces if it were not extricated. Every attempt of the men to disengage it was fruitless, and their only resource was to call for assistance to the men on Andrew's boat.

The young patroon himself hastened to aid them, and having at last succeeded in extricating the boat, he took the helm, and following the track marked by his father, guided her safely through the difficult passage, and brought her in the open waters, then regaining his boat, he continued the voyage. Mem, a little humiliated, because he had to accept assistance from him, thanked him briefly, and set himself to arrange the disorder which the shock had occasioned.

The proofs of skill and dexterity which Jacques had shewn, completely gained the confidence of his son, and he gave the boat up entirely to his command. His father taught him to know the depth of the river by the color of the water, and by his lessons the route was made much shorter than usual. The old man, indeed, seemed to have a map of the Loire engraved in the inmost folds of his brain; he knew exactly the volume of water each pass would have in every season, told the velocity of the currents, knew the best places to anchor, and named the smallest hamlets on the banks. The mariners wondered; but Andrew was more surprised than all. He knew very little con-

about the past, but master Jacques' enthusiasm had already passed; he seated himself in the bottom of the boat, his arms crossed, his head bent down, and replied only by monosyllables, like a man half asleep. But when his son asked him why he renounced a calling which he thoroughly understood, he appeared to waken by a start; looked upon those who surrounded him with fearful wonder, his lips half opened, but suddenly they closed with an inarticulate response; his head fell again upon his breast, and Andrew well knew that all interrogatories would now be useless.

S. S. C.

*Columbus, Georgia.*

## TWO SONNETS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS DORA SHAW.

BY L. J. CIST.

I.

Lady! my heart has melted at the tale  
Of all that thou hast suffered in the past;  
And if my prayers with Heaven might aught avail,  
No cloud should e'er again thy sky o'ercast;  
Thy life be one bright day, whose sun, at even  
Should only set, to rise more bright in Heaven!  
Yet, as the ship, through all the threat'ning gale  
Which seeks to overwhelm her, proudly rides,  
Till safe into her destined port she glides—  
May'st thou, 'mid all the storms that now assail  
Thy trembling bark, serenely make thy way:  
Before the dawning of a brighter day  
Soon may this elemental warfare cease,  
And thou in safety reach thy Haven—rest and peace!

II.

E'en as the virgin ore, which, in the cross  
And angry furnace, must be cast and tried—  
That separated there from earthly dross,  
It may emerge thence, bright and purified—  
Then stamped as current coin, appear again,  
Sought for and worshipped by the race of men;  
May'st thou, from earthly passion, hate and pride,  
(The dross of human Nature) all refined—  
Thou around whom our hearts are thus entwined—  
In this, thy furnace of affliction, lose  
All that the lustre of thy soul may hide,  
Or cloud thy spotless purity of mind:  
To thee, to shine with purest ray, be't given,  
Thou brightest gem on earth, or brighter Star in Heaven!  
*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

After a silence of two months the ladies of the "Central Committee" are gratified to be able to "report" to their Southern readers, the very encouraging prospects of which now surround the Association.

Not only has its "objects" been made known, over a large portion of our country, and individuals in every section, from New England to Louisiana—promised to commence exertion in its behalf—but the second city in our Union has come forth in a manner which promises the most important "results." The first decided step, and regular organization, made by the "North," in honor of the Father of our Country—has been in that City so intimately associated with his *military and presidential career!* A number of ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia, assembled in the *Hall of Independence*, on the 18th of October, were, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. K. Goddard, and an "oration" by Mr. Benj. Brewster, in the chamber so immortalized, on the spot so sacred to Washington—a "State Committee for Pennsylvania, and an Association for the City was formed, to aid in the successful accomplishment of so reverential 'tribute' to him." The following is the concluding sentence of their "appeal" to the city. "From this sacred Hall there once went forth a voice which electrified the earth, shook the thrones of tyrants, and gave birth to this free and glorious Republic. From the same spot, though one century has not passed away, it has become necessary to issue woman's gentle but earnest appeal, to honor the memory, to preserve and adorn the tomb of the author under Providence, of all our glory and blessings! Shall this 'appeal' be in vain."

To further the "objects" of the newly formed Association—a public meeting was held on the 25th in Sansom Street Hall—at which Mr. J. Montgomery presided, and the Hon. Joseph Chandler and Judge Penrose addressed an audience of about 500! The Hall was beautifully decorated. Back of the "speakers" was an eagle holding two "national flags," and over the portraits of Gen. and M. M. Montgomerie, which were generously lent Hall of Independence! over the "span" an "arch" of green moss—with the piety of Vernon in white rose-buds, the piety being a mass of flowers and leaves the tasteful arrangement of shagreen and delightful music for ment to the scene and evincive of earnest future exertions to Washington's former aid!

ette, and to the "Society" in New York which had called on the French in the United States to make "a donation" for Washington's tomb, a French flag floated with the stars and stripes, and the Marseillaise hymn was played.

The sons of Virginia have also set an "example," we hold up to the Southern States! The Henrico Light Dragoons held a "Tournament" on the 19th of October—to commemorate the "battle of Yorktown," and to further the patriotic purposes of the Mt. Vernon Association! Youth, beauty, and chivalric emulation were but the more keenly enjoyed that all were combined to procure the satisfaction of preserving Mount Vernon—a spot so dear to every Virginian!

## MOUNT VERNON.

INSCRIBED TO THE "SOUTHERN MATRON."

BY A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Let no rude steps those precincts fair invade  
Where our immortal Washington is laid—  
No purpose ruth assail that hallowed soil,  
Where rests the noble hero from his toil,  
But let it be our country's treasured shrine  
Sacred as erst were those in Palestine.  
Our country! Oh! what thrilling memories rise,  
As backward o'er the past I sweep my eyes!  
Here in these streets, how often he hath trod,  
Who conquered foemen by the help of God!  
Here through these very streets, with pennons fair  
While strains of martial music filled the air,  
He led his soldiers to the battle plain,  
Where hurtling shots fell round him like the rain,  
And warriors dropped like leaves in Autumn time  
When blighting winds sweep through our genial  
clime.  
Ah those were days when hearts were true and brave!  
There are such now ' they gather round the grave,  
Where sleeps the hero, sage and Christian just,  
Seeking with pious care to guard his dust.  
Let all unite—let no ungrateful heart,  
Refuse to bear at least an humble part.  
Is there not room throughout our land so wide—  
From the Pacific, to the Atlantic's-side—  
From the far rising to the setting sun,  
To leave untouched the home of Washington!  
Or is it gold ye need? Go ask for gold!  
A grateful nation with its wealth untold,  
Will pour its lavish sums, as once poured blood  
To gain our freedom on this favored sod,  
Then ever sacred to the patriot's bier,  
We'll hold the Mecca which we all revere.

## To the Patrons of the Southern Literary Messenger.

In closing up the Twenty-First Volume of the *Messenger*, the Editor is truly gratified to announce that the apprehensions which were so seriously felt and so frankly stated by the Proprietors, two months ago, as to its probable discontinuance, are so far allayed, that arrangements have been entered into for its prolonged existence, at least during the year 1856. It is proper to declare that this step is taken as an experiment, upon the friendly assurances of a number of correspondents, and that the Proprietors shall rely on their kind exertions to save the enterprise against loss. At the same time, the editor would be wanting in sensibility, if he did not, for himself and those who are connected with him in the business relations of the magazine, return the most grateful acknowledgments for the many touching proofs of sympathy and interest which he has received during a few weeks past. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the *Messenger*, there have been drawn forth, by the recent appeal to the public, expressions of kindly regard for the work, and of appreciation (only too flattering) of the editor's services in Southern literature, both on the part of the press and of private individuals, which he can never cease to remember with gratitude.

And now, "once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" It shall be the earnest effort of the editor to make the *Messenger* more acceptable to its readers than it has ever been. A change has been determined upon in the form of the work, by which the number of pages will be increased while the size of the page, always cumbersome, will be diminished. More material will thus be given to the reader and in a more convenient shape. As for the views of the magazine they will remain the same, upon all matters affecting the interests and prosperity of that section of our country which it professes to represent. With so much of explanation as to the future of the work, we shut the volume for 1855, asking of every reader who wishes us well, to use his best efforts to place the *Messenger*, in its new series, upon a solid and permanent basis.



The house of Ticknor and Fields of Boston has long been celebrated for the typographical beauty of its publications, but it has recently entered into an animated competition with the largest houses of New York in the rapidity with which it puts these publications forth. We are indebted to Messrs. Price and Cardozo of this city for a package of some of the recent issues of this enterprising firm, among which two goodly volumes of WILLIAM HOWITT, entitled "*Land, Labor and Gold*," deserve honorable mention. The narrative embraces the incidents of a two years' residence in Victoria, and is replete with a wild interest such as naturally attaches to a region so newly settled by Europeans and presenting such fields for adventure. *Oakfield* is a reprint of an English work which created considerable sensation when originally published, as containing some rather unfavorable portraits of the British Service in India. Several of the characters are officers of the Bengal Army who reflect but little credit on the Home Establishment. The style is not brilliant, nor do we think the book likely to excite much attention in the United States. A far more agreeable volume is "*Clouds and Sunshine*," from the fresh and popular pen of CHARLES READE. The story is conducted to its denouement with that same dramatic skill which imparted such reality to "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," and the actors have the same flesh and blood appearance. "Art, a Dramatic Fragment," appended to this story, is especially vivid and life-like and in the delineation of the Oldfield the author has displayed the highest powers of characterization. "*The Mystic*, and Other Poems," by PHILIP JAMES BAILLY, well known as the author of "*Festus*," will perhaps awaken some enthusiasm among the admirers of that inspired Sphinx. We are not blind to the genius of BAILLY, which here and there, manifests itself in the present collection of verses, but since the publication of "*The Princess—A Medley*" we do not recollect to have seen a literary performance so happily named as this. "*A Mystic*" it certainly is, in all respects. The purport and the language are equally mysterious. What the poet is driving at we are unable to perceive, and as for the purity of the English, we think the less said the better. Another volume of Poems, not designed for the million, but certainly far more comprehensible and nervous with a deeper thought, is that of "*Men and Women*," by ROBERT BROWNING. We are not among those who passionately admire the style of this writer. That he has immense constructive power, the "Blot on the Scutcheon" would of itself sufficiently establish if he had written nothing else, but there is a painful obscurity about his meaning which renders him, to our taste at least, not an entertaining fireside companion. Were BROWNING content to make his *dramatic persons* talk, he would assuredly take a very high rank as an artist in that great class of which Shakespeare was the first, but he brings them forward to *think*—almost all their utterances, alone or in company, are soliloquies—they are *sperever introspective* and fond of alluding to matters doubtless clear enough to themselves, but dark, impenetrably so, to a third person. Thus he has failed to enlist the sympathies of a wide circle of readers, and only those who are fond of mental analysis, can take any pleasure in following up the riddles of his dialogue.

snorts and cavors, and cuts all manner of absurd antics, but never goes off in the high octo-syllabic trot, nor moves in the graceful anapestic amble, nor yet dashes away in the free, splendid gallop of the old ballads. One poem that we recollect (since we have drawn upon horseback exercise for our illustrations,) we must mention as an exception to this dictum—we refer to that fine, bounding lyric of "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," which fairly sparkles in every line with the fire from the hoofs striking against the stones of the road.

We need only say that all these publications are gotten up in the very best style of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields to assure the reader that they are choice specimens of the art of bookmaking.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA: By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. [From James Woodhouse, 137 Main Street.

No volume has been published of late years which has excited half so much discussion, or elicited opinions so directly contrariet as this new epic. The silliest parodies of the versification have been indulged in by the newspaper critics, as if a miserable travesty could ever avail with the sensible reader to detract from the merits of a poem, which must be judged of, with reference to its matter as well as its form. It has been alleged also that the whole structure of the work is borrowed from the Swedish and that Mr. Longfellow has done little more than to adapt the Finnish song of *Kalevala* to the traditional and legendary history of the American Indians. For ourselves, we discard all such objections, and though we cannot regard the trochaic metre in which the "Song of Hiawatha" is written as a happy one for a poem of considerable length, we consider that Mr. Longfellow has largely enhanced his reputation, as we are sure that he contributed much to our own enjoyment, by his successful attempt to embody the mythology of the aborigines in the stately form of epic verse. We pass by the charge of plagiarism as idle, because the poet did not assume to invent a new metre, and there is no greater similarity between *Kalevala* and *Hiawatha* than would be found to exist between any other two mythical heroes that could be selected from the whole range of literature. As for the versification, though new to English ears, it has long been employed by the Spanish and is as familiar to the readers of Lope de Vega, as is the Spenserian to the lovers of the Anglo-Saxon muse. Indeed, while we think the "Song of Hiawatha" becomes monotonous before it reaches its close, we are not sure but that the metre must be regarded as the fittest, because the simplest vehicle of poetic imagery for a rude people. The very fact of the Swedish *Edda* having been written in this metre establishes its natural adaptation to the primitive songs of the world's earliest minstrelsy, and we are inclined to think that if any fragments of Grecian poetry, prior to the doring effusions of the Homerids, had been translated to us, or if we could discover any long poem of tees, we should observe a strong similarity between its structure and that of *Hiawatha*. However it may be maintained, in presence of the whole Danish if need be, that the "Song of Hiawatha" is a bad imitation and we are under no necessity of producing pages in proof of this assertion, since lines have already been laid before the reader in almost as many newspapers and

The busy press of Harper & Brothers continues to pour out its volumes with almost incredible profusion, and we have to return our acknowledgments to Mr. A. Morris of this city for several of the latest of its issues. Perhaps the most considerable enterprise recently begun by the Harpers is the series of the Latin and Greek Classics, of which three numbers have already appeared, in exact imitation of Bohn's Classical Library, *Horace*, *Virgil* and *Sallust*. It would be difficult for even a practised eye to tell the two editions apart, but for the imprint and a slight difference in the hue of the paper. A new edition of the *Works of Charles Lamb* edited by Talfourd will meet with general favour. Lamb is an intellectual dish of which we never tire, and has never been so well served up as by the lamented author of *Ion*. A new novel by a Southern Lady, the same "Idle Woman" whose "Busy Moments" were some time since so pleasantly brought to our notice, will attract many readers. It is entitled "*Lily*" and is written from a stand-point of social observation that few authoresses enjoy. It has its quiet flirtations and a wonderful Lady-Killer and many lively scenes at home and abroad, and a most exemplary heroine, materials that are agreeably worked up for the reader's delectation. *Mexico and its Religion* is the name of a stout volume by Robert A. Wilson, in which the writer seeks to show the charlatanism of the Romish Church as displayed in that unfortunate country. It is full of interesting details, and the style is at once interesting and unpretending.

**THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in Verse.** *Days and Holydays Throughout the Year.* By the Rev. JOHN KENLE, Philadelphia. Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1856. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The author of the *Christian Year*, which has been recognized as a standard work for some time past, was well fitted for the task he took upon himself of commemorating in verse the calendar days of the English Church, for, to an unbounded admiration of her imposing ritual, he united strong devotional feeling and no ordinary poetic talent. The present edition of his volume is a superb one, being liberally embellished with the richest and softest of steel engravings which deserve to be noted as evincing a great progress in that branch of art on this side of the Atlantic. We have not seen a more beautiful or tasteful gift-book than this, and though it especially commends itself to the Episcopal church, it may be read with pleasure by the truly pious of every denomination, while its exquisite illustrations cannot fail to be generally admired.

**THE RED EAGLE: A Poem of the South.** By A. B. MEKE. In one volume. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Broadway and Leonard Street, 1855.

Mr. Meek is one of the truest poets in the country, and has that deep sense of the beautiful that finds its proper utterance in song. His gift is one from nature, and can no more fail to declare itself than the melody of birds. We regret that we have not the space to do justice here to "*The Red Eagle*," a poem which abounds in striking incident and vivid representations of life and character, and which embodies some of the most charming versification he has ever given to the public. We hope to be able to bring its merits to the notice of our readers at some future day, when we can quote from its pages at sufficient length to justify our opinion of it as a whole. At present we can only say that it is a most delightful

addition to the literature of the South and shows the Poesy yet loves to linger in the crowd-haunted dell in glorious forests of the Southern land.

**THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.** New York: J. C. Deby, 119 Nassau Street. [From Harrold & Munn, Broad Street.

The greatest hit of the season, and provocative of no downright horse-laughter than any book since *Mr. Jones's Courtship*. Whoever would enjoy hours of satisfaction in droll reading—the severe student, seeks relaxation, or the practical man wishing to be amused after the day's toil—should procure a copy of it at once before the large edition printed has been exhausted. There is no drawback to the merriment it affords, and its jokes are as pure and innocent as the pranks of childhood. The late Joseph C. Neal, whose widow edits the papers, well said in writing to the author, that the true humourist is oftentimes the best of the preachers, as assuredly such an one as the Widow Bedott is not as to us every day.

Mr. F. Lucas of Baltimore, has recently published magnificent edition of *FLORA'S DICTIONARY* which may be found at the Bookstore of A. Morris, 97 Main Street. The letter press was compiled some years ago by Mr. Wirt of Virginia, and is so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired by the students of flower-life and flower-literature. The plates in this edition are really superb, beyond anything we have yet seen from the American press and the volume is one admirably well suited to the season, when lovers are looking for beautiful presentable volumes for their sweethearts. We could not imagine more appropriate or more exquisite *cardes* than this for Christmas commemoration, and many winter centres will be ornamented with its roses, which come so naturally in December, and many a Christmas party enlivened by researches into its symbolical lore.

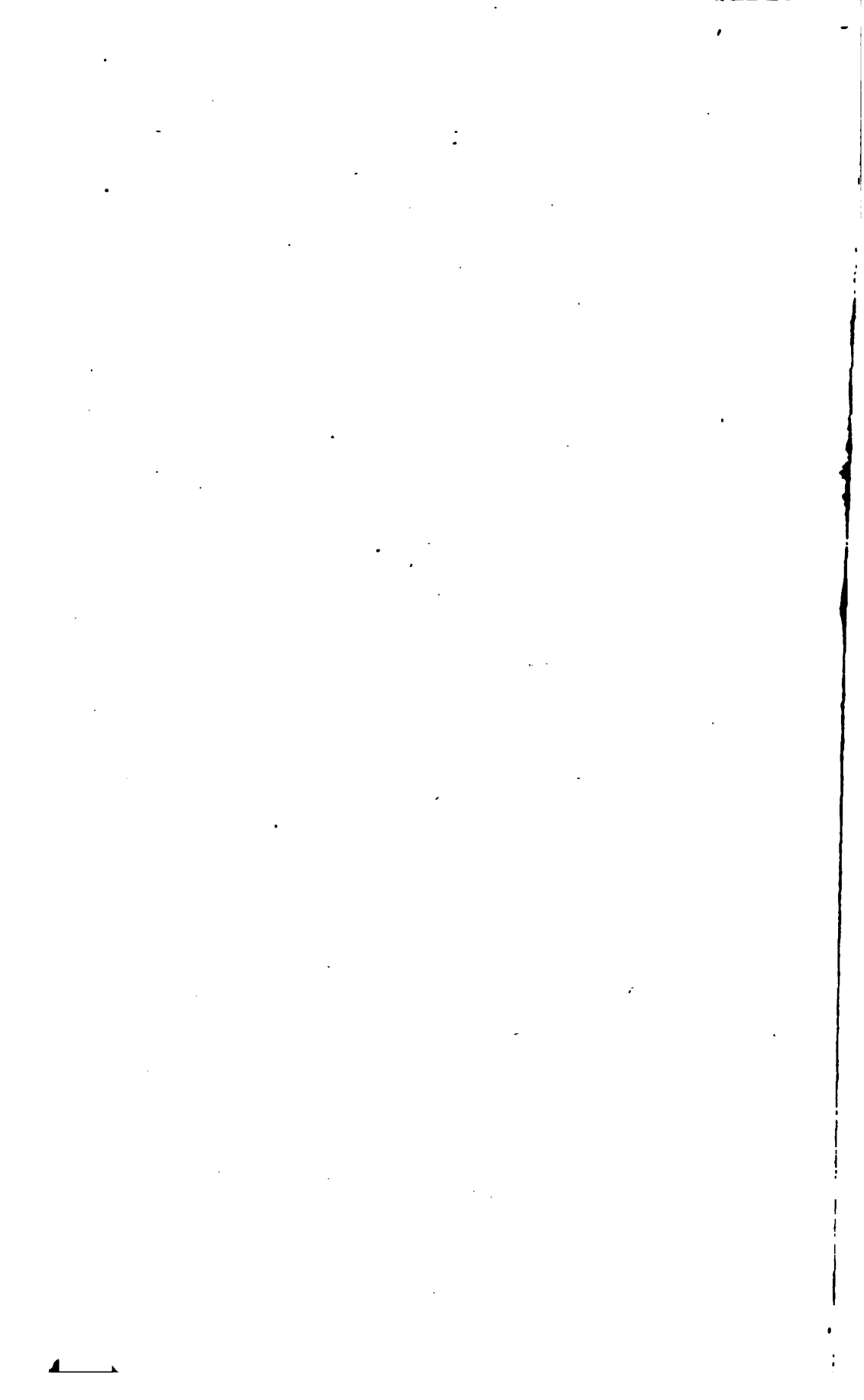
A new edition of "*Border Beagles*" and an original novel by Simms entitled "*The Forayers*" have just been issued from the press of Redfield. In the pages of the deeply interesting Revolutionary fictions of our great Southern novelist may be found a more faithful and vivid history of the early days of the Republic than can be gathered from almost any other source, and we are glad to find the unbroken series presented to the public in so excellent and acceptable a form.

As the Christmas season approaches, the tables of our booksellers are beginning to glitter with the purple and gold of the annals and other illustrated works suitable for presents. To all of our local readers who would find a large and tasteful variety of the most splendid gift volumes, both English and American, we would recommend a visit to Morris or Woodhouse, either of whom will be able to satisfy the most luxurious desires in this line.

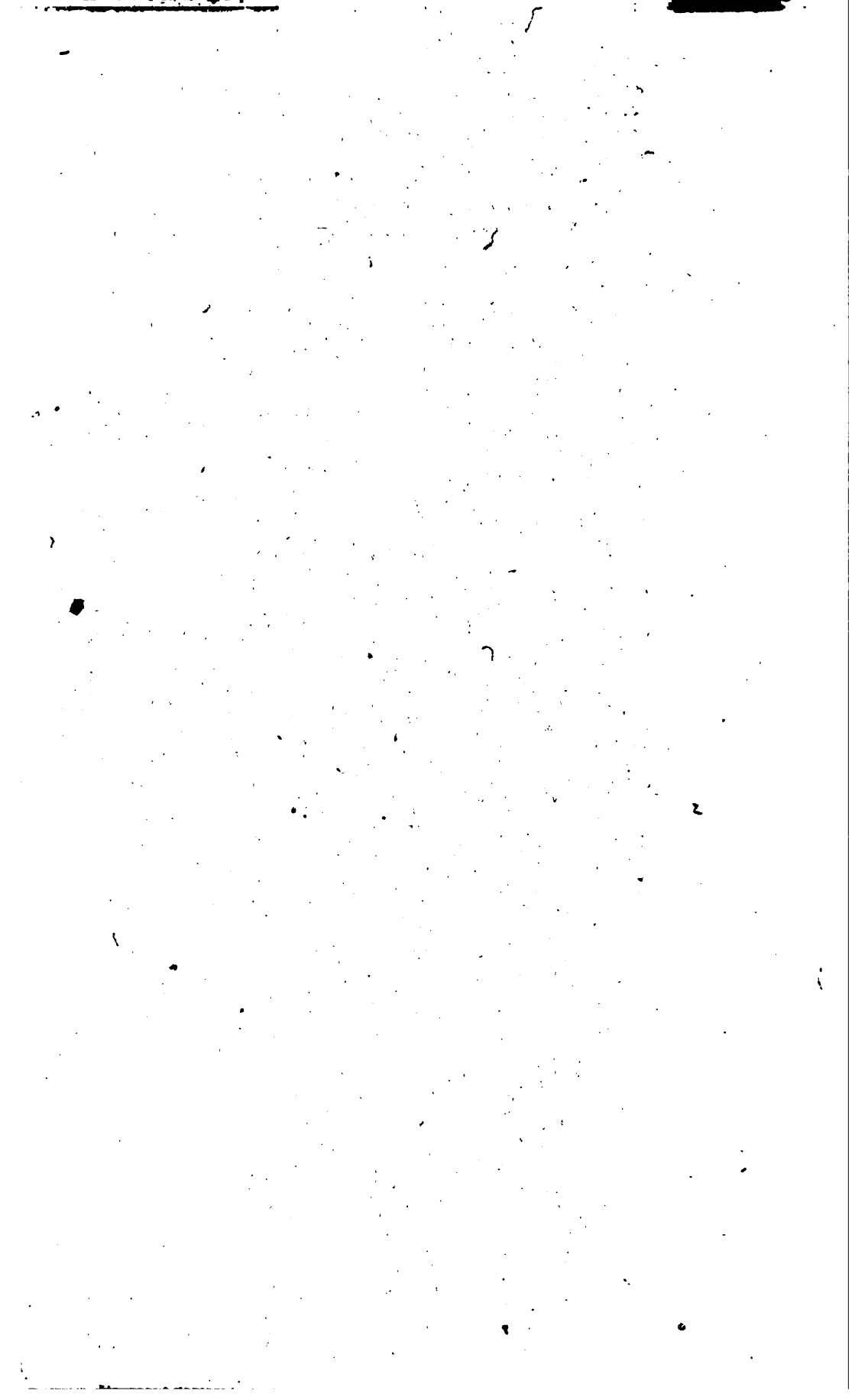
**THE MOUNTAIN.** Edited by THOS. O. SUMMER, D. D. Nashville: Stevenson & Owen. 1855, 18mo. Price 25 cents.

"This little book contains a vast amount of interesting and reliable information concerning some of the most attractive objects of nature—the everlasting mountains. We hope the smallness of its size will not induce any one to think it is not worth perusal. It may be read with profit by the old as well as the young."











1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

